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PROFESSOR OAKELEY ON MUSIC.

(From the "London Review.")

Professor Oakeley, the subject of so much unkind and ignorant depreciation, has commenced his career at Edinburgh with an address which may be called—in the old and noble sense of the word—an apology. So far as the science of which he treats is concerned, he speaks to an audience which, if it included all readers of the English language, would be prejudiced unanimously in favour of his cause. But whatever Mr. Oakeley says for music—and what he says is—is also a protest against the illiberal and prejudiced few who, in a spirit of arbitrary dictation and cliquish jealousy, denounced his appointment; and it is a protest the more telling and affecting because it contains no word of self-assertion or complaint—because the Professor's claims are modestly sunk throughout it—because the glory of his art and the charms of his fruitful theme engross the whole of his ingeniously-conceived and sparklingly-executed composition. If music were a passion with all who profess it, this eloquent and original panegyrist of its delights would no longer have an enemy. But to many it is a mere subject for pragmatic historical and critical commonplaces, the pursuit and recollection of which is about as much like the study of music as an old almanack resembles history, or as bran resembles the full corn in the ear. Your mere collector of specimens and facts is likely to be a dry and gritty kind of man, whether he bags fossils or files sonatas, whether he impales beetles or transfixes prima donnas. But those who are spiritual enough to commune with the soul of music—who feel,—

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
There's music in the gushing of a rill,
There's music in all things, if men had ears"—

but who feel also that only in music, as developed by the genius of man, can the power and loveliness of sound be fully realised, have more genial sensibilities, and more generous sympathies. They will join us in a hearty tribute of admiration to the man who has put into words, the sincerity of which shines through them, the sense which only a true musician can really enjoy of the delights and sublimities of "the most exact and ethereal of sciences." Professor Oakeley's address is all that an academic oration on music should be, and nothing that it should not be. In an argument towards its close against the notion that a university professor of music ought to be a sort of Doctor of acoustics—an argument in which he intimates that he does not hope the universal authorities to concur—Professor Oakeley exhibits a fitting sense of the ethereality, the unphysical character of his subject; while in advocating the establishment of other means of elementary instruction he proves himself duly conscious of the dignity of his position. But he is not less careful to disavow mere sectarian, or unintelligent professional enthusiasm; and whether we regard the elegance of his own writing or the recondite character of the scholarship which has contributed so much that is valuable and delightful to his exercitation, we are bound to acknowledge that a composition more thoroughly up to the level of university excellence has never been delivered. Apart, therefore, from the pleasure which each lover of music must experience as he dwells upon every passage of Mr. Oakeley's luxurious encomium, there is a real and almost practical advantage in the status which such an apology secures for music in the cycle of university subjects of thought—and we may hope for even that—in the curriculum of university studies. Mr. Oakeley quotes, with justified enthusiasm, the dictum of the all-knowing Confucius, who said 2,300 years ago that to know if a kingdom be well governed, and if the customs of its inhabitants be bad or good, one should examine the musical taste which prevails therein; and he also cites a contemporary authority to the effect that "Whenever the faculties of man are at their fullest, they must express themselves by art;" and that "to say that a State is without such expression, is to say that it is sunk from its proper level of manly nature." It might be plausibly argued on these grounds that at any rate till lately our own country neither was well governed nor had attained the needful height of manly culture; for since the Elizabethan days, when the common practice of part-singing attested the existence of a high degree of musical taste and skill, the development of the art among us has been lamentably weak and imperfect, though our popular enjoyment of its roughest and poorest felicities has always been maintained. And what has been true of the nation has been doubly and trebly true of its most cultivated classes. To this moment there is a feeling that there is an incongruity, if not an incompatibility, between university studies and the university spirit, and the pursuit and cultivation of music. No more striking proof could be afforded of the disproportion between the rigour and narrowness of university ideas, and the universality of modern cultivation. Of course, neither music nor any other department of art or science is really alien from the design and principle of a university; but it will need all the energy and catholicity of many cultured reformers to emancipate our universities from the lopsided contraction and distortion which has long destroyed their proportions. It is humiliating to every "well-rounded" mind that the most elevating, softening, refining, and inspiring of the arts, finds access to English Universities mainly through the channel of ecclesiastical taste, and with the sanction of certain growing necessities of the clerical profession. Even Professor Oakeley finds it politic to press his divine art especially upon those students who are preparing for ministerial life; and he had to endure the "mingled cheers and hisses" of an audience divided on a question of worship, when he lauded the nobility and beauty of the organ. It is encouraging, however, to know that the noble endowment of the Edinburgh professorship was the gift of a layman, himself an enthusiastic student. Nothing was needed to utilize, to the utmost, the academic value and significance of the foundation but the elegant and zealous propagandism of a professor too thoroughly enamoured of his art to bate a jot of its lofty pretensions, and so thoroughly classical in his views and spirit, as to give music every advantage in obtaining by his introduction its legitimate place amidst university pursuits.

A lover of music has much of the Pauline spirit. As the Apostle was glad by whomsoever or however the Gospel was preached, so the musical devotee, who really is one, and not a mere pedant, rejoices over the spread of musical taste and enjoyment by whatever means. The many choral societies which have sprung into being of late years have many weaknesses and coarsenesses, but we are glad to find that Professor Oakeley rates them highly as a means of making us a really musical nation. It may be taken for granted that the coarsenesses of humble students of music are an advance in refinement over the coarser characteristics they would exhibit without devotion to this delightful occupation of their leisure, to say nothing of the inspiring and elevating effect of melodies which must surely lead the commonest minds into regions of dreamy yet intelligent delight. It is no mean advantage to find thousands of the working classes earnestly engaged in a pursuit essentially, necessarily, and absolutely innocent—a pursuit in which excess is all but impossible, and almost entirely innocuous. The step from the mere natural enjoyment of song to the cultivation of singing as an art is itself an education. Every workman, says Quintilian, even when by himself, has a song, however rude, with which he solaces himself at his labour; but when this half-mechanical art begins to be informed by knowledge and chastened by taste, without diminution, indeed with an increase of sensuous pleasure, the mind of necessity expanded; each tone of vocal refinement, each touch of articulatory taste, each conception of harmonic sweetness or of melodic interval, is a proof of culture more certain than the most ambitious diction, the most affected costume, or the most scrupulous manners. Nor is it important that when musical enjoyment becomes conscious and intellectual a new and pregnant sympathy with nature begins to be experienced. In one of the Idylls of Theocritus some goatherd is told that the murmuring of a pine near him is sweet, and that sweetly also he plays upon his pipe; and these words are an allegory of some of the choicest joys of humanity—joys which even amongst the poorest and humblest are sometimes of wide elastic enough to suffuse the whole breadth and depth of life with happiness, absorbing enough to banish many troubles, consolatory enough to solace all. How lovely and how true is that stanza in the "Percy Reliques," of which one can neither remember the spelling nor forget the words—

"When griping griefs the heart would wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
There Music with her silver sound
With speed is wont to send redress;
Of troubled minds in every sore,
Sweet music hath a salve in store."

And let us not forget either that devotion to music is the most contagious of habits, and wins to friendly and improving companionship those who might either sulk in solitude, or seduce one another into wearisome and palling dissipation. And it is a cheering fact too in reference to the cultivation of music by popular choral institutions, that it has brought into play some of that individual energy which, without seeking distinction, has for the last fifty years at least maintained amongst all classes below the highest, every kind of improving influence. What was formerly employed only on the propagation of religious convictions, and the spread of moral amelioration, is now almost as extensively, and as usefully, engaged in indoctrinating all who come under popular influences with the canons, and imparting to them the familiar of musical art.

The generous tribute paid by Mr. Oakeley to these organizations and endeavours, is, however, only a pendant to a noble vindication of the claims of music to the devotion of the highest intellects and most capable and delicate tastes. There is a kind of humour which will win converts amongst academical men in Mr. Oakeley's ingenious pursuit of the comparison between music and mathematics—at the first blush the most unlikely objects to be likened to each other, but which, under Mr. Oakeley's hand, betray resemblances that might even drive a senior wrangler to the study of thorough bass. There is a high dignity in the enforcement by Professor Oakeley of the innate nobility of music and its marvellously elastic sympathy with the whole range of human emotions and circumstances, and with the sense of infinity in which our being is enwrapt. He aptly extols the ethereal loftiness and essential spirituality of his science in the words of Goethe, who saw in music more than in anything else, the force of art, since it required no subject matter, but only form and power. We must say before we conclude how highly we appreciate the warmth with which Mr. Oakeley insists on the natural character of musical taste and power, although while thus elevating their value as gifts, he magnifies his own office as an imparter of musical impulses and musical science, and the functions of more elementary teachers as producers, even in persons moderately endowed, of profitable and pleasant musical capacity. To those already possessed of a taste for the art, Mr. Oakeley's admonitions to avoid the indolence to which they are prone are as wise as they are faithful; and coming from one so deeply impressed with the natural beauty and piquancy of musical delights, they are entirely free from all tendency to exaggerate into hard-drawn pedantry a due estimation of industry and science. For our own part we can conceive no work more prolific in advantage to society than that in which Mr. Oakeley is engaged; and we are happy to be confirmed in our conviction, that no fitter man could have been found to occupy a position which is typically identified with the establishment of music as an academic pursuit, and which a man of real genius knows how to turn besides to the broader purpose of diffusing throughout society at large a love for music as an art, and the perception that its higher delights can only be enjoyed by means of its classical cultivation.

SAVAGE ATTACK ON AN EDINBURGH PROFESSOR.

(*From the Caledonian Mercury.*)

The *Musical World* of this day contains an attack on Professor Oakeley which merits the above heading. We cannot conceive why it was written except to let off some professional envy and spleen. It is directed against the recent inaugural address, of which we are told, "it is difficult to believe that any intelligent audience could have applauded so utterly dull and silly a composition." But the audience *did* applaud frequently—the critic is welcome to the inference that the audience was not intelligent. Edinburgh audiences are not usually lavish of applause, nor wanting in critical discrimination. Two less appropriate terms than "dull" and "silly" were never applied to an address, except intended to speak of it by way of opposites. But the *animus* of the critic shows itself plainly:—

"The new professor seems to be troubled about the expression *theory* contained in the founder's will. He thinks it may have been inserted to guard against the professor being a mere teacher or music master. Doubtless General Reid considered that he was making provision for the younger sons of good families when he made his bequest, and would have spurned the idea of imposing any conditions likely to hamper gentlemen and men of birth. Certainly nothing so foolish as the providing a place for any of those mere drudges who are not above making themselves masters of a subject could ever have entered his brain. It is, however, time to quit this address, which we do most gladly, hoping that it may be a very long time before we are called upon to read such another. We will only pause to remark that if the stuff of which it is composed is the kind of pabulum contemplated by General Reid when he made his bequest, it is a great pity he did not leave his money to some other purpose than musical instruction. A drinking fountain or even a brass water-tap and two tin cans would have been of greater public benefit."

Upon which we have only to remark that this is the kind of "stuff" which we should like to see made libellous. It consists purely of defamatory matter without one word of real criticism to justify it. We criticised the Professor's address, while admiring its ability, by showing that he claimed for music too high a place—that oratory was as powerful, and painting as pure an art; but the extract we have given is not criticism—it is something which we can scarcely name politely.

WINTERTHUR.—Herren Joachim and Brahms recently gave a concert when they played, among other things, a Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin, Haydn; Scherzo, Spohr; Andante from the D major Concerto, Joachim; and Variations on Theme by Handel.

NAPLES.—The members of the Royal College of Music have addressed the Italian Government begging the latter to give them the original score of the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi, who, as is well known was a Neapolitan by birth. This celebrated work was one of his last and was written for the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. He received about 100 francs for it. A part of the money went to defray the expenses of his burial, for the poor artist died shortly afterwards. At present the MS. is in the possession of the Benedictine Monks of Monte Casino, whose order has been dissolved.

KARL TAUSIG.*

Karl Tausig, who, some twelve years since, was, as a youth in Weimar, on account of his eminent natural taste for music, especially pianoforte-playing, distinguished by Liszt above all the other students who came to him for instruction, has brilliantly confirmed the prophecies of the master concerning his pupil's future greatness. His playing at the Soirée on Tuesday last, notwithstanding the great reputation which preceded him, and which—to speak frankly—from the manner in which it was heralded in certain papers, rendered us suspicious rather than confident, certainly surpassed our expectations, high as those were. The audience, not a very numerous one by the way, as the concert happened to fall on the same evening as the performance of our artistic visitors, Herr and Mad. Jauner at the Opera, was perfectly overpowered by the amazing feats accomplished by the performer, for the manner in which they are executed is something absolutely fabulous. We are very well aware that it is the proper thing for classical dilettanteism to shrug up its shoulders in a noticeable manner when speaking of such a virtuoso, and especially of his "technical" skill or mechanical powers; but the conscientious musician will laugh compassionately at this same shrugging of the shoulders, because he knows that, without inborn genius, perfection of execution is an impossibility. In music there are three kinds of genius: the genius of invention, the genius of thematic and contrapuntal work, and the genius of virtuosity. The three are never or rarely combined if we take the word "genius" in its true acceptation; in this, as in everything else, Mozart forms an exception. Let us, therefore, accord to each of these three gifts, wherever nature has bestowed it, the laurels due to it. Liszt and Paganini, for instance, will consequently, in our estimation, always occupy the highest possible place as men possessing unrivalled executive genius. We say "unrivalled," and this we will maintain in regard to Liszt, Bülow and Tausig notwithstanding. Tausig performs things on the piano which certainly we never heard performed in such perfection, and we should almost say, with such profound effect even by Liszt himself. But to that magic and spiritual, though, it is true, unspeakable something, which both in Liszt's melodic and bravura style went to the soul of his hearers, whom it threw into a peculiar and elevated frame of mind, we have found nothing analogous either in Bülow or in Tausig, despite their undeniable genius as virtuosos. Tausig strikes us, by the bye, as master in a high degree of the gentler kind of expression, as was proved by his mode of giving a "Notturno" by Field and a "Caprice Walzer" with which we were unacquainted, by Schubert—a pretty but curious composition, in which the left hand keeps on the *Ländler* step in continuous three-four time while the right indulges in graceful and changing play among the flowers and leaves, set in motion by the wind as it rustles through them. The flowery perfume of this piece was admirably rendered by a gentleness of touch and a transparent correctness of the figures which appear breathed not played. But a genuine specimen of the *non plus ultra* of mastership was exhibited by him in Liszt's "Tarantella" on the choral motive from the *Muette de Portici* and in Chopin's mighty "Polonaise" in A flat (Op. 53). Liszt once said that in Chopin's "Polonaises" the rattle of the Polish sabres and spurs ought to be heard, and we can affirm that Herr Tausig causes the earth to groan as if under the hoofs of an Uhlan regiment, in the continuous and fearful bass *crescendo* which he raises not merely from *piano* to *forte*, but from *forte* to *fortissimo*, and then to a fulness of sound such as was never previously heard upon a piano, and never thought possible. Such elasticity of touch, steadily increasing in strength, in a quick tempo so long kept up, is something that really borders upon the incomprehensible. We confess that, for our own part, all the smooth and brilliant passages of thirds and sixths, which no one else could very easily imitate, did not astound us so much as the magnificent rendering of Chopin's "Polonaise;" and as Herr Tausig, to our great delight, has determined on giving a second concert, we merely express the general wish, when we beg him to repeat the "Polonaise" in A flat.

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* *From the Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

BASLE.—At the third Trio Soirée of Herren Hans von Bülow, Abel and Kahnt, among the pieces performed were Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 102, No. 1; Raff's Trio, Op. 112, and Kiel's E flat major Trio, Op. 24.

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY TO FRIEDERICH SCHNEIDER AT DESSAU

(Continued from page 920).

V

Leipsic, 15 February, 1840.

RESPECTED KAPELLMEISTER,—These lines will be brought you by your son Bernhard, whose musical as well as personal acquaintance I have had very great pleasure in making. I trust and hope I shall have frequent opportunities of enjoying it. On Thursday he played successfully, and with great purity and precision, the two pieces suggested by you, which really astonished me, because, towards the end, the temperature became almost insupportable; he failed, however, in nothing, proving himself a thoroughly excellent musician, who does honour to his master and his school. I hope he is not dissatisfied with the reception he met with at Leipsic.

I have now to return you my thanks for the Symphonies you so very kindly sent me. As there was fortunately still an opening in the next Subscription Concert, I immediately communicated the fact to the Directors, who had great pleasure in placing your work on the programme; your son, so he told me, wrote to you some days ago about the parts, which I hope are already on the road. I should feel obliged by your kindly informing me which of the three you would prefer having performed here. I thought of taking that in F minor, as it appears to be the last; but your son said you yourself were most partial to that in A minor, or at least that it was the one played most frequently in Dessau. As I should like to do what would be most agreeable to you, perhaps you would have the goodness, between now and then, to drop a line or two, to serve me as a guide.

I remain with the greatest respect, yours most obediently,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

VI

Leipsic, 21 February, 1840.

RESPECTED KAPELLMEISTER,—You will, I trust, receive safely in a few days the parts and scores of your three Symphonies through the firm of Herr Kistner, the music publisher, and I herewith return you my best thanks for your friendly kindness in sending them. Yesterday evening we performed that in A major amid great applause, which was bestowed on it after each movement, and with redoubled animation at the conclusion. It took up the second part of the programme, and I think you would, on the whole, have been satisfied with the execution; at any rate, the orchestra played it with evident interest and attention. In the parts of the last movement there was a cut, but I took no notice of it, for I can hardly believe it was made by you: subsequent to the development of the second part, instead of returning to the theme, as it naturally should after the fermata, ought it to spring immediately to the forte, omitting the theme altogether? Was this really your intention? As I was in doubt on the subject, and as the movement did not strike me as being too long, I remained true to the score and the written parts. I had proposed to give the Symphony in F minor as the last of the three, and it was mentioned in the bills by mistake as No. 18, but I afterwards changed my mind, and am glad of it, in so far as this Symphony was so liked and met with as lively appreciation on the part of the public as we could possibly desire. Receive once more my thanks for the pleasure you have so kindly procured us, and give all sorts of remembrances to your son Bernhard from yours respectfully and obediently,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

VII

RESPECTED KAPELLMEISTER,—Ever since becoming acquainted with the facts you recently communicated to me respecting the house in which my grandfather was born at Dessau, I have been turning them over and over in my brain, and cannot repress a desire to see the memory of my grandfather perpetuated in some tangible form. I myself should prefer a simple tablet over the door, with an inscription, or something of the kind.

Before puzzling myself further about it, I should wish above all things to learn to whom the house at present belongs; whether it is likely that the owner will not for the moment dispose of it to any one else; and whether he would *cheerfully* accept and respect such a tablet? Should it, however, be for sale, could you not quietly inform me what sort of a house it is, and what would be the price? But I can only ask this altogether on the quiet, and must, above all, beg you will excuse my troubling you with such matters, before I have really made up my mind what is to be done, or, indeed, if anything at all can be done.

As it was, however, yourself who by your friendly information first started the subject, I hope you will excuse my again troubling you, and drop me a couple of lines in answer as soon as possible. By so doing you will confer a very great favour on yours most faithfully,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.
Leipsic, the 30 September, 1845.

VIII

ESTEEMED KAPELLMEISTER,—Allow me, by these lines, to introduce to you M. Léonard, a very distinguished Belgian violinist, and to beg that you will give him a friendly reception. M. Léonard, formerly, and for a long time, a member of the orchestra of the Académie Royale in Paris, is one of those virtuosos who, in attaining special dexterity and elegance, have not forgotten a sure and steady foundation. He is, in the best sense of the word, a thorough and accomplished musician, and I am, therefore, convinced that both his solo-playing and his quartet playing will really afford you gratification. If you can and will aid him in appearing either at Court, or at a concert of his own, or at one of your Subscription Concerts, you will be doing him a favour, and render me very much your debtor. I remain, as always, with the greatest consideration—Yours, most obediently,
Leipsic, the 21 Dec., 1845. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

(To be continued.)

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COLOGNE.

(From our original correspondent.)

According to what I told you lately, Madame Rudersdorff appeared last night at the Second Gürzenich Concert of the season here. She sang first "Confusa abbandonata," an air from *Scipione* by J. Ch. Bach; second, two charming *canzonette* of Haydn; and third, the finale of *Loreley* by Mendelssohn. Really I cannot understand why a capital artist like Madame Rudersdorff does still attempt to sing such an air of Bach, requiring breath and voice of bygone days for her. The evident struggle between the intention of the great artist and physical impossibility produced a very sad and glacial silence at the end of the air. Both *canzonette* of Haydn—the first with German, the second with English words—were beautifully delivered by Madame Rudersdorff, and both met with great applause. It was a great mistake on her part to have proposed to sing the *Loreley* after the Tietjens. Not speaking of youth, which is a great element for the illusion necessary to art, I find that Madame Rudersdorff (even in her best days), although a real artist and singer, could never have competed with the spontaneity, flexibility, volume, equality and compass of Theresa Tietjens' voice, whose splendid singing of last year was more than ever talked of last night. A pianist of some repute, Mrs. Johanna Gracner, played with sufficient skill and success two movements (adagio and finale) of the Concerto in *B minor* by Hummel. A *fantasia* for the violoncello, composed and magnificently executed by Alex. Schmit, Professor at the Conservatoire here, met with a decided success. The orchestral part of the programme introduced an overture of G. Tausch, *Musikdirector* in Düsseldorf, a well scored but indifferent composition, and the very fine symphony in *D minor* of R. Schumann, both capitally rendered by the valiant orchestra under the magistral bâton of Ferdinand Hiller.

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—At the third Museum Concert, the band performed: C major Symphony, Haydn; Entr'acte to *Rosamunde*, Franz Schubert; and Overture to *Abu Hassan*, Cherubini. Mad. Clara Schumann played Schumann's A minor Concerto, together with some smaller pianoforte pieces, and Herr Hill sang some songs by Schubert and Schumann.

VIENNA.—The "Festliedertafel," or Grand Extra Performance, as it may be termed, of the Association for Male Voices, attracted a most numerous and fashionable audience a short time since to the Sophien-Saal. The whole affair was under the direction of Herr Weinwurm, and went off with great *éclat*. The Schiller Association, also, have given their annual performance, at which Herr Carl Stellinger's grand Cantata, *Die Glocke*, was performed. It had already been executed once before in Vienna, and met with a favourable reception. It is, however, rather a long and dull affair.

COBLENTZ.—At the first Subscription Concert, under the direction of Herr Max Bruch, the works selected for performance were: C minor Symphony, Beethoven; "Jubelouverture," Weber; and "Frühlingsbotschaft," Gade. Herr de Swert, also, played a Concerto by Molique and some smaller pieces.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.
DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

262nd CONCERT (SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will take place as follows, viz.:—

Monday January 21, 1867.
Monday „ 28 „
Monday February 4 „
Monday „ 11 „
Monday „ 18 „
Monday February 25 1867
Monday March 4 „
Monday „ 11 „
Monday „ 18 „

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays January 26th; February 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd; March 2nd, 9th—16th.

MONDAY EVENING JANUARY 14TH, 1867.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 130 (posthumous), for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti	*Beethoven.*
SONG, "L'ombrosa notte vien" (Molique)—Miss Louisa Pyne	*Hummel.*
SONATA, in F minor, Op. 2, No. 1, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. Charles Hallé	*Beethoven.*

PART II.

ANDANTE	*Bach.*
GAVOTTE, for Violin alone—Herr Joachim	*Leclair.*
SONG, "Batti, batti"—Miss Louisa Pyne (Violoncello obbligato, Signor Piatti)	*Mozart.*
QUARTET, in G minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Charles Hallé, Joachim, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti	*Mozart.*

Conductor ... MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de la Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Seventeen Guineas. Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock a.m., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

ERRATA IN NO. 52.

Page 852, for "anapest" read anapæst.

Page 850, for "Kellermann" (the late violoncellist to the King of Denmark), read Kellermann.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KING'S EVIL.—See Horace (Flaccus, not Mayhew)—*De Arte Poetica*—"Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget," &c.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., at 14, Lonsdale Square, the wife of W. B. CLARKE, Esq. (prematurely), of a daughter, who survived its birth only two days.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

ALBERT LORTZING.

(*Continued from page 803.*)

HOW often, unhappy man, were you disappointed in your hopes. On the present occasion, your new Leipsic engagement of three years dwindled away to one of a few weeks. The following letter, which Reger sent on to us immediately after he had received it, affected us indescribably, and caused us, for the first time, to shed tears over the fate of our beloved friend. This letter will describe more forcibly than anything else could, Lortzing's position at this period:—

"*Gera, 4th February*, 1850.

"It must be so, says William Tell, when he is about to shoot, and so say I; I hesitated a long time before telling you my fate, because it is very disagreeable for me to have to chew over the facts again. I will, therefore, be as brief as possible. That I am again out of an engagement—is the point. A few weeks after I had entered upon my duties, W. writes to tell me how he has been under the necessity of re-engaging Herr R**** as conductor, hinting at the same time in no obscure manner that the reason of his taking this course was the fact of the singers being dissatisfied with me, and that I must at once share with R**** the task of conducting the operas. Had this proposition been made to me at Easter, it would have been extremely agreeable, and I should have felt comfortable—at least, I should have thought so. But, after having become acquainted with the de-tails performed by R****, I should have been the fifth wheel to the coach. So I thought, when W.'s letter arrived. I saw that the singers and the band were in a conspiracy against me, and was inclined to do I know not what rather than be imposed on. In a word, I saw everything under its darkest aspect, and though my dear wife opposed it, tendered W. my immediate resignation, which—as I had a three years' engagement—he of course immediately accepted. * * * * * * * * * My wife especially was greatly cast down by these dimensions, and she had good reason for being so, as my finances were and are in a terrible state. The few bonds, purchased in happier times, which I possessed, I was either obliged to turn into cash in Vienna, or get rid of them, and yet I am—in debt.—Everyone exclaimed against my over-haste, and they were right, in so far as I could have insisted on being *paid* for giving up my engagement. * * * *

On what, you will ask, do you exist then?—I manage to keep myself and family alive somehow from week to week. Very often, though, I do not know what I shall do on the morrow.—W. owed me a benefit—at least a *third*. Out of gratitude for my throwing up my engagement, he gave me *two half-benefits*. I thought: You shall play yourself, and the house will be filled to bursting on each occasion. But—in consequence of a variety of fatalities, I was put off till Christmas week, and on both evenings did not take more than 146 thalers. There, I remarked to my wife, though it is little for two benefits, still it is more than my salary as conductor for two months. Hereupon I began making the neighbourhood unsafe. I conducted, starred, and earned money. I still continue, moreover, to earn a respectable amount. I would, in fact, feel quite contented had I not so many claims to meet in Leipsic that there is not much left for living, and were not my heart—which was certainly made of *strong stuff*—so torn to bits. The German composer Albert Lortzing is obliged every eight or ten days to leave his family! Their little means are scarcely sufficient to keep them till he returns! He himself has barely enough to pay his railway fare.—It was a piece of nonsense, but I was greatly pained at being compelled to pass, for the first time in my life, New Year's Eve without my family, and to spend the 26th anniversary of my marriage far away from my dear wife! Add to this the hardships I have to suffer in such cold weather at such little theatres, and above all, my deep-rooted repugnance to acting! It is a strange fact, however, that every manager is obstinately bent upon my doing so. I have not yet written to any of the *leading* theatres, but I feel convinced that I shall be welcomed in them also. And why?—Not because I am Lortzing the actor, but because I am Lortzing the composer, and it is precisely this which is the bitter part of the business.—My noble-hearted wife feels profoundly how much the effort costs me, and how I must work and shake many a tear, but she also knows that, for the moment, there is no help for it, because supposing I chose to act the beggar with W. for the purpose of again settling down, what would he offer me? Of what use, too, would be the little I should obtain, and the operatic spirit has departed from me?—You imagine probably you now know all. But you do not! For the last three months I have suffered from a difficulty of hearing in the right ear. A Leipsic surgeon, who may be particularly well up in the ear, gave me the consoling piece of information that the membrane of the tympanum was injured!—From the very outset I tried everything I possibly could, but without the slightest success. You may conceive how much this attack hampers—nay, how it embarrasses—me at the present moment above all others. This has been the finishing touch! —Under all circumstances I shall be obliged, probably, to continue this pilgrim kind of life until Easter. * * * * * * * * By that time—I think—something will turn up for me. * * * * *

Here I am making grimaces in the little town of Gera. I fancy, however, that I shall take away some eighty thalers. My terms, you must know, are a share of the receipts and a half benefit. From here I go to Lüneburg, afterwards to Dessau, Chemnitz, etc. Every day I return home is a day of rejoicing. How often shall I yet have to leave! Shall I still pursue the path I have followed for six years, but in which I have as yet found no profit? Shall I resume the old trade, which is so loathsome to me?—It strikes me that my entire existence is a mistake! * * * * * * * * I should like some enlightenment on the point. * * * * * * * All my family, thank God, are well, with the exception of my dear wife who still suffers from her eyes. The thought of again seeing my family—though only for a day or two—always elevates and strengthens me; nay, when I think of them, I absolutely experience pleasure in acting. * * * * * * * * * * I do not desire to be remembered to any but your family, for no one troubles himself about my fate.—Yours, ALBERT."

He writes, also, from Gera, and at the same time, to his wife.

"MY DEAR GOOD WIFE,—* * * * * * * If you ever wanted to sicken any one of the drama, you should send him here. The Theatre, which is very slightly built, stands quite by itself outside the town-gates, and cannot be heated; the cold is consequently something fearful. The scenery, wardrobe, and orchestra, frightful! In addition to this, there is a continuous fume of lamps, for when the latter come in danger of being frozen they are turned up higher and higher. In a word, it is a queer set-out. * * * * * * To-day, at noon, I shall probably have received my earnings, and be able to send you something, for I am afraid your little stock of money must be exhausted.—I am already pleased with the band in my opera. Among the actors there are some worthy people.

"*Afternoon.*

"This morning I paid the manager a visit, and, after a good deal of beating about the bush, expressed a desire to receive my earnings of the day before. I was informed that the accounts were not yet made up, but that the money should be sent on to me. * * * * * * * * * It is now past four o'clock and I have not received anything. I surmise that yesterday's receipts were required to pay the salaries, and that my need is not supposed to be so great as unfortunately it really is. I must therefore despatch this letter *empty*, however much it pains me to do so. After to-morrow's performance I shall, however, very certainly demand the shares for the two nights. Send, therefore, my dear, to F. and ask him for two or three thalers till Monday, for it is impossible you can get on till then simply with the little money you had. Whenever I am not professionally engaged, I sit at home and—as I do not wish to be frozen to death—burn a great deal of wood. Good bye, my dears. On Monday you shall receive immense treasures. A thousand kisses from your ALBERT LORTZING."

[From Lüneburg.]

"*The 14th February*, 1850.

"MY DEAR DEAR WIFE,—The day before *yesterday* I conducted *Czaar und Zimmermann*, and yesterday I acted in *[illegible]* and the *[illegible] Student*; despite grand promises, however, business has been up to the present *dates*, bad. For the two evenings, the gross receipts did not amount to more than 170 thalers odd. Great things are expected of the *Verschwender* (Monday). Tuesday is my benefit: *Die beiden Schützen*, and we shall be rehearsing the whole day. I myself shall attend to this, as there is no regular musical-director.—

"I received to-day, through Sturm and Koppe, a letter *in which the manager of the new Friedrich Wilhelmstadt Theatre in Berlin offers me the post of conductor*, and asks what are my terms. Wallner was charged with the letter.—In reply, I expressed my perfect readiness to accept the offer, *provided* the manager would inform me what his intentions were, whether he meant to give musical *acting pieces*, etc., etc. I said that on receiving precise information on these points I would state my terms, and further, that—at the end of this month—I would go myself to Berlin to talk the matter over more fully.

"As for money, my dear, I have received none, as to-day again is pay day *here*, and my little share, it appears, is required for the salaries. Remember me to my good daughter Bertha and kiss her for me. I can offer her nothing upon her birthday but a father's sincere wishes for her happiness.—Perhaps I will bring her a Lüneburg lamprey. * * * Thank God, on Wednesday evening I shall be with you once more. I must conclude; three o'clock is striking, and I have to go again to rehearsal. How the opera will go, Heaven alone knows. The people here are colossal muffs. Heaven preserve everyone from such a lot! Kisses to all from your good old vagrant and father,

"ALBERT LORTZING.

"I arrived here at eight o'clock in the evening, and—as I travelled *third* class—I was utterly knocked up."

The prospect of the Berlin engagement evidently revived his spirits. Nearly at the same time, he experienced a still greater pleasure. At the end of January 1850, he received an invitation from the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, to get up his *Czaar* there. Mr G. Lumley's letter commences with the words: "J'ai l'intention de produire au Théâtre de sa Majesté à Londres, votre chef-d'œuvre *Le Czaar et le Zimmermann.*" The original letters with Lortzing's replies are now before me, and I find in them another mournful proof of how other people, as if commission agents (in this case they are publishers and theatrical managers), carry off the material benefits arising from the intellectual productions of our poets and artists, while the producer himself has to be contented with the empty honour. The performance at the Italian Opera was fixed for April. Lortzing, however, had no money to expect from his opera, since no respect is shown in free England for author's rights.* Mr Lumley was to defray Lortzing's travelling expenses and board; to undertake at his own cost to have an Italian translation of the text made, with which Lortzing was to have the power of doing what he liked, Mr Lumley impressing on him the profit to be derived from a sale of the work to some London publisher. The negotiations were, so to speak, concluded—but Lortzing's hopes again ended in smoke. The last letter—which to fix the exact date—never came.

With what delight this honourable offer filled Lortzing's breast, what advantages his ever hopeful mind supposed would result from the success of his journey, he describes in his merry, waggish way as follows:—

"Perhaps a good many other matters may be arranged when I am intimate with Albert and Victoria; at any rate, the whole speculation, if I am not drowned or eaten up by the whales, will be a profitable one for me."

(*To be continued.*)

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To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—I feel assured you will accord me space in the *Musical World* for a short communication, the object of which is to call the attention of the public to the present situation of Mr Henry Phillips, the once popular vocalist. That gentleman, through a concatenation of misfortunes, is now reduced to a state of almost penury. Let me entreat you, sir, to advocate his cause. Your influence must surely have the effect of interesting all lovers of musical art for a gentleman who has so many claims upon their sympathy.—I have the honour of subscribing myself, yours obediently,

JOHN BARNETT.

Cheltenham, Jan. 2, 1867.

SIGNOR BOTTESINI played a solo on the double-bass (Friday last), at the Athénée Musical in Paris, with extraordinary success.

M. ADOLPHE SAX has just published a pamphlet on Military Bands.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—All lovers of music will be glad to know that the deplorable conflagration of the north wing of the Crystal Palace will in no way interfere with the admirable Saturday Concerts, under the direction of Mr Manns. They will be resumed immediately.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Among the novelties to be produced at the first of the Orchestral Popular Concerts (Saturday evening, January 12) at Her Majesty's Theatre will be a new quadrille, arranged from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, by Signor Arditi, and a new polka by the same composer; also a composition by the Russian Glinka, entitled, *Souvenir d'une nuit d'été à Madrid*, will also be given. The concerts will be conducted by Signor Arditi.

VIENNA.—The *Damnation de Faust* of M. Berlioz has been produced here with extraordinary success. Three pieces were enthusiastically encored. The chorus and orchestra, 400 in number, were directed by Herr Herbeck, the Court Kapellmeister, and the solos were sung by Mdlle. Bettelheim (Margaret), Herr Walter (Faust), and Herr Mayerhofer (Mephistopheles). A banquet was given the next day to M. Berlioz, at which 100 of his admirers were present.

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* This is really too bad on the part of "free England." How different was the course pursued for years by Baron Tauchnitz and other German publishers with regard to English authors, the German editions of whose works brought such large fortunes to—the publishers.—TRANSLATOR.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

At the second of the annual Christmas performances of the *Messiah* (Friday, Dec. 28th), Mr. Sims Reeves took the tenor music. Although recently on more than one occasion the name of this gentleman has been announced in the bills of the Sacred Harmonic Society, he was prevented by severe indisposition from appearing, and for six months, till the other night, has not sung in a London concert room. How pleased were the audience—perhaps the largest ever packed together within the uncomfortable enclosure of Exeter Hall—to welcome him back again, was made evident by the enthusiastic greeting he received. Nor were the amateurs and musicians less gratified at the return of our greatest singer in oratorio, if conclusions may be drawn from the hearty goodwill with which all the occupants of the orchestra joined in the demonstration. Mr. Reeves showed his sense of this unanimous proof of sympathy by singing as he alone can sing Handel's music, and singing, moreover, his very best. Repose has been manifestly beneficial to his voice, which was in perfect order. Of this "Comfort ye my people"—which consolatory admonition was delivered with a calm, devotional expression alike in keeping with the words of Isaiah and the music of Handel—left no doubt; while the more florid passages of the prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill laid low," were given with the ease and fluency to which we have been accustomed. But the greatest qualities of Mr. Reeves found scope for exhibition, as usual, in the divine music of the second part, the Passion of the Saviour—comprising the recitative, "Thy rebuke hath broken His heart," the air, "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow," the recitative, "He was cut off out of the land of the living," and the air, "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell"—one unbroken scene, which, thanks originally to the suggestion of Mr. Macfarren, is now, in accordance with Handel's own intentions, always exclusively given to the tenor voice, whereby its unity is undisturbed. No music more impressive, none more deeply felt than this exists, and only the highest art can approach it. Mr. Reeves imparts to the whole its fullest meaning. To excel in expression his delivery of the touching passage from Lamentations ("Behold and see") would be impossible, and fine as was "But Thou didst not leave," splendid the great declamatory air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron" (which drew down a burst of applause not to be suppressed), "Behold and see," and the recitatives that precede and follow it, were, in our opinion, the most remarkable points in his performance. Nor can we imagine such music thus sung being heard without emotion.

The other singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington, whose clear soprano voice, brilliant and facile execution are particularly well suited to the florid airs of Handel, of which a more showy example does not exist than "Rejoice greatly;" Madame Sainton-Dolby, whose reading of the air "He was despised and rejected of men" (again Isaiah), and especially of that most pathetic continuation of it, "He gave his back to the smiters," was in quality akin to the "Behold and see" of Mr. Reeves; Mr. Weiss, a thoroughly experienced Handelian; and Mr. Lewis Thomas, whose "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?"—a most spirited performance—was deservedly applauded. The choruses have rarely been more admirably sung than on this occasion; and when the vast assembly stood up in homage to the magnificent "Hallelujah," it must have been felt by every one that the great Christian musical epic was the most appropriate of Christmas music, as well as the most glorious of sacred oratorios. Mr. Costa directed the performance, with which he himself could hardly have been otherwise than satisfied.

The next oratorio announced (Friday week) is *Israel in Egypt*. Mr. Sims Reeves is again to sing.

Mr. Mapleson, accompanied by Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Arditi and Signor Arditi, has gone to Paris and will remain during the next week. Mr. Mapleson's concert tour in England, Ireland and Scotland commences on Saturday, January 12th. The artists engaged are Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdme. Baurmeister, Mdme. Demeric Lablache, Mr. Tom Hohler and Mr. Santley (vocalists), Signor Pezze (violoncello), and Signor Bevignani (accompanist). During the tour several performances of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

AU RÉDACTEUR DU *FIGARO*.

Monsieur,—Le grand événement parisien d'hier (26 Novembre, 1866) le fait capital de la journée, c'est le premier début devant le vrai public d'un artiste prodigieux qui s'est fait entendre avec un succès écrasant, au concert populaire du Cirque Napoléon. Il se nomme Joachim, et c'est le violoniste le plus éminent qu'on ait jamais entendu. Prenez ceci au pied de la lettre,—jamais! Il est, et de beaucoup, plus grand qu'Alard et Sivori. Je sais bien que ceci va faire bondir les gens, et qu'on va m'accuser de folie. C'est cependant l'exacte vérité, et il faut bien la dire au risque d'être accusé de vouloir renverser les idoles que le public a longtemps adorées,—c'est plus qu'un virtuose hors ligne, c'est un grand maître, c'est le maître des maîtres, c'est l'art à sa suprême puissance. C'est admirable et c'est merveilleux. L'effet qu'il a produit est indicible: il a terrassé et dompté le public, il l'a tenu haletant et ému, sous le charme foudroyant de son archet; jamais, depuis vingt ans au moins, on n'a rien entendu à Paris de semblable à cela.

Des rappels et des bravos frénétiques ont accueilli ce merveilleux artiste qui, il y a deux ans, traversa Paris et ne s'arrêta qu'un instant, le temps de bouleverser d'admiration l'illustre orchestre du Conservatoire. Puis on n'en entendit plus parler. L'Allemagne, dont il est l'enfant gâté, le reprit, et ce n'est, dit-on, qu'après bien des instances que le directeur des Concerts populaires a pu vaincre les scrupules singuliers et les inexplicables craintes du plus grand, mais aussi du plus modeste des violonistes de ce temps. Il redoutait le public de Paris: il n'osait pas, il craignait, il avait peur.—Peur! lui! Il n'a eu qu'à paraître et à se faire entendre un quart de minute. Il n'y avait plus que des fanatiques autour de lui. Il a exécuté un des plus beaux *concertos* qui existent—celui de Mendelssohn. Au premier coup d'archet, l'auditoire frissonna comme frappé d'un choc électrique; il se fit subitement un silence de mort, et on n'entendit plus un mouvement, plus un souffle—rien que cette voix divine qui chantait dans ce violon enchanté. L'artiste avait achevé son morceau, on l'écoutait encore. Il y eut alors une secousse, le charme était rompu, et une clameur retentissante s'éleva de toutes parts; ce fut un grand cri, et un ouragan d'applaudissements devant lequel, plein d'émotion et tout frémissant de joie, Joachim fut seul s'incliner à plusieurs reprises.

Je ne connais que très imparfaitement l'histoire de cet artiste de génie. Il est, dit-on, le filleul de la reine de Hanovre; il a trente-cinq ans environ, et toute l'Allemagne est pleine de sa gloire. C'est le plus célèbre virtuose de son pays, et jamais réputation ne fut plus justement et plus glorieusement acquise. Il jouera encore en public à Paris une fois, peut-être deux. Hâtez-vous de l'aller entendre avant qu'il ne parte. C'est un souvenir qu'il faut absolument avoir gravé dans la mémoire; c'est surtout une des plus grandes émotions artistiques qu'un homme de goût puisse éprouver, et j'ai la conviction de rendre un véritable service à vos lecteurs, en leur signalant, avec l'enthousiasme qu'elle mérite, cette occasion unique peut-être, d'entendre et d'admirer le plus grand des violonistes contemporains.

MAILLART.

Paris, [illegible] Novembre, 1866.

* * *

TO THE AUTHOR OF *THE GAY SCIENCE*.

Dear Author of *The Gay Science*,—I have read through your charming volumes, and thank you heartily for the pleasure and instruction they have afforded me. Do you remember a rhyme composed some years ago by Dilettante Curtainlifter ("D. C.")? It ran thus:—

There was an old London Review,
Whose writers all took up their cue
From the Saturday [illegible],
But they hadn't the wit to
Equal the latest [illegible]

I should, in your place, put that as the motto of my second edition. With the compliments of the season, and again thanking you, I am, my dear author of *The Gay Science*, yours, very faithfully,

DUDLEY PETERS.

Tadcaster, Spruce Tree and Sable, Jan. 1.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—(PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.)—It is only as a general rule once in every century that men appear who, by an extraordinary aggregate of qualities, are destined to exercise an all-powerful influence over the future of that particular branch of science that [illegible] by nature he is chosen an agent to develope to the initiated or open out new secrets to adepts in the accepted or beaten track of knowledge. Such a one was Napoleon Bonaparte. Such a dramatic [illegible] was William Shakspere. Such in philosophical thinking was John Locke and in legendary writing "Cervantes." The genius of [illegible] fired the poetic muse, and Galileo awed the world with "and it moves." Columbus left new continents behind and furnished a land to enable Washington. Franklin from thence enslaved the lightning that should become audible at Beethoven's command. The fury of despair to future ages by the elder Kean should be modelled, and never dying Robson from our comic boards could turn all [illegible] his new way. Paganini came and played and conquered and revolutionised an art that he found in its infancy, but yet great as his immortal efforts and his world wide renown, it was not yet intended that his wondrous genius should inspire any with the courage and wish to sacrifice a life time for the sake of art by devoting years of thought and study to try and improve that which was really great in the novelties of the famous virtuoso, and to turn to good account that which was in itself more or less detrimental to the beauty or perfection of violin playing. The violinist died, then hosts sprang up, good and bad, fascinated by the thought of earning fame and fortune by the continuation of those sounds that had awakened admiration and wonder in Europe. Then commenced an era of degeneration which is best passed over in silence. Alas for the noble art, it fell a prey to men who thought that a few daring tricks executed without either meaning or intention than that of "doing" the Paganini would suffice to put money in their pockets and secure the applause of fools. Four-and-twenty years thus did the murdering charlatans seek to kill it, but at each stroke a new head sprang forth which, Hydra-like, kept it alive and where we joyfully recognised a Joachim or a Sainton. Then sweet Ernst, like a guardian angel, kept watch that too soon should cease showing, as it were, of art and man, the beauty of the soul, the soul of beauty. But the all-directing Providence, guardian of sweet sounds, doubtless willed it that as the [illegible] all things, there should be a lull in, as it were, a calm disturbed now and then only by the silver prayer of a [illegible] or the meaningless scrimmage of an Ole Bull, until that propitious moment that the great sun of the art should rise unobscured upon the musical horizon to dazzle with the luminosity of his greatness those who would [illegible] to look up, and bring joy and gladness to any that after the hard day's labour look for repose and recreation from pure and unalloyed pleasures. Such then is the poor effort we have made to worthily introduce the subject of the present notice. Unknown to some, never to be forgotten by others who have been charmed and astounded by his performances, is the gifted artist now known to fame as the Paganini Redivivus. His varied and unapproached genius, shining through our now advanced civilisation, can in no way be equalled in the annals of music, because we are now better able to appreciate greatness in every sphere, because the general intelligence is developed and more subjects present themselves for comparison than in former times. Therefore greater far must that man be who can create an idea in these sensation-wished days, and more lasting must be the glory that is acquired after the hearers have coolly reflected over the sudden feeling of wonder that was awakened by one who was unheralded and unknown. The influence that this gentleman must exercise upon art in general must be in every way healthy and sound, as he has chosen a system that in itself serves to widen and enlarge the mind, independent of natural talent or personal inclination for his favourite pursuit, namely the acquisition of knowledge of every sort, the study of different instruments and the mastering of foreign languages, added to which an insatiable desire to master everything, good or bad, that the instrument is capable of yielding, a liberality of principle that permits of deriving pleasure and profit from the performance of other violinists, and a strict avoidance of that musical bigotry known as "partiality," which renders both artists and hearers one-sided, and destroys the gentle sentiments of unprejudiced love for art. We are not at present writing a criticism upon the violinist, because we have seen and heard abler remarks than would come from our pen, but we felt an inward desire to try and render a passing word of homage to one who has probably the greatest career before him that man can have, that of refining the mind and distracting the thoughts from vulgar ideas, and we shall feel but too happy to know in future days that we were amongst the first who detected signs of a continuous grandeur in the man who humbly lets his talent stand or fall upon its proper merit.—*Redruth Times (Cornwall).*

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TO LADY EMILY FOLEY.

MADAM,—Few villages near the lovely scenery of the Malvern Hills can boast of more ardent zeal in cultivating the beautiful art of music than the peaceful one of Colwall. The estimable vicar, the Rev. Custance, and family appear to take delight to assist, using all their accomplished talents, in cementing that union which so happily exists in the parish. The reverend vicar has always taken a lively interest in cultivating harmony with his parishioners, and there are no chimes in which he more delights than the sweet chimes of melody. In the great congregation the joyful tunes of our forefathers are his song of solace. In the village much of his time is given to the furtherance of part singing, using all efforts to bring all to good end. The Colwall Band is indebted to its indefatigable leader, Mr. King, who gives most of his time to arranging and transposing all the music for its many instruments. I had much pleasure in listening to it on Monday last, and was charmed by the manner in which several difficult pieces were rendered. Mr. King deserves every eulogium for his zealous exertions. I was pleased to notice the improvements in the strings. Mr. Daniel [illegible], the courteous proprietor of the "British Camp," has made great advances on his favourite instrument the violin. He leads with great precision, has a broad tone and good execution. He is the man in the right place. I know no one in the parish who is more earnest and desirous of bringing the band to the goal of perfection. He is ably supported by Mr. [illegible], of the Wells, who has made rapid improvement since last year, and I am sure with continued exertion will bring forth the fruits of his labour in good and much pleasure awaiting him in the charms of trio and quartet playing. I must award a portion of praise to the esteemed veteran, Mr. Urry, who wields his bow with the vivacity of youth, producing a round tone and a sound foundation for the band. I trust Mr. Urry will be spared yet many years to enjoy himself fraternally with his fellow musicians. The brass instruments have made great improvement. Mr. King, the leading cornet, is ably supported by Mr. John Down and Mr. Down of St. Anne's Well.

I am pleased thus to record the success the Colwall Band has accomplished. Great zeal has had its reward in the meritorious way in which pieces are delivered. I hope many villagers will follow the same example as the serene one of Colwall. Mr. Down, sen., was, as he is [illegible] in whatever he attempts, photographically—quite successful in taking several groups. His talents in that way are appreciated by all who have the felicity of his acquaintance. I am, madam, your obedient humble servant to command, [illegible]

Ledbury Dip, Jan. 1.

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TO JAMES LOCH, Esq.

SIR,—There is truth in what has been asserted with regard to reckless driving and yearly sacrifice of life. But there is something to be said on reckless people crossing thoroughfares, to which anybody can testify in the habit of driving in London. There are men of that class which group round publichouses, who appear to hold life cheap. They will cross just as some vehicle is coming, and leer at the driver who has to pull in his horse till the saunterer thinks proper to pass. If the delay is of duration to enable him to deliver a jocular remark he goes off satisfied. Instead of [illegible] to the care of drivers, it has rendered them more regardless. It is only reckless driving, or a hansom going to catch a train, urged on by promise of double fare, or a heavy horse van that will make such as these stir at all. Then the unprotected female. The conventional type is timid at crossing—her tale runs forward, back and finally to the care of some policeman; but there are others who [illegible]. Watch one on a wet gusty day, how blind to peril she is rendered by her endeavours to shelter bonnet and belongings from the rain. With umbrella pointing to the wind she will step into a crowded thoroughfare as heedless as if crossing her own threshold. I witnessed a few days ago how nearly one escaped death in this in a crossing, and marvelled at a courage which in one of the sterner sex would have carried a forlorn hope or Victoria Cross. Finally there is the "gamin" who waits till a carriage is close, and then darts across in front of the horses' heads; it adds to the excitement a "Catherine wheel." If he happens to make a near thing of it, his delight is unbounded. When we remember the thousands of carriages and the horses most cabdrivers have to handle, the marvel is we do not hear of a greater sacrifice of life. That we do not we may attribute to the fact that drivers of vehicles are more careful than they are generally allowed to be.—Sir, your obedient servant,

Leather Lane, Jan. 2. G. W. EDWARDS CHASE.

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TO —— REED, Esq.

MY DEAR REED,—Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him. And as with tailors so with men: I pay my debts to my friends, only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you who have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now, in consequence, have a little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, I was flying from London to Paris and vice versa—dinners right and left—parties every night. If I had been at Philadelphia I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed! I see you (after that little supper with M'Michael) on Sunday at your own table when we had that good Sherry Madeira, turning aside from the wine-cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often that I wonder the cup isn't broken and the well is as full as it is. Three weeks of London were more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents, then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour. We spent ten days in Baden, where I set intrepidly to work again, and have been five days in Switzerland now—not bent on going up mountains but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is! How great and affable, too, the landscape is! It is delightful to be in the midst of such scenes—the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and enormous like the Alpine chain yonder, but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company, keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and again accounts of fine parties in London. *Bon Dieu!* Is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are there people now sweating in Mayfair routs? The European continent swarms with your people. They are not at all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper at Basle the other night, with their knives down their throats. It was awful! My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say, "My dear, your great-great grandmother, one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, always applied cold steel to her victuals. It's no crime to eat with a knife," which is all very well; but I wish five of 'em at a time wouldn't. Will you please beg M'Michael when Miss Glyn the English tragic actress comes to read Shakspeare in your city to call on her—do her act of kindness to her and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were going to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache against to-morrow morning. By Jove, how kind you all were to me! How I like your people, and want to see 'em again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental than we are. I keep on telling that to our fine people here and have so belaboured your—[Here the paper was turned and the sketch revealed. At the top is written "Pardon this rubbishing picture, but I didn't see, and can't afford to write page 3 over again."]—country with praise in private, that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth, but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great, stupid, virtue-proud English public is that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where Mrs. Stowe's book has done harm by inflaming us with an idea of our own superior virtue in freeing our blacks, whereas you keep yours. Comparisons are always odorous, Mrs. Malaprop says. I am about a new story, but don't know as yet if it will be any good. It seems to me I am too old for story telling; but I want money and shall get 20,000 dols. for this, of which (n [illegible]) I'll keep 10. I wish this rubbish (the sketch) were away. I might put a clean rubbish in its stead. Not that I have anything to say but that I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac and Wharton and Lewis and kind fellows who have been kind to me, and I hope will be kind to me again. Good bye, my dear Reed, and believe me, ever sincerely yours,

W. M. Thackeray.

Neufchatel, Switzerland, July 21, 1853.

TO CAMPBELL CLARKE, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Madlle. Tietjens made her first appearance this season at Mr. Charles Hallé's tenth concert, Dec. 27. Madlle. Tietjens possesses the grandest soprano organ of the present day; by her consummate art she has reached the goal of excellency but as a singer and as an artist of the very highest order. She is particularly happy in those sublime conceptions of the great masters of lyric-song, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini, Gluck, and Meyerbeer; her grand voice and style realises in perfection the immortal beauties which enrich these composers' songs. She sang with all the fervour of her poetic soul "Dove Sono" (Figaro) Mozart, "Und ob die Wolke" (Freischütz) Weber; these exquisite gems of poetic melody absorbed the silent attention and transported their bewildered feelings into Elysium or some other divine world of imagination, where they lost their thoughts for the time being, for they was fairly entranced with the true feeling of enjoyment; so sweet was their dream that, when they awoke from their pleasant lull, their excited feelings rattled the palms of their hands together and their feet played a rat-a-plan on the floor beneath them, and their inward emotions rung out bravo! The fair singer also sang "[illegible] strano poter" (Faust) Gounod and "Non so" Bevignani.

Mr. Ch. Hallé enchanted his musical audience with Weber's Concerto—Pianoforte—in E flat. A true vein of joyous melody pervades the opening Allegro, which flickers through the orchestra with charming effects, its charm that is heightened by the delicious effects of Mr. Hallé's exquisite touch; the Adagio holds the mind spell-bound as though the listener was in fairy-land following the distant music of the fairy-elves, the Rondo teems with sportive ideas that fly through the orchestra and sparkle with all their lovely sweetness on the Piano. The versatility of Mr. Hallé's talents are endless, whenever he sits down to the Pianoforte he commands an influence over his audience which may be termed the essence of music—"Soft stillness and the night become the touches of sweet harmony;" so it is in a comparative sense when Mr. Hallé plays on the queen of instruments silence reigns around while he discourses some piece from the repertoire of the classical-masters. Mr. Hallé played as Solo Prelude and Fugue in C sharp 8, Bach, and two Harpsichord lessons, Scarlatti; the difficult though genial compositions of these old maestros are very different from those intricate difficulties Dr. Johnson wished were impossible."

The pieces performed by the Orchestra were excellent. Spohr's symphony in C minor was performed by Ch. Hallé's Band for the first time. This fine specimen of Spohr's writing was finely executed by this noble staff of instrumentalists under their able chief's directions. Notwithstanding the "mannerisms" which some critics are eternally preaching as a grave fault with Spohr's music, I think that if Spohr's virtues and faults in art were weighed in the balance his excellencies would crush his imperfections almost to a shadow. Can the musical-art afford to lose the beautiful works he has brought into being? I most undoubtedly think not. If they were extinguished from the dominions of music then most certainly the art would lose in the knowledge of experience. I do not say Spohr's music is without fault, nor his "Love hymns," nor has Mendelssohn; all composers have their own peculiarities, it is in their natures the peculiarity of features points out one man from another. I should like to hear this symphony again. The solemn opening of the Introduction leads to a spirited Allegro movement containing beautiful phases of orchestration; the Larghetto is a gem of lovely music, quite boyish, tenderness and affection radiates from every bar. A most striking passage is produced with the string instruments playing in unison and a distant thought-effect in a strain of melody. The Scherzo is gay, sprightly and full of quaint beauties. The Finale is a masterful continuation of ideas; beautiful violin phrases pervades the whole work as might be expected from one who was an illustrious performer on the instrument himself, and fine mixtures of instrumental colouring delight the ear with its beautiful harmonies.

It was a grand treat to hear the whole orchestra play the Andante with Variations and Scherzo from Grand Septet in E flat, Beethoven,—that is the first Violins, Violas, Cellos, Contra basses, Clarionets, Horns, and Bassoons—the ensemble of the strings was something wonderful and proved the efficiency and ability of Mr. C. Hallé's admirable orchestra. The four respective string parts were played with a precision and correctness of intonation. There was not a wave of expression on the part of an individual performer that did not coincide with the aggregate tone produced, as though each of them played the instruments of his respective part himself. Mr. Hallé directed the piece from memory and he seemed to infuse soul in the whole performance. The Overtures were "Don Giovanni" (the immortal) Mozart, "Festival overture" in C, Op. 124, Beethoven, and "Fra Diavolo" Auber. Beethoven's overture exemplifies his great power in illustrating by his art the emotions of the human soul; the very title of the piece proclaims its intrinsic merits, it is clear in design, grand in ideas, sublime in expression, devotional in character, jubilant and joyful as though the composer was celebrating some national thanksgiving.—Truly yours,

Stockport, Jan. 1st, 1867. Thomas Booth Brook.

TO E. S. DALLAS, Esq.

Sir,—Monday the 25th of June last died George Lillie Craik, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature, Queen's College, Belfast. Born in Fife 1798, he was son of a schoolmaster. Came to London, 1824, got employment under Charles Knight and Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Wrote *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, for Library of Entertaining Knowledge; *Pictorial History of England*, *Sketches of Literature and Learning in England from Norman Conquest to Accession of Elizabeth*, *History of British Commerce*, *Spenser and his Poetry*, *Outlines of History of English Language*, *English of Shakespeare*, and *Romance of Peerage*. He was Professor Queen's College, Belfast, since 1849.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, T. Duff Short.

Short Commons, Jan 1.

AN ALLEGORICAL MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY

Two Souls.—Born, my honoured reader, in a room like most of us. Twins as unlike as a pure and dark [illegible]; my brother, quiet, solemn, utterly devoid of those infantile emotions apparent on such occasions as bed time, &c.; I, on the contrary, I feel sure, must have come into the world with a hop, skip, and a jump, and perhaps frightened all my puny counterparts entirely out of him. I was extremely lively, and even boisterous, and if for a moment something occurred to slacken my liveliness, I was sure to break out again very soon with renewed vigour. Our education and advancement in this world was cultivated under difficulties and dangers—various dangers from [illegible] blots and smudges—dangers from being over-dosed by draughts from [illegible] springs—dangers from being made too good and dangers from being made not good enough. We were taken [illegible] to society and received in many various ways. Some, indeed most of the great folk to whom we were presented, examined us in every way and turned us into the greatest ridicule and said we were not true bred, but only of a cross mongrel nature. Well, often in the same room some one would deny this, and laud one or one of us up to the skies, or perhaps praise one of us and abuse the other. Then a very dreary, wearisome period elapsed, for when our "parent" (for I ought to have said we had but one) tried to launch us in life no one would have anything to do with us, and we were knocked about running dangers from miscarriage in the post and carelessness of servants. I narrowly escaped the fate of being used for lighting a fire, and my brother was miraculously saved from forming an ornament to a fire grate, only from the fact that he was not clean and had spots all over him. And our parent was dreadfully embarrassed to find the means to get us into notice, and what with paying singers to bring us into notice, advertisements to keep us in notice, besides the printing expenses of setting us up in the world to be noticed, and alas! when all was done no success attended his [illegible]—no one would have anything to do with us except in a very small way, the critics and connoisseurs of our "genus" said we were both good specimens, my brother being of a [illegible] size than myself—and there I ended myself and [illegible] being consigned to a shelf side by side with numerous others of the same tribe—"things that would go." One day I was alarmed by being in a most horrid and alarmingly turned manner, after a most painful banging in order to remove the dust that had gathered round my [illegible] feature, removed from my shelf and presented to a singer of great reputation who had ransacked the [illegible] number of these dumbering creatures, or rather I should say, had found a representation of a [illegible] amongst some music she had thrown aside as useless, and, by mere chance, she turned me to light and was going to exhibit me to the musical world. My brother was shown to her, but she treated him with scorn, so he was [illegible] back again to his corner. From that time I have known no [illegible] praise but my counter-abuse and slander. Warbled by lovely women in palaces, trilled out by country maidens, bawled "usque ad nauseam" by street boys, mutilated by German (query) bands and Italian (query) organs. Publishers have fought over me, singers quarrelled as to which should sing me first. But my poor twin brother although my [illegible] to a great extent brought him a little into notice from that fact, and I was splendidly dressed in all sorts of colours, pictures in gold and many colours, he, poor soul, was obliged to be contented with black and white, and though in one of his limbs (I beg pardon, I recantation) there is more intrinsic worth, yet I have since had many brothers and sisters who have made more noise than he, and I suppose I shall continue to exist in the same way, proving the old adage that "it is the empty jar that makes the most rattle." LEMON HOARY ATKINSON.

Dec. 1866

TO CHARLES LUDERS, Esq.

SIR,—K. Speidel reports in the *Gazette des Etrangers* of Vienna, the following:—The effect which Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* had on Ludwig Stark, was a different one. He said:—"In order to comprehend the expressiveness of the music, I shut my eyes during an episode of the second act. There came rolling along a regiment of cavalry crushing hundreds of helpless women under their horses' hoofs. It was a terrible crying, groaning, shouting for help and between this rolled the thunders of Armstrong guns. When I opened my eyes again what was it?—*A sigh of Isolde!*" Yours respectfully, ERNST SCHINKER.

Hamm (Westphalia), Jan. 1.

TO ROBERT SIDNEY PRATTEN.

SIR,—The flute was invented by a goddess, and the Syrens played upon it. Although it was more used by the other sex there were many females who were celebrated as flute-players. The most renowned of these was Lamia, who was as much celebrated for her beauty, wit and good sense too, I believe, as for her ability as a flute player. Her claim to beauty does not rest upon tradition alone, as an amethyst exists in a French collection upon which she is represented. She was born in Athens, but went to Egypt, and soon found favour at court. Ptolemy being defeated in a sea engagement, lost all his wives, who were taken prisoners by Demetrius. Lamia, who was one of them, in turn conquered Demetrius—although she was [illegible] of an age and he was the handsomest man of the age. Through her influence, he conferred such favours upon the Athenians that they deified him, and dedicated a temple to her, the remains of which I beheld when last at the Morea, and which they called Venus Lamia.

Horace speaks of bands of female flute-players, and of schools for their instruction, and Athenæus gives the names of many whose beauty and talent captivated the hearts of some of the most illustrious persons of antiquity. They at last became so outrageous that their profession was regarded as infamous, and abolished. I am, yours, &c.,

New Nova St. Jan. 1 BASIL BAGOOT.

TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

SIR,—I enclose you a programme of an entertainment at which I was present the other evening, and was really very much amused. Monsieur Emile Smith has, I think, a marvellous talent for imitation, and the facility with which he imitates the cries of Paris and London is truly clever, and the [illegible] of sweet songs, &c., is a very curious yet very entertaining impersonation. Monsieur Smith might moderate his delivery in the descriptive part, as at times he is too volatile, and occasionally almost unintelligible in consequence.—Your obedient servant, F. E. A.

London, Jan. 3.

TO CHARLES LYON, Esq.

SIR,—As for ——, he has as much land as a kite can fly over. He puts interest out to interest. There's more silver lying in his portmanteau than any other man's estate is worth. Then for his servants—how do they pay!—I don't believe there's one tenth of them know their master. I doubt there's not a fool about him but he can drive into an auger hole. Don't imagine he buys anything. He has all within himself—meal, chalk, pepper, nay, if you look for hen's milk you'll find it. At first his wool was not of the best, so he bought rams to mend his breed. He also took the same method for his honey by procuring bees. It's not many days since he wrote to India for mushroom seed. Nor has he a single mule but is got by a wild ass.—Yours respectfully, THOMAS ERCK.

[illegible] Jan. 2.

TO JULES BENEDICT, Esq.

SIR,—Although the Norwich Festival has been held triennially since 1824, its fortunes have been variable. At no meeting have the gross receipts amounted to a sum equivalent to that realized at the first, yet the musical attractions have frequently been greater than on that occasion. Looking at the result simply from the point of view of charity, little more than £11,000 will have been distributed in the course of some forty years, among the hospitals and almshouses of Norfolk and Norwich. £11,000, or thereabouts, may be said to represent the net profits of fifteen festivals—an average of less than £800 a Festival. This is certainly not much to boast of, though * * * * * * * * * *

But if in a financial sense, the Norwich Festival can hardly be looked upon as a prosperous institution, and if its contributions to the local charity have been small in comparison with the magnitude of its pretensions as the musical meeting nearest in importance to that held triennially in Birmingham, its fame as * * * * * * *
—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, NORRIS OF NORWICH.

Norwich, Rampant Horse Street, Jan. 1.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. J. Rivière, the talented musical director of this theatre, having resigned his post, on being appointed composer and director of the Alhambra Palace, a meeting of the members of the Orchestra of the Adelphi took place on Monday in the music room of the Theatre, at which Mr. Rivière addressed them, expressing his regret at parting from them, a regret fully reciprocated by all present. He also stated that Mr. Webster, at his request—and he had much pleasure in making it known—had appointed Mr. Ellis, the leader, to fill the vacant position, one that he was fully entitled to from his talents as a musician and the attention he invariably gave to the business of the theatre.—BASIL BAGOOT.

ROCHESTER.—On Saturday week the Lyceum Theatre opened under the management of Mr. Charles Bishop, with a *corps dramatique* numerous and efficient. Dramas and farces have been produced in rapid succession, the principal characters being entrusted to Messrs. George Nelson, F. Becket, F. Mitchells, W. Hambelton, F. Hammond, W. A. Davenport, J. Munroe, Wharton, A. Combe, Charles Bishop; Misses Rosalind Beckett, Kate Reynolds, Caroline Seyton, Clara Leslie, Lucy Byron and Mrs. L. Smythe. The performances have been liberally patronised. On "Boxing Night," the theatre was crowded, notwithstanding raised admittance. The Pantomime, "as we are preparing," rejoices in the title of *George de Barnwell*. Should its "mounting" be in proportion to the liberality already displayed by the management, success may be anticipated.

THE GOSS TESTIMONIAL.

At the suggestion of a few of the private friends of Dr. John Goss, organist of St. Paul's, who, with others, formed themselves into an acting committee, with the efficient aid of Mr. Joshua Murray as secretary, it was determined to present to him on his natal day, a testimonial in honour of his long and brilliant career in the musical art, and as a demonstration of the high respect and esteem in which his friends and the profession held his character as a man and an artist. The testimonial consisted of an exquisitely designed candelabra with a beautiful massive silver inkstand, which won the admiration of all the beholders by the taste and artistic judgment displayed in both articles. The presentation took place on Thursday evening at the "Albion," Aldersgate-street, where a sumptuous dinner was provided for the occasion.

Mr. Cipriani Potter was chairman, and upwards of sixty of the most distinguished members of the profession and private friends of Mr. Goss were present on this interesting occasion.

The chairman was supported by Mr. Goss, the Rev. Canon Champney (St. Paul's), Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Rev. Thos. Helmore, Mr. Robert Addison, Dr. Elvey, and a large number of the subscribers,—in the list of whom are the names of Mr. Aguilar, Earl Beauchamp, Dr. [illegible], Dr. S. Bennett, Mr. Baxter, Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew, Messrs. Henry Thomas and W. Broadwood, G. Cooper, Wilbye Cooper, Mr. H. and G. Cumming, W. G. Cusins, Messrs. Collard & Co., J. W. Davison, W. D. Davison, the Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Milman, J. Foster, W. Fielding, Otto Goldschmidt, Handel Gear, Archd. Hale, E. S. Hopkins, Messrs. Lahee, A. Lewis, Stanley Lucas, C. Lockey, Lamborne Cock, A. Littleton, Dr. Monk, Willard Morgan, J. S. Murray, G. and F. Rose, Miss Kate Moore, C. Potter, Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Shoubridge, Lewis Thomas, Earl Wilton, Felix Weiss, Mr. W. Winn, Mr. J. Turle, the Boys of St. Paul's Choir, Dr. Steggall, Sir G. Smart, &c., &c.,—were present on the occasion. Several subscribers were prevented attending by the shortness of the notice and being obliged to leave town. Mr. Cipriani Potter introduced every toast in an appropriate manner, and ably conducted the business of the evening, looking as active and as full of energy as he did a quarter of a century ago, when he used to conduct his own symphonies at the Philharmonic Concerts. Grace having been given most impressively by the Rev. Thos. Helmore, and the cloth removed, one of the most perfect choirs we ever had the pleasure of listening to—consisting of Miss J. Wells, the Boys of St. Paul's, Messrs. R. and J. Barnby, Baxter, Fred Walker, W. H. Cummings, Henry Buckland, Lewis Thomas, Shoubridge, and W. Winn (with Mr. G. Cooper and J. Turle presiding at the pianoforte when required)—gave the "Non Nobis," and Dr. Benjamin Cooke's "Amen," Canon 3 in 1 on the 4th and 8ve below, by twofold augmentation, followed by Dr. Goss's Canon, "Hallelujah," 4 in 2, on the 8ve below. It is needless to state they were done every justice to by the above and received with every imaginable pleasure by all present. After the health of Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Royal Family, which was followed by the most animated applause, the National Anthem was sung, and then Dr. Goss's splendid glee, "There is beauty on the mountain," which was received with a general encore. The toast of the Church was responded to by Canon Champney, who made many kind remarks in favour of Dr. Goss and what he designated "his consecrated work." These remarks were listened to with much attention. The choir then sang Dr. Goss's fine anthem, "Praise the Lord, O my Soul,"—in the truest sense of the expression a work of art.

Mr. Fred. Walker having returned thanks for the Army, Navy, and Volunteers, the choir gave Dr. Goss's glee, written for the late sub-dean of St. Paul's, the Rev. H. J. Knapp, D.D. After this the chairman had the presentation plate brought forward to the front of the table amidst great applause, and with it was presented a magnificent bouquet from Madame Otto Goldschmidt, with her kind wishes to Dr. Goss inscribed by herself on a card. This slight incident from one so renowned in the musical art produced a marked effect on all present. After silence was resumed the chairman, in proposing the health of Dr. Goss, took a short view of his career as organist, composer, musician, &c., a career which has reflected so much honour on the art he is connected with, concluding his remarks by assuring Dr. Goss of the high respect and admiration he was held in by his brethren and by all who had the advantage of knowing his excellent qualities as a man. The veteran rose amidst the cordial and animated cheers of the company. His words were few but full of meaning. Returning thanks to his friends and professional brethren in the kindest manner, he acknowledged how proud he felt for the goodwill entertained towards him by his friends presenting and his accepting the handsome and valuable gift. It would ever bring to mind the [illegible] with [illegible]. Dr. Goss sat down amidst [illegible]. Mr. Hale, Addison proposed the health of Dr. Elvey and Mr. Turle in conjunction with the Organists of the Cathedrals in England, Ireland, and Scotland, which was responded to by both gentlemen. The choir then sang Dr. Goss's glee, "T'other day as I sat," with such skill that it was unanimously encored. Mr. Cipriani Potter's health was then given, with musical honours, led by Mr. Winn. Mr. Potter returned thanks; after which one of the greatest musical treats of the evening followed, the choir singing the glee by Goss, "O thou whose beams," the words from Ossian. The execution of this beautiful composition was admirable, and the whole assembly testified their delight by rapturous applause, and a request that it might be repeated, which it was with renewed effect. The toast of the Ladies, and the Artists and Choir, responded to in a capital speech by Mr. W. H. Cummings, was the last on the list, the ceremony terminating with the light and effective glee of "The country fare," which was encored.* The galleries were graced by an assemblage of ladies. Of Dr. Goss and his compositions we have had on more than one occasion to express our opinion. Whatever taste we possess for that class of music, sacred and secular, at the head of which they stand, to the frequent hearing of them do we mainly ascribe our love for this thoroughly English style of part writing. Ungrateful, therefore, should we be did we not acknowledge our obligation, did we not contribute our mite of praise to a man to whom we feel personally indebted, and who, whatever the [illegible] critic may say or think, has increased the stock of human happiness and added to the glory of his age and country.

Bass Bassoon.

RICHMOND.—Amateur performances have been of late decidedly in the ascendant here, and the little theatre where Mrs. Jordan used to fascinate Her Majesty's lieges—or, to speak with due regard to the period, which was when George the Third was King, His Majesty's lieges—and where the great Kean performed for the last time, has presented, on several occasions this winter, a charming array of pretty faces and elegant toilettes, while the Green, usually so quiet after nightfall, has re-echoed with the sound of rolling carriages, and sparkled with the lanterns of eager flunkeys. The fact is, the Amateurs were, in addition to being as a rule excellent actors, what is commonly known as "swells." The consequence was that their audiences were composed of the pink of society in Richmond and its neighbourhood. One of the most recent programmes included *Ruy Blas*, *Whitebait at Greenwich*, and *An Ample Apology*, played with a verve and *entrain* which would not have done discredit to a regular company. The Don Salluste de Bazan, for instance, of Mr. Wyndham Hallet in Victor Hugo's celebrated drama, was really a most artistic piece of acting, and proved that Mr. Hallett possesses not only the power of conceiving a character, but of carrying out his conception in masterly style. Miss Madge Robertson was the Maria of Neuberg, and fairly astonished us by her impersonation. Unless we are greatly mistaken, Miss Madge Robertson is "the coming actress." Since the days of Helen Faucit we have seen no one like her in this class of character. How it is she has not long since been permanently engaged at one of the leading London theatres is a theatrical marvel which passes our comprehension. Had we space we would willingly pay our tribute of praise to all the other amateurs, *seriatim*. As that, however, is impossible, we must content ourselves by stating that these amateur performances have proved an undoubted success, and we trust they will be continued.

Signor [illegible] gave a concert, by permission of Madame Campanella, at Clifton Gardens. The singers were Mdlle. Corbari, Signori Agretti, [illegible], Zanghi, Bellini, Caravoglia, and Mr. Alfred Hemming. The pianists were Signori Tito Mattei and Licalsi—the latter assisted by Signor [illegible] in accompanying the vocal music. Signor Zanghi sang no solo, but joined in the concerted pieces, which comprised a trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, another from *Attila* (in both of which he had the assistance of Mdlle. Corbari and Signor Agretti), and a duet from *La Traviata* with Mdlle. Corbari. Mr. Alfred Hemming sang two songs in English—"Lovely Spring" (by Herr Coenen), and "Alice, where art thou?" (Ascher), the latter of which Mr. Hemming was called upon to repeat. Signor Mattei played a solo of his own composition, and joined Signor Licalsi in a duet for two pianofortes on themes from *I Puritani*, arranged by the last named. Signor Caravoglia gave two romanze in Italian. Signor Bellini an aria (by Rossini); Mdlle. Corbari, one by Donizetti, with all her well-known charm of expression. The concert terminated with a performance of Signor Mattei's Waltz, arranged as a duet and played by the composer and Signor [illegible].

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* Was it not an oversight on the part of the respected Chairman not to propose the health of the Secretary to the Goss Testimonial (Mr. Murray), whose unremitting exertions had so very much to do with the successful result?

BRIGHTON.—Mrs. W. Devin has given her annual concert in Ship Street. The principal contributors to the entertainment were the pupils in her establishment, professionally assisted by Miss Berry (contralto), Mr. Sturgess, Mr. Rye, and Miss Devin (vocalists), and Miss Hall (solo pianist). The pupils showed considerable progress, and the elder pianists obtained flattering applause for their performances of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* and a *Morceau Militaire*, by Herr Spindler. The younger pianists were also complimented after *La Fete Enfantine*, arranged for eight performers on four pianofortes. Several other pieces of the same kind were creditably given by different classes of pupils. Mrs. W. Devin played a solo on the pianoforte, and joined her pupil, Miss Berry, in Mr. Osborne's duet on Themes from the *Huguenots*. A pianoforte solo was also played by Miss M. L. Hall, on Themes from *Il Flauto Magico*. Mr. W. Devin, conductor, marshalled his juvenile forces with military discipline.

HUDDERSFIELD.—On Wednesday evening the 26th ult. the English Opera Company, under the management of Mr. E. Rosenthal, commenced a series of twelve performances in the Theatre Royal. Flotow's *Martha* was first selected. The character of Martha was sustained by Madame Florence Lancia—a charming vocalist and an excellent actress. Her organ is sweet and flexible, and she has complete control over it. The part affords scope for the display of histrionic power, and Madame Lancia took advantage of the opportunities presented to her. Her coquetry with Lord Tristram, the [illegible] half amusement, half fear which she assumed at the house of the two young farmers, and the deep feeling of the last two acts were charmingly rendered. Nothing could be better than her declamation of the light, joyous music. "The last rose of summer" elicited loud applause. In the song "Here alone I mourn," in the third act, she displayed great power of execution. Miss A. Alexandra, a very pleasing Nancy, sang tastefully and acted with spirit. Mr. Parkinson's Lionel was good as regards the music. Mr. Rosenthal, as Plunket, sang with spirit and acted well. Some of the choruses were well given, others feebly.—On Thursday Balfe's *Rose of Castile* was performed. Madame Lancia took the part of Elvira, singing most efficiently. Lively acting is as essential as good singing to this character. Madame Lancia's execution of the music was excellent. In the duets with Manuel, she sang with great taste and expression. The grand ballad, "The Convent Bell," was given with feeling. In the "Laughing trio," she sustained her part admirably. The air, "I'm but a simple peasant girl," may be described as a series of vocal surprises, and in which her execution was most brilliant. Mr. Parkinson, as Manuel, was encored in his air, "I am a muleteer," and in the ballad in the last act, "Twas rank and fame." Mr. Rosenthal played and sang well as Don Pedro. Mdlle. Alexander was an effective Donna Carmen.—On Friday, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was produced for the first time in Huddersfield. In the part of the heroine, Adelia, Madame Florence Lancia appeared to great advantage. In the trio, "The magic herb," she sustained her part admirably, but sang still more effectively in the grand recitative "Here at last." In the duet with Mr. Parkinson immediately following her vocalization was very fine. Mr. Parkinson, as Riccardo, left little fault to find. The romance "Soon shall [illegible] eyes," the barcarole in Act II., and the ballad "For ever thou art lost" were effectively rendered. Mr. Rosenthal acted and sang admirably. Miss Blanche Cole, a pleasing soprano, sang well and acted with ease and grace as Edgar's page. There are not many choruses in this opera, but such as there are are good in quality and were well rendered.—*Examiner.*

MR. H. WEBB.—We (*Edinburgh Evening Courant*) regret to hear that Mr. Henry Webb, one of the Brothers Webb, of Drury lane Theatre, and late lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, lies in a very precarious state with very little hopes of recovery, having ruptured a blood vessel on Monday evening just after the termination of the performances. The distressing nature of the case is greatly increased by the fact that his young wife and children of tender years are without the slightest provision.

MUSIC AT WIGAN.—The Wigan Choral Union gave second concert in Public Hall on Wednesday evening, when the *Messiah*—the best Christmas entertainment a lover of music could desire—was performed. The room was filled by an audience which did the Union [illegible] heard their best on the two previous occasions to make critical. The *Messiah* is becoming so well known in Wigan that it will hardly be necessary to refer to the performance so minutely as in former years, enough to enumerate the leading features. Two of the principals were Mrs. Wood (soprano) and Mdlle. Drasdil (contralto), both of whom have visited Wigan previously, the first in a miscellaneous concert last year, the second a week or two back, in *Elijah*. The gentlemen were Mr. Henry Haigh (tenor) and Signor Foli (bass), their first appearance here. With Mrs. Wood I was disappointed, remembering how pleasingly she sang ballads on her previous visit; but sacred music seems not to be her *forte*. She began fairly in "There were shepherds," but her subsequent pieces were not given with the expression of which they are capable. Her best was "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mdlle. Drasdil sang with that care and accuracy which she displayed in *Elijah*. "Oh, thou that tellest" was good; so was "He shall feed His flock;" and so more emphatically was "He was despised." Mdlle. Drasdil was warmly applauded in the last, but the conductor did not accede to the encore. Mr. Haigh made an unfavourable impression in "Comfort ye," and though he afterwards sang better, he never reached a high standard. His upper notes were not sung, but shouted. Signor Foli made a very successful *début* in "The people that walked in darkness," proving himself the possessor of a magnificent voice, if anything rather too strong for the small room, singing too, very correctly and with considerable expression. But his great success, in fact the success of the evening, was "Why do the nations." Here he took the audience by storm. The air suiting his voice admirably, was declaimed in splendid style, and applauded with a vehemence which left no option, it is then as to an encore (the only one during the evening). In "The trumpet shall sound" Signor Foli was also very fine, but in the quartet, "For as in Adam all die," he was not quite up to the mark. The choruses were rendered in excellent style, and the few slips noticed only served to show the value of the singers the Union has brought together and the careful manner in which they have been instructed. The two choruses which have not previously been given in Wigan—"Let all the angels of God worship Him," and "Their sound is gone out"—were as satisfactory as those more familiar. Mr. Stelgmiller, as conductor, was at home as usual. The arrangements originally made for this concert were that Mr. Cummings should sing tenor and Mr. W. Grime bass, but when the day was changed from the 19th to the 26th, it was found that not only was Mr. Cummings engaged, but every tenor at first applied to, so it was thought advisable to obtain a professional bass, and the result has been the call of Signor Foli.—(*From a Local Reporter.*)

SHEFFIELD.—On Monday evening the 24th ult. the *Messiah* was again performed at the Music Hall. We have now for many years had an annual performance of this oratorio at Christmas. For some years one lady in particular has taken an active part on these occasions. Enough, for the success of the undertaking, if Mrs. Sunderland sang. Since the retirement of that lady we have had various candidates. The principal singers on the present occasion were new to us in this class of music—Miss Thirlwall, Miss Hildred, Messrs. Bond, Henry Corri, and Dussek, not having appeared heretofore in oratorio in Sheffield. Although Miss Thirlwall acquitted herself in her usually pleasing manner, her performance of Monday evening would not compare favourably with her singing of operatic airs. The contralto music was taken by Miss Hildred, a lady who has lately taken up her residence in this neighbourhood. Miss Hildred possesses a good voice, but exhibited an amount of nervousness almost inseparable from a *début*. On a future occasion we hope to hear her to better advantage. Mr. Bond's singing was much admired; but the lovers of Handel could hardly [illegible] the recitative from "Comfort ye my people," even though he dashed off "Every valley" with such spirit. Great applause followed Mr. Henry Corri's singing of "Why do the nations," and nothing would suffice but an encore. Of the choruses we can speak in words of praise. For the most part they were in good voice and kept well together. The band was made up of a small but efficient band under Mr. Freemantle, which was very materially helped by the organ, which has just been put in thorough repair, presided over by Mr. Phillips. Mr. [illegible] conducted.—(*Abridged from the "Sheffield Independent."*)

HEREFORD.—On Thursday evening, the 13th inst., Miss Clara Carpenter, of this city, gave a concert in the Shire Hall, under most distinguished patronage, being assisted by Madame B. Lascelles, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Signor Ciabatta, and Mr. F. Berger, the whole under the conductorship of Mr. Townshend Smith. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the performance, which was of a refined and elegant character, passed off with great *éclat*. Miss Carpenter distinguished herself in the grand air from *Robert le Diable*, "Robert toi que j'aime," in Schira's lovely romance "Sognai," and in Gugliemo's popular song of "The Lover and the Bird." The *Hereford Times* states, "In these songs the beauties of her high soprano and the [illegible] of her voice were so well brought out that the audience insisted upon a repetition. For a *début* her style is particularly good, showing the diligent student." Madame B. Lascelles gave [illegible] Dr. Faust, and a new song by her better half. Mr. Trelawny Cobham sang "The Message" with effect, and took part in some concerted pieces, with Miss C. Carpenter, Madame B. Lascelles, and Signor Ciabatta. Mr. F. Berger played some solos, which were highly relished, and altogether the concert of Miss Clara Carpenter was a perfect success.

BASET SAXON.

STETTIN.—After fulfilling a highly successful engagement here, M. Roger has left for Wismar and Lübeck.

Miss Sophie Winterbottom, or La giovane Sofia Vinta, as she is called in Italy (a daughter of our accomplished bassoon player), who has been studying the art of singing in Milan during the last two years under the best masters, has according to *Il Trovatore* been engaged as one of the *prime donne* at the Royal Italian Opera, Berlin, to sing in *opera leggera*. Such a commencement as this augurs well for her future advancement in the profession. She has everything in her favour—gentle good looks, and talent of no mean order.

Edinburgh.—The attendance at the last Saturday Evening Concert was much larger than the previous week, and among the audience we observed Lord Ardmillan and Mr Moncreiff, M.P., under whose patronage the performance took place. The artists were Madame Patey Whytock, Miss Edwards, Messrs. Frank Elmore, Patey and [illegible]. A graceful setting by Mr. Elmore of Tennyson's beautiful lines, "Airy fairy Lilian," was sung very tastefully by the composer, upon whom it reflects great credit. The melody flows smoothly and expresses the sentiment of the words to which it is united. Mr. Elmore appeared at two of the Saturday Evening Concerts in 1865, and in the oratorio of *St. Paul* of the same year, on each occasion making a favourable impression. He is a careful and conscientious artist, with a voice of good quality, always under control. He is to sing again next Saturday evening. The other artists, better known here, acquitted themselves satisfactorily.—*Scotsman.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Chappell & Co.—"True love," ballad; "My lost youth," song; "Children," song; "By the fireside in the winter," song. Composed by Walter Maynard.
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Joseph Williams.—"The Cherry Ear-rings," ballad, by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew.

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SECOND IRISH TOUR commences from Jan. 24th—Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Clonmel (in treaty for Dublin). All immediate letters can be addressed Post Office, Belfast, from Jan. 24th till Feb. 4th. [*See above Advertisements.*]

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"I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners").—This much admired and very popular trio, composed by A. RANDEGGER, will be sung by Madame [illegible], Mr. LAWLER, and Mr. MONTEM SMITH, at Canterbury on Tuesday Evening, Jan. 22nd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing GUGLIELMO's new ballad, "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE," written by O. B. [illegible], at the Music Hall, Edinburgh (accompanied by the Composer) THIS EVENING.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's Variations on "THE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Alford, Jan. 21st; Louth, 22nd; Boston, 23rd; Edinburgh, 19th; Walworth, March 5th; Croydon, 14th.—2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. WALLACE), at Chatham, Feb. 19th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her) at the Russell Institution, Feb. 5th; and at every concert engagement during the ensuing season.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing "THE LIEBHART POLKA" ("Tiens, viens") [illegible] at King's Lynn, Monday, Jan. 21st.

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MADAME RUDERSDORFF will return from Holland on the 25th inst. Letters respecting engagements and Singing Lessons to be addressed to 1, Marlborough Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing during the ensuing month, on her Tour, the favourite ballad, "THE RETURN OF THE LOVED ONE," and also at Mr. Gaskin's Grand Concert, in Dublin, Feb. 8th, and in C[illegible] the [illegible] inst.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing at Dublin, Feb. 8th; Cork, Feb. 11th and 12th; Limerick, 13th and 14th; Clonmel, 15th; and Waterford, 16th. For engagements en route address Mdlle. Favanti, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.; or to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to her residence, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MR. H. FARNIE has left the firm of Cramer & Co., Limited.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at [illegible] on Wednesday next, 23rd inst.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at *Lynn* (Norfolk), on Feb. [illegible]th.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing at the Festival [illegible] Hall, York, on the 22nd inst., "LARGO AL FACTOTUM," "NEW [illegible]," and "QUI [illegible]." For engagements en route, address 33, Carlton Road, Kensington Park, W.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at Preston [illegible] Hall, Feb. 19th, and at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal St. James's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 119, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, and engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 119, Euston Road, N.W.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and **MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA** will sing at the Philharmonic Concert, Edinburgh, Feb. 8th; Glasgow, Feb. 9th; and can accept engagements in the Provinces after those dates. They are also disengaged after eight o'clock every evening till the end of the present month. Address, [illegible] George Street, [illegible] Square, W.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL begs to announce his return to Town for the Season. Herr Engel will give HARMONIUM RECITALS in the Provinces during the month of January. Pupils desirous to join his HARMONIUM CLASSES to address Herr Engel, at his residence in London, 31, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

HERR REICHARDT will sing GOLDBERG's admired new song "THE REPROACH" throughout his Provincial Tour in January.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

On Monday night these concerts were resumed after the interval of a month. At the six performances before Christmas the quartets were led first by Herr Straus, and next by Herr Wilhelmj, both to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Arthur Chappell's numerous supporters—about as good a test of efficiency as could be imagined. Herr Straus had, happily, no reputation to win as a player of classical music; but he maintained that which in the season previous he had so honourably earned. Herr Wilhelmj, on the contrary, had a reputation to make—in London at least; and how well and thoroughly he made it is known to every amateur. Rarely has merit been more quickly and unconditionally acknowledged than in the instance of this young and already masterly professor. Whether the appearance of Herr Joachim was reserved until now by design or through necessity we are unable to say; but always welcome, it could not have come more opportunely. The height of the Monday Popular Concert season is from midwinter until the approach of spring—when, "*grata vice veris et Favoni*," the severity of winter is relaxed, before the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, have begun their work, and before the two Italian opera houses, one of which at any rate is becoming eminently "classical," put forth a variety of attractions and in that particular form of music which must always possess an irresistible charm for a large majority—the dramatic.

That Herr Joachim is the most universally popular as well as the most universally accomplished of living violinists has long been admitted without a dissentient voice. Other fine players may have their partisans; Herr Joachim has none, and stands in want of none, for there is no one to dispute his claim to pre-eminence. Or, if we please to put it in another light, the whole world of musicians and amateurs are his partisans. This has been so for many years both throughout Germany and in our own country. It only remained for him to bring the French to the same way of thinking, and this he has recently and unexpectedly been enabled to do with the co-operation of Count Bismarck, whose intervention in the affairs of Hanover released Herr Joachim from any further obligations to the Hanoverian Court, and thus left the whole winter at his disposal. A part of this winter has been devoted to the subjugation of the somewhat cynical and not over credulous Parisians, who by a single performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto were won over, and have ever since been extolling the gifted Hungarian virtuoso to the skies. The words of one of their best critics—"*Joachim est le violoniste le plus éminent qu'on ait jamais entendu*" "*depuis vingt ans au moins on n'a rien entendu à Paris de semblable*" "*c'est admirable et c'est merveilleux*"—represent, without exaggeration, the unanimous impression created by his performance, not only on that occasion in the Cirque Napoleon, but on every other occasion since, at the Athenée and elsewhere, in Paris.

We need scarcely record the genuine enthusiasm which greeted Herr Joachim on Monday night, as he made his appearance in the orchestra, with his fellow quartet players (Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove and Signor Piatti). It was not merely the greeting that welcomes a favourite artist, but something more. Though in his way the greatest artist in the world, Herr Joachim, before the public, is as modest and unpretending as he is great; and his thoroughly unaffected manner has gained him as many friends and admirers in one sense as his unrivalled ability in another. On the present occasion he came forward nobly, as is his wont, with a work in which the individuality of the executant must of necessity be lost in the overpowering individuality of the composer. This was the quartet of Beethoven in B flat, Op. 131—one of those generally known as the "Posthumous Quartets," although the first, without exception, were in the publisher's hands, and had received the last corrections, before the death of their author. In some respects this quartet is the most remarkable of a series of compositions unquestionably, from a certain point of view, the most remarkable that proceeded from Beethoven's inexhaustible genius. It has generally been criticised by those who have longest and most stoutly maintained that in his latter days Beethoven was no more Beethoven, as the least intelligible, the most rambling—in short, the maddest, of the set. Well, times have changed. The five "Posthumous Quartets" (so-called) have now innumerable admirers and not a few are inclined to place the one in B flat at the head of them all. From his earliest youth Herr Joachim—happy in the example of Mendelssohn continually before him—must have felt the deep meaning of these, to so many, unfathomable works. Impossible otherwise, for he is still young, that he could play them so lovingly, with such an earnest faith in what is in them, and such an entire forgetfulness of self while engaged in interpreting them for the advantage of willing hearers. Of such we may conclude that the vast audience which thronged St. James's Hall on Monday night must have been chiefly composed; for we do not remember on any occasion more devout and more unflagging attention being paid to a lengthy, profound, and elaborate composition. True, the performance was marvellous from end to end. The first movement, with all its (at first glance) seeming eccentricities, its alternations of slow and quick, its fitful changes, its apparent diffuseness and (as Schumann would have termed it) its "heavenly length," was, under such masterly treatment, as clear as amber. The whole hung together just as Beethoven may have conceived it in his mind before writing it down; and what used to be objected to as "breaks of continuity" seemed to be absolutely essential to continuousness. But Herr Joachim believes in Beethoven as in a gospel, and preaches him like a veritable St. Paul. The other movements—the quaint *presto* in B flat minor, with its singular trio in the major; the delicious *andante* in D flat, one of the most wonderful examples of polyphony in music; the frank and tuneful *allegro* in the style and rhythm of the national German dance; the *cavatina* in E flat, an inspiration that could *only* have come to Beethoven; and the brisk, playful, and animated *finale*, which, though the last thing that dropped from the great musician's pen, is also one of the most spontaneous—were of a piece with the opening. All went to perfection; but before all must be signalised the *cavatina*, Herr Joachim's reading of which was positively divine. Every movement in the quartet was followed by loud and general applause; but the lovely *cavatina* caused such an excitement that in this instance Herr Joachim, who had steadily resisted a similar demand at the end of the *presto*, [illegible] felt bound to comply with the emphatically expressed "encore," and the movement was repeated. Never before did the great B flat quartet meet with such hearty appreciation. The performance was a triumph alike for Beethoven and for Herr Joachim—a triumph in which it is but fair to add, Herr Joachim's associates—Herr Ries, Mr. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti (a Joachim on another instrument)—had every right to share. At the end the applause was vociferous, and the performers were compelled to come forward. We verily believe that the audience would have been satisfied to hear the whole quartet once more, and thus have finished the evening's entertainment.

At the beginning of the second part of the concert Herr Joachim introduced two solos—the introduction (*andante*) to one of J. S. Bach's violin sonatas, not only wonders of their time but of all time, and a gavotte from a sonata by the French composer Leclair, surnamed "l'Aîné," we suppose because he had a son who (though by no means equal to his father) was also a violinist and composer for the violin. These were both executed in masterly style. Leclair, a contemporary of Bach and Handel, was a musician of the French Court, and one of the acknowledged masters of the French violin school. He was assassinated, not because he wrote bad music (otherwise Herr Joachim would not play it), but perhaps because he wrote too successfully, and was disposed of in this summary manner by some envious rival. Be this as it may, the gavotte of Leclair (about which we are certainly not inclined to go into raptures) pleased so well that Herr Joachim was enthusiastically "recalled," and had no alternative but to play something else. The something else was the prelude to J. S. Bach's solo sonata in E—music far beyond anything that Leclair could have dreamt of. Again, delighted beyond measure, the audience would fain have had Herr Joachim play once more; but this time he was wisely inexorable, and merely came forward and bowed.

The rest of the concert was good in all respects. Mr. Charles Hallé played—how we need not say—the sonata in F minor, Op. [illegible], a work interesting under any circumstances, but all the more so now as being the first *published* composition of Beethoven, and affording an opportunity of comparison with the last *written* composition of Beethoven (the *finale* to the "Posthumous" quartet), which had been listened to a few minutes before Mr. Hallé sat down to the instrument. Exactly thirty years separate the sonata from the quartet, and yet that the sonata could still be heard with pleasure was evident, inasmuch as the audience called back Mr Hallé at the end of his performance.

The singer was Miss Louisa Pyne, who introduced an air from Hummel's opera, *Mathilde von Guise*, which she sang to Italian words ("L'ombra non vien"). Few of the admirers of Hummel's pianoforte music are aware that he also wrote (besides church music) operas, ballets, and even pantomimes. The air from *Mathilde von Guise*, a three act opera composed for and performed at Vienna, is very melodious, if not very original. Hummel himself must have been difficult to please if such singing as that of Miss Louisa Pyne would not have satisfied him. It was indeed faultless, and scarcely less so was her other song—"Batti, batti"—in which she had not only the advantage of being accompanied by Mr Benedict on the pianoforte, but by Signor Piatti, who played the violoncello *obbligato* part as only he can play it.

The concert ended with a splendid performance—by Mr Hallé, Herr Joachim, Mr H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti—of Mozart's beautiful and always welcome quartet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, which kept a large majority of the audience in their places to the last. In fact, a more interesting programme, as a whole, has never been provided at the Monday Popular Concerts.

At the next concert (January 21) Herr Joachim is to lead the Rasoumoffsky quartet of Beethoven in C major, and to play, with Madame Arabella Goddard, the same composer's grand sonata for pianoforte and violin in C minor. In addition to these Madame Goddard is set down for the *Sonata Appassionata* and Mr Sims Reeves is to sing. It would be hard to imagine a more attractive programme.

Mr Patey and Madame Patey Whytock, who were among the passengers when the accident occurred on the railway between Penrith and Carlisle, happily escaped unhurt and have arrived safely in town.

Norwich.—On Monday evening the 7th instant, the Norwich Orpheus Society gave a musical and dramatic entertainment at Noverre's Rooms in aid of the funds of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and we are happy to say that in spite of the very unfavourable state of the weather a large and fashionable audience were present to further the charitable objects. The programme of the vocal and instrumental portion of the performance was as follows:—Part-song, "Cheer up companions" (V. E. Becker); part-song, "Absence" (Schneider); song, "Rosalind" (A. Sullivan); part-song, "Sailor's song" (Hatton); concerto (violin) "No. 6," (De Beriot); song, "The comrade" (MS.) (A. H. Thouless); part-song, "Music" (MS.) (E. Bunnett); song, "The garland" (Mendelssohn); march (instrumental), *Cadiz* (Benedict); part-song, "Liebeslied" (Marschner); song, "Alice, where art thou?" (Ascher); solo, pianoforte, "Wanderstunden" (S. Heller); part-song, "Slumber, dearest" (by desire), (Mendelssohn); trio, "Serenade" (by desire), (Haydn); part-song, "Good night" (Hatton).—Conductor, Mr H. Rudd. The second part consisted of Mr Maddison Morton's farce, *A Single Chap, or at the Pig Shop*, well adapted for the requirements of a small company, the characters being but few in number and the incidents requiring no scenic changes. The following were the *dramatis personæ*:—John Anthony Tittums, Mr H. G. Barwell; Alderman Blowcoach, Mr H. W. Hammert; Dr Clipper, Mr G. M. Chamberlin; Buzzard (a sheriff's officer), Dr Hartmann; Cummings (a waiter), Mr C. E. Noverre; Boots, Mr W. E. Sowells; 1st and 2nd gentlemen, Mr Rudd and Mr Quihampton; Mrs Clipper, Mr Donaldson; Mrs Tittums, Mr F. W. B. Noverre; Cumberland, Mr Denham. On the fall of the curtain a vote of thanks to the Society, proposed by Mr Sultzer, chairman of the Hospital Board, was carried by acclamation. We are glad to learn that, although the expenses have been large, yet, by certain gratuitous services, and the reduction of charges in some instances by way of donations, the balance to be handed over to the treasurer of the Hospital amounts to £46 5s 3d. It should be added that the completeness of the arrangements, and the favourable results to the institution, are due in a great measure to the exertions of Mr J. M. Croker, an active member of the Board of Management.—(*Condensed from the "Norfolk Chronicle and Norwich Gazette," Jan. 12th.*)

Brighton.—A series of promenade concerts have been announced to take place every Saturday morning in the Royal Pavilion. Mr W. Devin's band has been engaged, with Mr Reynolds (from Mr Alfred Mellon's concerts) as solo player on the cornet. The first concert, owing to the heavy fall of snow on Saturday last, was not so fully attended as had been expected, but those present were evidently quite satisfied with the entertainment provided.—The members of the "East Sussex Cricket Club" have given a concert in the Town Hall in aid of the building fund of the Sussex County Hospital. The room was completely filled.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

AU PRINCE CZARTORYSKI.

Mon cher Prince,—Cette visite, la troisième que je fais à Vienne, a confirmé l'impression que j'ai ressentie il y a vingt ans ici, et que j'ai communiquée alors au public anglais, en disant que, parmi tant d'autres splendides attributs, cette ancienne cité excelle dans la musique d'église aussi bien que dans les exécutions chorales, orchestrales ou de musique de chambre. Si à Londres, nous réclamons le mérite des imposantes exécutions des oratorios de Handel, nous devons décerner la palme à Vienne pour la tendre fidélité apportée aux traditions de Haydn, Mozart et Beethoven. Dans aucune ville je n'ai entendu les chefs-d'œuvre exécutés d'une façon plus satisfaisante dans toutes les branches de l'art, et je n'ai rencontré nulle part un public plus intelligent et plus connaisseur que celui de Vienne. Son Conservatoire de musique a fourni à l'Europe quatre violonistes éminents: Ernst, Hellmesberger, Joachim et Léopold Auer, qui ont, par occasion, contribué au succès et à l'éclat des concerts de l'*Union Musicale* que je dirige à Londres. En reconnaissance de la sympathie que m'ont témoignée les littérateurs et les professeurs de musique pendant mon séjour à Vienne, et pour montrer tout le cas que je fais de l'admirable institution citée plus haut, j'offre un volume de mes *Analyses de Musique de chambre*, et une prime de cent florins à l'élève qui obtiendra le premier prix de violon au Conservatoire de Vienne l'an prochain. L'expérience artistique et esthétique que je dois à mes fréquents voyages sur le continent m'oblige à reconnaître qu'aussi longtemps que mon pays sera privé d'une École nationale de musique, d'un Institut et d'une Bibliothèque publique, d'un Opéra national et d'une subvention du gouvernement destinée à favoriser la représentation à bon marché des œuvres classiques, ainsi qu'elle se pratique, à Vienne, sous la direction de maîtres de chapelle éclairés et expérimentés, la musique restera toujours en Angleterre ce qu'elle est maintenant, un métier; en France c'est un art; en Italie, un besoin d'habitude; en Allemagne, une religion. La seule lacune encore sensible, dans l'ensemble du chapelet des excellences musicales de Vienne sera comblée quand le nouvel Opéra sera plus complet, et lorsque la ville impériale autrichienne rivalisera avec Londres et Paris, par l'importance et la splendeur du temple où réside la muse lyrique, les admirateurs ne lui manqueront pas alors, et parmi eux, je vous assure, sera inscrit le nom, mon cher Prince, de votre dévoué serviteur, John Ella,

Fondateur et directeur de l'*Union Musicale* de Londres, membre honoraire de l'Académie Philharmonique de Rome, auteur des *Analyses de Musique de chambre*, etc.

Vienne, 19 *Décembre*, 1866.

[The foregoing speaks for itself. The Prince is "l'un des directeurs du Conservatoire de Musique de Vienne." The volume of *Analyses* and the 100 florins (especially the volume)—who knows?—may bring forth another Joachim.—A. S. S.]

* * *

ALL' ILLUSTRISSIMO SIG. Mr COSTA.

Signore,—Notate ed osservate che il Carrion strepita e tutt'uomo perchè si è fatto alla porta un [illegible] e minaccia di far causa all'Impresa, alla Direzione, alla Autorità se non viene rimmesso in campo.—Vuol essere pagato per intero—vuole che gli diano la parte di Vasco dell'*Africana*—vuol cantare le *Zampa*—vuol cantare l'*Ercolano*—insomma vorrebbe far cadere tutti gli spettacoli della stagione; ma l'Impresa e la Direzione dopo la lezione avuta lo lasciano dire a suo talento senza punto curarlo. Però se noi fossimo nei panni dell'impresa diremmo al signor Carrion:—"Ora che per vostra cagione lo spettacolo è caduto fuori quattrini che avete ricevuto e andatevene con Dio, signore. (vedi *Barbiere di Siviglia*, atto primo, scena XV, intimazione di sloggio fatta al Conte Almaviva da Don Bartolo!)" Non Impresario.

Milano, Via Santa Radegonda, 8, Gennaio.

* * *

TO S. TOPER TABLE, Esq.

Dear Table,—Instead of a Fenian blow up, there was a great musical blow-out, at the Phœnix Park, in Lord Naas's big room in the Lodge he holds possession of, on Monday evening last. There was a wonderful collection of the *said* rank and fashion, from Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. Very few from the black north. With the exception of the Lord Lieutenant, and a host of the Hamiltons, male and female, the "Burkes," descendants of the great "Ulick," mustered in great force from Galway, the Lynchs, the Bradys, the Monahans, the Powers, the Vances, Sir John Gray, co-director of Lord Naas in the Land Improvement Company of Ireland, the Beattys, Wards, Maxwells, a few Murphys, Taafs, and O'Rourkes, Richard Deasy, the Baron and his wife, a great musical genius from Clonakilty, a lot of Smythes, Bells, Mackays, and others of high breeding and family. Colonel Fielding, who has been prosecuting the Fenian soldiers, invited me to hear and see what was going on in the most quiet way near the Vice-Regal Lodge. When the distinguished party were seated all right, about half past ten o'clock, and every one was well scrutinised by two or three odd looking fishes in the garb of gentlemen, but without the demeanour, who looked and gazed at me very suspiciously, seeing me in such company, a flourish of drums, trumpets, and a military band, surrounded by horse, foot, artillery and military train outside the gate, announced His Excellency when he arrived. The concert opened with Pearsall's part-song, "Oh! who will o'er the Downs," sung by a chorus of voices fresh and good, evidently drilled to sing well by Professor Gaskin, whose classes I am attending in Great Brunswick Street, to get up in the "The wearing of the green," for a "good time coming." I asked Lord Naas to let them sing it, but he said in the present company it would not do. The next item was a song expressed in the bills "Feggiamor" or, as I thought it should be, "Forgi amor" decently sung by one of the Lynches, from Galway. Next came a pianoforte piece by a Mr. Braddell, from the county Limerick, written by a composer of the name of "Woolerhaupt." Mrs. Geale, an old amateur, then gave Gounod's song "The Valley," but the stunning event of the evening was four stout Connaughtmen of the Burkes, Dermot, Maurice, Algernon—and Charley—straining out that antiquated piece of vocal twaddle by the departed Irish Knight composer Sir John Stevenson, "See our oars," with a chorus, which went very badly. I cried out, "Gaskin, you are wanted to keep them in time;" for notwithstanding that the Musical Doctor played the accompaniment with his left hand and beat time with his right, he *floored* the masterpiece as [illegible]. The same remark will apply to Mr. Kennedy's singing of Tom Cooke's improvement upon Auber "Take heed, whisper low," as far as the chorus was concerned. A French song by Victor Massé "Le Muletier de Calabria" created a sensation by the freshness of the voice of the singer and the pure pronunciation of his French. There is an affinity certainly betwixt the Irish language and the French and it was neatly developed by the singer, who has wonderfully improved since he used to sing some of Balfe's songs thirty years ago for that renowned *maestro*. Miss Higginson gave Gounod's serenade "Quand tu chantes" charmingly, whilst Mr. Geale, another popular singer of long standing, sang Lillo's "Com' è soave." A Miss Martin manipulated a fantasia on the pianoforte written in a very excited style, entitled "The Village Fête." Certain parts of the music reminded me of my early days when Donnybrook flourished, especially the dance portion. Mr. Braddell also favoured the company with a solo of his own, "Les regrets," which astonished everybody. The solo singing finished with Mr. Kennedy the tenor, who gave a version of the Dutchman Coenen's song (not Billy Coleman as expressed in the bills) "Lovely Spring," which he sang with much taste. Rossini's "Carnivale" was given by the mixed chorus, but, as I said before, "Gaskin, you were wanted" in it before the close. Dr. Joe Robinson presided with his usual dignity and stateliness at the pianoforte.—I am, dear Table, yours truly,

PETER [illegible]
Captain 61st Fenian Light Infantry
and Major of Brigade to General Stephens.

Dublin, near the Castle.

TO SIGNOR SCHIRA.

DEAR MAESTRO,—The critic should keep a bottle of the blackest and most pungent ink for those occasions when it is necessary to speak ill of everything and everybody; and writing of the scandalous performance at the Scala in Milan on the first night of the Carnival season, I will be required to exhaust the vocabulary of harsh terms. Poor Donizetti, snatched away by an untimely death, could *he* have witnessed the murder of his two latest operas at this theatre—of *Poliuto* in the autumn and now of *Don Sebastiano*—heaven knows what he would have thought of Italian art! Writing under the freshest impression not only of the brutal execution of the last-named opera but of the cry of reproval which is heard in every corner of Milan and repeated by one and all the journals with admirable accord, no one can say that my censure is inspired by personal ill-will, being as it is but the expression of the universal blame falling on the manager, too careless of his own interests, and on the two directors of the theatre, strangely forgetful of their duties towards art and the public. The question is this—so long as there remain at La Scala directors who are the mere accomplices of the manager, we shall have nothing but scandal, ruin, and disgrace. It is really deplorable that this grand theatre, which should be an ornament to Milan, should have sunk so low that we must despair of its redemption, in consequence of the incapacity of the governing powers. The question is urgent, because as every one knows the endowment of the theatre is in great peril. What member of Parliament will have the courage, or daring—I may say the *impertinence*—to ask the State to continue its protection of an art which we see on all sides profaned? It is to be hoped that the government will withdraw the grant of £12,000 per annum, or at least confide the direction to persons capable of fulfilling its duties. The public were already in bad humour from the time the prospectus was issued, forming a company without a *soprano di cartello* and without noted [illegible] artists. From the commencement of the rehearsals of *Don Sebastiano* the singers were badly spoken of; and to increase the discontent, the management had prepared an old ballet worn out during the autumn season, and instead of Lamare a pupil of the dancing school in the principal part. To make matters complete, the management conceived the idea of raising the price of tickets from three to *four* francs. This was carrying the joke too *far*. The most prudent of the public abstained from going to the theatre; the *less* prudent furnished themselves with keys, whistles and noisy instruments of all kinds. Not once in the memory of opera goers has the theatre been so squalid, cold, and deserted. In the pit it would have been possible to drill a battalion of soldiers; the boxes were empty, and the atmosphere was enough to freeze one. Perhaps the direction approved of these economical views of the manager, thinking that the cold would convert the spectators into statues, and that the *spectacle* might pass without blame. But the cold produced quite a different effect. Again the theatre was badly lighted; the candelabras shone by their absence. The choice of *Don Sebastiano* would not have been bad if there had been the means for an adequate performance of a work written in the style of "grand opera," viz.—good rehearsals, splendid decorations, and *capable* artists. Such has not always been wanting at the Scala, witness the brilliant success of *L'Africaine*. But the habit of neglecting Italian music has for some time prevailed, and Donizetti in *particular* has suffered. *Don Sebastiano* was the last work of Donizetti; he wrote it a short time before he lost his reason. It was a painful task, and during the rehearsals, the manuscript parts were taken from him while the ink was still wet. It is probable, indeed, that the annoyance to which he was subjected during the rehearsals hastened his death. At the final rehearsal he said to a friend, "Mi sento assai male; questo *Don Sebastiano* mi uccide." The libretto is without interest, and monotonous as the hoods of the monks who crowd the stage. There is no dramatic action and the music reflects the poverty of the subject. Nevertheless the music of the baritone in his first act, the duet between tenor and baritone, the chorus and funeral march and the septet are in Donizetti's best manner. But at the Scala the execution was weak and at times ridiculous on account of the [illegible] figures of the two enormous protagonists. It is intolerable that a *prima donna* styled in the libretto "the loveliest of damsels," should be a mass of flesh without shape. Signora Tosi may be indifferent as to her personal appearance (she is at least from fifty to fifty [illegible]), but the public could not but remark the laughable impression it created. Her voice is good but not always in tune, while she is uncertain with regard to time, and frequently perplexes the orchestra by the liberties she takes with the text. In a word Signora Tosi is not the *prima donna* for the Scala. Here, for the present, I must desist; but having carefully read the startling article in *La Perseveranza* I shall have more to say next week. *La Perseveranza* just now (as I am in London, not in Italy) has been quite a godsend.—I am, dear *Maestro*, yours admiringly, ARGUS.

P.S.—With ninety nine eyes put out.

TO CHARLES MATTHEWS, Esq.

SIR,—In a notice of Rowe's* impersonation of *Sir Charles Coldstream* in *Liverpool Daily Post* I find the following:—

"We do not like the manner in which he dressed the character; but the fault is excusable in an American actor, whose notions of English baronets are generally and quite naturally taken from the swelldom—the swaggering swelldom—of Broadway and the Fifth Avenue."

Post is generally supposed to be an *fait* upon questions of American manners and American customs, and time was when *Post* was an authority in theatrical criticism. The "swaggering swelldom of Broadway and Fifth Avenue" will convey an unintelligible impression to the minds of readers acquainted with the two thoroughfares. I leave it to *Post* to prove that "swaggering swelldom" is half as well known in New York as in Liverpool—half as familiar to the pedestrians of Broadway and Fifth Avenue as to those of Bold-street, Liverpool, Regent-street, or even Strand, London. But what American actors represent English aristocrats, baronets, or otherwise, "with the airs of swaggering swelldom" or swells of democratic America? Mr Sothern's *Dundreary* and *Sir Charles Coldstream*, and other familiar examples, do not support the assertion. Besides, Mr. Sothern is not American; and who told the *Post* or its critic that Rowe was American?—I am, sir, yours truly, A Yankee Porcupine.

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* *George Fawcett Rowe.*—A. S. S.

New Brighton, Offside, Jan. 14.

TO HENRY LESLIE, Esq.

Sir,—Committee of Liverpool Northern Hospital have rejected, with curious absence of reason, any assistance from theatrical and other entertainments. The terms in which this statement is made are most extraordinary, whether we consider what is said or what is left unsaid. Following is the passage of report in which this subject is dealt with:—

"The committee think it only right to state that the practice of holding theatrical and other entertainments, proceeds of which are advertised to be handed over to the Northern and other hospitals, seems to be upon the increase, and they have been repeatedly applied to during the past year for their sanction to such entertainments. Whilst expressing their grateful thanks to the benevolent individuals who originate these entertainments for their kind wishes, they beg to state they entirely disapprove of such methods of supporting such a charity as the Northern Hospital, which rarely benefits by the result. Indeed, one performance which was advertised to be held last year in its behalf, and towards which money was subscribed, never came off at all, and nothing has so far been handed over to the funds of the Hospital by the promoters."

I cannot help hinting suspicion that in this paragraph there is more than literary maladroitness. There seems to be wish to condemn theatrical entertainments, oddly associated with virtual admission that they would be less objectionable if they brought money. Now, it is a too suspicious situation for a public body to be in. If unremunerativeness of entertainments is objectionable to the committee, they should have said so; but what they condemn is "such methods of supporting a charity." I have nothing to say for or against theatrical entertainments as peculiarly advantageous or otherwise, but feel no respect for a public body availing itself of circumstance that certain charitable entertainments have not paid, to get cheap reputation for sanctity very much out of place. I am not unmindful of fact that several amateur performances have been given under distinguished patronage in name of charity during past year, of which no statements of accounts have been published by promoters, and by which nothing has been added to the funds of charities then professed to benefit. But honest way would have been to publish names of promoters of such performances, and call on them for explanation. When patronage of gentlemen is sought on behalf of charity they should understand with whom they are dealing, and not lend names to crafty speculator who seeks to hide selfishness under cloak of charity. I could not respect objections of committee to theatrical entertainments until they paid and sacrifice of funds resulted from surplus. But such objections become contemptible when it is awkwardly confessed they would be swallowed if worth a while.—I am, Sir, yours,

A Liverpool Porcupine.

New Brighton, Newside, Jan. 16.

TO CAMPBELL CLARKE, Esq.

Sir,—Arrangements have been completed for warming Christ Church, Great Malvern, with a hot-water apparatus, the charcoal stoves being a temporary arrangement. A new organ was opened at Colwall Church on Christmas Day. The front has been painted with much skill by Miss Custance, daughter of the rector. The offertory at Newland Church on Christmas Day was devoted to providing a dinner for every poor family in the parish, and on the previous Sunday to the relief of sufferers in the late colliery accident, as also were three week-day offertories. The seraphine hitherto used in Cowleigh Church has been replaced by an organ. The decorations of the interior of this church on Christmas Day were carried out by some ladies and gentlemen of the village, assisted by Incumbent Peel. On Thursday, the return of the Rev. Allen, minister of Countess Huntingdon's Chapel (Gt. Malvern), from his wedding tour, gave opportunity of presenting him with marble and gilt clock supplied by Worcester. On the front was an inscription. Mrs Allen was presented with Bible and inscription. The Penny Reading of Monday evening (G. M.) was good. I assisted, and was not displeased. Dr Gully occupied chair. The vocalists were three ladies introduced by Dr Gully, who were each encored in a piece. The readings were by R. W. Bowhett, jun., C. Mason, J. F. Mason, T. Lane, Dr Fernie, and the Rev. Hoser. "Richard and Kate" was read by Dr Fernie. Lucas's "Jackdaw of Rheims" was encored. J. F. Mason not only read the piece promised, but also for an absentee, so that J. F. Mason read two pieces. The same may be said of C. Mason. "Dora" (Tennyson) was read by Graves, and "God save the Queen" wound up the meeting. I cannot tell you what has become of Keith, why John Evans, Esq., no longer sings, why Zotti no longer plays, or why Admiral and Miss Wink and the Misses Conray never attend the Penny Readings (with Trim). Nevertheless, my good Sir, I am equally ready to supply you with such information as you may require, and am, in sincerity,

Horace of Malvern.

Hell on the Hole, Jan. 8.

P.S.—I don't think the *Malvern News* sufficiently truculent. Much more truculency was expected from it when it fell into the hands of Joseph Morris of the Link. But I don't think it is sufficiently truculent. On the other hand, the *Malvern Advertiser* is, I do think, sufficiently mild. Bather of Ledbury, I am informed, is furious with Shirley Brooks. Gully and Grindrod have been going it, but Grindrod can't make of Gully a gully, nor Gully of Grindrod a rod for Grindrod. At Worcester a complimentary dinner has been given to Chalk.—H. of M.

TO MISS KITTY GLASS.

Miss,—A stranger came to ask Corfe, late organist of Salisbury Cathedral, if he could procure him a sight of the portrait of Dr Thomas, in the Palace. "Which Dr Thomas?" asked Corfe.—"Dr Thomas the Bishop," said the stranger.—"But there are two Thomases, Bishops."—"Yes, but Bishop of Salisbury I mean."—"They were both of Salisbury."—"The one whose Christian name was John."—"They were both christened John."—"The one who flourished in the last century."—"They both flourished in the last century."—"The one who had a squint."—"They both had a squint."—"Well—my Bishop must have been Bishop of Salisbury between 1755 and 1765."—"They were both bishops of Salisbury within those years."—"Oh! now I recollect, the one who was translated."—"Both were translated."—"I don't mean died; I mean to a different see."—"So do I."—"My John Thomas was translated in 175[illegible]."—"Ah!" said Corfe, "The other was translated in 1761. But there are portraits of both, and you may take your choice."—I am, dear Miss, with much admiration of your poetry, and prose, your humble servant,

S. T. Table.

King and Beard, Jan. 1.

TO JOSEPH MORRIS OF THE LINK.

Dear Morris of the Link,—Here is a double acrostic, which I defy you to resolve (stipulating that you don't apply to Powell or Tommy Lockett):—

The Words.

The mastery of my first enjoyed
Is pleasant though 'tis past,
If but your health is not destroyed
By too much of my last.

The Letters.

1. A princely structure for a noble use
Once owed its safety to a cackling goose.
2. Strange steeds about old Egypt's mystic river.
3. A stream by Izaak famous made for ever.
4. A simple order of the architect,
In Greece I also mean a dialect.
5. The mother of a god convivial, fair.
6. A trifling thing of which we say "beware!"
7. Some ancient sages who a journey went,
Led by an object in the firmament.
8. A noble woman famed in ancient story,
Her warrior husband's greatest pride and glory.
9. A noble man whose fame to us descends,
Who drank his death amid his weeping friends.

I shall look for your attempt in next Saturday's *News* and am (no Powell, no Lockett understood) yours, dear Morris of the Link, very truly,

Merry Andrew of the Wells.

Camp Hill, near [illegible], Jan. 10.

P.S.—By the way, should you stumble over Bather of Ledbury, apprise him that Mr. Shirley Brooks is in the impossibility of visiting him just at present. My authority is Bolton of Birmingham, a letter freshly received from whom lies open before me. Pharaoh appointed his own captains ("His chosen captains, &c.")

M. A.

TO THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH, OF EDGELEY.

Sir,—The members of the Royal College of Music in Naples have implored the Italian Government to give them the original score of the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese, a Neapolitan. This celebrated work, one of his latest, was written in the Congregation of the Holy Ghost. Pergolese received about 10[illegible] francs for it. A part of the money went to defray the expenses of his burial shortly afterwards. The MS. is in possession of the Benedictine Monks of Monte Cassino, whose order has been dissolved. Will you not support the Neapolitan College by an acrostic on Pergolese, and oblige your constant reader,

[illegible], Jan. 16.

Thomas Noon Gams.

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TO C. W. MARTIN, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed at Mr Charles Hallé's twelfth concert, Free Trade Hall, Manchester. The principal vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr Leigh Wilson, and Mr Santley—with Band and Chorus of three hundred. Mr Hallé wielded the conductor's baton. "Elijah" is the greatest oratorio of modern times, inasmuch as it approaches nearer to the standard of those sublime creations of Handel than any other work of oratorio writers. It has long since took up its position by the side of Handel's great Oratorios in companionship with "St. Paul." Of these two oratorios "Elijah" is, in my opinion, Mendelssohn's masterpiece, the one on which is stamped more clearly the originality of his creative genius. In "St. Paul" Mendelssohn wrote according to the orthodox principles of Handel and Bach; in "Elijah" he wrote according to the orthodoxy of his own invention. From the time of Handel unto the time of Mendelssohn, is marked by a great and superior change, by improved instruments, greater orchestral resources, artists more intelligent, dexterous and skilful on their respective instruments; with such excellent materials at command Mendelssohn has elaborated the score of "Elijah," and he has succeeded in producing new effects, new designs and beautiful choral structures which open out a new path in the divine art, which adds another proof of the inexhaustible wealth of the beauties of music as exemplified by Handel, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and by all great music-composers. The character of Mendelssohn's "Elijah"—music is sublime. Its chief attributes are bold declamations, dramatic expressions of human emotions, superlative tenderness of Celestial sweetness, religious devotion—holy and idolatrous, and the zeal, pathos and integrity of a good man, as illustrated in the person of Elijah the prophet. The oratorio commences by Elijah foretelling famine to the ungodly Israelites; the dearth and desolation of the famished multitudes grieving under the terrible affliction of hunger is admirably pictured by the Overture; the sorrows which agitate their bosoms is most intense, tears of bitter anguish move their souls as they cry aloud "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" their desponding woes bespeak the end of their miseries as they witness the harvest depart without blessing their expectations with the fruits of the earth:—"The deeps afford no water." Oh! what horrors appear when the tyrannical monster—"famine" visits a nation. We are moved with pity; the Israelites supplicate to God for mercy; they have no hope, they become frantic with fear while grim death gazes upon them with open jaws, waiting to devour them up. Oh! what must we do? we have offended God by worshipping senseless idols; we have disobeyed his commands and His Holy Arm is now outstretched against us for he punisheth the wicked.

The pious widow in her agony is distracted, her son is sick—when the man of God leaves Cherith's brook and takes up his abode under the roof of her dwelling, however, her handful of meal does not waste and the holy prophet restores her dead son to life again. Three years have now passed away and yet there is no sign of rain, the ground is as iron under them, but the hearts of the idolatrous multitudes are like adamantine, they still worship Baal. Elijah appears before King Ahab, and commands him to gather the whole of Israel unto Mount Carmel, also, the prophets of Baal; the people assemble, and the priests of Baal gather round the altar they have made. Elijah mocks at their idolic stubborness, while they become frantic with mad excitement. Elijah then solicits the people to draw near to him; with bended knee and uplifted arms Elijah prays to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Israel and the fire descends from heaven and consumes his sacrifice. The followers of Baal are confounded. Elijah prays again and the people join with him; a cloud arises from the sea, the rain falls in torrents, the waters gather, they rush along. Thanks be to God; for all His mercies! The second part of the oratorio begins with the Angel of the Lord declaring the commands of Jehovah: "Hear ye, Israel, hear what the Lord speaketh." Elijah speaketh again to Ahab and tells him of things that shall come to pass, which inspires the wrath of Jezebel the king's wife, who stirreth up the indignation of the ardent Baalites and the furious idolaters, each to destroy the prophet of the Lord. Elijah journeys to the wilderness lamenting over the sins of God's chosen people. An angel appears and bids the prophet arise, and warns him that "Forty days and forty nights shall he go to Horeb, the mount of God," and "Behold! God the Lord passed by!" And a mighty wind rent the mountains around, brake in pieces the rocks, and the sea was upheaved, and the earth was shaken. This grand dramatic chorus which illustrates the sublimity, power and majesty of Jehovah when he appeared on the mount of Sinai, is the grand climax of Elijah's life for the glory of the Lord shines upon him and he ascends to heaven in a fiery chariot with fiery horses. This narrative of the chief events in Elijah's history is interspersed with musical pieces which represents the invisible ministering of the Celestial-ones unto Elijah and for whom Mendelssohn has wrote the most beautiful, etherial and angelic strains of music, words fail to express the sublime delineation of the following pieces as they appear in their proper order to illustrate the attributes of Jehovah in watching and caring for those who love, honour and obey Him; they are indeed pieces that shine with a heavenly lustre, for they cheer and solace the human heart at all times with spiritual comforts:—"O rest in the Lord"—"Cast thy burden"—"Then shall the righteous"—"O come every one that thirsteth"—"He watching over Israel"—"He that shall endure to the end"—"Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord"—and the double Quartet, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee." These pieces are fit to be sung by Seraphs, for their extreme delicate beauties require an immortal power to give breath to their etherial sweetness. Mr Santley sang the arduous and difficult music apportioned to Elijah in perfection; he was in excellent voice and his singing of Mendelssohn's grand declamatory music is unrivalled. In the Recits. and Airs from the solemn opening prelude to the air "For the mountains shall depart," he was equal to the requirements of the score; every bar his carefully studied and the sublime effects Mendelssohn enshrined are truthfully interpreted. The pathetic emotions of the great prophet are artistically illustrated whether it be in the devotional strains in the prayer "Lord God of Abraham" or in the fiery strains:—"Is not his word like a fire" or in the sarcasm hurled against the priests of Baal "Call him louder"—or in the plaintive lamentations of "It is enough;" all are given with true poetic fervour and real artistic beauty. Madame Sherrington's singing of the principal soprano music is worthy of all praise; her pure voice rich in expression; her pure singing tones and her refined vocalisation is always agreeable and pleasant to listen to; she was particularly happy in the music allotted to the Widow; the heart-rending wails of the sorrow-stricken woman were faithfully rendered, also the sublimity of that glorious air "Hear ye, Israel," whilst in the Sanctus, her clear ringing tones produced an effect that will be long remembered by the writer of these lines. Miss Palmer sang with her accustomed sweetness "O rest in the Lord," but, she failed to infuse that depth of dramatic vigour which is required to give proper effect to the air "Woe unto them who forsake him," but more particular in "Have ye not heard he hath prophesied against all Israel?" her declamative powers strike but never move an assembly, she never portrays real poetic feeling which flashes from the soul.

Mr L. Wilson sang the tenor Airs with some amount of care; there is nothing in advance in his favour as an artist except his possession of a good voice, which he should by all means cultivate under the careful tuition of some very able singing master. It is quite a mistake to rise to the top of the ladder at one bound. The gentleman his physically weak and unable to sustain at present such arduous parts as he his now engaged in; this weakness spoils the purity of his intonation and if he persists in abusing his natural acquirements he will most assuredly lose the renown he has gained. The Choruses was excellent. Band perfection.—Truly yours, THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

Edgeley, Stockport, Jan 14.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—(PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.)—Paganini has the reputation of having been the greatest violinist that ever lived. Perhaps this is so; but unfortunately for fame of this kind it rests wholly on a traditional basis. We have heard, for instance, of Garrick, of Kemble, and of Siddons; but what do we know of them? Nothing. Their contemporaries admired and praised them as the best actors *they* had ever seen; but were they superior to Macready and Faucit? No one can tell; the materials for comparison are not to be had. An old man may tell his son that Macready was nothing to Kemble, nor Faucit to Siddons; but the old man forgets that he has become a *laudator temporis acti*, and his capacity for appreciation is not the same as when he was young. His son will do the same thing. Macready and Faucit, and Stirling, and Charles Kean, and Mrs. Kean *née* Tree will be the gods and goddesses of his idolatry. It is the same with Paganini; his fame, like that of the Siddonses and Kembles, is purely traditional. What one man has done on the violin, however, it may be presumed that another man with equal genius and equal perseverance may do; and if Paganini was superior to Paganini Redivivus, who has been playing to delighted audiences for the last two nights, he must have been all and *more* than our forefathers have said of him. We have heard of a violin being made to give forth articulate speech; but Paganini Redivivus compelled it to more—he made it the exponent of feeling, of emotion, *and indeed of all the phases of the passions*. We have always been of opinion that the violin was the most perfect of all instruments, but until we heard Paganini Redivivus we had no idea of its entire capabilities. STIRLING JOURNAL.

Stirling, Jan 16.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL
DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

254th CONCERT (EIGHTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

The Director begs to announce that the remaining
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS
Will take place as follows, viz.:—

Monday, January 28, 1867	Monday, February 25, 1867
Monday, February 4 "	Monday, March 4 "
Monday, " 11 "	Monday, " 11 "
Monday, " 18 "	Monday, " 18 "

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, February 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd; March 2nd, 9th.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21st, 1867.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59 (Rasoumowsky), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove and Piatti — *Beethoven.*
ARABIC LOVE SONG—Mr Sims Reeves — *Sullivan.*
SONATA APPASSIONATA, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Arabella Goddard — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin (by desire)—Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim — *Beethoven.*
AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr Sims Reeves (accompanied by Madame Arabella Goddard) — *Beethoven.*
QUARTET, in G flat, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove and Piatti — *Haydn.*
Conductor — Mr. BENEDICT.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1867.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti — *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Vedrai carino"—Miss Louisa Pyne — *Mozart.*
SONATA, in D minor, Op. 49, for Pianoforte alone—Mr Charles Hallé — *Weber.*

PART II.

ROMANCE, in G, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim — *Beethoven.*
AIR, "La Biondina in gondoletta"—Miss Louisa Pyne — *Peer.*
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti — *Schubert.*
Conductor — Mr. BENEDICT.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

MISS MARY MACARTHY having returned to London, will be happy to receive Pupils for Instruction on the Pianoforte. All particulars may be obtained of Miss Mary Macarthy, at 20, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de la Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty-[illegible] Guineas.
Apply to [illegible] Duncan Davison & Co., [illegible] Regent Street, W.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pantaleone.—*Second Series, No. 1.* Bis dat qui cito dat.

T. L. of O. F.—Certainly. The sooner the better.

Cosmopolite.—By no means.

Rhodes.—All depends on the sex of the individual. Singer or player matters not.

Inquirer.—Mr Lindsay Sloper.

Mac Hac.—Hock.

BIRTH.

On the 5th instant (not ult., as erroneously printed last week), Mrs. Reginald Palgrave Simpson (*née* Georgina Benedict) of a son.

DEATH.

On the 15th inst., at the residence of his nephew (Ranger Lodge, Richmond Road, Dalston), from the effects of a ruptured vessel on the lungs after bronchitis, Henry [illegible] Webb, of Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and for many years Lessee of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin. Deeply and sincerely regretted.

*** Notice.—We are compelled to postpone the continuation of "Albert Lortzing" (with other articles in type) until next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1867.

WOOD v. BOOSEY.

SIR,—The decision of the judges in the case of Wood v. Boosey will, no doubt, frighten a good many respectable composers and publishers who claim operas under Stationers' Hall entries, and who are innocent of having ever referred in such entries to the names of the humble gentlemen who transcribe their accompaniments for the pianoforte.

But these proprietors need not much alarm themselves. The case of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is not a ruling one. It differs from all others known to me, and for this reason—that the music is claimed through the registration of the full score, and not of the pianoforte score, as usually the case.

You are no doubt aware that the instrumental score of an opera is hardly ever printed on the first appearance of the work. The pianoforte score has to do duty for it at Stationers' Hall and elsewhere. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is the only opera, which, within my knowledge, appears in the books of Stationers' Hall in full score. The opera was first published at Berlin in May, 1849, and *five years afterwards* the score is registered in London as having also appeared at Berlin in May, 1849. This statement is evidently incorrect, but it is sufficient to invalidate the copyright in the music. It is well known that in order to secure the copyright of a Prussian copyright in England the work must be deposed here within one year of its publication in Germany; and I can therefore only suppose that the entry was made by some German *quidnunc* who was anxious to give the lawyers of England a turn. Well, this clever registry having effectually taken the wind out of the sails of the copyright of the *Merry Wives* there was nothing left for the owners to rely upon but the pianoforte score, as substitute for the instrumental score. This, although written after Nicolai's death, was consequently put forward as the original work; but as the latter already existed on the books in the form of the score, the adaptation could not serve this purpose, and was therefore treated by the judges as an independent publication, requiring the arranger's name to be given in the entry.

Now, the case is altogether different from one where an opera appears in print and at Stationers' Hall in its pianoforte dress only. The pianoforte adaptation is usually written under the direction of the original composer; and as he allows it to go before the world with his name, it may be justly regarded as his own version of the full score which is intended for the use of the theatre. It is the only edition registered at Stationers' Hall, and whatever may be said of the accompaniment, the work itself—the vocal music—is the composition of no one but the registered and published author.

I maintain, therefore, that in the case of an opera which is never published in any other form but that of a pianoforte score, and then, with the original composer's sanction and concurrence it is not necessary to mention in the notices the name of the amateur who wrote out the pianoforte accompaniment.

It is to be hoped that Mr Wood will take his case further and decide the point I have here referred to. But his "1849 score" will, probably be an insurmountable stumbling block in the Privy Council and the House of Lords.—Your obedient servant,

To D Peters, Esq A PUBLISHER.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE prospectus of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir for the season 1867 has just been issued, and is full of promise. Four subscription concerts will be given, the respective dates of performances being Thursday, January 31, Thursday, February 28, Thursday, April 4, and Friday, May 10. The programme of the first concert will consist of madrigals and part-songs, interspersed with vocal and instrumental pieces, the solo singers being Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Sainton-Dolby—a regular Leslian programme, in short, and one of the choicest. At the second concert will be introduced Mendelssohn's psalm for double choir, "Why rage fiercely the heathen?"—soloist Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, with the usual complement of glees, part-songs, madrigals, &c. At the third concert—the customary Lenten performance—will be executed Mendelssohn's eight-part psalm, "Judge me, O God," the same composer's anthem, "Hear my prayer," with other unaccompanied compositions, as *pieces de resistance* for the choir. The principal singers on this occasion will be Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr W H Cummings. At the fourth concert, the selection will be of the old pattern, with Miss Ada Jackson and Mr Santley as solo vocalists. That Mr Henry Leslie has not exhibited all the attractions of his programme may be inferred from the statement that "further engagements will be announced as early as possible."

In addition to the four subscription concerts Mr Leslie advertises that on Wednesday evening, February 13th, he will give at St. James's Hall a performance of Mendelssohn's *Antigone*. The remaining part of the programme—to be selected from the works of Mendelssohn—will include the Italian Symphony, the overture to *Ruy Blas*, and the Concerto for violin, for which Herr Joseph Joachim has been engaged. The band will comprise the most distinguished instrumentalists of the Metropolis. In order to give due effect to the Music of *Antigone*, the chorus will number 240 voices, consisting of the members of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, the Royal Italian Opera, and the leading Musical Societies of London. This is news for the lovers of good music, and no doubt will be a feature among the musical performances of the season.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The Executive Committee have nominated C. J. Selwyn, Esq., Q.C., Standing Counsel, in place of Vice Chancellor Malins, who had filled that position since the formation of the Society in 1852.

HERR ALFRED JAELL and his wife (Mdlle. Trautmann) are at Trieste.

MDLLE. FRICCI is in Turin at the Theatre Reggio, and has been very successful as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER has returned to London from his tour in Italy.

SIGNOR LUCCA, the publisher of Milan, is making a rapid fortune by Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. He charges the theatre 10,000 francs (£400) for the loan of the score and parts for the season.

BERLIN.—Mr George Rigby, the English tenor, has appeared in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale* at the Victoria Theatre with considerable success.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The Orchestral Popular Concerts, under the direction of a triumvirate (Messrs. C. Harper, Watson, and Howell—each a distinguished member of the musical profession) and conducted by Signor Arditi, gave their first performance on Saturday, their second on Tuesday, and their third (a "classical" programme) on Thursday night. The weather has been against them, to say nothing of Mr Alfred Mellon's attractive pantomime at Covent Garden, the pantomime at Drury Lane, and the torch and moon skating in the parks. But the concerts are extremely good, and will in all probability make their way. The orchestra is admirable, and we need hardly add that Signor Arditi is an admirable conductor.

At present we can only afford space for a few words about the third concert, but that was happily also the best—notwithstanding the fact that some of the chief members of the orchestra were away, at Mr G W Martin's *Judas Maccabeus* and elsewhere. The first thing was a singular good performance of Schumann's overture, *Scherzo* and *finale*, which would have delighted even Mr George Grove, the more so inasmuch as the *Scherzo* was asked for again and played again. Then at the end of Part I. there came the evergreen *Pastoral Symphony* of the ever honoured Beethoven, on the whole most effectively given. The second part began with Sterndale Bennett's charming overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, so delicately finished a performance of which we have rarely (if ever) listened to before. Lastly, Part II. concluded with the Russian Glinka's *Souvenir d'une Nuit d'été à Madrid*, which though for the most part pretty, is for the most part patchy and monotonous. This was the third time of asking, but the appeal was not cordially replied to by the audience. The first instrumental solo was Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played to absolute perfection by M. Sainton. This great and legitimate artist, who is much too rarely heard just now, never displayed the breadth of his style, vigour and correctness of his execution, the healthy simplicity of his expression—in short, the *tout* which many fine qualities go to make up, all of which M. Sainton possesses—to more consummate advantage. His success equalled his deserts, and he was enthusiastically called back at the end of his performance. By the way, the accompaniments to the concerto were faultlessly given; but, as Signor Arditi was heard to remark, it would be easy to accompany M. Sainton, not merely without looking at him, but without even hearing him—simply in beating time by the score—so wonderfully true is his tempo, so unmistakable his accent. The second instrumental solo—Weber's *Concertstück*, brilliantly dashed off by Mdlle. Madeleine Schiller, was also highly successful. The clever young lady, being loudly called for at the end, sat down again to the pianoforte, and played the same composer's *Rondeau Brillant* in E flat, quicker than we ever heard it played before—by any pianist, man, woman, or child. The vocal music was varied and excellent. Mdlle Agliati, young and nervous, did her utmost with "Vedrai carino." Mdlle. Liebhart (voice) and Mr Sidney Pratten (flute), young but not nervous, vied with each other in the closeness and elongation of their trills, in Handel's "Sweet bird" (*Il Penseroso*)—another great success; and Sig. Foli, the young American, who has Italianised himself to good purpose, obtained and deserved a hearty and unanimous "encore" for his pointed, fluent, and energetic delivery of "O ruddier than the cherry." Signor Foli accepted the "encore" in spite of an article against "encores," published that very evening in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But he is rapidly becoming a Handelian singer, and the more he sings of Handel, and the oftener he sings it, the better. So he exercised a just privilege wisely. In fine, this "classical" concert was genuine—because composed *exclusively* of good music.

At the fourth concert, to-night, a new piece by Glinka—*Jota Aragonesa* (more Spanish)—a *fantasia* in the form of an overture—is to be in the second part.

HERR JOACHIM, with Madame Schumann (who arrived about a week ago) left London, for Edinburgh, on Tuesday morning, to commence there a new series of Monday Popular Concerts in the country, under the direction of Mr Arthur Chappell, as before. The performances were to take place on Wednesday (Edinburgh), Thursday (Glasgow), and Saturday (Manchester).

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BALLAD CONCERTS.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather, a large assemblage filled St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the second Ballad Concert of Mdme. Sainton-Dolby. The performance commenced with Lord Mornington's old and favourite glee, "Here in cool grot," sung by an efficient choir, under the direction, as stated in the programme, of Mr. Fielding—whom we did not see. Mdme. Sainton-Dolby gave with her usual success (for the first time) a song by Herr Blumenthal, "Clear and cool," which hardly possesses the elements of popularity; she made up for it by giving a charming song, "The Alpine Mother," by Mr. Lenders, which was rapturously applauded and deservedly so for its original style and character, and which must win its way amongst singers as an effusion of the highest merit. Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington in several ballads by Claribel, and closing with "Home sweet home," created the usual sensation by her artistic singing. Miss Banks's "The bailiff's daughter of Islington" and "On the banks of Allan Water" was also loudly applauded. That rising young tenor Mr. Alfred Hemming in Whitaker's old song of "Say not woman's love is bought" by his chaste, unaffected singing afforded universal satisfaction; he also gave a song by Claribel. Messrs. L. Lyall, George Perren and Mr. Winn each sang ballads and songs with more or less effect, the last-named being encored in Shield's song "The Wolf" to the gratification of many present. The instrumental portion of the concert consisted of Thalberg's *fantasia* on airs from *Masaniello* by Mdme. Arabella Goddard, and De Beriot's and Thalberg's duet for violin and pianoforte on themes from *Les Huguenots*, in conjunction with M. Sainton. In the duet, it would have been impossible to obtain a more perfect and exquisite blending of the instruments and union of spirit and purpose, to be achieved in duet playing than in the hands of the lady and gentleman who performed it. With regard to the fantasia for pianoforte solo, its extraordinary mechanical difficulties, which are nothing to the player, were still made subservient to genuine expression. The whole performance produced an immense impression on the assembly present, and Madame Goddard, retiring amid repeated plaudits, had to appear again and again to receive the congratulations of all present; a more brilliant success was never obtained. Herr Meyer Lutz accompanied the vocal music with his usual ability.

BASHI BAZOOK.

FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—This year the Festival of the Three Choirs—Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester—will be held at Hereford, and already the initiatory arrangements have been made. The interval since the last was held at Worcester has been occupied by Mr. Townshend Smith in procuring stewards, and he has enlisted no fewer than forty-five. These include the Lord Lieutenant of Hereford (Lord Bateman), Earl Somers, Lord Saye and Sele, the Dean of Hereford, Sir W. Milman, Admiral Sir T. Hastings, K.C.B., Hon. P. Wyndham, M.P., the Viscount Hereford, Mr. King King, M.P., Mr. M. Biddulph, M.P., Mr. R. Green Price, M.P., Mr. Bagally, M.P., Mr. G. Clive, M.P., Mr. Walsh, M.P., Mr. Turner, M.P. It is expected that the full complement will reach sixty. Mr. J. H. Arkwright is chairman. It has been decided to commence the Festival on the 20th of August and continue it the three following days. There will be four morning performances of oratorios at the cathedral, and three secular concerts at the Shirehall, besides a chamber concert in the College Hall on Friday evening, finishing in time for the ball. The engagements of principals are not yet made. Birmingham Festival will follow the week after Hereford, and it is expected that the principals will be nearly the same at both.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has engaged Miss Edmunds (the young and clever pupil of Mrs. Sims Reeves, who sustained the part of Adah in Mr. Costa's *Naaman* with such credit, though acting as substitute for Mdlle. Adelina Patti), as vocalist for her approaching Pianoforte Recitals in the country.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was performed last night, with Mr. Sims Reeves in the tenor music. Full particulars in our next.

To the Editor of the "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR,—The enclosed statement has been issued to the shareholders with the warrants for the past year's dividends. The directors will be much obliged if you will kindly insert it in the *Musical World* of Saturday.—Your faithful servant,

Crystal Palace, Jan. 15. G. GROVE, Secretary.

"TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.

"The directors sincerely regret to have to make a statement to the proprietors in reference to the recent disaster by which a portion of the Crystal Palace was destroyed by fire on Sunday, December 30. The portion destroyed lay entirely north of the screen dividing the Tropical Department from the main building, and consisted of the north end and north transept of the Palace—containing the Queen's apartments, the Nineveh Court, the tropical plants, the library, the collection of naval and engineering models, and Indian objects. South of the north transept also a large part of the Alhambra and Byzantine Courts was, unfortunately, much injured. The remaining eight of the Fine Art Courts, with the whole of that part of the Palace occupied by the exhibitors, and that in which the concerts and amusements take place, are entirely uninjured, and remain in their former state of safety and efficiency.

"The directors have had frequent meetings since the fire, and they now beg to acquaint the proprietors that, acting under the advice of Mr. Edwin Clark, the eminent engineer, the most careful additional precautions have been taken to insure the safety of the entire building. In order to fortify and protect the northern end of the nave against the wind and weather, the existing canvas curtain has been strengthened by struts and cross-braces, and a solid timber screen is being rapidly erected a few feet north of it, which, when completed, will form an effectual protection to the building pending the reconstruction of the portion destroyed.

"The Alhambra and Byzantine Courts will be immediately closed in and protected from the effects of the winter till the time arrives for their repair. The whole of the damaged portion is undergoing careful investigation by Mr. Clark, and all parts which can be preserved will be made good out of the *débris*, which will be carefully collected and sorted for that purpose. It will take some weeks to effect this, and to remove the useless fragments of the building, so as to leave the ground clear for the work of reconstruction.

"It must be highly gratifying to the proprietors to notice the deep and wide-spread feeling of sympathy with the Palace which the recent misfortune has called forth from all classes of the community, from Her Majesty downwards—a sympathy which has not confined itself to words, but has already brought many offers of objects to replace those destroyed, offers which, it is unnecessary to say, are gratefully received. The Board fully concur in the public desire to re-erect the fabric, leaving the mode of filling the interior for later consideration. It is probable that the re-erection will cost from £50,000 to £60,000. The mode of providing for this outlay, and for that which may hereafter be considered advisable in respect of the restitution of the interior, is occupying the anxious attention of the directors.

"The building and its contents are insured for a sum of £100,000, the company's claim on which, in respect of the destroyed portion, amounts to over £38,000.

"The proprietors will be pleased to know that the building has passed through the recent severe gales and fall of snow (the heaviest which it has yet experienced) in a most satisfactory manner and without suffering any damage whatever. By order of the Board,

"*Crystal Palace, Jan. 10, 1867.* G. GROVE, Secretary."

THE "EDINBURGH DAILY REVIEW," in an article on a recent concert, describes the violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, as "a gentleman who *burst upon* the English public lately and at once took his stand among the first performers of the age."

AMONG DEATHS recorded this week are that of the great French painter Ingres, that of the celebrated French actress, Mdlle. George, and that of the notable French philosopher Victor Cousin.

HERR WILHELMJ has gone to Paris, to replace Herr Joachim at the Popular Concerts in the Cirque Napoleon.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has been singing the last two weeks with distinguished success at the Felix Meritis in Amsterdam, at the theatre in Rotterdam, at Utrecht, *Zwolle*, Arnheim, the Hague and other cities in Holland.—The Queen invited Madame Rudersdorff to the Palace at the Hague and received her on Sunday last.—Madame Rudersdorff is re-engaged March next for a series of oratorio performances in the principal cities of Holland.

COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH,

WESTMINSTER, *Jan.* 15.

(Sittings in Banco before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, Justice BLACKBURN Justice MELLOR, and Justice LUSH.)

WOOD v. BOOSEY.

Action against Messrs. Boosey, music publishers, for alleged infringement of copyright. Serjeant Parry, Prichard and Pike for plaintiff; Coleridge, J. Brown and Blanc for defendants.

Work was pianoforte adaptation of opera by deceased German Otto Nicolai of Berlin entitled *Merry Wives of Windsor*. After his death one Bresler, musician at Berlin, made pianoforte adaptation from score of opera (which was not pianoforte) published by same publishers at Berlin. Plaintiff Wood had acquired right of publishing it in this country and desired to protect right as exclusive under International and Musical Copyright Acts. For this he registered it under Act but in name of Nicolai not Bresler. Form of entry ran thus:—"Title of work.—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, opera composed by Otto Nicolai, pianoforte score." Then under head "Name of author of composition"—Otto Nicolai, Berlin. "Name of proprietor of copyright."—Bote and Bock, Berlin. "Time and place of first publication."—Berlin, Sept. 1, 1851.

Contended on part of Boosey and Co., that entry was not correct, or sufficient to protect plaintiff's exclusive right of publication, no mention being made of Bresler, actual author of pianoforte adaptation. This was main ground on which validity of registry was disputed, and raised question—whether in such case original composer or adapter is author of adaptation. Other objection taken that Wood was not registered as assignee or proprietor. In course of argument translations being mentioned as adaptations, Justice Blackburn observed that question was one of exercise of independent skill or genius. No one probably would dispute that Lord Derby was "author" of his translation of *Homer*, but Homer could scarcely be said to be "author" of *Virgil*, and so of any other edition of mere text of classical writer.

Lord Chief Justice observed it once happened to him to translate odes of *Horace* into English hexameters, and he had no doubt Horace would have been very much ashamed of it (laugh) and disgusted at being told he was "author" of it.

Justice Blackburn believed Dryden had turned Milton's *Paradise Lost* into rhyme. In certain sense it was, no doubt, Milton's poem still, but Milton would hardly have owned authorship of version. Sir J. Davenant had adapted Shakspere's *Tempest* and Colley Cibber *Richard III.*, and most persons thought, perhaps, Shakspere wrote line:—

> "Off with his head! so much for Buckingham!"

But it was Colley Cibber's. In certain sense plays were same, but it could hardly be said Shakspere wrote adaptations.

Lord Chief Justice.—I have no doubt he would have been indignant at idea. In that case it would be correct to say "Shakspere's play adapted by Colley Cibber," but not to call adaptation Shakspere's. So it could hardly be stated that Nicolai composed adaptation because he composed original opera.

Justice Lush asked if musician were to adapt one of Handel's oratorios for piano (copyright in Handel's having expired) there would be no copyright in adaptation? Or that it could be truly said it was Handel's, because adapted from Handel?

Lord Chief Justice remarked it did not require much knowledge of music to see that it would be impossible for any one—perhaps even for original composer himself—to sit down at piano and play music of opera from original opera "score," containing no pianoforte score, but total music of opera made up of instrumentation for different instruments (none piano) and also for human voice. That showed adaptation to piano must be independent, and though founded upon original work requiring in adapter musical knowledge and skill as well as of time, attention and labour, in order to re-translate composition into pianoforte music, and combine or condense whole work into such notes as would be adapted to that instrument. If so, how could it be denied that Bresler was author of adaptation and not Nicolai?

After long argument Court delivered judgment unanimously in favour of defendants.

Lord Chief Justice said this was action for alleged infringement of copyright in pianoforte adaptation of opera, and Copyright Acts made condition that name of author or composer of work on which copyright was claimed should be registered. Work in which copyright was claimed was pianoforte adaptation, and registered as work of Nicolai. It was distinctly stated in registry that Nicolai was author and composer of adaptation. But, in point of fact it was not of Nicolai, nor indeed was it made until after his death. It had been argued in great study that as opera was creation of musical genius and skill of Nicolai, so in whatever form it was re-produced it must be deemed to be his work—argument, though ingenious, unsound. No one from merely having opera before him could play or accompany himself in singing opera at pianoforte. It required time, labour, skill, mind and musical knowledge so to condense opera and separate music of accompaniment from vocal part as to constitute pianoforte arrangement. Not even Nicolai himself sitting down at instrument with general score could have done it, and certainly no one else. Therefore pianoforte arrangement of opera, consisting of instrumentation for different instruments—none piano—was distinct and separate work. If not it would lead to serious consequences. Operas were sometimes "arranged" by composer, sometimes by others in his lifetime, with or without his consent, or after his death. If it took place in his lifetime, and without his consent, it might be that publication would be infringement of copyright, but that question did not now arise. It might, however, as in this case, take place after his death, or after original copyright had expired, and in that case could it be said there was no copyright in adaptation? Yet if it were to be deemed identical with original opera, there would be no copyright in it. That would be monstrous conclusion, extremely unjust and very inconsistent with those principles of public policy upon which copyright had been deemed desirable for protection and encouragement of literature and art. There was considerable amount of skill, labour, and time employed in adaptation of music of opera to single instrument, organ or pianoforte, and it was work of skill and valuable, and deserving protection; but if adaptation was to be deemed work of original composer it would have no protection if made after original copyright was expired. Therefore, composition in question was to be considered work of Bresler, actual adapter, and not of Nicolai, who died before it was made. It follows that name of Nicolai was not properly registered by plaintiff as author, and as conditions of Copyright Act have not been observed he has no copyright in work. Whether it was honestly so registered or not, need not be inquired into. Bresler did work, and perhaps it was thought it would be more acceptable under name of Nicolai. That may have been reason why Nicolai's name, and not Bresler's, was given; but enough that statute has not been complied with, name of author not correctly stated. It is important it should be truly stated, and that author of such adaptation should be deemed author, otherwise useful and valuable work would be deprived of protection. As this point was decisive it was not necessary to decide whether plaintiff ought to have been registered as proprietor, but he thought not, as he was not statutory assignee and could not insist upon being registered. Upon main point, however, he thought that in his view there ought to be judgment for defendants.

Justice Blackburn concurred. There could be no doubt that genius and beauty of opera were embodied in original music, but that could be of no use to general public for purposes of private enjoyment at pianoforte unless music was first rendered into notes for pianoforte; and though genius of original work was that of original composer, adaptation was work of adapter, and should have been so registered. It would have been correct to describe it—"composed by Nicolai, arranged by Bresler," and it was usual thus to describe new arrangements of existing works. At all events it was not correct to describe Bresler's work as Nicolai's. On that point, therefore, there must be judgment for defendants. As to necessity for registering name of plaintiff as assignee he doubted, but it was not necessary to decide.

Justice Mellor concurred. It could not be truly said that adaptation to new instrument was mere [illegible] of original work, for it required independent labour, care, time, and skill. It was new rendering of original work introducing new mode of enjoyment by large class of persons who otherwise could never have enjoyed it on pianoforte. It was not work of Nicolai, who was dead at time. It was work of Bresler, and ought to have been so described.

Justice Lush concurred. Adaptation was entirely new arrangement to be performed upon different instrument, blending and combining entire music into notes adapted to pianoforte. That was new work (although, no doubt, founded on original opera), and authorship ought to have been stated correctly in name not of Nicolai but of Bresler.

Judgment for defendants.

(*[illegible]*) T. DUFF SHORT.

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.—The concert on Wednesday under the direction of Mr. Beuthin was well attended notwithstanding the weather. The singers were Misses Berry Greening, Newton and Reeves, Messrs. Newton and Alfred Hemming. Miss Kate Gordon was pianist. The programme, made up of pieces by modern composers, was thoroughly appreciated by an audience lavish of applause—especially to Miss Berry Greening in Mr. Benedict's ballad "Buy my moss roses," to Miss Newton and to Mr. Alfred Hemming in Blumenthal's always popular song "The Message." Miss Kate Gordon's performances on the pianoforte were greatly admired; and indeed, the whole concert gave satisfaction.

COBURG.—The new opera of *Die Fabier* has so pleased the Duke that he has granted its composer, Herr Langert, the title of *Capell-meister*.

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DUBLIN.—The first concert for the season of the Philharmonic Society is looked forward to with great interest. The new series of performances was inaugurated on Friday evening, the 11th, with a programme in every respect admirable. The overture to *Semiramide*, the *Lobgesang* or "Hymn of Praise" of Mendelssohn, and the vocal and instrumental music proved at once the judgment of the conductor, and the high standard of taste which the Society has set up. The large concert room of the Exhibition Palace was crowded, and a more brilliant audience has rarely been collected in Dublin. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Marchioness of Abercorn, and the Ladies Hamilton, attended by Mr. Wellesley, A.D.C., occupied seats on a [illegible] for the occasion. The admirable lighting of the hall and its handsome and artistic decorations, produced a very pleasing effect. The Philharmonic keeps up the character of its orchestra and chorus, the former being under the leadership of Mr. R. M. Levey, and the latter strengthened in numbers and improved both in training and quality of voices. The overture to *Semiramide* went capitally, the principal players performing their duties in a manner almost unexceptionable. Miss Agnes Zimmerman, young as she is, is a most accomplished pianist; nothing can be more delicate or sensitive than her manipulation in passages which present unusual difficulty. Unlike many ladies who want in force while they excel in grace and finish, she possesses abundant power, and, above all, displays a gift of expression not much known—if known at all—in that of players whose names are much better known. In the first few bars of Beethoven's Concerto in E flat the audience felt they were listening to no common artist, and the applause which followed the close was a tribute to her execution as well as a proof of the intelligence and attention of those who applauded. A subsequent [illegible] on "The last rose of summer" was rewarded by an encore, when Miss Zimmerman gave a composition of her own which, to all intents and purposes is an Irish jig, though not yet included in the list of our national dances. The chief vocalist was Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who sang Rossini's Cavatina, "Bella Rosa," with much grace and earnestness. Associated with Miss Bessie Herbert, she afterwards gave a very pleasing version of the duet, "In the deep [illegible]" from *The Crown Diamonds*. Mr. Richard Smith was heard with pleasure in Lindpaintner's song, "Oft methinks I see thee gazing." Beethoven's chorus, "The calm and the breeze," was adequately rendered and capitally accompanied by the band. Mr. John Dunne's Cantata *Myra* has now taken its place amongst the most popular recent works of its class. It is in fact the best of the kind which of late years has been composed by a resident Dublin musician, and it is pleasant to find that the Philharmonic Society is alive to its merits. The chorus, perhaps the most catching and lively which it contains, "Hail to the hawthorn's bloom of May," was sung with great spirit and effect. Mendelssohn's magnificent "Hymn of Praise" would have been heard with more attention and have produced a better effect if it had been made the first instead of the second part of a concert which was protracted beyond the usual hours. Madame Sherrington was very fine in the solo, "Praise thou the Lord." Mr. Peele gave an excellent rendering of the tenor solo, "The sorrows of death." The duet for soprani, "I waited for the Lord," was given with good expression and excellent taste, and the chorus "The night is departing," and the well known chorale, "Let all men praise the Lord," proved the efficiency of the chorus. With slight exceptions the band did their work well, and Mr. Houghton's organ playing was a feature of the performance which, in justice to a young and able organist, deserves high commendation. Mr. Bussell conducted with his usual ability. The Society already announce their second concert for the 25th of February, on which occasion Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Demeric Lablache, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Tom Hohler will be amongst the vocalists.—*Abridged from the "Irish Times."*

LEEDS.—On Christmas Day Mr. Lonsdale gave a performance of the *Messiah* in the Amphitheatre, which was attended by a large audience. Mrs. Wood (late Miss Sarah Dobson) was especially to be commended in the florid song, "Rejoice greatly." The contralto airs were admirably sung by Miss Newbound, whose voice might be made of more value to herself than at present. "He was despised" produced loud and general applause. Mr. Inkersall sang with his usual skill. Mr. David Lambert produced quite a *furore* by his singing of "Why do the nations," which was encored. He was not less admired in the pathetic portion of "But who may abide"—his *sotto voce* being well shown in this air. The chorus was small, but effective, and the band may come in for similar praise. Mr. Haddock conducted.—*Leeds Express, Dec. 29th, 1866.*

SOUTHAMPTON.—The usual Christmas performance of *The Messiah* has been given at the Hartley Hall with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Fanny Huddart, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Renwick as principal singers. Several London instrumentalists were in the orchestra, including Mr. H. Blagrove, Mr. Aylward, and Mr. J. Russell. The band and chorus numbered about 120, and Mr. A. Rowland was the conductor.

DUBLIN.—The success achieved by Miss Kate Ranoe in Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque, *Little Don Giovanni*, has restored the Queen's Theatre to that popularity which had for some time deserted it; and that portion of the Dublin public who have for a long time past rather eschewed this little house, are now nightly to be found filling the private boxes and dress circle. The *Freeman's Journal* says, "Miss Kate Ranoe is remarkably attractive in the character of Little Don Giovanni. She is a very clever burlesque actress, and unites a fine figure with a pleasing manner." The *Dublin Gazette* says, "The success of Miss Kate Ranoe in *The Serf* is an established fact; her graceful [illegible] on the stage, faultless elocution, and charmingly natural style of acting are certain to ensure for her a high position in the theatrical world;" while the *Saunders's News Letter* says "Miss Kate Ranoe sustained the part of Madame la Comtesse de Mauleon with remarkable grace and ability, and invested the impersonation with histrionic qualities of the highest order."

BRIGHTON.—The last of the series of Promenade Concerts, by the band of the Royal Artillery, came off on Saturday. These have been in every sense a success. Upwards of 9,000 persons have visited them, and if applause can be taken as implying approval of the conductor's efforts and the band's performance, no such successful concerts have hitherto been held in Brighton. We look forward to their resumption in February next with great pleasure. We had almost forgotten to mention their many excellent part songs, which have become quite a feature in the programme, and which on each occasion have been heartily encored and responded to by the talented conductor, Mr. Smyth. In conclusion we wish Mr. Smyth and his band all the compliments of the season, and trust the forthcoming year will make us still more intimately acquainted.—*Brighton Gazette.*

LIVERPOOL.—*The Messiah* given last night at St. George's Hall for the benefit of Mr. Haddock was well attended. There was an excellent band and an efficient chorus chiefly from the Musical Society. The choruses went well, the only fault being a certain want of steadiness. Miss Helena Walker, the principal soprano, sang well. Her musical voice and nicety of intonation, however, being scarcely more admirable than the classic purity of her style. Madame Laura Baxter sang also very well. "O Thou that tellest" and "Take his yoke upon you" were very pleasingly rendered. Mr. W. H. Cummings, in the tenor part, was heard to advantage. Mr. Weiss filled most ably the bass part. His first recitative and air were given with great power, and his second essay in "For behold" and "The people that walked" was equally successful. The only solo encored was, "Thou shalt dash them," sung by Mr. Cummings. The choruses "For unto us" and "Hallelujah" were also encored.—*Daily Courier, Jan. 2.*

SONDERSHAUSEN.—Herr Marpurg, who is about to settle in the Rhenish provinces, officiated here lately for the last time, when he conducted Handel's *Messiah*. After the performance, he was presented, in the name of the reigning prince, with the large Medal for Art and Science with the Riband.

VIENNA.—A highly amusing scene was lately enacted at the Burg Theater. Any one fond of music who visits that establishment, must, however much he may be amused with the excellent acting, feel very angry with the band, the members of which regularly mangle, massacre, and murder the old masterpieces of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and other great composers. On the particular evening in question, the victim was Onslow, who was so shamefully and disgracefully treated by the old and young miscreants in the orchestra, that ironical applause was suddenly heard from the upper regions of the house. The pit took the matter up and vigorously applauded the galleries. This demonstration might have proved highly prejudicial to a tragedy, but, luckily, the bill included only vaudevilles and farces, which if anything went rather better in consequence of the hilarity of the audience. The band at the Burg Theater—one of the very first art institutions of the Austrian capital—is worse than that of a wretched provincial theatre. Any person who knows what first rate artists belong to the band, might at first be puzzled to solve this riddle, yet the solution is easy. The said first-rate artists make their appearance only at extremely rare intervals, preferring to have their places performed by youthful substitutes, who exhibit a great deal more enthusiasm for what is going forward on the stage than dexterity in the use of their respective instruments.—*Diana*, a burlesque operetta, words by Herr Braun, music by Herr Millöcker, has been given at the Harmonie Theater, but with only moderate success. It was originally entitled *Die Keusche Diana* (*The Chaste Diana*), but the adjective was deemed improper by the gentlemen of the Censure and forbidden accordingly. The book is arrant nonsense, and the music is not extremely brilliant.

FAVERSHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr. Charles Coningsby, organist, gave his first evening concert in the new room of the Literary Institution, on Wednesday, January 2nd. The artists engaged were Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Medora Collins, Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. Chaplin Henry and Mr. Lazarus. Miss Cole was eminently successful in Bishop's "Bid me discourse," M. Gounod's "When the voice of the lute," and "When that tapping at the garden gate" (new), the last being encored. Miss Collins gave much satisfaction in Guglielmo's song "The lover and the bird." Mr. Frank Elmore's singing was much admired, especially his own song, "Farewell fair Ines," and the "Normandy Maid" (Barnett), the last-named receiving a vociferous encore, when he substituted Reichardt's beautiful ballad "Thou art so near and yet so far." Mr. Chaplin Henry (who is a great favourite here) sang three songs in good style; Mr. Lazarus gave two solos on the clarionet, both of which were encored; Mr. Coningsby played a solo on the pianoforte, "The musical box," by Liebich, and judging from the hearty encore he obtained, must be also a favourite in Faversham. The room was not full owing to the severity of the weather.

WORCESTER.—The first concert of the Festival Choral Society for the season took place in the Music Hall, on Friday evening, when were performed selections from *Messiah*. The principal vocalists were Miss M. Neale (soprano), Miss Chadwick (contralto), and Messrs. Pugh (tenor) and Millward (bass) of the Cathedral Choir. The attendance was good, although the weather was so severe, and the concert on the whole was successfully given. One great addition (?) to the band was the introduction of a trombone for the first time we believe at these concerts. Miss Neale possesses a clear and agreeable voice, but scarcely powerful enough for oratorio; she gave the air "Rejoice greatly," and the recitative "He was cut off" expressively, but in the air "I know that my Redeemer" she was most successful. Miss Chadwick has a melodious contralto voice, and sang in a most pleasing manner, more especially the air "He was despised." Mr. Pugh did not appear to be in good voice, while we never heard Mr. Millward sing better. The choruses were with a few exceptions given very well, but we noticed a deficiency in the treble and alto voices. Mr. A. R. Quarterman accompanied on the harmonium. Mr. Done conducted.—*Worcester Chronicle, Jan. 9.*

SWINDON.—A concert in aid of funds for improving the chancel of St. Mark's Church, New Swindon, was given on Friday, the 4th inst., under distinguished patronage. The principal performers were Mr. and Madame D'Este Finlayson, Madame Fougier, the Choir of St. Mark's, the Band of the New Swindon Rifle Corps, &c. Some lady amateurs also rendered good assistance in the concerted music. The principal feature in the concert was the performances of Mr. and Madame D'Este Finlayson, who are very popular in this district, and on this occasion sang and played with even more than their ordinary excellence. The concert was entirely a success, and it is expected a good balance will be handed over to the fund.

KENDAL.—Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital in the Lecture Hall of the Museum on Friday, January 11th, was attended by an elegant, and highly appreciative audience. The programme included selections from Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, &c. Miss Banks warbled the exquisitely melodious strains of Mozart's "Batti batti" with so much winning sweetness, as to elicit an unanimous encore, and was greeted with quite an ovation for her delicious rendering of Macfarren's "Late so late," which the enraptured assembly would fain have listened to a third time. Mrs. John Macfarren was enthusiastically applauded in all her brilliant performances, and repeated Brissac's Irish Fantasia, by general desire. The concert was preceded by a conversazione, refreshment being served in the library, and the numerous rooms of the Museum, with the valuable articles of interest they contain, being lighted up for promenade.

FLORENCE.—Herr Hans von Bülow will shortly play here.

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Soloists.—M. Winterbottom [illegible] pianoforte, Signor [illegible].

PART THE FIRST.—Overture, "Le Pré aux Clercs" (Hérold); valse, "The Needle-Gun" (Bergmann); [illegible] *Lucrezia Borgia* (Donizetti)—Miss Leffler; aria, "Una voce," *Il Barbiere* (Rossini)—Mdlle. Agilati; [illegible] from *Norma*, [illegible]; Signor [illegible] romance, "M'appari," *Martha* (Flotow)—Signor Filippi; valse, "L'Estasi" (Arditi)—Mdlle. Sinico; Grand quadrille from Rossini's grand opera, *Guillaume Tell*, arranged expressly for these concerts by Signor Arditi—solos for flute, piccolo, clarionet, bassoon, cornet, and trumpets, performed by MM. [illegible], James, Lazarus, Tyler, Winterbottom, Waetzig, M'Grath, Ward, and T. Harper.

PART THE SECOND.—Grand orchestral selection from Wagner's romantic opera, *Tannhauser*, arranged by Signor Arditi (first time this season); song, "Cupid's Secret" [illegible]—Miss Leffler; ballata, "La Donna è Mobile," *Rigoletto* (Verdi)—Signor Filippi; solo, bassoon (Winterbottom)—Mr. Winterbottom; [illegible] "Tears [illegible] smile"—Mdlle. Sinico; fantasia on *Fleurs d'Orangers*, [illegible] "Jota Aragonese" (Glinka).

Conductor . . . . . . Signor ARDITI.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE will recommence TO-DAY. Vocalists, Madame [illegible] and [illegible]; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Programme includes Symphony in B flat (Schumann); Pianoforte Concerto in G (Beethoven); Overtures, "Zanetta" (Auber), and "In Memoriam" (Sullivan). Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission, Half-a-Crown.

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MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that her THIRD AND LAST BALLAD CONCERT will take place at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on Wednesday evening, February 6th, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Full particulars of Messrs. [illegible], 201, Regent Street; and Messrs. Boosey & Co., Holles Street, W.

MISS EDWARDS'S SECOND PIANOFORTE and VOCAL RECITAL of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place the Third Week in February, at [illegible] House, 1a, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. Full particulars to be had of Messrs. D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

SECOND IRISH TOUR commences from Jan. 24th—Belfast, Limerick, Cork, Waterford, Clonmel (in treaty for *Dublin*). All communications to be addressed Post Office, [illegible], from Jan. 24th to Feb. 1st. (*See above Advertisement.*)

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MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing at Miss Clinton Fynes' Concert, Beethoven Rooms, 30th inst. Address to her residence, 2, Monmouth Road North, Bayswater.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing DESSAUER'S Variations on "THE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Walworth, March 4th; Croydon, 14th.—8, [illegible] Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. WALLACE) at Chatham, Feb. 14th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her) at the Russell Institute, Feb. 7th, and at every concert engagement during the ensuing season.

MADAME ELVIRA BEHRENS will sing OBERTHUR'S admired Song with Harp Accompaniment, "JE VOUDRAIS ETRE," at Victoria Hall, Westbourne Grove, February 5th.

MR. PATEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed expressly for him by Mr. EMILE BERGER) at Bolton, Feb. 5th, and St. James's Hall, Feb. 6th.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing during the ensuing month, on her Tour, the favourite Ballad, "THE RETURN OF THE LOVED ONE," and also at Mr [illegible] Grand Concert, in Dublin, Friday, Feb. 8th; and in Cork on the 11th inst.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing at Dublin, Feb. 8th; Cork, Feb. 11th and 12th; Limerick, 13th and 14th; Clonmel 15th; and Waterford 16th. For engagements address Rita Favanti, 32, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.; or to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to her residence, 32, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "[illegible]" at Myddelton Hall, February 1st.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Lynn (Norfolk), on Feb. 11th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at Hull, Feb. 11th; and at all his engagements during the coming season.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 199, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the stage.

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SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and MADAME MARTORELLI GARCIA will sing at the Philharmonic Concerts, Edinburgh, Feb. 4th; Glasgow, Feb. 5th; and can accept engagements in the Provinces after these dates. They are also disengaged after [illegible] any evening till the end of the present month. Address, 22, George Street, Portman Square, W.

HERR REICHARDT will sing GOLDBERG's admired new song, "THE REPROACH," throughout his Provincial Tour in January.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(*From a Contemporary*).

The performances at this theatre three times a week, under the name of Orchestral Popular Concerts, have a great deal to recommend them. In the first place, the band of instrumentalists, among whom are found many of the most eminent players from the Royal Italian Opera, together with some of the ablest members of the orchestra which has of recent years done so much to uphold the musical reputation of Her Majesty's Theatre, is not only numerically strong, but, as may easily be credited, efficient in the highest sense. Next in importance to this, at the head of the orchestra is Signor Arditi, who, long acknowledged as one of the best conductors of operatic music, proved himself in the winter of 1865, equally ready and expert as conductor of the symphonies and overtures of the great masters,—as ready, in fact, to enter fully into the purport and meaning of abstract instrumental music as of that other kind of music which has the aid of the human voice, dramatic action, and scenic accessories to render it acceptable. The two things indispensable, or at any rate vastly desirable—a fine orchestra and a competent conductor—thus secured, what remained was to select programmes likely to interest the public, and solo performers, vocal and instrumental, of proved and recognized ability to vary the attractions. These essential conditions, it must be admitted, have hitherto been satisfactorily fulfilled by the triumvirate of directors—Messrs Watson, Charles Harper, and Howell (all belonging to the orchestra which Mr Gye is fortunate in possessing)—who act in the name of the commonwealth; for we understand the speculation is exclusively at their risk and for the benefit of the players themselves. Whether they will succeed is a matter of doubt. That they are doing their utmost to deserve and command success is unquestionable, and that they should prosper is to be wished, not only because at this time of year, while at Exeter Hall we have two great societies for the performance of sacred music, and quartets, sonatas, and every variety of chamber music week after week, in perfection at the Monday Popular Concerts, there is no place where an orchestral symphony, or overture, an instrumental concerto, or a vocal scena, with orchestral accompaniments, can be heard nearer London than the Crystal Palace at Sydenham.

Four concerts have already been given, three of them "miscellaneous," and one "classical." By preference we fix upon the one "classical" for the few remarks we have to offer, and this chiefly because the selection of music was without precedent at a Promenade Concert, the second part, instead of what is customary, consisting of operatic selections, "popular" songs, showy instrumental solos, and dance music, being precisely of the same character as the first—by which the appellation "classical" was faithfully carried out. Nor on the whole do we remember a programme more uniformly interesting, or in which the various pieces were so distributed as to contrast more agreeably one with another. The concert opened with Robert Schumann's *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, one of his ripest and happiest works, and which, with the addition of a slow movement, might have assumed the shape, if not of a "grand," at least of a complete and very acceptable symphony. The addition of a slow movement, moreover, to separate the so-called "overture" from the *scherzo*, would have been advantageous if only because between these movements there is a certain affinity of character tending slightly to monotony. The execution of Schumann's by no means easy work was singularly effective, and the audience were so much pleased with the *scherzo* that they asked for it again. Signor Arditi too readily acceded to their demand, and by this means the *finale*—a movement in shaping which Schumann must have been haunted simultaneously by Handel's chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder" (*Messiah*), and one of the episodes in the *finale* of Beethoven's eighth symphony—was robbed of half its chance of appreciation. Nevertheless, the Schumann music was fairly successful and well merits a second hearing. Neither at the Philharmonic concerts, nor at the concerts of the Musical Society of London, even at those of the Crystal Palace, where two of the most devoted and uncompromising "Schumannites" have a directing hand, was the *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, so well received as at Her Majesty's Theatre on the present occasion.

To Schumann (going backwards half a century) succeeded Mozart, whose unsurpassed "Vedrai carino"—a *simplex munditiis* as the headdress of Pyrrha—was sung with a great deal of feeling and some apparent nervousness by Mdlle. Agliati, who has a sympathetic voice, and promises well. After Mozart (going forward half a century) came Mendelssohn, whose concerto for violin with orchestral accompaniments is found acceptable alike at classical and non-classical concerts. The solo-player was M. Sainton, who never more convincingly proclaimed himself one of the foremost living masters of an instrument upon which it is given but to a comparatively small number very greatly to excel. Playing more accurate, more vigorous, and brilliant, more imbued with the spirit of the music could not have been desired. There is charm in the mere sound of this gentleman's, to say nothing of his broad tone, fluent execution, and thoroughly genuine style of phrasing, a style wholly devoid of mannerism, trick, and affected expression. These qualities rarely fail to impress, more particularly when employed in the interpretation of such music as that which Mendelssohn, a master of almost every instrument, has given to the violin in his own *concerto*—considered merely in the light of abstract music, perhaps the most effective ever written. The loudest applause followed each striking passage, and at the end of the *concerto* M. Sainton was unanimously called back to the orchestra. He might safely have repeated the *finale*, one of the most sparkling of the Mendelssohnian family of *scherzi*; but with his accustomed modesty he retired. It is but just to add that the orchestral accompaniments were admirably played. After Mendelssohn (backwards again—this time a century) came Handel, with the delicious bird song from *Il Penseroso*. Mdlle. Liebhart giving the vocal part with the taste and fluency of a thoroughly accomplished songstress and Mr R. S. Pratten imitating "Philomel" in the strains of Handel with mellow tones and bird-like volubility. This was greatly to every one's taste, as the applause at the end and the call for the performers, amply testified. From Handel we were led to Beethoven (forwards again, considerably more than half a century[*]), a very fine performance of whose gorgeous *Pastoral Symphony* from end to end brought the first part of the concert worthily to a close.

Part II. began with Professor Sterndale Bennett's third (published) concert-overture, *Die Waldnymphe* ("The Wood Nymphs"), about which, on its first appearance at Leipsic (in 1839), Robert Schumann said so many pleasant things. In the opinion of that distinguished critic this overture was its composer's most finished musical work. "*Und es scheint mir*," says Schumann at the end of a glowingly eulogistic sentence—"*er habe es [illegible] noch [illegible] so [illegible] gegeben als in diesem Werke.*" *The Wood Nymphs*, happily as well known (though not too well known) in England, where it is but moderately heard, is, in the estimation of many connoisseurs, as at least the equal of that fascinating "master piece," *Die Najaden* ("The Naiades"), its immediate predecessor. Owing to the exceeding delicacy of its structure[†] the *Wood Nymphs* is a difficult overture to play—almost as difficult as Mendelssohn's *Melusine*. The more creditable then to Signor Arditi and his orchestra the performance on the present occasion—on the whole the most well balanced, and in detail the most finished and delicate we can call to mind, with the exception of a performance some time ago under Herr Manns at the Crystal Palace. Bennett's overture was followed by the incomparable song of Handel's Polypheme—the recitative, "I rage, I burn," and the pendant air "O ruddier than the cherry"—delivered with such power of voice, such true gusto and such fluency by Signor Foli, the youngest and most promising member of Mr Mapleson's company, that with one consent the audience called for it again, and the air (in which Mr Pratten's flute *obbligato* was agreeably conspicuous) was repeated.

An instrumental performance came next in the shape of Weber's romantic and animated *Concertstück*, the pianoforte part in which was given with remarkable vigour and brilliancy of execution by Miss Madeleine Schiller, one of the best pupils of Professor Moscheles, and one of the most rising pianists among us. That Miss Schiller should be loudly summoned back to the orchestra at the termination of so spirited a performance was not surprising. Nor would her exacting admirers let her off without something more; so, in excellent taste, she answered their appeal with another work by the same composer—the *Rondeau Brillant*, for pianoforte solo, in E flat, one of the most characteristic of Weber's many contributions to the "queen of instruments."

The last piece in the programme was an orchestral *fantasia* by the Russian composer Glinka, some of whose songs have been greatly admired at the Monday Popular Concerts. This piece, entitled *Souvenir d'une Nuit d'Eté à Madrid*, is like a series of dance movements, strung together *ad captandum*. It has some pretty melody and some pretty orchestral devices, but, on the whole, is by no means equal to the *scherzo* of the same composer, introduced some years since by Prince Galitzin—still less to the *Fantaisie en forme d'Ouverture* in E flat, called *Jota Aragonese*, for which, though the latter was in the programme, it was, without explanation, substituted. *Jota Aragonese*, however, was duly produced on Saturday and so much liked that it is to be repeated on the next "classical night" (Thursday).

PENZANCE.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 8th, *The Creation* was most successfully performed by the Penzance Choral Society. Mrs. Nunn's singing "On mighty pens," was much admired. The entire work was listened to with attention by a very large audience. Mr W. C. Hennings was principal violin, and Mr John H. Nunn (A.R.A.) conducted.

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[*] Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* was composed in 1740; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* in 1808.

[†] *Man prüfe Tact nach Tact welch [illegible] festes Gewebe vom Anfang bis zum Schlusse!*—Schumann.

LOOK ON THESE PICTURES.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

"Among many objectionable features in modern music, the most injurious to the art is undoubtedly the prevalent custom of *transcribing* compositions for other sorts of instruments than those for which they were intended by their composers. We hear much of a dearth of good original music, but this ought to cause no surprise when we find the market filled with feeble *arrangements* of works that have caught the public ear. To take one instance—there is the music published for the piano. A glance at the catalogue of any publisher will be sufficient to show that one-half of it consists of weak transcriptions of vocal music. No sooner does a new opera appear than straightway a dozen of our gentlemen seize upon it, pick out the most catching airs, obscure them more or less in a mist of demi-semiquavers, and here you have the source from which all the drawing-rooms in the country derive their musical food. It is not pleasant to place Thalberg at the head of this school, but there can be no doubt that by his exquisite skill in working up operatic airs he has done much to encourage a host of imitators, and to blind even musicians to the aimless effects of the practice. It is impossible not to regret that instead of rewriting compositions much more effective in their original form he should have given no more piano music proper, of which we have a few tantalizing examples from his pen. But pianists are by no means the chief sufferers. The piano has a library of really good things that we must marvel to see thrown aside for modern rubbish; other instruments have a very meagre stock of music, and, except when forming parts of an orchestra, are compelled to use arrangements; perhaps the noblest of all, the organ, receives the worst treatment. The living composers of original music for the organ might be counted on the fingers, while Handel's choruses are tortured into new adaptations every month, and arrangements from the scores of the great masters appear in wonderful quantities, the whole tendency of things being to convert this grand instrument into a bad imitation of an orchestra, the very foundation of which—the stringed instruments—has no counterpart whatever in the organ. So far the tide has set in favour of instrumental transcriptions of vocal music; but examples of the opposite error are not wanting. The sublimely ludicrous was afforded some years ago by a party of men who, under the name of the Organophonic Band, gave a series of concerts, in which they imitated, with small success, various orchestral instruments. Later still we have heard of verses written to be sung with certain of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* as if in express defiance of the composer's intentions. No sense of mutual fitness between instrument and music ever enters the head of a transcriber; he never considers if the genius of his instrument is in accordance with the character of the music. Given any piece of music, from a symphony of Beethoven's to "Pop goes the Weasel," both inclusive, and any instrument or combination of instruments, from the organ or full orchestra down to an accordion, and he will adapt the one to the other with a placid unconsciousness of the failure in the result that is very edifying. We have heard an organist play "Wait for the Waggon" on the large organ at a music-hall. Musical boxes exist which tinkle out the "Hallelujah Chorus" to the entire satisfaction of their hearers, and we once heard the same composition performed by a German band consisting of cornet, trombone, and double-bass. The clarionet announced the "King of kings" in a sort of pompous squeak, and the other instruments replied with "Hallelujah, hallelujah," in what are technically known as consecutive fifths. No doubt the popularity of transcriptions is in a great measure attributable to the fact that very many people are quite incapable of understanding "music pure;" unless it is attached either immediately or in their memories with words, it has no meaning for them; "*Sonate que veux tu?*" they say with the witty Frenchman. It must be considered very unfortunate that the greatest composers have given at least an implied sanction to this vicious practice. Hummel and Czerny themselves arranged Mozart's and Beethoven's symphonies, and as far as Mozart is concerned there is more to be said for them than for any of their tribe, as the main form in a composition of Mozart's is always of surpassing beauty; but what shall we say when we find that Mendelssohn arranged for the piano his gorgeous overtures? A skeleton would give a more complete idea of the human form divine, an engraving would give a much better notion of the most highly coloured picture, than the cleverest transcription would give of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's orchestral works. Can we wonder then, that the smaller men—

Drawing foul example from fair names—

have done their worst to vitiate the public taste and choke up the openings—few enough before—for the acquisition of really good and original works? So long as people are found ready to buy compositions of the class I have been describing so long will there be found men willing to profit by the labours of

(To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Sir,—Allow me to offer a word or two of protest with respect to an article which appeared in a very recent impression of the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the head of "Musical Transcription." The writer in his anxiety to express disapproval of a certain kind of pianoforte music—a disapproval in which I wholly concur—falls foul of a kind which is really just as beneficial to the art as the other is detrimental. The so-styled "transcriptions" for the pianoforte by Thalberg, Liszt, &c., are very different things from carefully made pianoforte arrangements of the orchestral symphonies and overtures of the great masters, for two hands or for four, as solos or as duets. Instead of deprecating the existence of such arrangements, I rejoice in them, and for the best of reasons. They help to make very many familiar with those works who, though genuine amateurs, are still far from being able to read, much more to play from full score—a talent possessed but by a small minority even of musicians, and by a still smaller number in any degree of perfection. Beethoven himself not only sanctioned arrangements of his symphonies, overtures, &c., for septet and quintet bands and in other forms, but made not a few of such arrangements himself. Happily there is scarcely a quartet or quintet by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Onslow, Spohr, Schubert, or Schumann (to avoid naming inferior men) which does not also exist in the shape of a duet for two performers on the pianoforte; and through the medium of such arrangements, many of them by the masters themselves or made under their supervision, or with their full acquiescence, numbers are benefited who have but rare occasion of listening to these compositions in their original forms. The writer of the article to which I refer seems to have got a notion into his head that these arrangements have something in common with the "transcriptions" he condemns at the outset, and attributes their popularity to the incapability on the part of very many people of understanding "music pure." Now the truth is that amateurs who acquaint themselves with Mozart's and Beethoven's quartets and symphonies as pianoforte solos or duets—"music pure" in the strictest application of the phrase—would never cast a look at any of the so-called "transcriptions," least of all at those by Thalberg, music not "pure" by any means. What the fantasias of Thalberg, which nevertheless are better than his "music proper," can have to do with such arrangements I am at a loss to make out. But by an expression which he employs in connection with them—"*rewriting* compositions much more effective in their original form"—I imagine that your contributor's idea of Thalberg's fantasias is very different from that which ordinarily obtains. There is no such thing as "rewriting" in "transcriptions" or arrangements (call either by which name we please). Thalberg only does what much greater men than he have done before him—Mozart and Beethoven, for example, to say nothing of all the most distinguished pianoforte composers, from Steibelt, Woelfl and Dussek to Hummel, Weber and Chopin. There is nothing new but his manner of doing it. To write variations or build a fantasia upon an operatic melody is almost as old as music. J. S. Bach and Handel both delighted in the variation style. For my part, I should be loth to part with the models in this form of writing which Mozart and Beethoven, to say nothing of the pianoforte composers just mentioned, have left us; though I should not much regret if all the fantasias and "transcriptions" of Thalberg, Liszt, and Co., were submitted to a general bonfire. The fact is the one is good, the other not good. Handel's simple variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (in one of his harpsichord lessons) are worth all that Liszt and Thalberg together have produced. Your contributor further objects to Handel's choruses being performed upon the organ. Why, he would have every organist in Germany and England against him. I have not a doubt but that Handel often played them to himself. Operatic selections on the organ are certainly in bad taste, but that is a very different matter. To carry out your contributor's theory to its fullest extent, he would not only object to what are called pianoforte scores of operas, but to the pianoforte scores of oratorios, by the circulation of cheap hand-editions of which Novello, Boosey, Cocks, and other publishers have done a world of good—as may be seen any night during a performance of sacred music at Exeter or St. James's Hall. And what are these adaptations after all? The voice parts, solo and chorus, are preserved intact (no "rewriting"), while the orchestral accompaniments are condensed for the pianoforte, which, as one who lays himself out as a musical critic ought to know, is an orchestra in itself. That I may not be thought I am misrepresenting your contributor, permit me to reproduce a short passage or two from his article. After accounting in his manner for the popularity of "transcriptions," he goes on thus:—"It must be considered very unfortunate that the greatest composers have given at least an implied sanction to this vicious practice;" and then refers to the arrangements of Mozart's and Beethoven's symphonies by Hummel and Czerny, thus clearly labouring others, and acquire a cheap popularity at little or no cost to themselves. The question, therefore, rests with the great body of amateurs, and we are sorry to add that it might be in much better hands.

LEEDS.—Among the opportunities of hearing good music which the people of Leeds enjoy, none have a better claim than Dr. Spark's Tuesday afternoon organ recitals and Saturday evening concerts. Occasionally concerts of a high class are organised in this town, and public singers and instrumentalists of repute assist at them. But meanwhile we draw from our own resources an abundant and constant supply of excellent music selected with taste and performed with talent. The organ performances at the Town Hall on Tuesday afternoons are delightful. In hearing them one passes a pleasant hour and obtains a short respite from the cares of the material world and a glimpse of the world of imagination. The great and varied powers of the instrument which the people of Leeds possess are put to good use. Selections from the works of classical and popular composers make up the programme, always characterised by research and good taste. A [illegible] anthem or chorus from an oratorio of Handel or Haydn, a passage from a sonata or symphony by Mendelssohn or Beethoven, an overture to one of Rossini's or Mozart's operas, a national air—such are the kinds of music with which Dr. Spark delights his Tuesday audiences. On Saturday evenings the organ performances are varied by choral, solo, and part-singing by local vocalists of ability. Dr. Spark always puts together such a programme as enables him to bring out every one of the many beauties of the instrument he knows so well—now the delicate tones of its vocal and flute-like notes, and now the bursts of its diapasons. We have attended several of the Tuesday organ performances lately to better judge of their general character, and feel justified in saying that no one attending them is likely to be disappointed. Of the Saturday evening concerts we can speak equally well; and when it is considered that these entertainments are open to the public at almost nominal prices, their advantage as a means of improving the popular taste in music can hardly be overestimated.—*Abridged from "Yorkshire Post and Leeds Intelligencer,"* Jan. 13.

under the impression that a pianoforte arrangement of an orchestral symphony, with not a note changed, nothing omitted, and nothing added, is the same kind of thing as a "transcription" by Thalberg, where all that is not Thalberg's is the bare melody (the harmony itself being often altered and always otherwise distributed than in the original), which by variations and *roulades* is spread over from twelve to twenty pages! But your contributor makes a kind of reservation in favour of Mozart. "As far as Mozart is concerned, there is more to be said for them (the 'transcriptions') than for any of the others, as the main form in a composition of Mozart's is alone a thing of surpassing beauty." Now as in arranging Haydn's or Beethoven's symphonies precisely the same method is resorted to as in arranging the symphonies of Mozart, I confess myself unable to understand the force of this sentence. Where is that "main form" which saves Mozart from being disfigured by "transcribers," and does not save Beethoven (a master of form if there ever was one)? By arranging most of his great orchestral and chamber compositions for the pianoforte himself, and thus, so to speak, becoming his own engraver, Mendelssohn has won the gratitude of all musicians and amateurs of music. No one else could have done it so well, and his doing it establishes two facts—first, that he approved of such arrangements, and second, that he felt a parent's solicitude for everything he sent forth to the world in his name. The harmony is just as full and substantial in the arrangement as in the score—nothing indeed being wanting but the orchestral tints. Of course, I would rather hear Mendelssohn's overtures played by an orchestra than by two of the most brilliant performers on the pianoforte; but I would just as much rather hear them played on the pianoforte than not at all. I will be bound to say that [illegible] the other night at the Monday Popular Concerts enjoyed the significant performance of Beethoven's magnificent "Posthumous" quartet in B flat enjoyed it half so much as those who had made themselves already familiar with its "main form" and countless beauties of detail through the aid of a four-hand arrangement for piano. Let such as read scores fluently read them—perhaps your contributor is one of those enviable few; but such as are unable (99 out of 100) can hardly do better—wanting Herr Joachim and his companions—than study them at the piano.

Z.

FORMATION OF A GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION IN WATERFORD.—A meeting was held a few nights since for this purpose. The meeting was presided over by J. A. Blake, Esq., M.P., and resolutions were passed for the furtherance of the object.

COLOGNE.

(From our original correspondent.)

A great musical event for the amateurs of Cologne took place last night at a splendid musical party ending with a magnificent ball, given by the very first patrons of musical art here, *Herr and Frau Robert Schnitzler*. This amiable couple does not only belong to the best Society, but is in every respect one of the most interesting people of this town. The event in question was the production (for the first time in Cologne) of the charming operetta of Mendelssohn, *Die Heimkehr* (Son and Stranger according to Chorley's english version). This very delicate musico-dramatical *bluette*, composed by the deeply regretted master on 1829 in England, was only destined as a present to his parents for the 25th anniversary of their marriage (*die silberne Hochzeit*). Having been performed at Mendelssohn's father's house on the occasion by his relations and friends, it was reproduced during many years to celebrate the birth day of the same different friends and relations, so that the composer considering it a Sacred *piece de famille*, declined every proposition to publish it during his lifetime. This work being very popular in england I think it superfluous to send you an analytical account of it and let me speak at once of the yesterday's performance which was in every respect a first rate one. The piano Solos were capitally executed by the Lady of the house an excellent pianist and F. Hiller, who undertook also the accompaniment of the operetta. The Singing was entrusted in very good hands. The part of *Lisbeth* was splendidly sung by a pupil of the Conservatoire here, Fraülein *Ivan Radecke* a very pretty girl and a charming Singer with a delicious Soprano voice. Her distinguished teacher *Madame Marchesi* Sang the contralto part (the mother) as a real *maestra di canto*. An excellent amateur *Herr Fuss* of Cologne sang very well the tenor part (Hermann) and the brilliant part of Baryton (Kauz) was executed *con amore*, by *Segnor Marchesi*. The chorus singers were the best amateurs of Cologne and the celebrated poet and novelist *Dr. Muller von Königswinter* * read the dialogues. The work as well as its execution met with a decided success. How interesting was this performance for me you may judge by the following account. It was on 1851 in London that I heard once this charming operetta, when sung for the first time in an english attire, and by a very extraordinary chance two of the first singers on that occasion were the Same I heard here last night, singing the Same parts in German. The *Heimkehr* having been at the time just translated by E. Chorley, Fraülein Graumann (now Madame Marchesi) then a concert Singer very well known in England gave it at her residence 15 Argyll Street W. with the following cast. Pianoforte Benedict and Lindsay Sloper, Soprano Mrs Enderssohn, Tenor Mr Lockey, Contralto Fraülein Graumann and Baryton Signor Marchesi. The Small part of Schultz who has only to sing a tone of *f* in the terzetto No. 7 was executed by the celebrated Manuel Garcia, singing master of Signor and Signora Marchesi, as a proof of respect for Mendelssohn's genius. E. Chorley read the lecture of the dialogues and the chorus was entrusted to first-rate amateurs. Chevalier Bunsen the deplored Prussian ambassador, archeologist and literary man, (who loved Mendelssohn like a Son) and Mrs Bunsen made the honneurs of the very crowded and fashionable party. Although Sixteen years are elapsed, I can not still forget the Scene [illegible] meditation prevailing over the audience, during the whole performance of the little operetta in Fraülein Graumann's house. Being the first time of its production [illegible] German and English friends residing in London [illegible] together [illegible] one of the posthumous works which had just been published, they listened with a kind of religious feeling to the beautiful Small act of the *Son and Stranger*. The admiration awakened by it was mixed with sorrowful regrets, and the audience deeply affected paid a double tribute of applause and tears to the memory of the too soon departed great composer!

At the fourth Soirée of the *Cölnisch quartett*, on tuesday last evening, a quartet of Schubert and one of Beethoven were performed with the usual excellence by Königslöw, Zapha, Derkum and Schmit. The great feature of the evening was a *Serenade* for pianoforte, à quattremains, a sparkling new production of the never exhausted imagination of F. Hiller very beautifully plaied by the composer and professor *Gernsheim*.

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Jan 14th 1857

* "The gifted and truth-loving" author of Beethoven *Forunge*—(see *The Saturday Review*).—A. S. S.

DUBLIN.—Miss Anna Hiles has been singing in the *Messiah*. The Dublin *Daily Express* informs us that her execution of the solos was much admired. The *Freeman's Journal* says that she was warmly welcomed, and that she was heard to great advantage in the "Come unto Him," "But Thou didst not leave," and before (though after) all "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.
DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

235th CONCERT (NINTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1867.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini and Piatti ... *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Vedrai carino"—Miss Louisa Pyne ... *Mozart.*
SONATA, in E minor, Op. 70, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Hallé ... *Weber.*

PART II.

ROMANCE, in F, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim ... *Beethoven.*
AIR, "La Biondina in gondoletta"—Miss Louisa Pyne ... *Peer.*
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti ... *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR ... MR. BENEDICT.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

236th CONCERT (TENTH CONCERT OF THE NINTH SEASON).

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 28th, 1867.

THIRD APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 13, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti ... *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "L'ombrosa notte vien" (*Mathilde*)—Miss Louisa Pyne ... *Hummel.*
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 110, for Pianoforte alone (by desire)—Mr. Charles Hallé ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, "Il trillo del Diavolo," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim ... *Tartini.*
SONG, "The Maiden's Story"—Miss Louisa Pyne ... *Sullivan.*
QUINTET, in A major, Op. 114, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. Charles Hallé, Joachim, Henry Blagrove, Piatti and Reynolds ... *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR ... MR. BENEDICT.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will take place as follows, viz.:—

Monday	February	4	1867	Monday	March	4	1867
Monday	"	11	"	Monday	"	11	"
Monday	"	18	"	Monday	"	18	"
Monday	"	25					

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays: February 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd, March 2nd, 16th.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MISS MARY MACARTHY having returned to London, will be happy to receive Pupils for Instruction on the Pianoforte. All particulars may be obtained of Miss Mary Macarthy, at 26, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Oliue filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de la Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance is to be sold for Thirty-five Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

DEATH

On the 20th inst., at 66, Upper Berkeley Street, Mrs. Gauer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

MUSICUS.—Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 2, had never been played at the Monday Popular Concerts until Mr. Hallé introduced it the other night.

HORACE MAYHEW.—*Epanorthosis* is a correction of one's self; *aposiopesis* a holding of one's peace. Consult Aristotle. Garnishing of the speech alone in regard of the person is double apostrophe (turning to the person), or *prosopopœia* (feigning of the person). Consult Aristotle.

PAUL MOUNT.—"*Tityre, lentus in umbra*," &c.: Virgil's *Eclogues* (No. 1). The paper in the *Spectator* in which the quotation serves as motto, is by Budgell.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

ALBERT LORTZING.

(Continued from page 24.)

A LETTER of the 21st June contains four pages of directions as to the cheapest way of coming to Berlin, of moving the furniture, etc. Then follow the subjoined hasty lines:—

"I wait and wait, but the money promised me does not come. For fear, therefore, that you might be without any when you most need it, I send you all I can spare—ten *thalers.*—I think I shall have the remainder to-morrow. I may mention that I sat ——, Herr K*** has not yet forwarded me the fourteen thalers, though I asked him [illegible] to do so only a short time since. If you directed the things to be sent, they are most probably there. I have not yet made any inquiries after them, as I might be obliged to fetch them away, and I am for the present unable to do so.—Since yesterday at noon I have been stopping at Töpfer's Hotel, as my landlady has let the room I occupied.—Soon! Soon! Soon!—Your ALBERT."

[Last Letter, consisting of only three lines.]

"MY DEAR GOOD WIFE,—I write in haste to say that to-morrow morning you shall have the money necessary for your journey. I shall not receive it till this afternoon. With best love, your
ALBERT LORTZING."

[To Düringer, Mannheim.]

Berlin, 11th July, 1850.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter reached me just as the moment my family, goods, furniture, etc., arrived, causing a great state of confusion, disorder, and chaos around me; consequently, for the nonce, I shall speak merely of business matters. You play *Undine*—so, once more there is something of mine—one more! I shall earn something from your theatre.—You want to borrow the Frankfort score, eh? I do not like the notion. The management at Frankfort, you must know, bought the score from a certain manager of the name of Becurt (then in Magdeburg), who received from me the very *first* copy. The *second* was given to Hamburgh. It was not till after the performance at the latter place that I put the opera into really proper shape, for it was previously too long in many parts, a fact for which I could have boxed my own ears, as this is not generally my failing. I have no doubt that some one also has cut the lengthy portions, but whether he has done so judiciously is another question. I even wrote for Vienna another ending for the second and the last act—if I am not mistaken, I sent both the alterations to the late Herr Guhr at Frankfort. In the accompanying marked book the erasures show what must be left out, and it would also be very advisable to omit Berthalda's air, supposing it cannot be well sung. For the overture too I composed in Vienna another and more effective ending. That likewise must be in Frankfort. Remember me kindly to Lachner, to whose care I entrust the opera, *especially the finale to the 3rd act.* The same to Mühldorfer, who will here be in his element—tell him that the moon does not appear till the last chorus is sung, as there is some separate music for the moonshine caper.—I remarked in Hamburgh that the last act of all was too long. Give your dear wife our most hearty congratulations on her convalescence.—As soon as ever I have got a little straight, you shall have a *private* letter from me. For the moment, I cannot possibly write one. So, meanwhile, I remain your
ALBERT LORTZING.
"(*Leuenstrasse, No. 53.*)"

"*Berlin, 1st August*, 1850.

"MY DEAR, DEAR BROTHER,—So fate has once more persecuted us, each in a different manner, but she has treated you poor fellow worse than me. God preserve me and everyone from such visitations.*

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Heaven be praised, I cannot complain of any fearful cases of illness, properly so speaking, in my family; the fact of my wife's suffering from her eyes is an evil that cannot be remedied, and both she and all of us have long since patiently submitted to it. May things long remain as they are; more I cannot wish. My son is still pursuing his studies as an engineer in Vienna, and is very industrious—as he tells me in his letters.—We shall know the truth at his examination. * * * * * It was an unfortunate notion of mine that of accepting a re-engagement at Leipsic. Thank God I have done with it. * * * * * * * * The theatre (Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisch) is, I hope, merely in a state of transition. The manager thought to give a certain amount of brilliancy to his undertaking by engaging me: the first street fiddler, however, would do quite as well as myself what I have now to do, "conduct and get up farces." Towards winter we are to have *Spielopern*,* for which we may the more confidently prophesy a prosperous career as this kind of piece has not been regularly cultivated in Berlin for a long time. Our Theatre is peculiarly adapted for it. Orchestra, chorus, and singers—at least as many of the last as there may be—I can manage as I choose, and that will at length render my position a very agreeable one—I think. In a word, great things may be done, supposing the manager does not—as he is inclined to do— * * * * * So then, my family has been here about three weeks. I was separated from them *a half year* (or, if I take everything into account, three quarters). * * * * * * * I lead such a life now that you would not recognise me. As for a tavern—you know I once had a liking for places of the kind—it is out of the question. How runs the song in the classical opera, "What Alessandro Urasch," etc. Yes, yes, my dear Brother, there is *really* a nature, and that you may not again abuse me for not taking you into my confidence, I will confess to you what I never confessed to anyone else, that I have been *reduced to such a state of poverty* by the last few eventful years, by repeated travelling, by the times I have been out of an engagement, but *principally* by the fact that for the last three years I have entirely lost the *power of composing* that Germany would blush at it, supposing she had any shame left. The— God knows, and my family know, that I have always worked hard, but for three years I have been unlucky with my last three new operas, that is to say, not one of them has been a perfect failure, but they have not done what was expected of them being mine, and the worthy Intendants, Managers, Stage-Managers and other ——, they cannot wish a success like that of *Der Freischütz* or of *Czaar und Zimmermann* being a *German* composer in the bargain—simply because he is a *German*. How they used to angle and how they still angle for French operas. What sums have Herr B—— and B. received here for Halévy's opera, *Le Val d'Andorre*, which has done nothing anywhere.—Oh! if there were only once to be a revolution in theatrical affairs!—Like the murderers of Latour and Lamberg, I would lend a hand, and help to string up the above worthies—all but a few for old friendship's sake. I might, perhaps—but only *perhaps*—make an exception. But to proceed: last year fortune was about to smile on me—the offer from London. The English papers already trumpeted forth my coming, and also the cast of the opera: "Lablache, Van Ritte, Rossi, Maria, etc." All of a sudden the correspondence came to a stand still, and has never yet been resumed.—I suspect that M. Halévy with his —— *Tempest* had something to do with this. Had the opera been successful I should at once have been extricated from my difficulties.—But to return to my wretched pecuniary condition, my dear Brother, it may be said of me as of Robert: "he has nothing more," the only difference being that I never, like him, *gambled away* my money. The little I had saved is gone; my few articles of plate and jewelry were pledged long ago; in addition to this I still owe some few hundred thalers in Leipsic. My salary brings me in (without a benefit) only 600 thalers, and scarcely suffices to buy food; and even on that I have had advances, which are deducted at a certain rate. I can swear that I sometimes want the commonest necessaries.—I have nothing left to pledge, and yet I cannot tell the truth to the world, because I feel ashamed—for the world!! I work only for those ——, the publishers. I am trodden under foot by them, and *must put up with it*.† * * * * * * * * * Such is my state of mind, my dear Brother.—That I must live as I do does not affect me in the least; thank God I can bear want, and could be as happy as a mind boy over a glass of white beer; but my dear wife grieves, and will not entertain any hope that things will ever be better. *Thus* [illegible]. At each moment I endeavour to represent to her the fate of others, who, in many respects, are worse off than we are. This does good—*for the moment*. You now know all about my sorrowful story. It will strike you very clearly that I am not at all averse to having money forwarded me. If therefore it is compatible with the regular arrangements of your theatre and you can so manage that the stipulated sum for *Undine* be *shortly* sent, I shall have one source of embarrassment less to bear. Do not forget—you who for so many years have received a *fair* salary!! May the opera succeed; I reckon it—from a musical point of view—as one of the best things I ever did.—People generally close a letter with some pleasant piece of news, but I cannot refrain from telling you something sad, namely, the death of our friend E***. I was the more moved by the intelligence because only four months ago, the poor fellow wrote me a long and interesting letter—praising his health—and—as so often occurs—I failed to reply.

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* He refers to the calamity which happened to my wife. I must here remark, the sentence originally ran: "God preserve me from such visitations;" his kindly feeling, however—as though he feared the idea of the saying his, of praying for himself alone—afterwards added over the line: "and everyone."

Das arme Herz hienieden—
Von manchem Sturm bewegt—
Erlangt den wahren Frieden
Nur—wenn es nicht mehr schlägt.

"It is now some years since I pasted these beautiful verses from the hymn book over my writing-table—because they please me so much.

"For your kindness in trying to persuade me to go to Baden, I thank you accordingly, but I am more tied down by business than ever I was. I have something to do nearly every morning, because I have to do everything myself, and whatever enjoyment I might hope to find with you amid the beautiful scenery round about, I should not like to leave my family again so soon, for I was recently separated from them for more than two months—certainly I should not, if it were to do so merely for my own pleasure.—"Everything for gold! but not beauty and fame"—yes, the words run "for God, beauty and fame." No matter—God or gold.—*I do not know the reason, but I feel as if I should never go out of Berlin again*—little as my native city pleases me with its bare environs and [illegible] dialect.—It is true that were I once more compelled to leave Berlin soon, I should not have to pay much for the removal of my furniture and other effects, for had I to wander forth it would be with nothing but my bare skin. No matter. In all my misery I count those who are near and dear to me, and not one is wanting. That thought raises me high above all the vexations of life!—You did not tell me anything in your letter about your sick child. Is she still suffering?* And now, my dear Brother, vale. What I have said to you concerning my circumstances:

"Lass in deinem Busen treuen Schrein [illegible];
Der Welt braucht es nicht bekannt zu sein,
Es brächt' es mir ja doch nichts ein!—
Grüss mir die brave Hausfrau dein
Gott möge Heilung dir verleihen,
Dass du noch manches Jahrlein
Dich mögest mit ihr des Lebens freu'n!
Viel Grüsse auch von Allen mein!"

—Yours truly, "Albert Lortzing."

This letter, so touching and ominous, despite its humorous conclusion, affected me all the more, because it reached me at Baden Baden, where I spent my holiday in the summer of 1850. Was it not there that Lortzing had been so indescribably happy with me?—How sorrowful did I feel when thinking of the pleasant days we had spent there six years before, days in which, happy and full of hope, he fancied a future of bliss was in store for him. I repeat it: he had then reached the summit of his happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

"Jeems Pipes."—Mr Stephen Massett, the composer and author, arrived last week from New York. We have heard much of this gentleman's ability, and expect to be able shortly to chronicle his success.

Mr John Francis Barnett is engaged by Colonel Mason and the Committee of the Birmingham Hospital, to compose a cantata for the ensuing musical Festival, and is now fully engaged on the work.

Herr Joachim—with Signor Piatti and their associates—have been Monday Popularising the country during the week. They returned yesterday in time for the concert this day, at which, among other things, Herr Joachim is to lead the second quintet of Beethoven (in C) and to play the same composer's Romance in G.

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* A *Spielopr* is properly a piece with music interspersed, like *The Beggars' Opera*, for instance.

† At the urgent *supplication* of his widow I pass over in silence the revolting facts with which I am acquainted and of which I possess the proofs.—How infamously was the poor fellow treated!

** My poor little daughter, twelve years old, was still suffering then, but she died soon after Lortzing's death. Lortzing always took a great interest in her. Referring to this subject, my friend Reger says, among other things, in one of his letters: "Be calm; Lortzing will now nurse your child in his lap, and, without a doubt, to greet her arrival has already composed a chorale sung by millions of angelic voices. You will have your Lina again, for Albert will take good care of her. He will bring her to you with a reminiscence of [illegible]. Thy warmest wish is now fulfilled, etc.—but not yet—not yet for a very long time. The words quoted belong to a very beautiful musical passage in the charming third finale to *Undine*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The second classical programme of the Orchestral Popular Concerts (on Thursday night) was as varied and interesting as the first. The first part began with a very fine performance of Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and ended with no less fine a performance of Spohr's great symphony, *The Consecration of Sound*. Between the two came Glinka's *Jota Arragonese*—a long ballet piece, more melodious than well constructed. In the second part we had Mr. Macfarren's fresh and vigorous overture, *Chevy Chase*, to begin with, and, as a wind up, the overture of Mendelssohn to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—both capitally played. Besides all these, Miss Fanny Jarvis gave a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's first concerto. The vocal music was contributed by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Foli (two of Mr. Mapleson's "invaluables"). The lady sang Mozart's "Deh vieni" (*Figaro*) and Mendelssohn's Italian *scena* "Infelice" (which last she cannot sing too often, seeing that she sings it so well). The gentleman gave the impressive song [illegible] long attributed to [illegible], but to which Mozart merely wrote a quartet accompaniment. These could hardly have been better given. The audience—not so numerous as we should have wished and as such a concert deserved—were charmed with everything, applauded everything, and "recalled" the singers and the pianist.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Martin has been unfortunate at his last two concerts, so far as numbers are concerned, for neither at the *Creation* on the 3rd, nor *Judas Maccabæus* on the 17th, was Exeter Hall anything like as well filled as is ordinarily the case when an oratorio is announced. Nor was the comparative scantiness confined to the audience alone, for the chorus seemed also sadly diminished, and, although generally of a confiding and trustful disposition, I could not persuade myself (even with the aid of a glass of very strong magnifying power) that the "band and chorus of 700" were represented much beyond half that imposing figure. True, the weather (which it would hardly be libellous to describe as inclement) might and probably did have a good deal to do with the paucity alluded to; but mere numerical deficiency was more than compensated by the enthusiasm of those present, who loudly applauded Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Leigh Wilson, and Mr. Santley, the principal singers in Haydn's genial work, and were not less alive to the merits of Mdme. Suchet Champion, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, in the spirit stirring composition of Handel. Applause is not, however, an invariable test of merit, being in some instances rather a display of friendly feeling than of accurate judgment, while in others a mere clap trap straining for effect is mistaken for legitimate singing. However, in the majority of cases at the two performances in question the audience were, as the lawyers say, "in their right." That "See the conquering hero comes" should be encored was only to be expected, and although Mr. Martin endeavoured to turn a deaf ear, and had got half way through the succeeding march, the clamour was so continued that there was no help for it but to repeat the jubilant strains which are so frequently prostituted to the basest of purposes. Mr. Leigh Wilson was also encored in "Sound an alarm," which he sang with vigour. In the other two no less trying airs, "Call forth thy powers" and "How vain is man," Mr. Wilson certainly left much to be desired. It is a matter of regret that this gentleman, for whom nature has done so much (in the way of voice), should have done so little to turn his natural gift to the best advantage. Without study—downright hard work—the finest voice in the world is "but as naught." If nothing else were wanting to stimulate him to exertion, the present unfortunate dearth of really good tenor singers should be sufficient to induce Mr. Wilson to cultivate assiduously the means given him, and not remain content with a level of bare mediocrity. The prize is worth trying for. There is, in addition to mere fame, something more substantial to be reached—namely, fortune; but to achieve either (much more both) Mr. Wilson must study perseveringly.

DRINKWATER HARD.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD resumes her "Pianoforte Recitals" in the country at the beginning of the week. Her first "Recital" will be given at Hull.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the Daily Telegraph.*)

Monday last was almost exclusively devoted to Beethoven. The practice of labelling nights in this way with the names of certain composers has been wisely discontinued; but it so happened that on Monday last four of the six pieces performed were by the greatest of all musical [illegible]. The opening quartet was that in C major, third of the set which, dedicated to Count Rasoumowski, the Russian ambassador at the Court of Vienna, has made his name immortal. This last is the most generally popular of the three, and the andante, an unbroken stream of pure melody, must always prove captivating even to an unmusical audience. The loveliness of this movement can scarcely be surpassed; but the finale is still more wonderful, the interest of the listener being kept up with unabated force from the opening fugato to the brilliant and exciting coda. Long as the movement is, it was followed with deep attention, and succeeded by loud applause. A fit companion for the quartet was found in the duet sonata in C minor, its junior by some years, but amply entitled to equal rank. Strange to say, this glorious composition, the beauty of which seems to commend itself on first acquaintance to our ears, must be reckoned with those works which failed at first to be appreciated. That Beethoven himself must have cherished this comparatively early offspring of his brain is shown by the persistence with which he repeats the theme of the adagio, as though he had fallen in love with his own creation and was loth to let it out of his sight. The piano solo was also from Beethoven's works, it being the sonata in F minor, to which the music publisher, Cranz, appended the epithet *appassionata*—a name that has clung to it ever since. To say that the pianist was Madame Arabella Goddard is to imply that the execution was simply and utterly faultless; but such negative reference is a practical injustice to playing to which no amount of the most positive praise could do justice. As we remarked last week in speaking of Herr Joachim, it is the privilege of a very few of the most highly gifted artists to fascinate the hearer into the belief that the execution has never before reached so high a level. And certainly we have never heard the intricate passages that abound in the *Sonata Appassionata*, especially in the finale, articulated with such marvellous distinctness and accuracy as on this occasion. The simple theme of the andante, clothed in richest harmonies, was announced with becoming majesty, while the brilliant variations that relieve the melody, as the ringing voices of happy children might play about the full tones of an organ, were rendered to a wish. One of the very grandest of Beethoven's incomparable two-and-thirty sonatas, the *Appassionata*, has rarely indeed received grander illustration. The Bonn musician was finally represented by the finest chamber vocal piece which even he has written—"Adelaida"—which no singer of our time has sung with such mingled delicacy and fire as Mr. Sims Reeves. His other solo was an Arabian love song, a graceful, elegant effusion of Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Reeves was in excellent voice, and, being encored, as a matter of course, departed from his usual custom by repeating both songs. The programme was pleasantly closed by Haydn's quartet in B flat (op. 64), one of the finest of the eighty-three which we possess from his pen. It is needless to add that Herr Joachim fairly divided the honours with Madame Arabella Goddard in the duet sonata, and that in the quartet he was ably supported by MM. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti.

LANCASTER.—The second and third entertainments given by the Lancashire Athenæum took place in the Music Hall on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday last. *Martha* was performed for the first time in Lancaster on Monday. Madame Lancia's "Last rose of summer" and "Here alone I mourn" were perfect. Miss Alessandri, as Betty, showed improvement since her last visit to Lancaster. We do not remember to have heard Mr. Parkinson sing so well before. Mr. Rosenthal (Plunkett), though not gifted with a powerful baritone voice, knows how to use what nature has endowed him with. The opera for Tuesday was *Un Ballo in Maschera*. The cast the same as in the previous opera, with the addition of Miss Blanche Cole, who took the part of Edgar (page). Madame Lancia sang even better than on Monday. In every sense of the word we consider Madame Lancia an artist. Mr. Parkinson was Riccardo, Miss Alessandri Ulrica, and Mr. Rosenthal Renato.

Letters to Well-known Characters

AU VÉNÉRABLE DOCTOR ABRAHAM SILENT.

MONSIEUR,—Votre spirituel confrère, *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* est un journal très sérieux. Seulement, il a tort d'accuser de ses fautes les autres. Il n'a qu'à ouvrir ses propres colonnes pour y trouver la phrase qui, passée dans le *Musical World* paraît tant l'offusquer. Une citation hors ses conditions, un journal intelligent ne la relève pas. Mais il avait une défense à placer et il a préféré la mettre aux autres. C'est commode. Il y a une vieille vérité mise dans un local et fort bien présentée, d'un ancien philosophe Grec.—Avant de juger les autres, tâche de te connaître toi même. ENGEL.

TO SAMUEL TOPER TABLE, Esq.

SIR,—On the outskirts of Warwickshire there stands an old ruined house surrounded by trees. An old woman and her two daughters live there. In this house is an old lumber room which is said to be haunted, for on each Christmas Eve horrid sounds are heard to come from it. Now Christmas Eve was drawing near, and the two girls (Jemima and Seraphina) were determined to go into the lumber room on this particular evening and see what was there. The night was come, and they crept softly upstairs. The stairs creaked vocally; they stopped at the door; their hearts beat violently, and Jemima said to Seraphina, "I dare not go in—hark! what was that?" "It was only a groan," said the brave Seraphina. They opened the door of the lumber room and looked in; they could see nothing—all was in darkness. They went in and shut the door; then the moon shone forth in all her splendour, and revealed, up in a corner, a figure huddled up. Jemima uttered a shriek. "Be brave," said her courageous sister Seraphina, "I will go and see who it is." She advanced, and got a stick and poked it. It never moved. She gave it a harder hit, and this time it fell with a heavy smash down on the floor, and lo! the moonlight streamed in, and they beheld a *dilapidated old Table!* KITTIE GLASS.

[Excellent, Miss Glass! excellent. You have fairly turned the tables on Mr Table, who will scarcely try to mystify again so clever a sharp, and at the same so prettily spoken a person as yourself. You are a veritable table-rapper, my dear Miss Glass.—A. S. SILENT.]

TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

DEAR DR. A. S. SILENT,—I heard from Bodger again last Saturday—a very laconic note. Here it is, *verbatim*:—

Bullockton, 19th Jan.

"DEAR EGG,—I have read as how them Monday Popular Concerts is first rate. Take a couple of tickets for next Monday, and look out for me. Never mind the price—wheat's well up.—Truly yours,

"BARTIMEUS BODGER."

I took the tickets, regardless of expense, and looked out for my old friend, as requested. He came in his churchwarden black, and at the appointed time (I pass over irrelevant dinner talk about the cattle plague and the last row with the Bullockton organist) we set out for St. James's Hall. *En route* Bodger's ample face changed its jovial after-dinner expression, as if he had suddenly thought of something serious, and, turning to me, he uttered these emphatic words: "No trombones?" "Calm yourself, my friend," said I, "not one." Bodger heaved a great sigh of relief, and at that moment cabby drew up at the Piccadilly entrance. We soon found our seats on the side benches, you know, Doctor, where one can "survey mankind" with ease—and by the time my friend had mastered the programme (not without a grumble at the "crack-jaw" Rasoumowsky) the quartet players made their appearance. Of course I had to indentify them all for him, but he fixed his regards mainly on "the young man with the bass viol." Said he, after a lengthened scrutiny, "I've heard a deal about that Pyeatte, but he's a furriner clear enough, and I ain't got much faith in furriners. T'other three be English, that's a comfort." I pointed out the fact of Joachim being a Hungarian, but Bodger exclaimed, "Bosh! that fiddler with the clean face a Hungryun! I'll wager he's English to the backbone. One look's enough to tell me that, and I dessay his name's Joe Akin if we could only get at the truth. I'm up to their dodges." At that moment the quartet commenced, and I let my friend have his own way. All through that matchless performance Bodger sat erect and still as a statue, his gaze resting now on Piatti, now on Joachim, and at the close his figure seemed to collapse as if excitement had wound him up too high. But recovering instantly, he brought his stick to bear upon the floor with prodigious energy, shouting to me meanwhile, "Pyeatte can play, there's no denying on't; but Joe Akin, don't talk to me any more about your Paganinis and your furriners. I always said we could whop 'em in anything, even fiddling." The "Arabian Love-song" was not much to his taste, but he was glad to see Sullivan accompanying it, and had judged him to be "a clever little chap" on the strength of a *Te Deum* of his they "do" at Bullockton Church. Arabella Goddard's playing of the "Appassionata" was another sensation for Bodger. "When she began that slow bit," said he at its close, "I felt as if I was in the churchwarden's pew." "She is an Englishwoman," I remarked. "Certainly," replied my friend, "but Pyeatte can play, mind you." Now came the recess, which Bodger improved by studying the *Daily Telegraph* notice of the previous concert. "Egg," said he all of a sudden, "what's a Nestor?" "A Nestor, Bodger," I replied, "is an old and venerable sage." "Then I see," he went on, "that the Nestor of your press fellows is Mr Sutherland Edwards." "Precisely," said I; "there he is yonder, talking to the writer of the article." "What!" ejaculated Bodger, "that tall young man a Nestor? Now look here, Egg, none of that, you know." "Well, if you won't believe me," I answered, "go and ask Dr Silent; there he sits at the end of the side bench in front of us; he was the young man's godfather, and ought to know." My friend's modesty declined an introduction to you, Doctor, but he took your measure, if staring can do it. Indeed yourself and godchild engaged the greater part of his attention till the performance recommenced. That Nestor business was plainly too much for his comprehension, but certain emphatic snorts indicated unbelief as the uppermost feeling with regard to it. The second part of the concert I must hurry over. You should have heard him (perhaps you did, as I saw a gathering frown on your amiable face) thump out the time of the scherzo in the C minor sonata with his stick. Sims Reeves in "Adelaide," made him speculate as to the effect of that grand voice in Bullockton Church; and at the close of Papa Haydn's quartet, he seized my hand and shook it till it ached. "Egg," said he, "the first thing I do when I get home shall be to lock up Jenny's piano, burn my bass-viol for fire-wood, and then stop away from church with a bad cold. I've heard music now, and don't want none any longer."

The old fellow started for Bullockton next morning in the same mood. As the train moved off he put his head out, and roared back "If you see Pyeatte, say I forgive his being a furriner, and say 'Thank 'ee' to Arabella Goddard for me."—Ever yours, dear Doctor, THADDEUS EGG.

The Hutch, Jan. 22.

P.S.—I expect a letter from Jenny Bodger, if the old man keeps his word about locking up the piano. Look out, therefore, next week.—T. E.

TO JOSEPH BENNETT, Esq.

MY DEAR J. B.,—I was entranced beyond the seventh heaven of delight on Saturday evening last. I soared aloft with the great musical divines—Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, who assembled in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, with their brethren in art, Herr L. Ries and Mr Zerbini. Oh! sir! I cannot describe my rapturous bliss, my emotions were so perfectly tuned by the divine music that wafted around me, and for a long time after those sacred tones had passed the boundary of my hearing, when my body was exposed to the severe weather Jack Frost had placed around us, still my soul rejoiced within me. I felt myself to be a new creature, and those inspired feelings which genius creates glowed within my bosom with renewed pleasure, every nerve beat joyfully within me, my pulses leaped with delight, and my tongue uttered these words:—Music, I love thee, thou art the joy of my soul; let thy blessings attend me on earth that I may revel with thy eternal harmonies and gather pleasures that will do my soul good. Amen, says my pen.

The string Quartet played by these distinguished artists was Beethoven's in E flat, op. 74. Herr Joachim was most ably supported by his colleagues, as you will understand better than I am able to tell.

Herr Joachim played Solos, Andante (Bach) and Gavotte, Leclair, as only the prince of violinists can.

Whenever Joachim draws his Bow across his Violin he creates a charm that goes straight to the heart; indeed he unites our heart strings to the emotions of his own soul, which, turns his Fiddle for the time present into a living piece of wood which sings and addresses the impulsive feelings of our souls, as he wills, according to the fervent of the author he may be interpreting. He received an enthusiastic encore when he played another movement from Old Father Bach's Sonatas, which was more exhilarating and soul stirring than the preceding pieces he played.

Signor Piatti played the Sonata in A major with Piano accompaniments—Boccherini, a genial and melodious composition one which enables the great violoncellist to exhibit his marvellous manipulation and wonderful facility of expression; the audience cheered him most heartily and would have hailed a repetition, but, the noble artist only appeared to bow his acknowledgement.

Madame Schumann the world renowned Pianist played "Slumber Song" Schumann and Polonaise—Chopin. The fair lady played her husband's lullaby with exquisite taste and lovely expression, her lovely phrasing and her most lovely touch rendered a charm to this exquisite piece of writing which my pen is unable to express; the spirit of poetry sets her fingers in motion and her instrument discourses the celestial sweetness of the Queen who presides and illustrates the ideas of inspired composers; such was the case when she played in concert with Joachim and Piatti Mendelssohn's grand Trio in C minor; this was the finale piece. Had Mendelssohn been present in person and played upon the feelings of these inspired artists, I really believe that his superb conception could not have been more adequately rendered.

Miss Louisa Pyne was the vocalist and she sang with all the powers of her artistic skill—"Vedrai carino"—Don Giovanni—Mozart; "Rose softly blooming—Spohr; and a Serenade by Gounod. A word of praise is due to Mr Zerbini for the admirable taste he displayed in accompanying the several pieces on the Piano.—Truly yours, (my dear J. D.)

Jan, 21st 1867 THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH

P.S. By your kind permission to Thomas Noon Gadd

PERGOLESE

Patriarch, in music tone,
Ethereal themes spring from his shrine,
Ringing sweet impart
Glorious feelings within our hearts,
Oh! this is harmony divine
Let St. Cecilia's imply their ear,
Enable his lines, let honours [illegible],
Sweet harmonies ring low entwine
Enchant each soul in all their [illegible]

(*To Shirley Brooks Esq*)

Edgeley Jan 21 THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH

TO PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT

SIR,—It is not an historical-analytical description of the musical doing in Leipzig which I am going to give to the readers of the London World but a simple sketch of it only to show how far advanced from our large Metropolis is, in musical art, the comparatively small town Leipzig, although no more the very first in Europe, as it was during many years under the autocratical sceptre of Mendelssohn and Schumann, possess still so many musical capacities of a very high order, as well as a great quantity of musical Institutions and Societies which make it even now one of the most important and interesting musical places in the civilized world. The conservatoire founded on the 2nd of April 1843, under the direct patronage of the King of Saxony, possess its own house, and since a few years has got a new Small Concert room for the pupils private soirées, the *Vortragsaal* [illegible]. The best productive branches of this celebrated establishment are Composition and counterpoint, (Hauptmann) Violin (David) and Pianoforte (Moscheles and Reinecke). The vocal department is quite null. The director and administrator of it is Herr Conrad Schleinitz, a lawyer, great amateur and first rate singer (tenor) who during great many years has dedicated his time intelligence and money to the prosperity of the establishment. Since this winter only (1866-67) a Dr. philo. *Oscar Paul* has been appointed professor of music at the University of Leipzig. Till now there were only musical lecturers not belonging to the university. One of them a remarkable man was the Dr Philo. *Gottfried Wilhelm Fink*, redacteur of the *Allgemeinen-musikalischenzeitung* who died on 1846. Presently, out of Dr. Paul, the Dr Philos. (honoris causa) *Hermann Langer*, director of the *Pauliner gesangVerein*, is the only one authorized to give public lectures on music at the university. Dr Paul being a man of a very high order as a Philosopher as well as a musical historiographer and being yet little known because very young I think a biographical notice of him may prove interesting to the musical world. *Oscar Paul* was born on 1836 in a small town *Frauenhain* in *Silesia*, where his father was clergyman at the time. After having made his first studies at the best School of Görlitz, he went to the University of Leipzig to learn the theology. He had a great disposition for music, but was compelled to interrupt the study of it having nearly lost his hearing when 16 years old. After a long treatment under Professor Dr Theodor Weber a celebrated anatomist and Philologist, Paul recovered completely. From this moment he left the theology by side and began to learn music with all the strength of his ardent soul. On 1860, after going through the regular examination, he was received as Doctor Philos. and *Artium Magister* and on 1866 having published his highly interesting philosophical musical work—*Die absolute Harmonik der Griechen*—(Leipzig by Alfred Dörfel) he was appointed professor of music at the university of Leipzig. In the said work Professor Paul established for the first time, quite clearly, the determinations of the *tones* and *dynamics sounds* principally on the system of tonality admitted by Claudius Ptolemaeus. Paul enjoyed already a great reputation in Germany as musical correspondent of the *Niederrheinischer Musik Zeitung* of the *Leipziger Zeitung* and the *Recensionen* of Vienna. In this last paper I remember that a few years ago, the following communications from his pen produced a great sensation—*Shakspeare as Musiker*—showing the opinion of the great poet on music. On—*Ambros geschicht*—attacking Ambros very sharply principally upon his opinion about Grecian music. And upon—*Bellermanns Cont apunkt* Showing his great knowledge as well as the deficience of the said author in the tonality of the 16th century on the authority of Calvisius's opinion.

The private music teacher in Leipzig, according to the post office directory were 46 in number on 1865. Great many private music-schools are well frequented in Leipzig, but the very best are the two kept by Herren *Johann Zschocher* and *F. H. Kessler*, both for pianoforte tuition exclusively. An important resource for students is the public use of the musical branch of the *Stadtbibliothek* (town library) under the inspection of Herrn *Alfred Dörfel*. This rare musical collection is a present made to the town by *Herr Becker* an organist now living quite retired on a country near Leipzig where he (*great organist*) works always on his archeological musical researches. The number of the volumes of the collection in question are as follow: 500 choral collections, 250 works from the 16th and 17th century; 1500 works from the 18th and 19th century, and 1500 works on music, total 3600 works. A precious treasure in this musical library is a manuscript—*Orgelbuch*—a collection of classic works for the organ begun by S. Andreas Bach on 1754. The celebrated J. S. Bach wrote many pieces in in this book, which is minutely described in—Burney's History of Music—translated in to German by Ch. F. Michaelis (Leipzig 1822). A musical circulating library and a—*cabinet de lecture*—are kept by Herr Klemm, but the very best establishment of the kind not only in Leipzig but through Germany is the one of Herr Alfred Dörfel containing every description of ancient and modern music, and nearly every theoretical, historical, analytical and philosophical work every written on music. This learned and modest gentleman, the same musical librarian of the—*Stadtbibliothek*—was an active and highly appreciated contributor of the—*Neuen Zeitschrift für Musik*—(a Leipzig music paper) from 1846 to 1819 protecting R. Schumann whose superior musical capacities where at the time denied and contrasted by Mendelssohn's enthusiastic adorers. I have more to say on the subject, which I must defer saying till our next.—Yours very respectfully,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Cologne, 21st Jan

TO DR. GOISBLLETT

DEAR SIR,—The programme of Mr Charles Hallé's thirteenth concert Free Trade Hall Manchester, was indeed excellent. Mdlle. Titiens increased the interest of this concert by her second appearance this season. The great event however of the evening was the performance by the orchestra under Mr. Ch. Hallé's potent baton, Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." The God of nature has surrounded man with music from his birth up to the time of his death; the ear plays a part in the grand orchestra of the spheres, and though we cannot hear the sounds thereof they, nevertheless, play in strict time for the harmonies of grand innumerable hosts of planets is visible to the eyes and understanding of man. Although the human ear cannot catch the music of the spheres yet grand brilliant orbs have excited the strong imaginations of human intellect, geniuses who have laid the foundation of the sublime school of musical art; the painting of the soul, an academy from whence is emanated those grand tone-poems, those admired musical pictures, coloured with all the marvellous beauties round creation, and, which play upon those human harps of ours and set our heart-strings in pleasing motion as the grand waves of sound flow above and around us. The opening Allegro of Beethoven's charming symphony is resplendent with pastoral sweetness, it revives pleasure only to be gathered while we observe the superb beauties of nature at that particular season of the year when the verdure of the fields and woods are lovely to gaze upon, when, to leave our houses to take an excursion in the country is to enter a fairy paradise; how our eyes dwell upon the picturesque landscape before us, joy after joy greets our astonished vision, while melody flows in our hearts and, our feelings are enraptured with rapturous harmonies, as though our souls were rendering homage and praise to God. We are fascinated with the rural grandeur as we ramble through a fertile country; the rich foliage of the trees, the luxuriant beauties of the fields and groves, the gay and variegated colors of flowers added to the singing of birds; the tuneful zephyrs waft their Ariel wings through the branches laden with a rich perfume of blossoms, scattering their delightful odours with a pleasing scent and ravishing our ears with their endless variety of melodious phrases; now whispering in the distance, now stealing stealthily upon us with a swell that gushes by our ears and gradually fades away in the distance beyond us leaving an echo of enchantment in our bosoms to gratify our pleasing recollection. The Andante is a charm indeed that inspires the soul with love for the beautiful. It is the embodiment of peace, happiness smiles upon us as we listen to one of nature's concerts, the melodies of the feathered songsters chime with the golden toned echoes of the rivulet which glides along over a stony bed in gladness dancing to the echoes of its own sweet ripples by-and by it flows over a softer bed when all becomes pensive and silent as though we had sailed into another world. Oh! who can describe these thrilling effects of the voice of nature like Beethoven has done. The very emotions which thrilled his bosom by his art he transplanted them into the language of sounds and thousands of the human family yet unborn will listen with bewildered pleasure to this pastoral story.—

Listen! to the murmuring winds,
  Floating through those stately trees,—
Their ravishing melodies touch the heart,
  And thus our emotions with their glee
Hark! the crescendo loudly swell,
  Listen! to the echos as they fade away.
See! the giant trees bend their boughs,
  Rejoicing in their wild roundelays.
See! the leaves joyfully flutter
  Behold the rapture! Oh! what bliss
Why the grass trembles with delight,
  As the zephyrs its foliage kiss
The limpid brook runs gaily on,
  The winds sweep gently o'er the plain,
The feathered songsters chant their lays,
  While the rippling echos ring again

(*To Shirley Brooks, Esq.*)

The quaint jollity of the village dance is pictured by the Scherzo. It is a festival day and the village band has assembled in the meadow young men and maidens old and young are gathered together all are bent on enjoyment, they move through the figures of the dance with elastic step and constant whirl all are in motion and joyful hilarity crowns the festive scene. But hark! all eyes are turned, 'tis distant thunder! the clouds look black and are spreading their dismal mantle o'er the plains, the wind blows briskly, the lightning flashes—the thunder rolls—the rain descends from heaven in torrents—flash after flash of lightning flies in vivid hues, illuminating for the moment the wrathful elements; peal upon peal of thunder follows with terrific crash upon crash as though the firmament was rent asunder the mighty rumble flys wildly over our heads and dies in anger on the far distant horizon the rain ceases the lightning becomes less glaring the clouds draw after them their gloomy veil and the furious elements make their exit. The villagers return their heart felt thanks to Omnipotence for His Arm alone has protected them from the fearful storm; the sun shines again with all his brilliant lustre the scene becomes devotional and animating and flows with love one towards another all nature pours out again with joyful impulse the emotions of praise and thanksgiving. The band also played for the first time "Adagio and Gavotte" (from Overture in D) S. Bach these pieces are finely written and display great flow of melody and invention. If the rest of the overture is on par with this portion, it is worthy of commendation. The Overtures were "La Clemenza di Tito"—Mozart which is as gay as a marriage feast; "Le Siege de Corinth"—Rossini, a melodious and pleasing interlude; and "Zampa"—Herold a piece in various movements, wild weird, and brilliant in character.

Herr A. Petersen, a member of Ch. Hallé's orchestra, played Spohr's Dramatic Violin Concerto in A; this gentleman, a native of Stockholm, is an ornament amongst violin virtuosos; his tones are pure and flowing, he his well up on the finger-board and it is evident he has mastered the intricate movements of the wrist for he his most efficient in the dexterous art of expression bowing. M. Lasigue, the celebrated flautist, another powerful acquisition to Ch. Hallé's orchestra played a solo with charming suavity. M. Lasigue is a perfect master of this instrument and whether as a soloist or an orchestral player he always sustains his great reputation as an artist of the highest attainments. Mr Ch. Hallé played four pieces from memory from Mendelssohn's Songs without words in a manner that would have pleased their inspired author had he been present. Madlle. Tietjens, the Queen of *Lyric* Song, produced from her casket of musical gems two immortal jewels of song, extracted for the occasion from the classical coronet that adorns her fair brow, enameled with the precious rubies of Mozart, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber and Cherubini:—the grand scena "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer"—Der Freischutz, Weber; and "Crudel! ah no mio bene!"—Don Giovanni, Mozart. She also sang in her very best manner an air with Flute-obligato—played by Mr. E. De Jong—from "Lucia di Lammermoor"—Donizetti.—Truly yours, dear Dr. Oginblast. THOMAS DOBBS BONES.

Stockport, Jan. 21st, 1867.

P.S. Could you (without inconvenience) loan me your copy of Ornithoparcus? If not your copy of Gafurius would do. I dont care a pill for Pietro Aron.—T. D. B.

* * *

OUR SERVICE MUSIC.

SIR,—In all discussions upon the character of our service music it is necessary to bear in mind that the purely artistic point of view is not the only one from which it should be regarded. In this respect it differs from all other, just as it differs in being a means to an end and not the end itself. The music of the church has a higher object than that of illustrating art, or of gratifying cultivated tastes. It may do this certainly, and with advantage, provided the higher object referred to be not lost sight of. But if attendant circumstances place art and the ultimate end of service music in antagonistic positions, there is no doubt that the duty of the former is to give way. What is the nature of that ultimate end I need not say, nor do I propose to defend it against those who hold that a congregation best performs its duty of praising God by listening to an elaborate musical display. Such enthusiasts are few in number though there are very many who, against their better judgments, come practically to a similar conclusion. Generally speaking, church music is behind other departments of the art. The reason for this is no mystery to those who remember the depth of degradation from which, not long since, it was raised, and that, being essentially popular in its character, its progress must be uniform with the improvement of popular taste. Saying this, I leave out of sight that which, though it forms part of the service programme, is not service music at all—artistic displays whereat the congregation are expected to assist by listening only, on pain of being considered by irate organists and choristers as "brawlers in church." What may be regarded as a representative performance of this order took place during the past year in the church of St. Andrew, Wells Street, of which a contemporary publishes a long report as ostentatiously critical as if it had to do with a thing offered for criticism, and not for worship of the Most High. Thus—

"The anthem from Cherubini used upon this occasion, 'O strengthen Lord' (*Confirma hoc Deus*) is a fine old piece of workmanship by the Æschylus of music, and here again the manly voices of the choir shone out with a force that was almost startling and a disciplined vigour which gave the sensation of a charge of soldiery."

Further on we read that in a certain part of a Mass by Gounod—

"The romanticism and the French, the almost theatrical, but the often intensely human and pathetic—

which was adapted to the Anglican communion service—

"The organ falls with a softness which is stiller than silence itself; and presently with a sweep of its lower and fuller toned strings, enters the harp, all scattering its golden tone-drops on the sustained but suppressed diapasons of the organ, and sparkling with its almost more than earthly chords the subdued but progressing voices of the choristers. In almost whispered harmonies these last describe the sacred mystery of the Incarnation, falling off one by one as if from reverence, as they approach the solemn facts of the Passion, till at length, when, in a passage of almost agonized ejaculation, a single voice exclaims that *He was crucified*, and other single voices in turn reiterate the awful fact, it is a bold heart indeed that does not beat the faster and a more than human nerve which does not tremble."

All this must have been as sensational as its description, and I have no doubt that the young men and women of the congregation went home talking gushingly of the performance. But I decline to acknowledge it as legitimate church music, preferring rather to see the latter exemplified in whatever will admit of the people taking part "with one heart and one voice." Those who join me in so doing will look for the progress of church music not in the advances made by professional choirs, but in the work done for the promotion of congregational singing among the people at large

All accounts agree as to the steady carrying on of this work during the past year by the indirect action of choral unions, and by the direct influence of classes for the cultivation of sacred song. I know it is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at all this, to talk of congregational "howlings," and to indulge in other cheap vituperation. But at the risk of being considered a renegade from the cause of "high art," I frankly confess that my sympathies go with those who, recognising the duty of all to join in the service of song, do their utmost to confer upon all the ability requisite to perform that duty well. For this reason I trust that the new year will be even more distinguished than its predecessor by a genuine improvement in the character of legitimate church music.—Yours obediently, T. E. M. S. B. T.

To D. Peters, Esq.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Saturday Concerts, under the direction of Herr Manns, begin again this day. The programme is uncommonly attractive, including Schumann's first symphony (in B flat), Mr A. S. Sullivan's overture *In Memoriam* (first time), Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto (in G), played by Madame Arabella Goddard, Auber's overture to *Zanetta*, and singing by Mdlle. Sinico.

SCHUBERT'S instrumental chamber music is becoming more and more the vogue. At the first Saturday afternoon of the Monday Popular Concerts (to-day) the pianoforte trio in B flat is to be played; and at the concert on Monday his pianoforte quintet in A.

EDINBURGH.—(*From a correspondent*).—The concert given by the Messrs. Edmunds, in the Hopetoun Rooms on Monday evening, attracted a large audience. The vocalists were Miss Eleanor Armstrong and Mr Kuchler; the instrumentalists, Messrs. Adolph Kuchler, Orez, Gotthold, and J. V. Bridgman. Miss Armstrong, although labouring under cold, and for whom an apology was made, sang like a thorough artist. Mr Edmunds, Mr Arthur Edmunds, Mr Kuchler, and Miss Armstrong sang in the terzetto from *Il Barbiere* admirably. Mr Edmunds, a favourite in Edinburgh, was warmly encored in "Ah! non avea," and "Oft in the stilly night" (which he gave in lieu of it), was greatly admired. Mr Edmunds was also obliged to repeat "Come back to Erin" later in the evening. Mr Arthur Edmunds sang the baritone solo from *Marino Faliero* and a song by Balfe (encored). Herr Adolph Kuchler played Vieuxtemps' Reverie for the violin in masterly style. His tone and execution were alike remarkable. His second performance was a *fantasia* on airs from *Il Trovatore*. M. Orez's solo on the pianoforte, Liszt's *Rigoletto*, was also acceptable. One of the features of the concert was the performance by Herren Kuchler and Gotthold of two movements from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. Mr Bridgman accompanied the vocal music.

The second Philharmonic concert took place on Friday night in the Music Hall, and presented more than the usual attractions. The solos, vocal and instrumental, were of great excellence, Madame Sinico being the vocalist and the violinist Herr Wilhelmj. Madame Sinico, who was introduced to us at the Reid Commemoration Concert of last year, trained in the best school, has acquired all that culture can bestow on a naturally fine voice. Her selection consisted of airs by Weber, Bellini, Mozart, and Gounod. In the first three her sweet flexible voice was admirably brought out; but the crowning of all was her singing of Gounod's serenade, which was rapturously encored. The great expectations formed as to the young violinist, Wilhelmj, were amply fulfilled. In listening to the full powerful tone of his instrument we were reminded of the trumpet tone which the old Italian violinist is said to have possessed. Wilhelmj is only twenty-one years old, having been born in 1845 in Usingen in Nassau. He made his first appearance in public when a boy of eight years. In 1861 he went to Weimar to be examined by Liszt, who was so astonished and delighted with his talent that he at once took him to Ferdinand David, the celebrated violinist in Leipzig, introducing him as "a second Paganini." He there remained for some years, and then set out on his travels. On Friday night he played a concerto in D by Paganini, abounding with the difficulties the old magician used to toy with,—and went through his arduous task with the greatest ease and certainty. In the performance of the *Elegie* by Ernst he evinced the possession of the higher qualities of a player with admirable taste and feeling. In answer to an encore he gave another solo. The symphony was Beethoven's in B flat, the performance of which by the orchestra was very creditable. The overtures were Mendelssohn's *Son and Stranger*, *The Naiads* of Sterndale Bennett, and Weber's *Preciosa*. The third concert will take place on Friday evening, 8th February, when Mdlle. [illegible] Martorelli, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and Signor Gustave Garcia will appear.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The inflexible severity of the weather was not potent enough to keep away the crowd from the first performance of Handel's oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, the colossus of choral music. Nor did it seem to exercise any prejudicial influence on the voices of the choristers, for very rarely have we heard the choruses, from one end to the other, given with more unvarying precision and effect. From the opening, where the children of Israel lament, in strains of touching pathos, the burdens inflicted on them by their cruel task-masters, to the end of the first part, where the chosen people, having achieved their miraculous exodus, combine their voices in a declaration of faith (Part 1), and from "I will sing unto the Lord" and "The horse and his rider," with the repetition of which glorious hymn of thanksgiving the second part (*The Song of Moses*) triumphantly ends, there was scarcely anything else to be noted than singing of the highest class. The twelve choruses recounting the plagues by means of which God delivers His people from their enemies—with the single interruption of the number being the pest of frogs (delivered with admirable emphasis by Madame Sainton-Dolby), following immediately one upon the other—seemed by no means to [illegible] concert or fatigue the singers. And this notwithstanding the fact that, in accordance with traditional custom, the prodigious chorus, "He gave them hailstones for rain"—proving one more instance of with what simple means Handel could produce an overwhelming effect—was encored and repeated. Here and there—as in "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," and "Thy right hand, O Lord"—there was a little unsteadiness; and here and there—as in "The people shall hear and be afraid"—a slight wavering of intonations; but, on the other hand, the intonation in the sublime choral recitative "He sent a thick darkness," was faultless, while on no occasion do we remember "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies"—one of the most difficult of the double choruses—given with such well-sustained precision from the first bar to the last. "And with the blast of Thy nostrils" too—with one exception ("The people shall hear") the most intricate and trying of them all—was among the most uniformly excellent performances. The fugued choruses—such as "Egypt was glad," &c.—were invariably happy; and perhaps happiest of all was "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them like stubble," also the most masterly and impressive. It is unnecessary to add another word to this general and well merited eulogy.

The solo-singers were equally fortunate. All were, as the phrase is, "in good voice," and all sang their best. Miss Banks, to whom was allotted the chief part of the *soprano* music, produced a favourable impression in the air, unique of its kind, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," the ground bass accompaniment to which is almost as remarkable a feature as the beautiful melody which it enriches and supports. The second *soprano* part was intrusted to Miss Robertine Henderson, who, nevertheless, had first-class duty to fulfil in the recitatives of Miriam the Prophetess, which so impressively usher in the chorus that brings the oratorio to an end. [illegible] has Miss Henderson acquitted herself in a manner entitling her to unqualified praise. Madame Sainton-Dolby (contralto), besides the graphic narration of the plague of frogs already referred to, had the beautiful air "Thou shalt bring them in," assigned to her, and sang it in a style as nearly approaching perfection as could well be imagined. The three duets—"The Lord is my strength" for two *sopranos*, "Thou in Thy mercy" for contralto and tenor, and "The Lord is a man of war" for two basses—were all excellently well given—the first by Misses Banks and Robertine Henderson, the second by Madame Sainton and Mr Montem Smith, the last by Mr Weiss and Signor Foli. "The Lord is a man of war," the most effective duet of its kind ever composed (and one of the longest) was declaimed with such energy and good will by the English bass and his young Irish compeer that the usual boisterous "encore" was the result, and a repetition of the whole was the consequence. But the most unanimous "encore" of the evening was appropriately awarded to what was one of the finest vocal display—the great air "The enemy said I will pursue, I will overtake"—into the delivery of which Mr Sims Reeves threw such emphasis, fire and animation as to take his hearers by surprise. It was a memory of the Handel Festival—at each of the four anniversaries of which in the Crystal Palace "The enemy said" has been an incident apart. On not one of these occasions—even the Festival of 1857, memorable above the rest on account of its then absolute novelty—has Mr Reeves sung this wonderful air with a more extraordinary success. The first few notes were a faithful augury of what was to come, and as the singer went on, growing more and more impressive phrase after phrase, the enthusiasm of the singer seemed to increase with his task, until the splendid climax, splendidly attained, transported the audience beyond measure, and the applause burst forth from every part of the crowded hall, including the orchestra, from top to base. So profound was the sensation created by this magnificent piece of declamatory singing that Mr Costa had twice to stop the band before the oratorio could proceed—Mr Reeves respectfully but persistently declining to repeat the air, thereby setting an example which we should be glad to see generally followed. The beautiful song which comes next is of a character so utterly opposed to the other—a calm after a storm—that it has no chance of being listened to with becoming attention if the audience are twice excited to the highest pitch by such a musical illustration of the fury of Pharaoh and his host as Handel has set forth in "The enemy said." The grand chain of choruses narrating the miraculous plagues, in Part I., is materially damaged in effect by the "encore" invariably accepted for "He gave them hailstones," and the equilibrium of Part II. is sensibly shaken by the repetition of the duet, "The Lord is a man of war." If Mr. Reeves would persist in always declining to repeat "The enemy said," in all probability the other two instances—and especially that of the duet, the performance of which takes up a longer period of time than almost any three of the choruses—might eventually be also disregarded. While little would be lost by this, much would be gained; for nothing so materially weakens the general effect of a long and serious work like an oratorio as the repetition of certain particular portions of it which are seldom, if ever, the most important. Only an artist in the position of Mr. Reeves can presume to [illegible] hope for result by his example; and after all, what at first sight may appear on his part an act of self-denial and to his hearers perhaps savour of ungraciousness, will in the end only redound to his credit; while to those who go to hear Handel's sacred works reverentially, and not for the sake of admiring and applauding any particular singer, it cannot be otherwise than an advantage which in good time must be very generally acknowledged. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was never more thoroughly enjoyed than on one occasion at Her Majesty's Theatre, when scarcely a piece was encored; and we are quite certain that *Israel in Egypt* would be doubly enjoyable if, like *The Messiah*, it were allowed to proceed from one end to the other without interruption. Thanks to Mr. Costa, we have at last got rid of the "encore" to the unaccompanied trio in Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. It is equally in his power to go straight on from "He gave them hailstones for rain" to "He sent a thick darkness over the land;" from "The Lord is a man of war" (the repetition of which is an absolute nuisance) to the chorus, "The depths have covered them;" and from "The enemy said" to "Thou didst blow"—without paying attention to the unreasonable wishes of a part of the audience. The singers themselves would assuredly be on his side; and the absurd custom of encoring (in Exeter Hall at any rate) would sooner or later become obsolete. [illegible] Costa.

Judas Maccabæus is announced for Friday, February 1st.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A "ballad concert," of great interest to those who are fond of ballads, repeated one after another as if to perpetuity, was given yesterday evening (16th inst.) at St. James's Hall. We cannot say that the entertainment altogether pleased us; nevertheless it presented some agreeable features. To begin—Madame Arabella Goddard, whose singing on the piano is not likely to be rivalled by any vocalist, took part in a duet with M. Sainton, and afterwards performed Thalberg's admirable fantasia (a model of its kind) on airs from *La Muette de Portici*. This, we need scarcely say, was thoroughly charming. M. Sainton, too, played in his usual admirable manner his so-called "rondo mazurka," which has less resemblance to a mazurka than most pieces so styled. As for the singing, what need we say than that ballad after ballad was given by Mdme. Sainton Dolby, Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Banks, Mr. Weiss, Mr. George Perren, and other artists too numerous to mention? The only novelty of the evening was a ballad by Miss Elizabeth Philp, to whose interesting vocal compositions we have more than once had the pleasure of calling attention. Miss Philp's song, entitled "When all the world is young" (words by that energetic poet, Mr. Charles Kingsley) is one of the very happiest of this lady's numerous productions. It was very much liked by the audience, and, thanks no doubt in a great measure to Mdme. Sainton Dolby's spirited execution, was immensely applauded. Miss Banks sang the truly exquisite "Bailiff's daughter of Islington" as well as it need be sung (as well as we have heard Miss Banks sing other ballads of less merit and beauty); and most of the other vocalists—including an excellent choir of little boys under the direction of Mr. Fielding—exerted themselves in a creditable fashion. Herr Meyer Lutz conducted.—*Morning Post*, Jan. 17.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The opening conversazione at the Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street on Thursday evening was attended by a large audience. Mr. Edouard Schubert, to whom the Society owes its existence, and to whose energy and perseverance its success is mainly due, opened the proceedings with an address to the subscribers and visitors, in which he explained his views with regard to its future proceedings. He said:—"Three objects we have principally in view: the first is the introduction of both vocal and instrumental composition from the modern romantic school, as Schumann, Spohr, and several Schuberts. Others, who although not so well known in England as on the Continent, are nevertheless highly prized on account of their great genius. The second is the introduction of young artists of talent, by means of our *soirées musicales*. The third object is the amusement and instruction of those members desirous of practising vocal, solo, and part music; and we also intend, by request of several members, giving our earliest consideration to the establishment of a club for the private performance of operettas, farces, &c. I need only add, that no effort will be spared to render the proceedings of the Society as agreeable and instructive as possible." Mr. Schubert's address was received with every mark of approval, and a large number of subscribers joined the society. During the evening several artists and amateurs sang and played various pieces. Among the vocal performers were Miss Barry Elton, Miss Adelaide [illegible], and Signor Aurelio; among the instrumentalists Miss Clinton Fynes, who played, in conjunction with Messrs. [illegible], and Herr Schubert, Mendelssohn's trio in D minor; and Miss Helen [illegible], who introduced a brilliant fantasia by Liszt. A little girl of [illegible] years, Miss Kate [illegible], also played (remarkably) one of Beethoven's sonatas. The evening was a pleasant one, and augured well for the future of the Schubert Society."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Swan & Co.—"Root and leaf." Song. The words by Owen Meredith; the music by M. Jane [illegible].

[illegible] Cork & Co.—"Good night, beloved." Words by Longfellow; music by M. Jane [illegible].

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may be traced that gentle [illegible] melancholy which [illegible] in the mind of the poet [illegible] sing [illegible] Miss Edith Wynne, for whom it was written and composed, has been singing 'The Spring' with marked success everywhere."—*Saunders' News Letter*.

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Conductor ... Signor ARDITI.
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Prices.—Dress Circle, 5s.; General Circle, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Half-a-Guinea, One Guinea, and Two Guineas; Promenade, 1s.

The Box-office of the Theatre (under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent) is open daily from Ten till Five.

MDLLE. SINICO, Mdlle. Aghati, Signor Foli, Mdlle. Emilia Arditi (her first appearance at the Orchestral Popular Concerts), THIS EVENING (Saturday).—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

POSITIVELY the LAST NIGHT but THREE of the ORCHESTRAL POPULAR CONCERTS, which will terminate on Saturday next.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and PROMENADE and GREAT SHOW of BRITISH and FOREIGN SINGING and TALKING BIRDS.—Vocalists: Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Julia Derby, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Renwick. Solo Pianoforte: Mr. Oscar Beringer; and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

Programme [illegible] Symphony No. 1 (C minor), Mendelssohn; New Pianoforte Concerto, Reinecke (first time); Overture and Finale, "Euryanthe," Weber; Part-Songs, Schumann, &c.

Admission, Half-a-crown. Transferable Numbered Subscription Stalls for the present series, comprising not less than Ten Concerts, One Guinea. Separate Stalls for Single Concerts, 2s. 6d., only issued each Saturday morning at the Palace.

Note.—"The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace are unanimously allowed to be the most finished performances of their kind in Europe."—Vide *Times*, 8th January.

ERNST SCHULZ.—MASKS AND FACES.

THE GREAT JAPANESE TROUPE are HERE.—Look out for the novelty. This extraordinary company will make their First Appearance in Europe at the GREAT ST. MARTIN'S HALL, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, Feb. 11, 1867, for a Limited Number of Representations, prior to their appearance in Paris during the Universal Exhibition. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; at the Box-office of the Hall; and at Mr. Austin's, 28, Piccadilly. Business communications to be addressed to their sole agent, Mr. A. Nimmo, of Wigmore Street, London, W.

MISS EDWARDS'S SECOND PIANOFORTE and VOCAL RECITAL of CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place on Friday Afternoon, February 22nd, at Raby House, 16, New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. Tickets and programmes to be had at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street; and at the principal Musicsellers.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.—The Public are respectfully informed that these spacious premises may be ENGAGED to suit all parties—the Theatre, Drawing Rooms, Tea-Room, the Large and Small Music Halls, &c. For terms apply to Mr. [illegible], at the Rooms.

ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

TO VIOLINISTS.—A First-rate PETER GUARNERIUS, pronounced by the highest authorities in the matter to be his masterpiece, wonderfully pure and unusually fine wood, extremely noble tone, is, on account of the death of its proprietor, TO BE SOLD. A high price is demanded. To be seen every Tuesday and Friday from Twelve till One o'clock, at Herr [illegible]'s, 31, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

MDLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN will play at the Concert of the National Choral Society, Exeter Hall, Wednesday, 13th February.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

CONCERT SPECULATORS and Secretaries of Societies can have PROGRAMMES, OPINIONS OF PRESS, PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIALS, and MUSICAL REPERTOIRE, *Gratis and Post-free*; as also PHOTOGRAPHS of PAGANINI REDIVIVUS, *in propria persona*, as he appeared at the Ulster Hall Concerts, Belfast, and at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin. In forwarding address, direct thus: "Paganini Redivivus, 2, Northumberland Court, Charing Cross, London"—which will obviate mistakes and avoid delay.—See *Era*, *Orchestra*, *Sporting News*, &c. &c.

Mrs CUNINGHAM BOOSEY
IS
IN TOWN FOR THE SEASON.
All communications respecting
LESSONS IN SINGING
To be addressed to her, care of BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street.

CHARLES LYALL, Tenor,
8, RATHBONE PLACE, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on "THE CARNAVAL DE VENISE" at Walworth, March 5th; Croydon, 14th.—2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. WALLACE), at Chatham, Feb. 15th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at the Russell Institute, Feb. 20th; and at every concert engagement during the ensuing season.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA will sustain the principal parts in the Operas *Faust*, *La Sonnambula*, *Rose of Castile*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Ballo*, &c., during the ensuing fortnight, at the Theatre Royal, Bolton.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing, during the ensuing month, on her Tour, the favourite Ballad, "THE RETURN OF THE LOV'D ONE;" and also at Mr. Haskin's Grand Concert, in Cork, on the 11th inst.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing at Cork, Feb. 11th and 12th; Limerick, 13th and 14th; Clonmel, 15th; and Waterford, 16th. For engagements en route, address Mdlle. Favanti, 26, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.; or to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or to her residence, 26, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know")—BALFE, and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"—ASCHER, at Miss Edwards's Second Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, Raby House, Finchley Road, Feb. 22nd.

MR. RENWICK will sing Miss EDWARDS'S admired song, "SEPARATION," at the Composer's *Soirée Musicale*, at Raby House, St. John's Wood, Friday, Feb. 22nd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Russell Institute, Feb. 20th; and at Farnham, Feb. 28th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Lynn (Norfolk), on Feb. 11th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcriptions of "FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT" and "KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'" at Dumbarton, Feb. 13th; Saltcoats, 21st; Glasgow, 26th; and Dalry, 28th.

Google

MR. LAUDER will sing Mr. W. ALLEN SMITH's new song "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE" at Manchester, Feb. 14th.

MR. WINN will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN's NEW song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at Canterbury, March 11th.

MR. PATEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed expressly for him by Mr. EMILE BERGER), at St. James's Hall, Feb. 17th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at Blackburn, Feb. 12th; Hull, Feb. 19th, and at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 196, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 196, Euston Road, N.W.

MASTER MUNDAY will play Mr. G. B. ALLEN's popular "GALOP FURIEUX," every evening during his Provincial Tour in February.

MONSIEUR VIVIEN, Solo Violinist, from the Concerts Populaires of M. Pasdeloup, Paris, begs to announce his arrival in London. For engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c., address 3, Chapple Street, Grosvenor Square, or to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

HERR REICHARDT will sing GOLDBERG's admired new song, "THE REPROACH" throughout his Provincial Tour.

MISS LOUISA PYNE will sing W. H. LUTZ's new song, "A RING WENT FLOATING ON THE BREEZE," at the forthcoming Concerts. *Free by post, 27 stamps.*—London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.

MUSICAL PRESENTS.—A CATALOGUE (gratis and postage free) of 500 Volumes of CLASSICAL WORKS bound.—Apply to ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, London.

FRANZ ABT's New Song, "A FOREST RAMBLE," made so popular by Madame RUDERSDORFF's exquisite singing. No. 1 in E, No. 2 in D flat, 2s. 6d. each. The same for Two Voices, 3s.; ditto, as a Four-part Song, 3s. Both arranged by the distinguished Composer FRANZ ABT. Each at Half-price, with an extra stamp for postage.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing GUGLIELMO's favourite song, "SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN" (sung and encored at the Concert of the Beaumont Institution) at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, February 12. Programmes at ROBERT COCKS & Co.'s, New Burlington Street. Free by post for 19 stamps. Order of all Musicsellers.

THE ART OF SINGING.

A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR

THE VOICE,

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A Scientific method, upon which has been formed the voice of his pupil, Miss Lucy Franklein, and those of other successful pupils.

Full Music size, 7s.

London: HAMMOND & Co. (late Jullien), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his residence, 86, Wimpole Street, W.

NEW BRILLIANT PIECE by JULES BRISSAC.

Fantaisie sur la Melodie Ecossaise,

"YE BANKS AND BRAES."

"Often as this exquisite melody has been made the theme upon which the writers of fantasia, pot pourri, caprice, olla podrida, &c., have built their elaborate edifices, it may safely be asserted that it has never been more judiciously (or more delicately) handled than by M. Jules Brissac, who seems to approach the old Scotch ditty as affectionately as naturally that, did we not know to the contrary, we should assuredly believe that he was a native and to the manner born, and that his love for Scotch minstrelsy had been imbibed at a very early age, along with, say, a predilection for the savoury properties of Auld Reekie. Let this be as it may, M. Brissac's 'Fantaisie Ecossaise' is one of his very best, and will prove, or we are much mistaken, one of his most successful, too."—*Queen*, Dec. 22nd, 1866.

Price 3s. 6d.

BOOSEY & Co., 159, Regent Street.

Just Published,

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

Composed by WILFORD MORGAN.

Price 4s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

BENEDICT'S

NEW SONG,

Sighing for Thee.

Price Three Shillings.

LONDON:
DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.,
244, REGENT STREET, W.

Just Published, price 3s.,

"THE SPRING"

SONG, FOR VOICE AND PIANOFORTE.

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

"In this little song the subject of our notice may be discerned the junction of two styles, rarely we believe found thus allied—with the music of Germany, nurse of a race of musical Titans, and the strains of that Ireland from whence so many charming melodies have sprung. In the phrasing, in the importance assigned to the accompaniments, simple, yet fashioned with a scrupulous musicianly care in these days of slovenly ballads, we see the healthy influence of the German *Lied*; while in the pathetic musical adaptation of the line—

> Where willows I sit down and sigh,

may be traced that gaiety dashed with melancholy which seemed to the mind of the poet Moore alike characteristic of the Irish race and their songs, and in which he hears, if we remember aright, an echo of that sorrow which casts a shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. We may add that the compass of this little song is such as to bring it within the reach of every one—a matter of importance. Miss Edith Wynne, for whom it was written and composed, has been singing 'The Spring' with marked success everywhere."—*Saunders' News Letter.*

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"IMPRESSIONS OF SPRING,"

Three Characteristic Pieces for the Pianoforte.

No. 1. "CAPRICCIETTO" in A flat.
2. "IMPROMPTU" in B flat.
3. "NOCTURNE" in E flat.

Composed by CARL HAUSE.

Price 4s. each.

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Just Published,

"MEMORY'S GARLAND"

BALLAD.

Sung by Miss Augusta Thomson, at the Royal Princess's Theatre, in "THE MISTRESS OF THE MILL."

The Words by CHARLES HALL. The Music by KING HALL.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS,

MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS of ORCHESTRAS, & BANDMASTERS

By F. J. FETIS,

Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY

(*Continued from p. 71*).

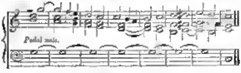
Chapter VII.

On the Pedal note

50 A sustained note either in the bass or in an upper or intermediate part, wherein several chords are heard, is called *the pedal note*.

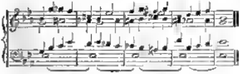
51. The pedal note is not always found in the harmony of the chords which are heard upon it, but those with which they have no connexion resolve upon those to which it belongs.

Example.



52 The pedal note produces a particularly good effect of harmony when the chords which accompany it belong to several keys, the combination of which excites an equal degree of wonder and pleasure.

Example.



53 In the harmonies of the bass pedal notes, it is not the grave portion which is the real bass of the harmony; this is found in the portion which is intermediately above the grave portion. The harmony should be regular with this rational bass.

54 The pedal notes placed in the upper or intermediate parts are less varied, less rich in harmony than the bass pedal notes.

Chapter VIII

On Modulations, Transitions, and the Enharmonic.

55 Changing the key in a piece of music is *modulating*. The term *modulation* is especially applied to changes of keys whose object is to develope the purpose of the musical thought of a piece, and to re-produce under different phases certain principal ideas. As far as concerns incidental or unexpected modulations, the aim of which is to excite astonishment mingled with delight, but which are not inseparable from the plan of the piece of music, they are called *transitions*.

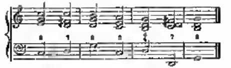
56. Modulation may be produced either by the moving from one key to another, or by changing the mode of the same key.

57. It has been previously shown (50) that the change of a key is produced by the suppression of a ♭, or the addition of a ♯, which produces a leading note, and by the suppression of a ♯ or the addition of a ♭, which produces a fourth degree. The chord of the seventh of the dominant, and of its derivatives, which contain the leading note and the fourth degree, are those which are most frequently used for modulations. On reference to the paragraph cited (50) it will be seen how modulations of this nature are effected.

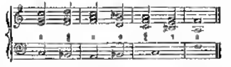
58. Modulations of this kind are specially employed in the construction of the ideas of a piece of music, either for arriving at the dominant of the principal key which is transformed into a new tonic, or to produce a new tonic of the fourth degree—to go to a relative minor key of the tonic, or finally to arrive at the relative minor key of the dominant. It is to these four systems of regular changes upon which depends all the principal modulations of the great divisions of most pieces of music.

Examples.

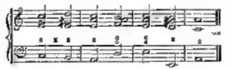
1st. Modulation on the Dominant.



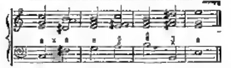
2nd. Modulation of the 4th degree.



3rd. Modulation of the relative tone to the tonic.



4th. Modulation of the relative minor tone to the tonic.



All the other changes of keys effected by the chord of the seventh of the dominant, or by its derivatives, are more or less accidental.

Miss Emma Greening's Ballad Concert at Myddelton Hall, on Monday, brought many friends to support her. She was assisted vocally by Mr. Whiffin, tenor, and Mr. George Renwick, baritone. Mr. W. Bolton Harrison was pianist; and a sister of the concert-giver performed with great effect on the pianoforte Herr Ganz's *Galop de Concert* (Qui vive), Brissac's arrangement of "Bonnie Scotland" (encored), and with Mr. W. Bolton Harrison Osborne's *fantasia* on the *Huguenots*; in all of which pieces she exhibited ability which was fully appreciated. Miss Berry Greening displayed her talent in "Cherry ripe," with variations, which being encored, she gave a new arrangement of the old song, "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" In an Irish ballad she was equally successful. Mr. Whiffin and Mr. Renwick each received applause for their songs. Mr. W. Bolton Harrison gave an arrangement of airs from *Martha*; and the concert closed with the trio, "The magic wove scarf." The whole performance gave satisfaction.—R. D.

North London Literary, Musical, and Dramatic Institution.—Mr. Allen gave a concert in connexion with this new Institution on the 16th ult., at the Barnsbury Hall. The singers were Miss Mabel Brent, pupil of the Highbury Academy of Music, who was encored in "Meet me early," and Allen's "Ghost bells." As an encore to the latter she substituted "The sweet young flowers." Madame Marie Stocken, who made her *début* last season at Herr Gahlberg's concert, was encored in Bishop's "Echo song." Madame Helen Percy received the same compliment for Balfe's "Green trees," and the three sang together a trio called "Interesting conversation," which so amused the audience that they insisted on its repetition. Mr. Denny White, tenor from the Highbury Academy, sang the "Bride of a day" with much feeling; and Mr. V. Blake, Wallace's "A father's love." There were several concerted pieces; and Master Munday created a "furore" in Sydney Smith's "Golden bells," and Allen's "Galop furieux," both of which he had to repeat. Mr. Allen conducted the concert, which, in spite of the weather, attracted a large audience.—B. B.

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Letters to Well-known Characters

TO HERR LUDWIG STRAUS

DEAR LUDWIG,—I announce news received by Atlantic telegraph this morning from Chicago. It will be news to many friends in this country. Madame Parepa is about to become the wife of Carl Rosa the violinist. I record the fact and am sure every one will wish happiness to the union.—I am dear Ludwig, yours &c., **BASHI BAZOOK.**

Duke and Boot, Feb. 2.

TO DR. GAUNTLETT

'Tis said, when old Amphion play'd,
The stones his tuneful skill obey'd,
And the wild beasts, on Thracian plains,
Danced to the sound of Orpheus' strains.
But were you there such notes to vent,
As here our shuddering nerves torment,
The stones, to stop your odious breath,
Would give you a St. Stephen's death;
And the wild beasts, that could not tear you,
Would fly or into limbo bear you.

THE GHOST OF OLD SAM WESLEY.

TO C. L. GRUNEISEN, Esq.

SIR,—As the *Pall Mall Gazette* was kind enough to present Herr Joachim with a diploma for the exclusive right to accept encores, the *Morning Needle* with kind of spirit ascribes to Herr Hallé spiritual powers as a pianist. What an entire nation was unable to accomplish by prayer Herr Hallé has accomplished by miracle. "His performances"—states the *Morning Needle*—"have revived the interest of Her Majesty in the pianoforte works of the great masters, in his execution of which Her Majesty has lately shown undisguised pleasure, so that the complete return of Her Majesty to social duties will commence with the opening of Parliament." I have a faint recollection that the Queen opened the last session in person. Really this sort of *de cour* tone is an innovation (if not exaggeration) to English journalism, and to associate Her Majesty with Herr Hallé in the way the *Needle* has done must make her subjects exclaim with Byron—"Powers eternal!" To ascribe Victoria's return to life to a sonata, rather than to Lord Derby or Lord John Russell, is sheer foolishness. The writer should be henceforth constrained to feed on numbles (by some called humbles) though even stag's gall would be too delicate for him. The *Needle* is not aware that the private band of the Queen resumed its duties some time since, and that Mrs. Anderson (instructress of Her Majesty, and permanent pianist teaching the Royal children), has been in waiting constantly to interpret the "pianoforte works of the great masters."—Your obedient servant, ABEL DOUBLEBODY.

TO SIGNOR SCHIRA.

CARO MAESTRO, &c.,—I will now finish my relation of the Carnival music at La Scala. I left off with the prima donna, and now will commence with the tenor Carrion, who is the *youthful* lover, can, with regard to age, shake hands with the Signora Tosi, but he is well read in all the subterfuges of art, and endeavours by all means in his power to conceal the ravages which time has caused in his once charming voice. When he sings with the prima donna, "Io t'amo, tu m'ami," they make together more than a century; and when Don Sebastian reveals himself to his subjects, who do not recognise him because he has become so old, he exclaims desperately "It is your father that heaven sends to you," he should say instead "your *grandfather*." The voice of Signor Carrion has become almost inaudible, and no wonder after a career of more than thirty years, especially as he (being in reality a *tenore leggiero*) has persisted in singing operas which appertain to a *tenore robusto*. It is a voice fabricated at home in the morning, placed in a box and sent out to the theatre in the evening. Of A natural, B flats and even C's he has abundance, but goodness, what notes! Give to any person unexpectedly and suddenly a stab, and the howl that he will immediately give will resemble the "ut de poitrine" of the principal tenor of La Scala; and the audience who, on hearing Carrion fling two of these notes in his *romanza*, were right when they lost all patience, immediately produced their keys and whistles, rendering the theatre a very Pandemonium. It is better that Signor Carrion should learn these truths, because at present he is in a *false* position. He has been an excellent artist, and has acquired fortune and fame, therefore has no need to wish to increase the one by dwindling the other. The baritone Giraldoni is the only one who saved himself in the wreck. To say the least, he is an artist with a *voice*, and who knows how to sing with passion, added to which he has a good and handsome presence; but even *he* in the midst of the confusion was not always at his ease, and the agitation to a certain extent paralysed his efforts. With regard to the *basso profondo* and his foggy voice, he is a *spoiled baritone*, and in the *finale* to the third act was obliged to alter and turn upside down all his part, and in this manner said *finale* lost half its effect. It was a sad mistake to engage a man without the necessary notes for so important a part. In general everything was confused and bad. The orchestra did not follow the voices, and the choruses were out of tune; and in the march the trombones were out of tune and the drums were too loudly beaten. There was nothing but confusion and feebleness, which must be attributed more than anything else to the double direction, because if the Maestro Concertatore at the pianoforte rehearsals places the *tempi* well, there is *often* the peril that the conductor of the orchestra will alter everything according to his idea, and in this way there is no accord, precision, or fire. This is a most important question of art, and it appears the gentlemen of La Scala treat it with a lightness which is deplorable. Signor Mazzucato was called upon to conduct the *Africaine*. Why was he not asked to conduct also the *Don Sebastiano?* The opera of Donizetti is not perhaps a grand opera in five acts like that of Meyerbeer; and its being Italian, perhaps, takes away its right to be treated with equal care and regard. It is impossible that this system of two directions can continue. There should be one director only. Signor Cavallini has been a good conductor, and his reputation will remain intact if he retires in time, because retiring will add *to* his fame. It is to be hoped, therefore, that he will not overlook his art for the paltry consideration of wounded vanity. The matter merits serious regard and prompt remedy. Another thing which conduced to the general *fiasco* on the evening in question was the misery and stinginess of the *mise-en-scène*—the shabbiness of the decorations. Those dresses and properties would have been indecent in a small country theatre. At La Scala *never* have such old dresses been seen—dirty, greasy, ermine stamped on cotton, washed rags, dried tinsel and torches made of *candle ends*. The funeral car of pasteboard looked like a puppet show, with those two miserably lean horses. It is said that there were only four rehearsals with the orchestra, and one-and-a-half for the stage business, and this will account in some measure for the many faults observable throughout the evening. To conclude, the ballet was received very coldly, and there were some signs of disapproval. After the run of the first evening the theatre has been closed, and the manager has issued the usual notice asking the indulgence of the public. In the meantime they are rehearsing a new opera by Bazzini, *La Turanda*, and the ballet of *Sardanapalus*, and it is said that the theatre will re-open in a few days. A notice of the other theatres in my next. *Addio carissimo maestro!*—Yours ever, ABDUL PERSEVERANZA.

TO MISS KITTY GLASS.

Having read your charming stanzas addressed to Shirley Brooks (and laughed heartily at "three shot out a star" and the morning episode of the beer), and also having read your fragment of an *Essay on Cruelty* (which made my mouth water for the rest), I was highly indignant at the impudence of Mr. Samuel Toper Table, in trying to pass a hoax upon you with his stupid anecdote of Bishop *v.* Bishop. With the more pleasure then did I read your ingenuous and spirited retort, under the influence of which, I composed the subjoined little poem:—

There was an old sinner called Table,
Of any right act incapable,
The conceited old ass
Tried to chaff Kitty Glass,
But the tables were turned upon Table.

Pray honour me by accrediting this humble effusion, and above all go on writing (and publishing) poetry (and prose) for the delight and instruction of your admiring reader, STUCCOK HORSE.

P.S.—Lovely, and oh that I could write loving Miss Glass—I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely person sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorice powder at an apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self because I am now my own man, and may match when I please, for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land and a cottage. And there is never a yard of land in our field but is as well worth ten pound a year as a thief is worth a halter. And all my brothers and sisters are provided for. Besides, I have good household stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens. And though my cottage is thatched, yet if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new suit is made and hay harvest in (which will give you time). I will write poems to you the live-long-day.—Your devoted and humble servant (at all times) to command,—S. H.

TO GEORGE F. ANDERSON, Esq.,

Conductor of Her Majesty's Private Band, Director and Treasurer of the Philharmonic Society, Member and Controller of the Royal Society of Musicians, &c., &c.

Sir,—Henry the Eighth was a composer and player upon instruments. He composed two masses, which were often sung in his chapel. He sung and played upon the recorder, flute, virginals, and set songs and ballads. An anthem of his composition, in E minor, has lately been printed by Novello. When he was journeying, six of the boys and six gentlemen of the choir attended him, who sang every day "Masse of our Ladie before noon, and on Sondaies and holidaies, Masse of the daie, beside our Lady Masse, and an Antheme in the afternoone."

Charles the Fifth was as fond of music as Henry the Eighth, as the following will prove.—After his abdication he often retired to an apartment near the high altar, where he sang and beat the time during the performance of mass. If any of his singers sang out of time or tune he could be overheard calling them names, as "red-headed blockhead," &c. A composer of Seville presented him a book of motets and masses, and one of them being performed as a specimen, he called to his confessor and said, "See what a thief, what a plagiarist, this scoundrel! Why, this passage is taken from one composer, and that from another," naming the composers as he went on. The astonishment of the singers, who had not before observed the plagiarism of the pretended composer, may be imagined.

He selected about fifteen friars, who were good singers, for his choir, and if one sang wrong he would cry out and mark him. He would allow no singers but those of some religious order in his choir. One day a layman, with a contralto voice, sang a part well, but all the thanks he got for his pains was an order from Charles to leave, or to hold his tongue.—I am, Sir, yours, Basil Bacon.

TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

Dear Abraham,—Did you hear Sheeves, or did any one hiss him? Please send me two or three notes—even one—if it is a good one. I must say something, and shall borrow the first part from [illegible] in the *Pall Mall.* Did every one sing?—Yours [illegible]

Acorn Lodge, Feb. Forest Hedges.

[Mr. Hedges must have been in wine when he wrote the fore-running.—A. S. S.]

TO E. T. SMITH, Esq.

Sir,—The property in Leicester Square, and the centre piece of ground, originally called Leicester Fields, was purchased and the square built by a Mr. Tulke, in whose family the property has remained about [illegible] years. The Commissioners of Public Works took possession under the Act of Parliament, passed last session, which empowered the Commissioners to take possession of open and unclaimed streets in London. The question as to whether this said property does really belong to the Tulke family or to the public through the Commissioners of Public Works will, it is expected, come before the Court sitting in Banco.

It is believed that the Tulke family will be able to prove their claim to the piece of ground as private property. If they succeed, it would then be necessary to get permission of the Court of Chancery to a translation of it, there being minors in the family. The position at present is that a Mr. Tabberner, well known in connection with great public works, has obtained the interests of the Tulke family. In the event of them being able to prove a right, and Mr. * * * * has signed an agreement with Mr. Tabberner to purchase the property, if it be possible for Mr. Tabberner to sell it.

Wylde built Great Globe on the property by arrangement with the Tulke family. They lent the ground for ten years. At the end of these ten years Wylde had notice from the Tulke family to pull down Globe. The statue placed in the middle of the square is cast in lead, and is the private property of the Tulke family.—Yours, John Oak.

TO HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.

Sir,—I wandered over the water a few evenings back, and saw announced a "Catch Concert." Imagining a selection of old English compositions was about to be performed to an audience of at least 3000 persons, I said to myself—"The progress of music over the water must be great—a new epoch in the history of music, as such an assemblage could hardly have taken place in the neighbourhood of the "New Cut." However, take the report of a Lambeth local:—

A Catch Concert in Lambeth Baths.—The first Catch Concert for the season at the Lambeth Baths was held on Tuesday evening, before an immense audience, there being hardly standing room in the spacious building. Mr. G. M. Murphy occupied the chair, and explained the principle of the entertainment—that any persons who could and were willing were welcome to occupy the platform by performing on any instrument with which they were familiar. A number of working men then came forward in succession, and a running fire of sounds of different kinds was kept up for two hours, the interest never abating for a moment. There were two concertina players, two players on the flageolet, two (penny) whistlers, two players on the flutina, a banjo and piccolo player. The instrumental music was agreeably interspersed with pleasant melodies, and a happy evening was spent.

Another popular "Catch" Concert will come off in a few days, which I shall attend.—Yours faithfully, John Dunn.

TO MISS * * * *

Hair of golden sunny hue,
Crowns her head with charming mignon;
Yet sometimes 'tis black as jet
Flanked by an enormous chignon.

Eyebrows arched to suit the hair,
Eyes that dazzle as they roll—
Dazzle many at first sight
For alas 'tis only kohl.

Skin of pearly snowy tinge,
Cheeks of "rose," yet only one—
Cheek of stuff, 'tis only "rouge,"
And the other "Bloom of Ninon."

Classic bust of Grecian form,
Stole my heart as homeward plodding
From the city—but to find
Half not made with cotton wadding.

Waist of fairy proved a sham
'Cause the pain I gave, of course it's
[illegible] to find
Thomson uses "Marion's Corsets."

How she talked of playing, singing
"Fatal boon" that—when she tried
"Piano thumping," "ballad screeching,"
'Twas too much, my love it died.

Moral.

Why not, maiden, trust to nature?
Why assume what is not there?
'Tis the mind and not the feature,
That would bid our lives to share.

George Grey.

TO MISS MINNIE GLASS.

Dear Miss,—Dr. Max Schlesinger, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on Count von Bismarck, mentions a more or less creditable piece of eccentricity of which he is said to have been guilty at St. Petersburg when Prussian Minister. The Russian nobles were in the habit of inscribing mottoes on their carriages, a custom not peculiar to Russia, but common in countries where armorial bearings are used. Count von Bismarck, who has no arms or no motto, adopted the strange device—not "Excelsior," but an unutterable word, which the *Fortnightly* spells "[illegible]" in Russian, and "[illegible]" in Latin. As Dr. Schlesinger assures us that this word is a sort of Russian *nil admirari,*" I conclude that "[illegible]" has been printed by mistake in place of "nitchevo," which does not signify *nil admirari*, but literally *nil.* If a Russian were to have "nitchevo" painted on the panels of his carriage he would probably be arrested as member of the mysterious sect of "Nihilists" now occupying so much attention. After showing what, in my opinion, Count von Bismarck did not do, I may mention one thing he really did while at St. Petersburg. He learned Russian, and worked so hard that in six months he had a tolerable acquaintance with the language, and could use it freely in conversation. The advantage this would give him must be obvious, except to those who believe that the ordinary language of Russian society is French.—Yours, Shaver Silver.

P.S.—I believe Count Bismarck admires Beethoven, or I should not have troubled you with this.—S. S.

P.P.S.—The English language seems likely to be amplified, if not improved, by the luxuriant imagination of our American cousins. An American paper gives the following specimens of the last sweet things in New York slang. A fast young man when thirsty—and fast young men are always thirsty—asks for "a wash;" when he eats, "he wrestles his hash;" when he is drunk he is "swipey;" when he gambles he "sludges the pasteboards;" when he sleeps he is "under the blinks;" and when he steals he "goes through somebody." His friends are "gay ducks," "no slouches," "bully boys," and "bricks." His enemies are "[illegible]" and "stinkers." A clever writer is said to "sling a nasty pen," a good dancer to throw herself into a "dangerous attitude." A man is "tile," and a woman a "[illegible]."—S. S.

TO LINDSAY SLOPER, Esq.

Celestial gifts reign supreme
Luscious sounds in wonder beam,
Angelic melodies in beauty stream,
Rivulets of harmonies flow
A prism of sweetest lustres.
Sweet enchantress strike again
Chords a-cloying, dear lov'd strains,
Heavenly pleasures, ennobling joys,
Uplift my soul—let our thoughts fly
Merrily through our mortal hearts,
A spark of divinity will start,
Noble emotions within our breasts;
Now fan the flame!—lull me to rest.

To Shirley Brooks, Esq T. B. Drew

TO CHARLES HALLE, Esq.

SIR,—The following lines were suggested after having heard Mendelssohn's Trio in C minor for piano, violin, and violoncello, played by Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti:—

'Tis happiness!
To sit and listen in pensive mood
While music fires on Ariel wings,
Supplying our souls with celestial food,
Cleansing our hearts from humeral stings.

'Tis sweetness!
When melody rolls around our ears
Its fragrant theme and lovely airs;
When our pulses quiver, harmony is near
To enhance our joys, to banish cares.

'Tis a blessing!
To hear the immortal strains of a tale
Created by genius divine—
A language that knows be-cause life's
For ever new and for ever shines.

'Tis gladsomeness!
When toiling through the heat of day,
When the mind nerves are depressed,
Then music caresses with her lays,
Relieves, cheers the heart with sweet redress.

To Shirley Brooks, Esq. T. B. Drew.
Jan. 24, 1867.

TO HOPWOOD AND CREW, Esq.

SIR,—Mr Madison the veteran music publisher has, it is said, taken into partnership two young and active members of the profession. This gentleman is the Blue Beard of the trade. He no sooner disposes of one partner than he fascinates another, and at the present moment, while trading openly with two gentlemen in —— Street, it is well known that he also carries on a *liaison* with two gentleman in —— Street. The career of Mr Madison may be briefly sketched. For many years he lived harmoniously enough with Messrs Ramer and Earl in —— Street, but a slight misunderstanding at last arose and Mr Madison, quitting his partners in a huff, set up an opposition business in conjunction with Mr Dubson. Mr Dubson was remarkable for his belief in Mr Madison as an omniscient publisher. In the course of a few years Mr Dubson died, and Mr Madison was for a short time left alone—without a partner to share his joys and sorrows, his profits and losses. But solitude did not suit Mr Madison. He at once commenced two new flirtations—one with a gentleman at ——, whose name is still associated with his, and another with a very old gentleman, Mr. Bollier, formerly partner with Mr Leamington in Bean Street. How Mr Madison became attracted by Mr Bollier no one knows. At all events, the charm was soon over, and finding himself *ennuyé* with his superannuated partner he made advances to Mr Ukase. Mr Ukase could no more resist Mr Madison than any one else, and joyfully joined the harem, bringing by way of contribution to the home a successful oratorio, and three unsuccessful operas. But when these works had been consumed there was little nourishment left, and old Mr Bollier having left, Mr Ukase and Mr Madison agreed to separate and sell off their effects. The sale took place, and Mr Madison was again left alone in the world, with his arms full of plates. At this juncture he made an appeal to two gentlemen in —— Street, who kindly received him and his plates, doing their best to make the veteran publisher happy and comfortable. But Mr Madison was again restless, and having, for appearance sake, kept up his establishment in —— Street, he has induced yet other two gentlemen (Messrs. Leper and Emmens) to become his partners in that house. While carrying on this gay and profitable career as a publisher, Mr Madison has also been a sleeping partner in the pianoforte trade with Mr Wetting, and in the woollen trade with some one whose name I do not remember. He has, therefore, been openly associated with twelve gentlemen in business during a period of twenty-two years. What secret partnerships he has entered into nobody knows, and what other partners he may still induce to join him time only will discover. That he may live long and enjoy the society of as many more as have already worked with him is the sincere wish of his numerous friends.—Yours truly, VERDANT GREEN (Jun).

The Enclosure, Houghton-le-Spring.

NEW ORGAN AT BIRMINGHAM

On Monday last the organ in St. Thomas's Church, which has been re-built and enlarged, was opened. The old instrument was a G organ, and although some of the stops were good and the tone fair, yet as the internal woodwork and action were worn out, it was advisable to rebuild and enlarge the instrument. The work was entrusted to Mr Heward, after specifications by Mr A. J. Sutton, the organist. The instrument gave satisfaction to the large congregations assembled on Sunday. The organ consists of two manuals, CC to A in altissimo, 58 notes, and pedal CCC to F, 30 notes.

1.—GREAT ORGAN.

	Feet.		Feet.
*1. Open, wood and bourdon	16	7. Octave quint, metal	3
2. Open, metal (large scale)	8	8. Super octave, metal	2
3. Open, wood	8	9. Sesquialter	3 ranks
4. Closed, wood	8 tone	10. Mixture	3 ranks
5. Octave, metal	4	11. Trumpet	8
*6. Harmonic flute to tenor C, metal	4	*12. Clarion	4

2.—SWELL ORGAN.

	Feet.		Feet.
*1. Bourdon	16 tone	*6 Gemshorn	4
2. Open, metal (lower octave wood, new)	8	*7 Super octave	2
3. Closed wood	8 tone	*8 Oboe	8
*4 Clarabella, wood	8	*9 Horn	8
5. Octave, metal	4	*10 Clarion	4

3.—PEDAL ORGAN.

	Feet.		Feet.
*1 Grand open wood	16	4 Slide prepared for trombone (soon to be placed)	16
*2 Bourdon	16 tone	5 couplers and 7 composition pedals.	
*3 Octave, metal	8		

The stops thus marked * are new.

Preparations have been made for a choir organ of eight or nine stops. The whole of the wood work and the action are new, with the exception of the great wind chest and bellows. An extra bellows equal in size to the old one has been added. The chief points worthy notice in this instrument are:—The manuals have an extended compass from CC to A in altissimo, 58 notes, and a pedal organ from CCC to F, 30 notes; each stop goes through, with the exception of the harmonic flute; the pedal organ has three stops, and preparation for a fourth, instead of the usual pedal pipes, each stop possesses a distinct character of tone. There was a full choir on Sunday last, led by Mrs. Sutton. The service reflected credit on the choir. The congregation have subscribed about £200 towards the organ repair fund, and the collection last Sunday amounted to over £45. About £60 are still required to meet expenses.

DUNDALK.—A concert was given in the Town Hall, directed by Mr Ernest Hartman, band master of the 10th Hussars, under the patronage of Colonel Baker and the officers of the 10th, for the fund for relief of the poor. Amongst other pieces played by the band of the 10th were Mr Hartman's two waltzes, "Alice, where art thou?" and "Little Bertha," together with the famous Irish quadrille, "The Bay of Dublin," all three of which were encored. The concert was well attended.

A PANTOMIME IN FLORENCE

Cornelius O'Dowd ascribes the decline of the public interest in the contemporary drama to the comparative tameness of its characters and plots, when viewed by the side of the real actors and events in the political life of the present day. Cornelius has always so many good things to say in behalf of, so many capital stories to tell in illustration of a favourite crochet (even when he would drag us by the hair of the head back to Sir Lucius O'Trigger's age of lead), that I am the last person in the world to quarrel with his idiosyncrasies, more especially in the open questions of literary tendency and taste. The Cornelius of the octavo volume—the Cornelius of Maga—the Cornelius who has infused new blood into the veins of old Ebony, is to one after all but a dim and colourless reflection of the living and breathing man; how dim and colourless a reflection those only can attest who, like myself, have had incessantly dashing over them during the last 18 years the spray from that portentous Niagara of anecdote and fun. But in the present instance the theorizing Cornelius must, I almost suspect, begin to have some doubts of the soundness of his own theories, for they receive a contradiction not only from all facts in literary history, but from the daily experience and observation of the land in which he has pitched his tent. If it be true that the grand events of his national story only quickened an Athenian's relish for *The Persians*; if it be undoubted that the youth of the Elizabethan age (happily unconscious of non-intervention theories!) enjoyed the Shakspearian drama all the more because their country had helped the Hollander in his danger and despair, we may feel tolerably certain that in our own day like causes will produce like effects; that contemporary sublimity and shabbiness, contemporary magnitude and meanness, far from deadening, will rather enliven the creations of the scenic world, and will assist in reproducing "the very age and body of the time—its form and pressure."

But let us pass from theories to facts. The highest form of dramatic genius is rare in all ages and countries. The lower (but still how rare!) productions of highly developed dramatic talent—the creations uniting thorough knowledge of human nature with an ordinary insight into the spirit of the time, and a practical command of stage effect—this, too, is the possession of comparatively few. No wonder then if no higher degree of excellence is at the present moment to be met with on the Italian stage. But individual excellence in dramatic literature is one thing, and a general taste and tendency for the drama is another. At present I am only concerned with the second, and in reference to it I must chronicle the fact that the stirring events of recent Italian history—the new political life and strong national aspirations of these 26,000,000 of Italians—so far from blunting their relish for theatrical representations, have given them an infinitely greater relish, that they almost seem more bent on dramatizing contemporary politics than on commenting and criticising them; that a three-act play seems to be instinctively regarded as a better medium for *making* political capital than a leading article or a parliamentary speech;—in a word, that the Italian stage (as regards its spirit, of course I say nothing of the execution), if, following its present course, bids fair to treat the party struggles of the day after the fashion of *The Knights* and its literary phases after the fashion of *The Frogs*. Gherardi del Testa's admirable comedy, *La Coscienza Elastica*, satirizing the reactionary coteries, though the earliest, is certainly the best of these political plays; but the name of the more recent additions to the category is "legion." We have had crowded houses night after night this season to see and applaud the play of Fambri, the member for Venice, entitled *Il Caporale di Settimana*, a stinging exposure of the abuses in the military administration; and within a few days of each other Fabio Uccelli and Martini have favoured us with dramas on electioneering practices and parliamentary corruption—both of them, by the way, most unceremoniously and most unanimously damned.

And now a Milanese playwright has given us a capital pantomime—a stunning, splitting, shrieking pantomime. *Se sa Minga* ("One Doesn't Know")—a phrase constantly in the mouth of your true Milanese burgher—is the title of this satirical review of 1866. All who love a hearty laugh should welcome this carnival extravaganza with becoming gratitude, for it almost seemed as if Italian pantomime was to become a thing of the past, and that the dramatic student would have to seek the illustration of Italian mimic powers in Cardinal Wiseman's charming little essay, or of the Italian command of broad grins in Leonardo's unrivalled collection in the Brera. But there shall still be cakes and ale though virtuous senates impeach Persano, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth at least so long as *Se sa Minga* has its run at the Teatro Nuovo. You meet hundreds coming away disappointed from the theatre door as you comfortably wend your way to the stall which you have prudently secured. You are told that last night a stalwart cavalry officer fainted away from the crush in the pit, and the anecdote makes your stall *feel* roomier than before. At length, amidst breathless expectation, the curtain rises. You see, surrounded by all the materials and objects of her criticism—guns, swords, crowns, tiaras, printing presses—busily engaged in her task, the Muse of History. An aged man totters in, and falls at her feet, imploring her forgiveness, or at least her toleration. It is poor old '66, evidently on his last legs. He has an awkward consciousness that in more ways than one he has made a great fool of himself; he would gladly leave a good name behind him; he is afraid of the judgment of History; he would fain be whitewashed, but the thing can't be done. History refers him to her father, Time, who, considering his years, is a hale and hearty old gentleman; his scythe perhaps has been blunted by the rough work it has done at Palermo, but his wings are in capital flying order, the more so that the Italian journalists need not pluck out the feathers: they have long ago exchanged the quill for the more expeditious scissors! A violent altercation ensues between '66 and Time—the former protesting that it is very hard he should be hanged like the dog with the bad name; it is not *his* fault, but that of those lazy ministers and deputies, if so many of the convents which he had promised to suppress still remain open. But by this time the kind woman's heart of his daughter is evidently getting softened. If she cannot efface from her page the errors of his past life, she will at least pass them in array as a monitory warning to his son, that extremely promising youngster '67. The characters and events of old '66 shall flit as in a magic lantern before the eyes of young '67. To assist him in his judgment, he is duly introduced to the representatives of Public Opinion (a nasty seedy crew they are!), who shout in chorus "*Se sa Minga*," the constantly recurring answer to the constantly recurring question, "What is the use of the circumlocution office? Why are such men made admirals?" &c. At this stage of the performance the drama received last night a rather startling illustration by the distribution in the pit of the evening papers containing the votes of the Senate on the two last heads of the Persano impeachment. Then follow in rapid succession Fashion, attired in a dress of the peculiar upholstery pattern, with a bonnet of the Lilliputian dimensions with which the past year favoured us,—the *Africana*, by whose wild notes and [illegible] little '67 is sorely frightened, though told she is the best thing of the last twelvemonth, but who is not without her practical uses, it being, she affirms, her mission to teach geography to the young Florentine noblemen at the opera of the Pergola. But now we are drifting into the financial era; you see the effects in that solitary coin which comes trembling on the stage—*ultimus Romanorum*—the Last Man, or rather the last child—he is but a little one—that is the last *Napoleon d'or*. Poor helpless, houseless wanderer! He is crying to be taken home. "I want to go to my own home. Take me, I pray, kind ladies and gentlemen, take me to my own home." "And where is your home?" asks little '67 compassionately. "My home is the National Bank, and they want to put me in the Numismatic Museum." A sudden trembling comes over the poor child; he sees his enemy, the *agioteur*. He slinks off, and on a sudden the stage is suddenly filled by a chorus of postage and receipt stamps, the improvised substitutes of a metallic currency. They sing a capital chorus, which never fails to be loudly encored. However, in a scuffle which they have with the dreaded *agioteur*, they stand a chance of coming badly off, did not the notes of the People's Bank come to the rescue. And now the scene again changes, and little '67 has shown to him the architectural changes commenced in Florence during his father's lifetime. We have a view of the old city walls almost razed to the ground by the workmen in the employment of the Florence Land and Public Works Company. "But has your work," asks the little fellow, "been only one of destruction?" "As yet it has," is the reply, "but only wait a little, and you shall see—and you shall see." Whereupon there is straightway presented to him another scene, the New Florence, as the clever scene-painter has imagined it—a series of most artistically grouped obelisks and fountains. I cannot say—if I might judge from the remarks generally made in my hearing—that this style of architecture seemed to be regarded as the one best adapted to the wants of the citizens, for obelisks, however interesting in an antiquarian point of view, are perhaps the form of building least appropriate for a comfortable modern dwelling-house; and in the matter of water we are so extremely hard up for drinking and culinary purposes that the lavish expenditure of the fluid in ornamental fountains calls up feelings greatly akin to those of the fabled Tantalus. And to an audience composed of respectable middle-class citizens, who are literally hungering and thirsting for house-room, and are heavily mulcted in their moderate salaries and earnings for house-rent, this scene in "*Se sa Minga*," like the treacherous groves and streams of a mirage, only suggested the horrors of the desert.

The second or purely political part of the extravaganza was less entertaining than the earlier piece. We had the reactionary monster Ignorance, the "Consorteria," a Government clique, Custozza and Lissa, the Affondatore, the Prussian needle gun—all vigorously represented; and of course the play ended with a view of the Roman capital and the cross of Savoy resplendent above the same. Shall we see that in 1867?—"*Se sa Minga*."

Florence, Jan. 31.

Fort.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

Thirteenth Concert of the Ninth Season.

THIRD MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 9TH 1867

PART I

QUINTET in B flat, Op. 87, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, W. HANN and PIATTI — *Mendelssohn.*

SONGS { "Who is Sylvia?" / "Hark! the lark" } Miss BANKS — *Schubert.*

SONATA, in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONG, "In my wild mountain valley"—Miss BANKS — *Benedict.*

QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI — *Schumann.*

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Fourteenth Concert of the Ninth Season.

MONDAY EVENING FEBRUARY 11TH, 1867

PART I

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE and PIATTI — *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "Late, late, so late"—Miss BANKS — *G. A. Macfarren.*

SONATA in D major, Op. 10, for Pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA in F major (No. 8 of Hallé's edition), for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Herr JOACHIM — *Mozart.*

SONG, "Dawn, gentle flower"—Miss BANKS — *Henry Smart.*

QUARTET in D minor, Op. 76, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI — *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will take place as follows, viz.:—

Monday February 18 1867 | Monday March 11 1867
Monday " 25 " | Monday " 18 "
Monday March 4 "

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays February 16th, 23rd; March 2nd [illegible]

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly; Keith Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Cramer & Co., 14, New Bond Street.

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy Florendos de Macedone [illegible] de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople [illegible] by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance [illegible].

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible].—Wieland's *Oberon* was taken from the popular romance of *Sir Huon de Bordeaux*, which was translated by Lord Berners in the sixteenth century, and abridged by Tressan in his *Corps des Extraits des Romans*.

[illegible].—The word—"Honorificabilitudinitatibus"—often occurs in old writers as the longest in existence. It is found in Shakspeare's *Love's Labour Lost*, Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, and Nash's *Lenten Stuff*.

[illegible].—Arabella Goddard has frequently played Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, Op. 106, from end to end, without book—among others before Hallé, Molique, C. Potter, Benedict, and the late lamented Spohr. She has played it in public. Mendelssohn says, laughingly, in one of his letters, that after playing it once at Frankfort, he drank "250 glasses of Rhine wine."

A BENNETTIST.—The *Allegro Grazioso* in A, of which our correspondent speaks, was performed by Madame Arabella Goddard in public last week at her "Pianoforte Recitals" in Hull, Louth and Lincoln. We quite agree with "A Bennettist" that it is "a charmingly fresh and genial composition, and ought to be more widely known."

DEATH.

At his residence, 15, York Road, Lambeth, on Tuesday, the 5th inst., Mr FREDERICK CHARLES HESTON, many years librarian to the Royal Italian Opera. He was an able, zealous, upright, and honest man, and is deeply regretted by numerous friends.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s., 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

[Translations by [illegible] M. E. von G[illegible] from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.—A. S. S.]

STEPHEN HELLER.*

NO one ever became a master without first being a pupil (indeed the greater the master the more constantly is he learning), and Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106), *the* great one of all, was preceded by thirty-one other Beethoven Sonatas. But when a man begins like Stephen Heller, who was a mere youth when he wrote this work, he may be let off a few of the thirty-one, and even at the tenth he will be capable of producing something masterly. In fact, even in this first Sonata, there is enough common sense almost to alarm us about any future ones, and enough real genius to supply permanently a tolerable number of Paris composers. None but genuine talent can thus proclaim itself, and challenge the penetration of the critics, provided they have a mind to attack it. I might compare our composer to Achilles, for, besides being a good combatant, like that Greek hero, he is also a good runner; just as you catch him up he is off with a laugh, and in a twinkling again ready for combat. He is a sly composer, and has a way of putting in a better thought than one had anticipated, which stops all censure. The Graces are his willing slaves, rather than he their humble follower. His Sonata is quite a reproach to the regular critics, who always come out at the last with their remarks about how a thing ought not to be.

Thus much the Sonata tells us of Stephen Heller. But people will ask, "Who is he? where does he belong to?" To which the answer is short:—he is a Hungarian by birth, and was taken about, when a child, as a kind of prodigy; then for a time he lived and wrote at Augsburg, and then, unfortunately, went to Paris. I have known the Sonata for some years in manuscript. The composer sent it to me in fragments, once a quarter, not so much to keep me in suspense, but because, as he said, he took a long time to hatch his chickens, and wasted much time over it, and "what is a Sonata, on the whole, but waste of time?" And now it lies before me complete, this winged offspring of a rare imagination, its countenance at once classic and romantic, and half concealed by the comic mask.

When people are particularly fond of a thing, they imagine they understand it better than any one else; and in a concert-room where anything of Beethoven's is going on, there are sure to be dozens of lads in a state of rapture, each saying to himself, "After all, there is nobody who understands him as I do." In the best sense, therefore, I venture to define this Sonata as an actual part of the composer's life, to which, consciously or unconsciously, he has given expression in his art—a piece such as only youth can produce, full of the charm of moonlight and nightingales' songs, with here and there a dash of satire to keep it within the bounds of common life. Thus the Sonata enters on its career through this prosaic world. It will loose its mark everywhere. The wiseacres will shake their wigs, organists will shriek at its "want of science," and the grandees of Pumpernickel will ask if it were composed *ad majorem Dei gloriam* and whether there is any particular object or merit in it. Meantime, our young composer should keep steadily at work, let the great city roar and rage around him as it may, and then we trust he will soon return home with double riches. And if he should bring his 10th Sonata with him, we will gladly show him these lines, in which we have spoken of him with the greatest hope, as full of promise and talent.

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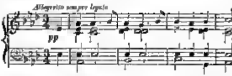
* Sonata, Op. 9.

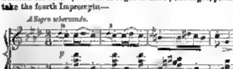
[Schumann is mistaken about the great sonata in B flat, Op. 106. Op. 109 (in E), Op. 110 (in A flat), and Op. 111 (in C minor) all came after, not before it. Nor are there 33 *sonatas* by Beethoven, unless the *Andante* in F major, which originally was the middle movement of the Waldstein sonata, Op. 53, be counted as a sonata.—A. S. S.]

SCHUBERT[*]

How it would have rejoiced his heart, had he but survived, to see himself worshipped as he is now! But it is a long while since he went to his rest, and we must carefully collect and take note of all that he has left us. There is nothing amongst it which does not testify to his genius; few works have the seal of their author so distinctly imprinted on them as his. Every page of the first two Impromptus whispers "Franz Schubert;" he is there, as we know him of old, in all his inexhaustible humour, first attracting, then disappointing, and then again fascinating us. I can scarcely believe that he himself called these pieces "Impromptus." The first (F minor)[†] is so evidently the first movement of a sonata, so perfectly worked out and ended off, that it is impossible to have a doubt about it. The second Impromptu—



I believe to be the second movement of the same Sonata, since both in key (A flat) and character it is in close relation to the first. Where the last movements may be, or whether Schubert ever finished the Sonata, his friends ought to know; one might, perhaps, take the fourth Impromptu—



for the Finale; but though the key (F minor) is in favour of the idea, the desultoriness of its general plan is somewhat against it.

These are therefore mere conjectures which could only be cleared up by examining the original manuscripts. To me it is no trifling matter; titles and superscriptions may be unimportant in themselves, but on the other hand, a sonata is such a precious addition to a composer's laurels, that I would gladly add one more, nay, twenty, to the many which Schubert has written. As for the third Impromptu—a set of Variations of little or no interest, on an equally uninteresting theme—I should scarcely have taken it for his; anyhow it must be a youthful production. It is utterly wanting in that originality and imaginativeness which at other times Schubert has so powerfully displayed in writing variations. Therefore, by playing the first two Impromptus directly after one another, and taking the fourth for the Finale, we shall have, though not a perfect sonata, yet one more beautiful memorial of him. If one is familiar with his style, it is almost enough to play it through once to master it thoroughly. In the first movement we are, as it were, lulled to sleep by the delicate and fantastic ornamentation which connects the quiet melodious passages. It must have been composed during a time of suffering, perhaps while brooding over the past. The second movement is of a more contemplative character, a favourite vein with Schubert. The third, again (the fourth Impromptu) is different, a little sombre, but still gentle and good; one cannot find fault with it. It several times recalled to my mind Beethoven's "Rage over a lost Groschen," a very ridiculous piece but little known.

[Few will agree with Schumann about the Air with Variations in B flat, which according to him makes the third *Impromptu*, but according to the London edition the first. The theme is neat and charming, and the variations are to match.—A. S. S.]

MUSIC AT BEDFORD

Sir,—Residing habitually in this quiet town, it is but seldom I enjoy the opportunity of listening to genuine music. The occasions are so few, indeed, that I never miss one if I can manage, by hook or by crook, to avail myself of it. Being an amateur, you will easily understand that my forte is the "forte-piano," as it used to be called, and we have here a little society which meets once a week to practise, as well as we are able, the works of the good composers for that instrument—both solos and duets. We have also among us a fiddle and a violoncello, tolerably tolerable, and so we can get through violin sonatas and trios; but as not one of us has tried the tenor, or "alto," as the viola is indifferently styled, we cannot contrive quartets. The very day which had been fixed for our last practice was selected by Madame Arabella Goddard for a "Pianoforte Recital"—you will not be surprised then, that a preliminary meeting was called, and that it was proposed and carried unanimously that the practice should be put off in order to allow of our all attending the "Pianoforte Recital." Well were we rewarded for this temporary self-sacrifice! Early in our places, we were fortunate enough to hear every piece from beginning to end.

Madame Arabella Goddard began the concert with the chastest performance I can remember of the familiar variations upon a theme in A major, from one of Sarti's operas. Although these variations—of which I possess the edition included by Messrs. Chappell, of London, in their *Bijoux Perdus* (which should rather be called *Bijoux Retrouvés*)—have always been ascribed to Mozart, Otto Jahn, his laborious biographer, assures us that they are not by Mozart, but by one Förster. They are worthy of the greater man, nevertheless, and I verily believe if Mozart had heard them played by Madame Goddard he would have believed them to be his own, and laid claim to them then and there. The melody was expressed with seductive simplicity, and variation after variation flowed from the fingers of the gifted lady like streamlets from one source (the melody), but each with a peculiar colour of its own. It was a performance from first to last quite enchanting in its repose. Madame Goddard next came forward with a triad of pieces—*Nocturne* in C major, by John Field, *Study* in G minor, by J. N. Hummel, and *Spinnlied*, by Mendelssohn. Fairly might these engaging sisters be compared with the *Charites*; and if I may be allowed to give to each its name I should call the nocturne "Aglaia," the *study* "Euphrosyne," and the sparkling *Lied* "Thalia." They were chosen with consummate taste, and seemed to hang together with as natural a grace as the

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[*] Impromptus for the Pianoforte, Op. 142.

[†] The first Impromptu, Op. 142, according to the London edition (Ashdown and Parry), is an air with variations in B flat.

Charites in Raffaelle's famous picture, which (arms not forgotten) I prefer to the sculptured "Graces" of that coldly refined Canova. With Russian Field's *nocturne* I was already acquainted, through an edition of his "*Six Nocturnes*" published by Messrs. Ashdown and Parry of London; but I had not a notion what charm there was in it till I heard the refined and winningly unobtrusive interpretation of Mad. Goddard. Hummel's piece, a study on double notes of very considerable difficulty, was new to me; but so impressed was I with its performance that I inserted in my memorandum the subjoined pencil-note:—"*Happy Thought*—send to Ashdown and Parry for Hummel's *Twenty-four Studies*." The double notes did not seem to be double notes, so closely were they wedded one to another—each like two cherries on a single stalk. It reminded me of the Rhine and the Moselle at their confluence, where you see the waters flowing side by side, from the heights of Ehrenbreitstein—two streams in one. The audience enraptured with this called for it again, as they did, with one voice, for the *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn, which like a flash of lightning was gone ere scarcely one had time to be aware of its presence. After this marvellous piece of execution—as light and airy as elastic and unfailing as it was rapid—Madame Goddard was compelled in spite of herself to sit down again at the instrument. She then played old Handel's dainty variations from the *suite* in E ("Harmonious Blacksmith")—need I say how?—and need I describe with what effect?

Next came a sparkling *valse* by the Polish minstrel, Chopin (at which I have often vainly tugged myself), played quite after the heart of one of our Club, who is an ardent Chopinist, and followed by another "recall." So charmed indeed were the Bedford audience, and so enthusiastic that—not satisfied with the entire four movements of Beethoven's gorgeous sonata in D major (Op. 28) which some publisher Cranz was justified in christening *Sonata Pastorale*, for it is as pastoral as the *Pastoral Symphony* itself—they even encored to hear the *finale* over again. You have heard Madame Goddard so often in this sonata, at the Monday Popular Concerts, and elsewhere* that it would be absurd in me to attempt a description of her performance for readers used to a refinement of appreciation and to an eloquence of writing to which I can lay no possible claim. To my thinking however, and that of my companions, it was perfection, the greatest treat, music and performance viewed in combination, of the whole—where everything was a treat. The last exhibition of Mad. Goddard was in one of those *fantasias* by Thalberg, which no one, not Thalberg himself, in my opinion, plays with such unstudied grace, such easy composure, and such wonderful fluency as herself. This was the *Masaniello*, which ended the second part as brilliantly as the *Sonata Pastorale* had nobly inaugurated it. The *fantasia* set the audience beside themselves, and with the gentlest overlooking of their unconscionable exactingness, Mad. Goddard obliged them with another *fantasia* from the same pen—the universally popular "Last Rose of Summer." This put the crown on her triumph and completely won the hearts of the Bedfordians, who are all longing for her next visit.

The songs which separated one instrumental performance from another were unusually good and unusually well sung. The singer, however, was the young and clever Miss Edmonds, who selected Rossini's "La Pastorella," in which she was encored; Benedict's charming song, "The Maiden's Dream," and Horn's "I've been a roaming," in which she was also encored, and for which she substituted, to the satisfaction of all present, Bishop's "Should he upbraid." Miss Edmonds could hardly have wished for a more genuine success.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

D. Peters, Esq. R. B. L.

[* R. B. L. is mistaken about the *Sonata Pastorale*. Madame Goddard has never played it in London—at the Monday Popular Concerts or elsewhere.—A. S. SILENT.]

HANDEL's *Acis and Galatea*, and Locke's *Macbeth* music will be performed by the National Choral Society, at Exeter Hall on Wednesday the 13th.—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Lucy Franklein, Mr Leigh Wilson, Mr Kerr Gedge, and Mr Weiss are the singers. The band and chorus will number nearly 700 performers. Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The concert on Monday night derived especial interest from the fact that Madame Schumann made her first appearance in London since 1865. The celebrated *pianiste* was welcomed with the enthusiastic greeting which is her just due by an audience that filled St. James's Hall in every part. The extraordinary energy with which she gave Beethoven's romantic and beautiful sonata in D minor, Op. 31, created the liveliest impression, and she was twice unanimously called for at the end. Still more interesting on such an occasion were two romances by Robert Schumann, from the set of three, Op. 94, originally composed for oboe and pianoforte accompaniment, with the stipulation that the oboe might be replaced at discretion by violin or clarinet. The principal instrument selected last night was the violin, which being in the hands of Herr Joachim, it will readily be concluded that the execution of these tender and graceful pieces was all that could be wished. At the end the two performers were called. So pleased were the hearers with these romances that the only thing to be regretted was the omission of the first of the set, which is in no way inferior to its companions. Madame Schumann throws the impress of her striking individuality on whatever she plays; but she is never so absorbed in her task, never so completely successful, as when the music before her is one of the compositions of her husband, which, were their merits infinitely less, could still not fail to charm through the medium of such heartfelt interpretation. Madame Schumann's last performance was in the great trio in E flat of Beethoven (Op. 70), the second of the two dedicated to the Countess Erdödy, of whom Mendelssohn gives an interesting account in one of his letters. In this she was associated with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. The trio, played to perfection, brought the concert worthily to a conclusion, and obtained another hearty "ovation" for Madame Schumann—who can scarcely fail to have been gratified by such fresh and lively marks of sympathy on the part of her many friends and admirers in England.

The first piece was Spohr's magnificent double quartet in E minor, magnificently led by Herr Joachim, whose companions in the first quartet were MM. Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti; in the second MM. Pollitzer, Wiener, Zerbini, and Paque. The double quartet to the quartet is what the double chorus is to the chorus simple. Two instrumental choirs, so to speak, are here made alternately to respond to each other and combine, with an ingenuity of which Spohr reasonably felt proud when speaking, in his *Autobiography*, of his new invention, and expressing his surprise that no one had taken advantage of it. The double quartet in E minor is no novelty to the frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts, it having been the first piece of the kind which Mr. Arthur Chappell introduced in the year of their establishment (1859). It was never more finely executed and never more thoroughly enjoyed.

The singer was Miss Edith Wynne, who is rapidly attaining the highest position in her art. Both the pieces chosen for her were good. The first was "Orpheus with his lute," one of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's best and most characteristic Shakesperian settings; the second was Schubert's "Young nun," which in intense feeling is surpassed by nothing that came from the pen of one who has excelled all others, whether in quantity or in quality, as a purely lyric composer. Both were admirably sung by Miss Edith Wynne, and admirably accompanied by Mr. Benedict, and both were called for again. Miss Wynne only acceded to the unanimous demand of the audience in the first instance. She might fairly, however, have done so to the second, which, take it for all and all, music, singing and accompaniment, was the most perfect exhibition of the evening.

THE JAPANESE ACROBATS.—The *troupe* of Japanese *artistes* and acrobats, mentioned a few days since, as being on their way to this country, have now arrived, and will shortly make their *début* in London, for a few special representations, prior to their departure for Paris, where they are engaged to perform during the Universal Exhibition.

PERSHORE.—A miscellaneous concert was lately given at the Music Hall. The performers were Mr. T. Hall, assisted by Messrs. Brookes, Parker, Palmer and Hall of Worcester. The attendance was not very large, but the performances gave great satisfaction. Mr. H. Baldwyn, of Worcester, presided at the pianoforte.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first soirée of the present season took place last Tuesday evening in the Minor Hall, St. James's. The programme contained two instrumental quartets—one for the pianoforte and strings by Mozart, in E flat (the pianoforte part of which was cleverly played by an amateur member, Mr. Basil Martineau), the other a stringed quartet by Herr Jansa, a director of the society. This esteemed musician and excellent performer but rarely now appears in public, yet whenever he does he never fails to cause a deep impression by his classical style and poetic conception. Herr Jansa may be regarded as the link between the past and present race of musicians. *Chef d'attaque* of the orchestra which the immortal Beethoven used to direct, leader of the celebrated quartets of that mighty genius as they proceeded from time to time fresh from his pen, and imbued with the spirit of Beethoven, which few could resist who were brought in contact with him, the very presence of Herr Jansa in an orchestra or on a concert platform recalls reminiscences and wakes up memories of the past, which his own individual talent tends to substantiate into realities, and on hearing him play one of Beethoven's quartets the musician auditor becomes not only impressed with the genius of the author, but almost realizes his presence. Such is the force of the association connected with Herr Jansa. Perhaps the most interesting piece in the programme was the quartet (B minor) of Herr Jansa alluded to. It is the work of a thorough musician, and is as beautiful as it is masterly. It was most admirably executed by Herr Jansa (first violin), Mr. M. Mori (second violin), Mr. Webb (tenor), and M. Paque (violoncello). The other instrumental pieces were a *fantasia* on the violoncello by M. Paque, executed in his most admirable manner; a solo on the harp by Mr. T. H. Wright, who is doing his best to bring this much neglected instrument into more general use. The harp cannot have a better champion than Mr. Wright. Another instrumental feature was a pianoforte solo by Miss Kate Roberts (Professor Wylde's clever pupil). Miss Roberts played the *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn so charmingly that it was redemanded. On returning to the platform, however, the young pianist substituted Weber's "La Gaieté." It is generally understood that Professor Wylde intends introducing Miss Kate Roberts at one of the forthcoming New Philharmonic Concerts in St. George's Hall, a compliment to which her talent justly entitles her. The vocal music was by Miss E. Mori (a *débutante*), Miss Fanny Holland, who introduced Signor F. Lablache's romanza, "The wish," which she sang charmingly, and Miss Abbott, whose fine contralto voice did justice to Mercadante's "Se m' abbandoni."

The next soirée is announced for Feb. 23 in the same locality. The opening of the new hall, St. George's, Langham Place, is looked forward to by the members with much interest. Mr. W. Beavan was director for the evening. Herr Ganz accompanied the vocal music.—D. H.

Miss Edwards's First Pianoforte and Vocal Recital took place on Thursday week at 21, Upper Ebury Street, before a fashionable audience. Miss Edwards was assisted by Miss Marie Stocken, Mr. Trelawny Cobham and Mr. Renwick, vocalists; Mr. W. H. Hann, violinist. Miss Marie Stocken and Miss Edwards alternately presided at the pianoforte. Miss Marie Stocken has studied under Mr. Goldberg, and it will be her own fault if she does not attain a high position. She sang and accompanied herself in Beethoven's "Ah Perfido" to the evident satisfaction of the audience, and in the duets, "Sull' aria," and "Deh con te," with Miss Edwards both ladies were immensely applauded. Besides being an accomplished pianist Miss Edwards is a singer of no mean ability. She gave several solos, with unaffected taste and expression: Signor Campana's "Non posso vivere," Signor Schira's beautiful *reverie*, "Sognai," and a song by Herr Blumenthal. Her pianoforte performances comprised Beethoven's Sonata in A minor Op. 23 for piano and violin, in conjunction with that excellent performer Mr. W. H. Hann, and two solos—Mr. Ascher's *Lenore* and a brilliant *Etude* by M. Alexandre Billet. In all of these she exhibited both power and expression. Mr. Trelawny Cobham was encored in Signor Arditi's "Colli nativi," and deservedly. Mr. Renwick in Handel's "Nasce al bosco," and a pleasing ballad composed by Miss Edwards ("Separation"), created a favourable impression by his unaffected style. The "Recital" was a perfect success. Amongst the fashionable company present we noticed Lady Cunningham, the Hon. Mrs. Phipps, the Hon. Mrs. Digby, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Vernon, Miss Ottey, &c.—**Baron Bassoon.**

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The celebrated pianist, Madame Clara Schumann, whose performances at the Monday Popular Concerts during the season of 1866 will not have been forgotten, appeared last night according to announcement and played in the first part Beethoven's sonata in D minor and in the second two of Schumann's romances for pianoforte and violin (Op. 94). In the last of these works Madame Schumann was accompanied by Herr Joachim.

Madame Schumann was rapturously welcomed on making her appearance and at the end of Beethoven's sonata—a performance full of fire and enthusiasm—the applause was renewed with increased heartiness and she was twice recalled to the platform. Still more interesting under the circumstances was her husband's own music, into which she entered as is her wont 'heart and soul.' In Herr Joachim she found not only an incomparable but a thoroughly sympathetic associate, and so pleased were the audience with these charming bagatelles, that at the termination of the last both performers were called back. That the noble trio of Beethoven was finely played may easily be believed with such a trio of executants as Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti.

The concert began with a splendid performance of Spohr's first double-quartet for eight stringed instruments, the one in D minor, perhaps the most familiar of them all to amateurs of chamber music, and certainly to the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts, to whom it was first introduced as far back as 1859. How Herr Joachim plays Spohr's music we need not stop to say, nor how admirably he was supported by Signor Piatti and the six gentlemen who took the subordinate instruments—subordinate, however, only in the sense that the first violin and the first violoncello necessarily take the lead. The double-quartet created a "furore" in the strongest acceptation of the term.

The vocal music was worthy of the rest. There was only one singer, but that singer was Miss Edith Wynne, whose great merit is becoming more and more widely acknowledged, and who never sang more exquisitely than on this occasion. She selected Mr. Arthur Sullivan's charming setting of Shakespeare's "Orpheus with his lute" (encored), and Schubert's "Die junge Nonne," one of the most pathetic and beautiful songs in existence. We have heard nothing more touching and heartfelt than Miss Edith Wynne's delivery of this, nor could it have been accompanied more perfectly than by Mr. Benedict. In short, it was the feature of a concert in which every piece, vocal and instrumental, was of the highest interest.—*Morning Post, May 8.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(*From "The Queen."*)

Despite a numerous opposition from certain amateurs, and base ingratitude from former pupils, the Tenterden Institution is still alive, and it has existed long enough to survive senseless opposition. The Academy formed in 1822 is still going on in 1867. It is absurd, therefore, to think of extinguishing the institution, but it is quite legitimate to discuss the question of extending its influence. The patrons are Her Most Gracious Majesty (herself a distinguished amateur) and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The president is the Earl of Wilton, and the vice presidents are the Duke of Leinster, the Earl Howe, Lord Wrottesley, and the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart. The directors are the Dukes of Newcastle and Leinster, the Marquis Townshend, Earls Wilton and Howe, Lords E. Hill Trevor, M.P., and Wrottesley, Sirs G. Clerk, F. A. Gore Ouseley and John Pakington, M.P., C. W. Packe, Esq., M.P., T. T. Bernard, Esq., M.P., J. Lodge Atherton, Esq., Walter S. Broadwood, Esq., and the Hon. J. [illegible]. The committee of management comprises the names of Sir G. Clerk (chairman) and all the directors just mentioned. It will be thus seen that the amateur element is strongly embodied. The professional talent engaged includes the names of Sterndale Bennett (principal), Herr Otto Goldschmidt (vice-principal), honorary visitor Cipriani Potter, Esq. (formerly principal). The list of professors for tuition in the various departments is formidable, including Dr. Bennett and Mr. A. S. Sullivan for composition; Mr. John Goss, Dr. C. Steggall, Messrs. H. C. Banister and Lunn (harmony, counterpoint, and fugue); Herr Goldschmidt, Messrs. Jewson, Harold Thomas, and O'Leary (pianoforte); Messrs. Westlake and R. H. Ayers (assistant pianoforte); Signor Manuel Garcia (singing); Mr. John Goss (organ music); Dr. Steggall (organ); M. Sainton, Messrs. Hill and Watson (violin); Mr. Aylward (violoncello); Mr. Svendsen (flute); and Mr. H. Lazarus (clarinet). These eminent professors are for the male department. For the lady students there is Mr. G. A. Macfarren for composition; Messrs. W. H. Holmes, E. Fanny, W. Dorrell, Walter Macfarren, A. O'Leary, and F. Westlake (piano); Signori Schira and Gilardoni (singing); Messrs. J. B. Chatterton and J. Cheshire (harp). There are two teachers besides—one for elocution, in Mr. Walter Lacy, and in Italian, Signor Maggioni.* Mr. C. Lucas, the late principal, presides at the class for reading from score-figured bass, musical literature, and analysis; Mr H. Blagrove heads the class for chamber instrumental music; and Mr F. R. Cox teaches English vocal music and concerted vocal music.

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* Signor Giovanni Pepoli. Signor Maggioni has retired to Italy.—A. S. S.

Now, any pupil with the smallest aptitude for music and with the slightest disposition for study, must make way with such tuition as is afforded by the above masters; and if the Academy does not produce Mozarts and Mendelssohns, Bachs and Beethovens, it is not for the lack of good drilling, but simply because genius cannot be engendered by any scholastic discipline. Everyone of the latest prize scholars of the Conservatoire de Paris has signally failed recently as a composer. We have not heard that Leipsic or Vienna, Berlin or Stuttgart, Naples or Milan, have for a long time produced any striking or exceptional ability to startle the world. All that the continental conservatories have done has been to introduce accomplished artists to the world, and our Academy can boast of a long list of celebrities, some with creative powers, more certainly of executive ability.

The Academy has not at its disposal large Government grants; it is only lately that it has a hold of £500 (voted annually). It is mainly dependent on private subscriptions and the fees paid by the students. The object is now to reduce these fees and to enable promising talent to have a free education. There are a few prizes, it is true, at the Academy, such as two King's scholarships, a Westmoreland scholarship, and a Potter exhibition, and recently have been added twelve free scholarships, four of which have been already competed for and filled up. According to the last circular issued from the Academy, the co-operation of the deans and chapters of cathedrals and collegiate bodies is earnestly sought, and inducements are held out to students who wish to join military bands; but surely the two last mentioned incentives to study music are matters for Governmental intervention and more active support. The amount of £15 per annum precludes the possibility of attracting pupils from all classes of the community. The academical year is divided into two seasons of nineteen and a half weeks each. Now for £15 the education desired is undoubtedly exceedingly cheap, but the system does not go sufficiently far to constitute a really national institution. The great support of a continental Conservatoire is derived from the existence of a national Opera House. In England there is no such feeder. The pupil who is a singer, unless he studies for the Italian stage, has no market for his talent; the instrumentalists are entirely dependent on foreign operatic establishments in the metropolis. If the Society of Arts could raise funds to establish an English Opera House on a permanent basis, some good results might follow their late agitation for extending musical education. At present the supply of talent is about equal to the demand—that is, the demand being next to nothing, the amount of ability created is in the same ratio.

WORCESTER.—We were unable last week to do more than announce the fact of Mr Aptommas's Harp Recital having taken place. Mr Aptommas is a harpist of rare power and skill, and his execution and manipulation excited the admiration of the audience. Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" was performed admirably, and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and the other portions of the programme were equally well executed.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

CROYDON.—The annual evening concert given by Mr G. Russell took place at the Public Hall. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle Anna Drasdil, and Mr Lewis Thomas; instrumentalists—pianoforte, Mr George Russell; violin, Herr Ludwig Straus; second violin, Mr Viotti Collins; tenor, Mr Hann; violoncello, M. Paque; contra-basso, Herr [illegible]; Signor Randegger conducted. The programme included selections from Beethoven, Handel, Mendelssohn, Ernst, Weber, Wallace, Paque, Rossini, and several pieces composed by Mr G. Russell, two of them performed for the first time. The first part opened with Beethoven's trio in E flat, No. 1, and this was followed by Handel's aria, "Nasce al bosco." The latter was sung by Mr Thomas in capital style. Mr Russell played prelude and fugue in F minor (Mendelssohn), "The harmonious blacksmith" (Handel), and Weber's *Concert-stück*, (with quintet accompaniments) and some minor pieces. A violin solo, Ernst's "Elegie," was played by Herr Ludwig Straus and met with unbounded applause. Mr G. Russell's pretty song, "Solitude," was sung with much taste by Mdlle Drasdil. The first part concluded with a quartet in B flat, composed by Mr G. Russell, and performed for the first time by Herr Straus, Mr Viotti Collins, Mr Hann and M. Paque. This pleasing and [illegible] success; the composition was enthusiastically received, and at its conclusion the author was called for and presented with several bouquets. A sacred song, "He hath remembered His mercy," by Mr Russell was sung for the first time by Miss Edith Wynne (charmingly), and encored as it deserved. There were many other pieces, and none more effective than Mr Russell's very brilliant performance of Liszt's transcription of the valse from Gounod's *Faust*. The concert was of a first-rate order.—B. B.

AMERICA.—MUSIC IN BOSTON.—The Italian opera opened at the Boston Theatre most auspiciously with Rossini's *Barbiere*. Miss Clara Kellogg personated Rosina; Signor Baragli, Almaviva; and Ronconi (the famous), the Barber. Miss Kellogg was much admired in the part of the Spanish maiden, her singing, however, being much more praised than her acting. Ronconi made a tremendous hit. All the local papers are in raptures with him. "Signor Ronconi, in the part of Figaro," says the *Boston Sunday Times*, of date January 20, "in our estimation gave the ablest exposition of that character ever given in Boston. True to life in every phase of the play, never exaggerated, never stooping to buffoonery, always within the bounds of reason, he succeeded in presenting a picture that did not dazzle or confuse the imagination to comprehend its true meaning. Irresistibly droll and funny in his facial expression and by-play, the illustration collided with genuine humour from beginning to end. Vocally considered, his condition prevented his doing himself full justice; the artist, however, was manifest to the last. In every scene in which he appeared he allied himself closely to the duties of the moment like a true artist, interesting himself with all concomitant characters, to keep the general interest alive to the close." Signor Baragli's Count Almaviva was not of a great effort, nor could much be said for the gentlemen who filled the parts of Doctor Bartolo and Basilio. The operas to be given besides the *Barbiere* were *Crispino e la Comare*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Zampa*, *Don Pasquale*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *La Favorita*, and *Faust*, in all of which Miss Clara Kellogg sustained the principal female characters.—At the Boston Music-Hall the "Farewell Bateman Concerts" were in immense vogue, and a grand "Special Farewell Concert" was to be given to Mr Bateman; in fact this concert took the shape of a testimonial. "The farewell concert, to be given to Mr Bateman," writes the journal above quoted, "will find full sympathy with the musical public of Boston, who gave his enterprise a free and unqualified endorsement early in the season—one that had its weight of influence in securing the brilliant series of successes it met with wherever it has appeared. The address to Mr Bateman is a tribute that needs no comment from us to give additional value or importance. It was a tribute of respect and esteem to a liberal and high-minded manager and gentleman, who has kept good faith with the public, which has derived the full benefits of his liberality, with congratulations for the successful termination of his second concert enterprise, the greatest and most skilfully conducted on record, with hopes that he may be induced to continue his labours, which bring with its alluring pleasures an incalculable amount of good." The Bateman troupe consisted of Madame Parepa, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Signors Brignoli and Ferranti, singers; Mr S. B. Mills, pianist; and Mr Carl Rosa, violinist.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—Mr Alfred Gilbert gave a musical entertainment on Thursday evening in the above society's rooms, entitled "The Classics of the Pianoforte," illustrated by selections from the works of Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart. Mr Alfred Gilbert was assisted by Madame Gilbert as vocalist, who was most successful in Handel's "Farewell, ye limpid springs," Bach's "My heart ever faithful," Haydn's canzonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," and "Agnus Dei," from Haydn's 1st Mass. Mr Henry Holmes was violinist, and Mr W. H. Aylward violoncellist. Mr Gilbert performed selections from Handel's "Suite de pieces," Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues, Haydn's sonatas and trios (in conjunction with the above executants). The whole performance gave great pleasure.—[illegible] BAZOON.

BRADFORD.—The Festival Choral Society gave *The Messiah* at St George's Hall on the 15th ult. The hall was crowded in every part, and the rendering of the oratorio worthy of high praise. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Huddart, Mr Wilford Morgan, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Mr John Burton conducted, and the band and chorus numbered nearly 300 performers.

DUBLIN.—(*From a correspondent*).—Miss Kate Ranoe terminated her engagement at the Queen's Theatre on Tuesday. It has been a highly successful season and has given new life to the Queen's. The *Saunders' News Letter* says:—"The pantomime of *Don Giovanni* continues its successful career. Not a little of its popularity is owing to the abilities of the leading actress, Miss Kate Ranoe, who since her first appearance at that theatre has been an acknowledged favourite with its *habitués*." The same journal says:—"In the *[illegible] Cross* the heroine is admirably portrayed by Miss Kate Ranoe, whose talents are versatile and of a high order. The character was difficult, requiring an exhibition of pathos and deep feeling of a very trying nature. Miss Ranoe was, however, fully equal to the task." The *Evening Freeman* says:—"As an actress possessed of remarkable dramatic ability—graceful and careful in all she essays—vivacious, piquant, and full of rich and racy humour, Miss Ranoe never in the most trifling matter outrages our judgment or offends against propriety; but the few who have not yet enjoyed her finished impersonations we strongly recommend not to permit the occasion of her benefit and last appearance in Dublin to pass without visiting the Queen's."

WESTBOURNE HALL.—The members of the Westbourne Vocal Society gave a *soirée* on Monday evening week, when the hall was well filled. The programme was such as might have been anticipated from the cordial directress of the society, Madame Leupold. It commenced with a selection from a romantic legendary opera, *The Spirit of the Hartz Mountains*, the words by Mrs. F. de [illegible], the music composed by Mr. Charles Oberthür, the well known harpist, and author of many instrumental and vocal compositions. The overture, a work of considerable merit, which has been played in several concerts in Germany, and lately by the Dublin Philharmonic Society, was played on the pianoforte by Madame Leupold and Herr Oberthür in a manner highly creditable to both. Performed by a full orchestra, this overture would be still better appreciated. The songs, duets, concerted pieces, and choruses were all most carefully rendered, the full pieces showing the discipline of the choir to advantage. An amateur tenor sang a romance which was much admired and encored. Mr. Ralph Wilkinson, in a recitative and air, created a marked impression; other solo singers equally deserved praise. A charming duettino, "Welcome, poor wayfarer," was well given by two young ladies; a sestet, "The cool evening dews," and a chorus, "Magic sound," with chorus of elves, for female voices, "No, no," &c., exhibited the qualities that captivate the many combined with the refinement that pleases the few. The entire performance of Mr. Oberthür's music was received with manifestations of hearty satisfaction by all present. The second part consisted of a miscellaneous programme, including a "Kyrie" and fugue, from a mass in B flat by Mr. Oberthür, an ingenious and clever composition, which was done every justice to by the choir; some part-songs and solos were also introduced. A young lady, Miss Grace Lindo, gave Mendelssohn's lied, "Zuleika," with such genuine feeling as to win an encore, a compliment also earned by Mr. Wilkinson in the same composer's song, "I'm a roamer." The whole concluded with Mr. H. Leslie's arrangement of "The lass of Richmond Hill." The concert was in all respects one of the most interesting that has taken place in the Westbourne Hall, and one that redounds to the credit of Madame Leupold and her pupils. [illegible]

CHATHAM.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 15th, a concert was given in the Lecture Hall under the direction of Mr. T. Whiffen, assisted by Miss R. Henderson, Madame Suter, Mr. Ralph Wilkinson, Mr. Burnah and Mr. Sydney Naylor. Miss Robertine Henderson, in perfect possession of her lovely voice and brilliant powers of execution, was encored in the old English song, "Send me a lover, St. Valentine," and substituted the ballad "Katty Moyle," which the audience would also liked to have heard again. Madame Suter's contralto voice was heard to advantage in several songs, but especially in a new one, entitled "The sea-gull's message," the joint production of Messrs. Viotti Cooper and H. C. Adams. Messrs. T. Whiffen and Ralph Wilkinson were most successful in the pieces they contributed, while Messrs. Sydney Naylor (pianoforte) and Burnah (violin) played with their customary care, and in more than one piece were worthily encored.—On Tuesday evening Frederic Maccabe appeared at the Lecture Room here in his popular entertainment—"*Begone dull care.*" There was a large attendance, and the points of excellence with which the performance abounds were readily perceived and applauded.

MRS. GROOM, formerly Miss Wilkinson (a grand-daughter of Tate Wilkinson), whose death was announced in a recent number, was well known as a contralto singer. She made her *début* at the "Ancient Concerts" in [illegible], where she sang for several seasons—as well as at the various festivals. She was a pupil of Mr. W. [illegible] and also of Signor Scappa. On her marriage with Mr. Groom she retired, but upon his death resumed her profession, and was much engaged in private teaching. Mrs. Groom was selected by Her Majesty the Queen and His late Royal Highness, the Prince Consort, as instructress in vocal music to the princesses. She was the composer (words and music) of several popular songs—"Over the sea," &c. She leaves a son now in Australia, and a daughter who resided with her. Her eldest son died in India, from wounds received at Lucknow.—Mrs. Groom's amiable qualities endeared her to a large circle of friends, by whom her loss is much deplored.—(*From a correspondent.*)

DORKING.—After five weeks the "Readings" were resumed under altered circumstances. The chair was taken by Mr. G. K. [illegible], President of the Institution, and the Assembly Room, which during the recess has been enlarged, repainted and embellished, was well filled. The chief attraction was the second appearance of Mr. Charles Lyall, an English tenor fast rising into celebrity, and the first appearance of Mr. Walter Thornbury, the well known author. Of the former we cannot speak too highly; the tasteful expression of his first song, "Tell me Mary" (unanimously encored) and for which "Mary of Argyle" was substituted—was only excelled by the happy rendering of the second, "We met by chance." Miss Pritchard was Mr. Lyall's accompanist, and also played a pianoforte solo. This entertainment was one of the most successful ever given by the committee.

A MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIP, worth £70 per annum, is vacant at Magdalen College, Oxford. A tenor voice is required. The election takes place early this month.

MISS LAURA HARRIS is engaged for three years by M. Bagier for the Italian Opera at Paris, and makes her *début* in the *Sonnambula* this evening.

ERNST SCHULTZ.—This clever artist, who gave a private *soirée* in the Dudley Gallery a few weeks ago, has secured the large room at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, for the purpose of giving a series of representations during the season. His studies of character are original, humorous, and artistic in the highest degree.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Miss Clinton Fynes, a pianist of merit, gave a concert here, on Wednesday evening week, which was well attended. The programme commenced with Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, played by Miss Fynes, Mr. Carrodus and M. Paque. Miss Fynes next performed with Mr. Carrodus the *Andante* with variations from the Kreutzer Sonata, both doing justice to the composition and receiving unqualified applause. Weber's *La Gaité* and Chopin's Waltz in D flat were Miss Fynes' other performances. This young lady has much improved since her return from Germany, and bids fair to become one of our best pianists. Miss Marie Stocken sang Beethoven's "Ah perfido," and Haydn's canzonet "Fidelity," both with excellent taste. Mdlle. [illegible] in Mr. Ganz's "When we went a-gleaning," was encored, and the same favour was awarded to Mr. George Calkin in "Non è ver," for which he substituted a song by Mr. Ganz. Mr. Ganz was the conductor. D. R.

LEEDS.—A concert was recently given in the Town Hall under the auspices of the Leeds Town Hall Concert Society. The artists (Mr. Mapleson's touring company) were Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Demeric Lablache, Mdlle. Baumeister, Mr. Hohler, Mr. Santley, and Signor Pezze (solo violoncellist). The first part was devoted to a selection from *Elijah*; the second part was miscellaneous. Mdlle. Tietjens was encored in the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore* with Mr. Hohler, and in the air "Ben è ridicolo." Mr. Santley being encored in Signor Arditi's new song, "The gift and the giver," substituted "Down among the dead men." Signor Pezze performed a solo on the violoncello with great applause. According to the *Leeds Mercury*, Mdlle. Tietjens, and her comrades were to go from Leeds to Clumber on a visit to the Duke of Newcastle.

WARRINGTON.—The musical society of this town has been asleep for some time, but is now awake like a "giant refreshed." On Saturday evening week a selection from the *Messiah* was given (with Miss Robertine Henderson and Mr. Wilbye Cooper as solo vocalists), and a miscellaneous selection. The *Warrington Guardian*, writing about the performance, says:—"Miss Henderson sang with great taste, especially 'Rejoice greatly' and 'How beautiful are the feet.' In her first song of the second part, 'Send me a lover, St. Valentine,' she was encored and substituted the Irish ballad, 'Katty Moyle.' Mr. Wilbye Cooper sang 'Every valley' and 'Behold and see' in pleasing style. In the second part he was encored in Bishop's 'Orynthia,' and substituted 'The mountain maid.' The choir consisted of eighty-one amateurs, and we never before heard choruses or glees so effectively given in Warrington. The 'Hallelujah' was repeated in compliance with an unanimous wish. The concert concluded with a solo and chorus from Handel's *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day*, 'As from the power of sacred lays,' which was sung most effectively.—The hall was well filled." Mr. Henry Walker, of Manchester, presided at the organ, and Mr. [illegible] conducted.

HORSHAM.—The long announced "Evening at the Pianoforte" by Mrs. John Macfarren, came off last Monday, Feb. 4th, with brilliant success. The accomplished pianist executed a well contrasted selection by Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, &c., and Miss Robertine Henderson rendered most exquisitely several vocal pieces, which gave a charming relief to the whole. The programme, [illegible] one, [illegible] the interest of a crowded audience, who testified their appreciation by cordial and frequent applause.

VENTNOR.—(*From a correspondent.*)—The concert of Signor Romano, pianist and composer, given under distinguished patronage in the hall of the Literary and Scientific Institution, on Thursday, 31st January, [illegible]. The singers were Miss Berry Eldon, Signor Agretti, and Mr. Robert Sewell; the instrumentalist was Herr Schubert. Miss Berry Eldon, soprano, sang several ballads, and was encored in a duet by H. Smart, "When the wind bloweth on the sea,"—with Mr. Sewell. Signor Agretti gave several songs with success. Herr Schubert's violin solo performances showed a thorough mastery of the instrument, as well as musical taste; he was encored in both his solos, and gave as second encore his transcription of "Alice, where art thou?" Signor Romano's performances were all good, and his compositions were warmly applauded.

Pips from Punch

Pip XV.

SOVEREIGN ALLEY.

As down to Sovereign Alley
For sugar I did go,
Admiring of the gutters
Which in that alley flow
I there did meet a voter
And unto him did say,
"Beest thee engaged on t'other side?
Come tell me now, I pray."
"I bain't engaged on either side,
I solemnly declare;
For I've took this here one's money
And means to vote that there."

Pip XVI.

Serious Work on Breech-loaders.—*The Needle Gun; or, Bismarck's Call to the Unconverted.*

[*With Mr. Punch's hearty greetings to* D. Peters.]

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The Old House by the Linden (with a Portrait of Mdlle. Patti)	Longfellow	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mary dear (sung by Mr. Sims Reeves)	Shelley	[illegible]	[illegible]

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PIANOFORTE.—Mr. Horton C. Allison.

PROGRAMME.

PART THE FIRST.—Overture, "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; valse, La [illegible], Louis Diehl; air des bijoux (Faust), Gounod—Mdlle. Agilati; air, Les Deux Familles, Labarre—Mr. Henri Drayton; ballad, "The Green Trees," Balfe—Madame Sainton-Dolby; aria, "Non [illegible]," Mozart—Mr. G. Cable; grand fantasia, pianoforte, on Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Liszt—Mr. Horton C. Allison; valse, "L'Estasi," Arditi—Mdlle. Sinico; quartet for four violins, Maurer—performed by MM. [illegible] H. Holmes and G. Ralph.

PART THE SECOND.—Overture, "Zampa," Herold; glee, "In Celia's Arbour," Horsley—Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law and Mr. Winn, members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union; songs, "The Alpine Mother" (Lodani), "Oh! and-bye" (V. Gabriel)—Madame Sainton-Dolby, accompanied by herself on the pianoforte; cavatina, "Una voce" (Il Barbiere), Rossini—Mdlle. Agilati; song, "Simon the Cellarer," Hatton—Mr. Henri Drayton; valse, "Ophelia," Albert Wagner; ballad, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," Balfe—Mdlle. Sinico; catch, "Would you know my Celia's charms," Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law and Mr. Winn; new polka, "The Popular Polka," Arditi; grand march, "The Wedding March," Mendelssohn; National Anthem, "God save the Queen."

Conductor . . . . Signor ARDITI.

Commence at Eight o'clock.

PRICES.—Dress Circle, 5s.; Season Chairs, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, Half-a-Guinea, One Guinea, and Two Guineas; Promenade, 1s.

The Box-office of the Theatre (under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent) is open daily from Ten till Five.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Agilati, Mr. George Cable and Mr. Henri Drayton; Mr. Baxter, Mr. Coates, Mr. Law and Mr. Winn; Mr. Horton C. Allison, pianoforte; Signor Arditi, Conductor, at the Orchestral Popular Concerts (positively the last Concert this season). THIS EVENING (Saturday).—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—GRAND BAL D'OPERA (the Second and Last this season), Monday, February 25th.—The public is respectfully informed that in compliance with wishes expressed by many of the visitors to the Bal d'Opera (the most successful ever given in London) which took place on the 26th of December, a SECOND and LAST BAL D'OPERA (this season) will be given on Monday, February 25th.

In the course of the evening the "New Grand Masquerade Quadrille," composed by M. Rivière (first time of performance), the grand galop, "The Alhambra," arranged by M. Rivière; and the country dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley," will be danced by 100 choregraphic artists, engaged expressly for this occasion. Band of 100 performers. Principal cornet-à-piston, Mr. Levy. Conductor, M. RIVIÈRE, from the Alhambra Palace (by permission of F. Strange, Esq.)

Doors open at Half-past Nine o'clock. Dancing to commence at Ten.

Ball Tickets, Half-a-Guinea. Dress Circle, 5s.; Gallery Stalls, 4s.; Gallery, 2s.; Private Boxes, from Four Guineas. Tickets and Boxes may be obtained of Mr. Nugent, at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open Daily from Ten till Five.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Vocalists: Madame Sinico and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Solo Violin, M. Sainton. Symphony No. 1, Gade; Concerto, Spohr; Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

Admission, Half-a-crown. Guinea Season Tickets free. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown extra.

NOTE.—The Exhibitors' Stalls in the Nave being removed, the Promenade is now uninterrupted.

MISS EDWARDS'S SECOND PIANOFORTE and VOCAL RECITAL will take place on Friday Afternoon, February 22nd, at Ruby House, 11 New Finchley Road, St. John's Wood. She will be assisted by Mdlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Trelawny Cobham, Renwick, Oberthür, Viotti, etc. Tickets and programmes to be had of Messrs. D. Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street; at Tadman's Music Warehouse, Circus Road, St. John's Wood; and at the principal Musicsellers.

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To be addressed to her care of BOOSEY & Co., Holles Street.

CHARLES LYALL, Tenor,

6, RATHBONE PLACE, W.

FEB. 27.—Mr. RANSFORD'S ANNUAL ENGLISH CONCERT OF BALLADS, GLEES, &c., St. James's Hall, Wednesday Evening, Feb. 27, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Mesdames Louisa Pyne, Lemmens-Sherrington, Ransford, Mesdames Susan Pyne, and Sainton-Dolby; Messrs. George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Wilbye Cooper, J. G. Patey, and Ransford. Glees and Madrigals, under the direction of Mr. Henry Buckland. Pianoforte, Mr. Sydney Smith. Harp, Mr. Frederick Chatterton. Accompanist, Mr. J. G. Callcott. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Stalls and Tickets to be had at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Ransford & Son, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus.

MR. GANZ'S FIRST RECITAL of CLASSICAL and MODERN PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening next, Feb. 20th, at Half-past Eight o'clock, at his residence, 15, Queen Anne Street. Vocalist, Mdlle. Enequist. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Mr. Ganz will perform Masterpieces from the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Chopin, Heller, &c. Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, at his residence.

TO VIOLINISTS.—A First-rate PETRUS GUARNERIUS, pronounced by the highest authorities in the matter to be his masterpiece, wonderfully preserved, unusually fine wood, extremely noble tone, is, on account of the death of its proprietor, TO BE SOLD. A high price is demanded. To be seen every Tuesday and Friday from Twelve till One o'clock, at Herr [illegible]'s, 36, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

CONCERT SPECULATORS and Secretaries of Societies can have PROGRAMMES, OPINIONS OF PRESS, PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIALS and MUSICAL REPERTOIRE, *Gratis* and *Post-free*; as also PHOTOGRAPHS of PAGANINI REDIVIVUS, *in propria persona*, as he appeared at the Ulster Hall Concerts, Belfast, and at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin. In forwarding address, direct thus: "Paganini Redivivus, 1, Northumberland Court, Charing Cross, London"—which will obviate mistakes and avoid delay.—See *Era*, *Orchestra*, *Sporting News*, &c., &c.

THE TESTIMONIALS to the MASTERS CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE.—The Subscribers will be gratified to learn that the proposition to present each of these highly-gifted boys with the whole of the Organ Works of John Sebastian Bach has met with complete success, and that the Testimonials only now await formal presentation. This duty John Goss, Esq., Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, has consented to perform. His desire to do honour to the remarkable musical powers of these boys it is impossible adequately to acknowledge. Intimation of the date and place of presentation will be sent to each Subscriber, and any further information supplied by Mr. M. [illegible], 32, Gordon Square, W.C.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. The Public are respectfully informed that these spacious premises may be ENGAGED, to suit all parties—the Parlour, Drawing Rooms, Tea-Room, the Large and Small Music Halls, &c. For terms, apply to Mr. Fish, at the Rooms.

ROBERT COCKS, *Proprietor.*

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play WEBER'S Polacca Brillante, "L'HILARITÉ," at Mr. Howard Glover's Concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, on the 20th inst.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play ASCHER'S admired Transcription of "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by desire) at the Pimlico Rooms, South Belgravia, on the 25th inst.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN and Miss GRACE AGUILAR will play OSBORNE'S Grand Duo for Two Pianos, "LES HUGUENOTS," at Mr. Trelawny Cobham's Concert, Chelsea, March 4th.

Google

MISS EDWARDS will sing Mr W. [illegible]'s new and admired song "THE SPRING" at her Concert at Raby House, Feb. 22nd.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Benedict's popular song "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Gloucester Feb. 27th; and Newport (Monmouthshire) Feb. 18th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing Beethoven's "AH PERFIDO" and Benedict's new song, "SIGHING FOR THEE" (which has not before been sung in public), at the Soirée of the New Philharmonic Society Feb. 19th.—3, Monmouth Road North, Bayswater.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing Benedict's Variations on "THE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at Walworth, March 5th. Croydon 11th.—2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. Wallace) at Chatham, Feb. 19th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her) at the Russell Institute, Feb. 26th, and at every concert engagement during the coming season.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing, during the ensuing month, on her Tour the favourite Ballad, "THE RETURN OF THE LOV'D ONE."

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI will sing at Waterford This Evening, Feb. 16th. For engagements en route, address Mdlle. Favanti, 36, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.; or to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI requests that all communications relative to Operatic or Concert Engagements be addressed to her at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or at her residence, 36, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

MR DAVID LAMBERT will sing Mr Wilford Morgan's new and highly successful song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Houghton-le-Spring, Feb. 25th.

MR ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr [illegible]'s admired song "THE [illegible]," at the Beaumont Institute, Feb. 18th.

MR HENRY HAIGH will sing Balfe's admired song "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst thou but know") at Aberdeen, This Day Feb. 16th, and at Derby, Feb. 26th.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Didst Thou but Know")—Balfe, and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU"—Ascher, at Miss Edwards's Second Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, Raby House, Finchley Road, Feb. 22nd.

MR. RENWICK will sing Miss Edwards's admired song, "SEPARATION" at the Composer's Soirée Musicale, at Raby House, St John's Wood, Friday, Feb. 22nd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU" at the Russell Institute, Feb. 26th, and at Faversham, Feb. 28th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcriptions of "FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT" and "KENMURE'S ON AND AWA" at [illegible], Feb. 21st, Glasgow 26th, and Derby 28th.

MR. WINN will sing Mr Wilford Morgan's new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Canterbury, March 4th.

MR PATEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed expressly for him by Mr Emile Berger) at St. James's Hall, Feb. 27th.

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Hull, Feb. 18th; and at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 190 Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 190, Euston Road, N.W.

MASTER MUNDAY will play Mr G. B. Allen's popular "GALOP FURIEUX," every evening during his Provincial Tour in February.

MONSIEUR VIVIEN, Solo Violinist, from the "Concerts Populaires" of M. Pasdeloup, Paris, begs to announce his arrival in London. For engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c., address 2, Chapel Place, Grosvenor Square, or to the care of Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Goldberg's admired new song, "THE [illegible]," throughout his Provincial Tour.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.'s NEW SONGS & BALLADS

A BIRD WENT FLOATING ON THE BREEZE. Composed for Miss Louisa Pyne. W. H. [illegible].
SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN. Ditto. Made so popular by Mr W. H. [illegible], encored on singing.
OH! CHIDE NOT MY HEART. W. T. Wrighton.
REST. Sacred Song. Miss M. Lindsay (Mrs. J. W. Bliss).
THE WISHING CUP. W. T. Wrighton.
THE OPEN WINDOW. Miss M. Lindsay (Mrs J. W. Bliss).
A WEARIED DOVE. W. T. Wrighton.
THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. Brinley Richards.
GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. Do ditto.

Each post free for 19 stamps.

HAMILTON'S MODERN INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE. [illegible] Edition, 4s.; free for 28 stamps.
"It is unapproached by anything of the kind that has hitherto been produced."—Oriental Circular, March 11.

London: Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street. May be had everywhere.

NEW SONG by M. JANE RONNIGER—"GOOD NIGHT BELOVED." Words by Longfellow.

Lamborn Cock, Addison & Co., 63 and 69, New Bond Street, W.

THE ART OF SINGING.
A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR THE VOICE,
By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A Scientific method, upon which has been formed the voice of his pupil, Miss Lucy Franklein, and those of other successful pupils.

Full Music size, 7s.

London: Hammond & Co. (late Jullien), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his residence, 61, Wimpole Street, W.

NEW BRILLIANT PIECE by JULES BRISSAC.

Fantaisie sur la Melodie Écossaise,

"YE BANKS AND BRAES."

"Often as this exquisite melody has been made the theme upon which the authors of fantasias, pot pourris, caprices, &c. have built their all-[illegible] edifices, it may safely be asserted that it has never been more judiciously nor more delicately handled than by M. Jules Brissac, who seems to approach the old Scotch ditty so affectionately, so naturally too, that did we not know to the contrary we should unhesitatingly aver that he was 'native and to the manner born,' and that his love for Scotch minstrelsy had been imbibed at a very early age along with, say, a predilection for the national preparation of Auld Reekie. Let this be as it may, M. Brissac's 'Fantaisie Écossaise' is one of his very best, and will prove, or we are much mistaken, one of his most successful too."—Queen, Dec. 22nd, 1866.

Price 3s. 6d.

Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street.

NEW SONG

"SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE."

Sung with distinguished success by Mr David Lambert.

Composed by W. ALLAN SMAITH.

Price 3s.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

BENEDICT'S NEW SONG,

"SIGHING FOR THEE."

Price 3s.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

Composed by WILFORD MORGAN.

Price 4s.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Song by Madame Elvira Behrens.

"I WOULD I WERE" ("Je voudrais être"), for Voice and Flute. Composed by Charles Oberthür. Price 3s.

London: Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"I WOULD I WERE" is also published for Voice and Harp Accompaniment, Price 4s.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS,

MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS of ORCHESTRAS, & BANDMASTERS.

By F. J. FETIS,

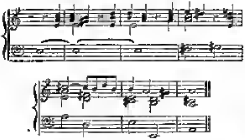
Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

(Continued from p. 81).

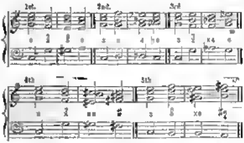
59. All modulations effected by the changes of the mode of the same key are considered as regular. They are frequently found in pieces where the principal key is in the minor mode, many of which pieces finish in the major mode of the same key. When this change of mode takes place in the middle of a phrase, and before the final cadence of the bass is terminated, it produces a very admirable effect.

EXAMPLE.

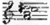


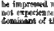
60. The incidental modulations, the effect of which is so agreeable, are those where the ear is deceived upon the resolution of dissonant chords. These modulations, called, as I have said, *transitions*, are of two kinds. The first occurs when, at the moment of the resolution of a dissonant chord, there is in one of the parts a modulating movement upon the leading note, or the fourth degree of a new key, even when the dissonance makes its resolution according to rule.

EXAMPLES.

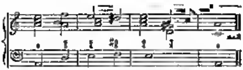


The other species of transition consists in the relation established between a chord and several different keys, by the similarity of certain notes with other notes, as D♯ and E♭. For example, the ascending alteration of the chord of the 3rd and 4th, has the same appearance and the same effect on the ear as the chord of the 7th of the dominant. But the first of these chords belong to the key of A minor, and the second to the key of B♭. Now, suppose that either the one or the other of these keys be impressed upon the ear by all that went before, the ear would not experience any doubt as to the resolution of the chord upon the dominant of that key.



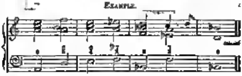


EXAMPLE.



But if there be in the thoughts of the composer an unexpected transition in the key of B♭, the ear will experience a sensation of surprise, mixed with pleasure, all the stronger from the clever way in which the transition may have been accomplished.

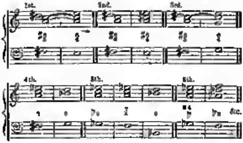
EXAMPLE.



These changes of one note into another, which offer various modes of modulation, are termed *enharmonic*.

61. The substitution of the minor mode frequently leads to enharmonic transitions, because each of the chords affected by these substitutions may present itself under the aspect of three others, and resolve by different means.

EXAMPLES.



62. The combinations of ascending and descending changes afford scope for many enharmonic transitions of an unexpected effect.

END OF FIRST BOOK

(*To be continued.*)

SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. G. Sharpe gave his annual concert a few days since at the Philharmonic Rooms. Among the noticeable features of the programme was an original *cantata* by Mr. Woodward, of Derby, the subject being taken from Longfellow's "Excelsior." The cantata was carefully and creditably sung by Mr. Sharpe's pupils, assisted by a number of local amateurs, and met with decided success. Mr. Sharpe's appropriate setting of the prayer "Through peace to light" was done ample justice to by Miss Pringle, a young lady who possesses a nice quality of voice and who was obliged by unanimous desire to repeat her performance. Mr. Sharpe confined himself to one solo performance, that of a fantasia by Kalkbrenner. The *Hampshire Advertiser* writes that "the reception and the applause that followed Mr. Sharpe's performance must have been highly gratifying to him and must have compensated for the trouble of getting up this concert for the exhibition of his talents as composer, executant, and conductor." Miss Roberts sang Signor Randegger's canzonet "Ben è ridicolo" charmingly, and the other artists exerted themselves strenuously to render the concert as attractive as possible and indeed received practical proofs of their success in the shape of hearty applause which followed each and every performance.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

(*From the "Daily News."*)

We have on many occasions borne glad testimony to the exceptional excellence of Mr. Leslie's choir in all the best qualities of choral performance—in the perfect unison of the voices, unwavering intonation, the alternate lights and shades of *piano* and *forte*, and that consentaneous fusion of style which conveys the impression of a refined individual artist rather than the combined efforts of many performers. Such results can only be obtained from a body of executants of general as well as musical intelligence, animated by a love of the art for its own sake apart from its mere professional exercise. Such are the causes which have led to the excellence of the German choristers, as especially exemplified by the Berlin "Domchor" and the Cologne choir, and generally by the choristers of the principal German opera houses—a most important feature in stage music, and one which has been hitherto much neglected in London performances. Mr. Leslie's choir therefore cannot fail to exercise a powerful and valuable example as showing what can be accomplished by English choristers, and also in affording opportunities for hearing, among other works, the madrigals of the old English composers sung with a perfection which could scarcely ever have been surpassed if it has been equalled. The programme of the first subscription concert contained four such specimens—Purcell's "In these delightful pleasant groves," Morley's "My bonny lass," which although dated 1595 is as fresh and as little antiquated as though a modern composition; Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana" (1603), a masterly piece of part writing; and Savile's quaint madrigal, "The Waits" (1667). These old and standard pieces, however, bore but a small (too small) proportion to the number of modern madrigals and part-songs produced, some for the first time of performance. The madrigal is a form of musical art that has been so thoroughly wrought out, and is so impressed with the nervous energy and quaintness of its period, that the attempt to reproduce it is as hopeless as would be the endeavour of our present playwrights to cope with the Elizabethan dramatists. Clever as are the efforts of some of our native musicians in this direction, they can be but imitations, most of which will be forgotten long before the old models of which they are reflections. Mr. Leslie contributed to last night's programme two madrigals of his own composition, "Thine eyes so bright," and "My love is fair," the latter for the first time of performance—both of them clever compositions, the first having gained the prize at the Bristol Madrigal Society's competition in 1865; the other an [illegible] piece of part-writing, which pleased so much as to be redemanded. Several other novelties were also produced—a part-song by Mr. Barnby, "A Wife's Song," melodious and smoothly written, but the opening is very reflective of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, in A (in book 5). Mr. Barnby's piece was also among the various encores of the evening. Another novelty was a part-song, "Come live with me," by Professor Sterndale Bennett—a well-written piece of vocal harmony, but without any special interest or character—which may also be said of Mr. H. Smart's "How soft the shades of evening," likewise given for the first time. Mr. Pearsall's madrigal, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains," is one of the best of the many modern imitations of this form, being more thoroughly in the school, and more free from anachronisms of style than is generally the case in such attempts. Other part-songs were included by Pinsuti, W. Macfarren, Wesley, and Benedict, in all of which the choir exemplified the accuracy of execution and refinement of expression which have given it so special a place among London musical institutions.

(*From the "Daily News," Feb. 14.*)

A special performance was given last night at St. James's Hall by the members of Mr. Leslie's Choir, reinforced by many additional voices and an excellent orchestra. The programme was one of great interest, giving perhaps as good an idea of Mendelssohn's varied and universal powers as could be offered by any single evening's selection from his numerous works. The concert began with the exquisite Italian Symphony, published as No. 4, but the second in order of production. This glowing musical record of the vivid impressions produced on Mendelssohn's poetical temperament by his sojourn in Italy was composed, or at least completed, in 1833, and in a letter of that year dated from Coblentz Mendelssohn says, "I brought out my new symphony in England, and people liked it." This work, however, did not meet with such ready general appreciation as that which attended many of its composer's other productions, but it continued to grow in favour until it is now recognised as a masterpiece of musical poetry, as admirable for its sunny warmth and glowing vivacity as his Scotch symphony is for the very opposite characteristics of gloomy grandeur and sombre romance. The chief feature of last night's concert, however, was the performance of the music to *Antigone*, one of several similar works composed at the instance of the late King of Prussia. This work (produced in 1841) consists of a series of grand choruses with

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

Much more was expected from the association of amateur singers which gives an annual series of performances under the above title than has ever really come out of it. Established as far back as 1856, its appearances were at first chiefly limited to the concerts of the Amateur Musical Society, at which Mr. Leslie held the conductor's stick, with more credit to himself than advantage to a society some time happily defunct. Since that year, however, the Choir has been exhibiting uninterruptedly on its own account. Its early essays created an impression unanimously favourable, and this notwithstanding the fact that the admirable singing of the Kölner Männer Gesang Verein (by which I do not intend the "Männer-Chor," composed of Germans resident in London, who did almost everything but sing in tune) was still fresh in the public ear. At the commencement the Choir consisted of about fifty members, mostly amateurs, "who met weekly for the practice and performance of vocal part music," under the superintendence of Mr. Leslie. A year later it numbered over eighty singers, and seven concerts were given in the Hanover Square Rooms, an eighth being celebrated, as a sort of field-day, in the more spacious arena of St. Martin's Hall. At the expiration of a couple of years Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir had won a name for which there seemed a fair chance of its gaining increased significance. But without entering into further historical details I may proceed to offer a few remarks upon the opening concert of the twelfth season, which took place the other night in St. James's Hall.

At this concert, whether the character of the programme or the merits of the execution be taken into consideration, the conclusion is inevitable—that eleven years have brought little fruit. I do not mean that the performance was bad, or for the matter of that indifferent. On the contrary, the singing was in most instances very good, in some first rate. But looking the whole thing openly in the face, I must pronounce it in a marked degree effeminate. There is nothing vigorous in those eternal contrasts of loud and soft, louder and softer, loudest and softest, which, on application to the verbal text, are too often found meaningless; nor is there anything to admire greatly in those eternal "crescendos" which for the most part are equally guiltless of intention. The idea of modern part-singing seems to comprehend such "effects," not only as the *summum bonum*, but as the one thing requisite; and to such an extent has this false notion obtained that nearly all our modern composers of part-songs adjust their music to suit it, independently of what the words may be supposed to convey. Take for example Mr. Leslie's madrigal, "My love is fair," introduced for the first time on this occasion. The words (by George Peele) begin as follows:—

My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as be the flowers of May,
And of my love my roundelay
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—&c.

Now will any one explain why, if these four lines commence *forte*, they should not be sung *forte* throughout, or *vice versâ*, allowing, at most, for certain quasi-insensible gradations which add to the charm of music under any circumstances? A sudden *piano* ought surely to be justified by some sudden change in the sentiment of the text; but here there is nothing of the sort. I cannot, therefore, but regard expedients of this kind as mere tricks of sound, which have no absolute relation to musical expression, and are merely devised to flatter the ears of the unreflecting. In another sense the new madrigal has little merit, being of flimsy construction and made up of passably stale materials;—and indeed if Mr. Leslie's first programme may be accepted as a fair specimen of what modern English composers can do in the way of madrigal and part-song, it betokens anything but a hopeful state of things. Nor are the other madrigal by Mr. Leslie, which won for the composer the first prize at the Bristol Madrigal Society's competition two years since (though unquestionably a superior work), the madrigal of R. L. Pearsall, "Take heed, ye shepherd swains" (like all that composer's efforts, strangely overrated), and the part-songs of Mr. Joseph Barnby, Signor Pinsuti, Messrs. W. C. Macfarren and S. W. Waley, the best of which, without saying much for it, is that of the Italian professor ("The sea hath its pearls"), precisely what might reasonably be wished. They belong essentially to a style less pardonable in madrigal than in part-song, and not quite toler

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incidental instrumental music, and is one of the many instances of Mendelssohn's extraordinary facility in composition, having been completed, according to Mr. Benedict's memoir, in the space of eleven days. The noble simplicity, the grand elevation of this music are admirably reflective of the solemn pathos and tragic dignity of the drama to which it is allied; as well as being suggestive of all those great characteristics which are associated with our ideal of ancient Greece. Of the exact nature of the musical art of classical Greece we really know nothing, notwithstanding all the learned treatises and ingenious theories that have been put forth on the subject—so that any literal identification of the music of *Antigone* with the period of the drama is out of the question. Mendelssohn, however, with the fine intuitive perception of almost Shakesperian genius, has produced music which we at once feel to be especially created by and appropriate to the subject from which it originates. Thus his four great works, the music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to *Athalie*, to *Antigone*, and to *Œdipus*, have each a distinct and individual character, and that truth of expression which nothing but a high dramatic faculty allied to fervid poetic genius can realise. The music of *Antigone* has been several times given in concert-room performances in this country, and once (in 1845) on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, when Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff sustained the parts of Creon and Antigone. The success which the work then obtained, however, was chiefly owing to the drama, the music having been very inadequately rendered. The performance of last night was one of the finest that has been heard in this country—the massive grandeur of the choral writing receiving its true effect from the large and efficient body of male choristers assembled by Mr. Leslie for this special occasion, supported by an excellent orchestra, comprising many of our best instrumentalists, from whom all the charming details of the rich orchestral effects derived their full importance. An abridgement of Mr. Bartholomew's translation of the text was effectively declaimed by Miss Kate Saville, who read with distinct emphasis and genuine pathos. Each of the splendid choruses produced a marked effect, particularly the "Hymn to Bacchus," with its magnificent climax and rich instrumentation, with the happy use made of the trumpets. This movement was loudly redemanded. After *Antigone* Herr Joachim played as only he can play the violin concerto—a work which may pair with that by Beethoven, both ranking far above all pieces of mere display for a solo player, and rising to the importance of a symphony with an obbligato instrument. The executive difficulties of Mendelssohn's violin concerto are as great as can well be written for the instrument, but Herr Joachim's masterly command of the mechanism of his art, admirable as it is, is with him but the means of intense expression and the realisation of the composer's fullest intentions. His performance last night was one of those triumphs of the highest order of intellectual musical interpretation which we have long been accustomed to hear from this great artist, who has never played more finely than on this occasion. The passionate and romantic overture to *Ruy Blas* closed an excellent concert. The few incidental vocal solo passages in *Antigone* were sung by Messrs. Lyall, Evans, C. Henry, and Smythson. Mr. Leslie conducted the concert with his usual steadiness and judgment. The *Antigone* is to be repeated on March 13.

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(*From the* [illegible].)

Departing from his usual plan, Mr. Henry Leslie introduced a new feature at his second concert, devoting the entire evening to the works of one composer,—thus following in the footsteps of the Monday Popular Concerts at their commencement, when Mendelssohn led the way and first began the education of the public (in the large sense of the term) in a school of music to which the shilling-paying audience had hitherto been strangers. Mendelssohn was the sole attraction on Wednesday evening, the special feature being the English version by Mr. Bartholomew of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with the music which the illustrious master composed in 1841. Although some twenty-five years have passed since the time of its first production at Potsdam, and its subsequent representation at Berlin, the English public has had hitherto but few opportunities of knowing what Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* was really like. The tragedy was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre (then under the management of Mr. Laurent) in January, 1845, Mr. Vandenhoff playing Creon, and his daughter Antigone. The stage was arranged in the classic fashion, with the central door for the regal personages, the entrances right and left for the other characters, the chorus (strophe and antistrophe) occupying their position on either side. Mr. G. A. Macfarren superintended the musical department, and Mr. John Macfarren painted the admirable Greek procession. *Antigone* for a time was the town's talk. Since then, except once at the St. James's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, and once at the Crystal Palace, I do not remember any complete performance of *Antigone* in London. The Concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday night included most of the leading instrumentalists in the profession, and the chorus was that of Mr. Leslie's Choir

able in either. Far better are the new part-songs of Professor Sterndale Bennett ("Come live with me") and Mr. Henry Smart ("How soft the shades of evening creep"), which are not only well written, as might have been expected from their composers, but something more—sounding in short as if, instead of being picked out at the pianoforte and then distributed for the voices, they had come unsought, and naturally assumed the shape in which they appear. But musicians like these gentlemen, who stand deservedly in the front rank, should aid in the work of progress, and not limit [illegible] of ephemeral trifles. [illegible] must in justice be extended to Mr. Benedict, while admitting the grace and prettiness of his part-song "Home, sweet home."

After all, the interest of the concert, such as it was, centered naturally in the examples of an older time—Henry Purcell's "In these delightful pleasant groves," Thomas Morley's "My bonny lass," and John Wilbye's "The Lady Oriana"—all genuine madrigals, and the last one of the best examples of the Elizabethan period, one of the noblest, indeed, of the famous collection called "Triumphs of Oriana." Morley, too, author of a "Plaine and easie introduction to practicall musicke," and who compiled the "Triumphs," to which various composers brought tribute, was one of the gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. What these Elizabethans produced, considerably more than two centuries and a half ago, makes our living writers of madrigals look infinitesimally small, as must have been felt the other night by every reflecting person. The cut-and-dry rhythmical tune of the moderns does not compensate for the absence of that vigour and earnestness which are characteristic of the elder composers, after the manner in which the state of art at the period admitted of their excelling. That merry madrigal, "The waits," by Saville, with which the concert terminated, belongs to a later period—nearer the time of Purcell. It has no great merit, but is at all events simple and unrestrained.

On the whole the programme was, as I have hinted, but so-so. Too many of the pieces were in that emasculate style which, thanks to the Beckers, Silchers, and Kückens of another clime, has in later days brought the German *Liedertafel* so low. Our *Liedertafel*—the English glees and catches, which are as purely national as the part-songs of Germany—may fairly be considered out of date. Preach as we may, and admit to the full the pretensions of our best glee writers, what they have produced, with few exceptions, has little of the enduring charm about it. I do not therefore blame Mr. Leslie for not drawing his materials from this source. But, remembering what treasures England can boast in the genuine madrigal style, I cannot but think that a concert like that of the other night, evidently intended to bear an almost exclusively English complexion, might have been made eminently attractive. If no better modern native compositions are to be obtained than those of Messrs. Barnby, W. C. Macfarren, and S. W. Waley, it would be wiser in Mr. Leslie for the future to provide more of the old stuff and less of the new. At his own concerts he has of course a fair right to bring out his own compositions, but then *noblesse oblige*, he should make them as good as lies in his power, which I can hardly believe he has done in his new madrigal, "My love is fair," or in his duet for women's voices, entitled "The Pan," to some original stanzas by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

I am sorry not to be able to speak in less disparaging terms of an institution from which so much was anticipated at the outset, but to tell your readers that Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir has up to this time helped on the cause of real art a single step would be to tell them that which is not the truth. With such means as he has had for eleven years at disposal he might have done, not only for English vocal part music, but for vocal part music generally in England, something like what the Monday Popular Concerts are now doing for instrumental chamber music. That he should hitherto have neglected the opportunity is to be regretted. Z.

—exclusively male voices reinforced by professionals, the solo parts being sustained by Messrs. C. Lyall, W. Evans, Chaplin Henry, and Smythson, while Miss Kate Saville read the play with due emphasis and discretion. The "Hymn to Bacchus" was encored with one voice, and the applause throughout was frequent and hearty. The *Italian Symphony* opened the concert. The second part began with such a performance by Herr Joachim of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. I have heard the great Hungarian play this concerto again and again, but never more magnificently. No wonder he was enthusiastically called. The stirring overture to *Ruy Blas* brought the concert to an end. On the 13th March *Antigone* will be repeated.—D. H.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

Fifteenth Concert of the Ninth Season.

FOURTH MORNING PRRFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16th, 1867.

PART I.

QUINTET, in E flat, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, W. Hann, and Piatti ... *Mozart.*
SONG, "The beating of my own heart"—Miss Banks ... *Macfarren.*
VARIATIONS SERIEUSES, in D minor, Op. 54, for Pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SONG, "O'er the bright Road"—Miss Banks ... *Schubert.*
GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti ... *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR ... MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Sixteenth Concert of the Ninth Season.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 18th, 1867.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti ... *Schumann.*
SONG, "The Maiden's Dream"—Miss Banks ... *Benedict.*
SOLOS, {a. Arabeske, b. Kreisleriana, No. 2, c. Novelletten, No. 2,} for Pianoforte—Madame Schumann ... *Schumann.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim ... *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Pilgrim's Song"—Miss Banks ... *Mendelssohn.*
QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 74, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti ... *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR ... MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

The Director begs to announce that the remaining

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will take place as follows, viz:—

Monday February	25	1867	Monday March	11	1867
Monday March	4		Monday "	18	

Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, February 23rd; March 2nd, 9th.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

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DEATHS.

On the 11th inst., at his residence, Upper Lewisham Road, S.E., Mr. John Shepherd, music publisher, of 20, Warwick Lane, City, in the 59th year of his age.

On the 13th inst., at Birmingham, after two days' illness, HOWARD GLOVER, in his fifteenth year, eldest son of HOWARD GLOVER, Esq.

On the 13th inst., at Springfield Villa, Leeds, Louisa, the younger and much loved daughter of Dr. Spark.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IPSWICH.—"An Amateur's" letter about Madame Arabella Goddard's "Pianoforte Recital" came too late for insertion in this number.

EDINBURGH.—The "Reid Commemoration Concert" next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

[Translations by "M. E. von G." from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.—A. S. S.]

LISZT'S TRANSCRIPTIONS.

THIS is the proper place to speak of Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert's Songs for the piano, which have met with so much approval from the public. When played by Liszt himself, they are said to be very effective, but it would be useless for any but real artists to attempt them: they are perhaps the most difficult things existing for the piano, and some wag observed that it would be a good plan to publish a simplified edition of them, and that he should be curious to see what would be left, and whether the result would be Schubert's original air. Not always so. Liszt has made changes and additions, and the way he has done them is to me (whatever it be to others) a proof of the power of his playing and his conception. But this raises the old question, whether the artist who interprets is greater than he who creates, and whether it is allowable for the one to reconstruct the works of the other according to his fancy. The answer is easy enough: we should make game of any fool who did it badly, but we allow it in a genius, provided he does not quite destroy the meaning of the original. This method of transcription marks a separate chapter in the school of pianoforte playing.

[Robert! Robert!—can this be you that speaks? You, too, then had your favourites, who could act high treason against art without a frown from one of art's allowably self-constituted art priests. *Fi donc!*—A. S. S.]

* * *

CHOPIN.*

Chopin can no longer write anything which does not make one exclaim, before half a dozen bars are over, "That's Chopin!" People call this mannerism, and say that he makes no progress. But they should be more grateful. Surely it is the self-same original power which flashed from his first works in so wonderful a way, and alternately dazzled and delighted us all. And if, after such a succession of the rarest creations, he is now better understood, why suddenly wish him to be different? Would you cut down a tree for producing the same fruit every year? Moreover, it is not so with him:—the trunk may be the same, but there is an endless variety in the look and flavour of the fruit. I hardly know one other composition of Chopin's to which I could compare this Impromptu, however unimportant it may be considered, in the whole series of his works. It is so delicate in form, the melody so interwoven from beginning to end with charming figures, it is such a complete impromptu, neither more nor less, as to be quite distinct from anything else of his. The Scherzo, in its impassioned character, reminds one somewhat more of its predecessors, but it is most fascinating, and might not unjustly be likened to a poem of Byron's, so tender and daring, so loving and scornful. However it will not suit all tastes. The Mazurka has been fairly raised by Chopin into a small independent branch of art, and of the many he has written there are few alike. Each has its own special poetic feature—something new in form or expression. In the second of those before us it is the struggle between the keys of B minor and F♯ minor, closing—one hardly knows how—in F♯; in the third it is the wavering between major and minor, till at last the major gains the day; and in the last (which, however, has one weak passage on page 13) it is the sudden close in fifths, which will make the German Cantors tear their hair.

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* Impromptu (Op. 29). 4 Mazurkas (Op. 30). Scherzo (Op. 31).

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One remark by the way: all generations have different views of the same thing. In the best church music of the old Italians we find consecutive fifths—they cannot therefore have sounded ill to them. In Bach and Handel we also occasionally meet with them, though quite casually, and on the whole but seldom. All parallel movement was avoided by the perfection of their part-writing. In Mozart's time they vanish entirely. Thereupon the great theorists came forward to forbid them on pain of death, until Beethoven appeared and introduced the most lovely fifths, fifths in chromatic sequence. Now, though of course such a chromatic sequence, if kept up for twenty bars or so, would not be called a good thing, but would be an utterly bad one, it is not fair to pick out such passages by themselves; they must be judged of in their relation to what has gone before, and their connection with the whole piece.

CHERUBINI'S QUARTETS.

"We finished the evening with a quartet of Cherubini's, the first of some which appeared a long time ago, and raised very discordant opinions even amongst good musicians. The question was not whether they were the work of a great master, for of that there could be no doubt, but whether they were in the true quartet style, which we love and recognise as our standard. We have got accustomed to the manner of the three great German masters, and have admitted into their circle as their fully deserved first Onslow ( ) and then Mendelssohn ( ). Now comes Cherubini, an artist who has grown grey in the highest aristocracy of art, and in the pursuit of his own particular aims, and even now, at his advanced age, the greatest contrapuntist of the day—the refined, learned, and interesting Italian, whom I often feel tempted to compare to Dante for his stern reserve and force of character. I must confess that the first time I heard it, this quartet* or rather its first two movements gave me a most uncomfortable feeling. It was not what I had expected; much of it seemed to me operatic and overdone, and other parts, again, poor, empty, and unmeaning. This may have been the effect of my youthful impatience, which prevented me from at once making out the sense of the old master's strange language; for on the other hand I certainly felt his power down to the very soles of my feet. Then came the *Scherzo* with its fanciful Spanish subject, the extraordinary *Trio*, and lastly the *Finale*, sparkling like a diamond when you shake it. After these there could be no doubt who had written the quartet, and whether it was worthy of its author. It is sure to strike others as it did me; it is necessary first to get acquainted with the peculiar spirit of *his* quartet style, speaking not our own familiar mother tongue, but that of a distinguished foreigner—and the more one understands it the more one will value it. These remarks, though they convey but a poor idea of the characteristics of the quartet, may perhaps recommend it to the quartet circles of Germany; but it is difficult to execute, and demands real artists. In a fit of editorial arrogance I proposed to myself Baillot (whom Cherubini seems especially to have had in his eye) for first violin, Lipinski for second, Mendelssohn for tenor (his chief instrument next to the organ and piano), and Max Bohrer or Fritz Kummer for violoncello. Meantime I cordially thank my actual quartet party, who promised to come again as soon as possible, and make themselves and me acquainted with Cherubini's other quartets, after which the reader may expect some further communications from me.

The second quartet seems to me to have been written long before the first; indeed I almost take it to be that symphony which (if I am not mistaken) gave so little satisfaction at its first performance in Vienna that Cherubini declined to publish it, and is said to have turned it into a quartet. This, perhaps, produced the opposite fault; for if as a symphony it was too much like a quartet, as a quartet it is too much in the style of a symphony; and I moreover, I object to all that kind of re-making; it seems to me a transgression against the divine nature of the original inspiration. I should give it the earlier date on account of its greater simplicity, which distinguishes Cherubini's previous works from his recent ones. Of course I should be convinced if the composer were to come forward and say, "You are mistaken, my friend; the quartets were written at the same time, and were never anything but quartets." And therefore what I say is mere conjecture, to induce others to look into the matter. The work is far superior in all respects to most publications of the day—to everything that we get from Paris; and no one who has not written, learned, and thought for many successive years, would be capable of writing anything like it. A few dry bars, the work of the intellect alone, there are, as in most of Cherubini's works; but even in these there is always something interesting in the passage, some ingenious contrivance or imitation, something to think about. There is most spirit in the *Scherzo* and last movement, which are both full of wonderful life. The *Adagio* has a strikingly individual A minor character, something Romantic and Provençal-ish. After hearing it several times its charms grow, and it closes in such a manner as to make one begin the song again, though knowing that the end is close at hand. In the first movement there are some reminiscences of Beethoven's B flat Symphony—an imitation between the tenor and violin, like that between the bassoon and clarinet in the symphony, and in the return of the subject in the middle the same figure which occurs in the corresponding passage in the same movement of the symphony. The two pieces are, however, so different in character that few would notice the likeness.

MENDELSSOHN.*

This is the great trio of our day, as the trios of Beethoven in B flat and D, and Schubert in E flat, were in theirs; a truly beautiful composition, which for years to come will delight our grandchildren and great grandchildren. The storm of past years is beginning gradually to lull, and, it must be confessed, has already thrown many a pearl on shore. Mendelssohn, though less attacked by it than others, is emphatically a child of his own time. He has had his struggles too, and is often forced to listen to the twaddle of narrow-minded critics who pretend that the golden age of music is long past; but he has struggled upwards to such good purpose that we may safely hail him as the Mozart of the nineteenth century, its most enlightened musician, penetrating with keenest glance the contradictions of the times, and reconciling them before any one else. Nor will he be the last. After Mozart came Beethoven; and a new Beethoven will follow the new Mozart, nay, perhaps is already in the world.

And now, what can I say about this trio that has not been already said by every one who has heard it? Happy, thrice happy those who have heard it played by the composer himself! For though there may be more brilliant performers, yet no one can play Mendelssohn's works with the same magical charm that he himself does. Not that this need deter any one from attempting the trio! for, in comparison with others, Schubert's for example, it has few difficulties; in compositions of the very first rank, these are always proportionate to the effect, and the more striking the one the greater the other. It is hardly necessary to say that the trio is by no means intended to display the piano player only, but that the other instruments have pretty tough work of it, and are sure to have both applause and enjoyment. All success, therefore, to the new work, as it so fully deserves, it is a fresh proof of the vigour of its composer, who must surely have now well-nigh reached the climax of his career.

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* No 1—in E flat.

* Trio in D minor (Op. 49).

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN TO BARMANN,* THE CLARINET PLAYER AT MUNICH.

Paris, April 16, 1832.

" . . . I had grown as peevish as a porpoise and felt as wretched as a fish out of water the whole winter. Something was always the matter with me, till at last I got regularly ill; was forced to go to bed, and have my stomach rubbed by an old woman, have hot towels put to me, perspire a great deal, eat nothing, endure a great many visits and a vast deal of compassion, wish everything at the devil, take [illegible] pills, and at last, when quite bored, I found I had perspired away my bad temper, the pains in my stomach, and my friend the cholera, from which there was no escape. And having perspired to such purpose, I find myself happy for the first time for months, and so I write at once to you, you splendid combination of bear, man, and clarinet. Just now I would give the whole of Paris for one moment of that delicious world of sounds, big, little, and tiny, that come so merrily and fairly, so brightly and sprightly, neatly and sweetly, brilliantly and trillingly, gladly, madly and sadly out of that wooden pipe of yours. But, nonsense apart, I should be as merry as a grig if I could see you again—and that's the truth. I have got through the winter shockingly badly, what with my illness and the dullness of society here. Deuce take it all! I have never once been quite myself, and therefore have never got on with other people. However, I have managed to compose plenty, and am just publishing a whole heap of new things in Leipsic, which are sure to make me a tremendously famous person, though most likely you will never hear anything about it, and my reputation will remain *incognito*. I have only been able to have a few things performed in public here, and played once or twice. The Parisians clap and applaud me, and the musicians make faces behind my back, so that I must have made a sensation.—But for several weeks past everything has been changed. The cholera has been raging fearfully, and people think more of cholic than music. Every one who can travels off; no one goes out in the evening; and if I weren't obliged still to have my stomach rubbed by my old woman, I should have been off long since. I hope now to start for London in a day or two. The cholera there is quite over; and, indeed, every one here agrees that it may be cured if, directly you feel unwell, you stay at home, keep warm, and take care of yourself. So mind you recollect, in case it comes your way (which I don't believe it will), to keep yourself warm, and treat your diarrhoea with respect, and then you'll get no harm.

"F. M. B."

Crystal Palace Library.—The contents of the Crystal Palace Library, which comprised upwards of 5000 volumes, composed exclusively of presentation works, having been completely destroyed by the recent fire, the directors, gratefully recognizing the disposition on the part of the public as far as possible to replace the loss in this department, beg to intimate, with a view to its re-establishment, that they are prepared to accept any contributions of standard or other works, either from booksellers, publishers, or private sources. Several valuable donations have already been received, which will form the nucleus of a new library. Books can be forwarded direct to the librarian, Crystal Palace, or, if more convenient, to either of the undermentioned firms:—Messrs. Longman, Green & Co., 39 Paternoster Row; Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, 13 Great Marlborough Street—addressed, "Crystal Palace Library," and all contributions will be duly acknowledged.—By order.—Edward [illegible], F.S.A., Sect., Librarian.

Madame Arabella Goddard has given "Pianoforte Recitals" during the last fortnight at Hull, Louth, Lincoln, Colchester, Ipswich, Stourbridge, Hereford, and Stroud. At the first three places she was accompanied by Miss Fanny Armytage, at the others by Miss Edmonds, as vocalist. The "Recitals" have been everywhere brilliantly successful. Next week Mad. Goddard visits Guildford, Southsea, &c.

Birmingham Musical Festival.—The subject chosen by Mr J. F. Barnett, for the cantata he has undertaken to compose for this year's festival, is said to be the *Ancient Mariner* of Coleridge.

Mr. F. C. Horton.—The funeral of this much respected gentleman took place at Kensal Green Cemetery on Monday 11th at 1.30. Amongst the numerous gentlemen present were:—Mr Costa, M. Sainton, Mr Augustus Harris, Mr Edward Murray, Mr C. Coote, Mr Howell, Mr Nicholson, Signor Lucas, Mr Smythson, Mr Miles, Mr W. Winterbottom, Mr A. Simmonds, Mr Webb, Mr J. Martin, Mr Newsham, Mr J. March, &c.

Herr Reichardt and Herr Kuhe are giving "Recitals" of their vocal and pianoforte compositions in the provinces.

Miss Laura Harris.—A private letter informs us that Miss Laura Harris made her *début* at the Italian Opera, in Paris, on Saturday evening last, and that she had great success, being called three times before the curtain. Signor Gardoni was Elvino.

Preston.—Mr Richardson's annual concert took place on Tuesday evening in the Theatre Royal, and was in every way a success. The singers were Madame Lemmens Sherrington (our favourite townswoman) and her husband M. Lemmens, Madame Huddart Russell, Mr Wilford Morgan, the new tenor, his first appearance since his return from Italy, and Signor Caravoglia, from Her Majesty's Theatre. In the duet from *Il Barbiere* Mr Morgan and Signor Caravoglia acquitted themselves pretty well. Mr Morgan displayed much ability in the ballad of his own composing, entitled "My sweetheart when a boy," in which he was encored, substituting "I've nothing else to do," and accompanying himself on the pianoforte. The latter piece was of a humorous character, and the style in which it was rendered obtained for Mr Morgan the plaudits of the company. M. Lemmens played the "[illegible]" on the harmonium in a masterly manner, and he was encored. Signor Caravoglia, who possesses a good bass voice, sang the popular air "[illegible]" from the *Ballo in Maschera* in good style. Madame Sherrington seemed quite at home in the "Shadow song," from *Dinorah*, to which her rich, clear voice is admirably suited. She was loudly applauded and encored. Mr Morgan sang his new ballad, "Silent love," in capital style. A solo for the harmonium on *[illegible]* was finely performed by M. Lemmens. Madame Huddart gave the new ballad "When the world was young" in good style, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang, by particular desire, the celebrated Jewel song, from *Faust*, by M. Gounod, with remarkable brilliancy. Signor Caravoglia displayed much taste in a foreign musical piece by Mori, after which a duet was given in capital style by Madame Huddart and Mr Morgan. The concert concluded with the "Zitti Zitti" trio from the *Barbiere* by Madame Sherrington, Mr Morgan and Signor Caravoglia. The vocalists were accompanied on the pianoforte by M. Lemmens.—*Abridged from the "Preston Chronicle."*

Lecture Hall, Greenwich.—Mdlle. Liebhart gave an evening concert at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, on Wednesday evening, which was eminently successful. The fair *bénéficiaire* herself contributed largely to this result by her uniformly fine execution of the various pieces she had selected for performance. Her singing of a vocal waltz by Signor Traventi, of Ganz's popular *lied* "Love hath a little maid," of Meyerbeer's "Roberto," and a ballad of Mr G. B. Allen's could not be more effective. Miss Julia Elton, in Hendlich's popular cradle song "Rock me to sleep," showed much talent and gained much applause. Mr George Perren, in a new ballad of his own composition, "The old green lane," was loudly encored. Captain Palliser, an amateur baritone singer of unquestionable ability, and well known in musical circles, distinguished himself most honourably as a substitute for Signor Foli. Miss Madeline Schiller in Liszt's transcription of *The Midsummer Night's Dream* music was more than satisfactory. She delighted everybody by her brilliant and finished playing, and was enthusiastically encored. Mr Paque in two of his popular solos on the violoncello, was, as usual, excellent; whilst Messrs. Booth and W. Wadsworth, who gave, by desire, Osborne and De Beriot's grand duo for violin and pianoforte, were greatly admired. Mr Booth also performed Ernst's "Carnival" for the violin in a most admirable manner. Messrs. W. Ganz, Traventi, and W. Wadsworth were the accompanists. The hall was crowded.

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[*] See last mentioned in the "[illegible]" from Munich, Oct. 4, 1831.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Since we last spoke of the musical proceedings at the Crystal Palace two excellent Saturday Concerts have been given. At the first the symphony was Beethoven's in C minor, a finer performance of which it would not be easy to imagine. This, we believe, is the only symphony the orchestral parts of which, with the annotations and references of Herr Manns, were not destroyed by the recent fire. The concerto was that of Mendelssohn for violin, played by Herr Ludwig Straus as Mendelssohn himself might have wished to hear it played, accompanied to perfection by the orchestra, and received with every mark of favour. Often as this beautiful work is heard, it is always welcome, especially when the solo part is in the hands of one in every way so capable as the accomplished virtuoso who undertook it on the present occasion. The first overture was that of Rossini to his *Siége de Corinthe*, with few exceptions the most animated and brilliant of his operatic preludes. The other was Schubert's to *Fierrabras*. Every fresh composition by the most gifted of Austrian-born musicians is listened to with interest. The opera of *Fierrabras*, composed for the Imperial Theatre at Vienna when the manager was Barbaja, was never produced. The *impresario* who succeeded Barbaja found the libretto, the work of Schubert's friend Kupelwieser, so bad that the work was laid aside, and the unlucky musician, not for the first time by many, had all his labour for nothing. How he consoled himself is worthy of being put on record. In a letter to Kupelwieser's brother, in which Schubert writes with great despondency, bitterly complaining of his ill luck and his failing health, he refers to the fact and to the reasons of his opera being withheld. "*Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und nimmermehr*"—he says, in the words of Goethe's Gretchen. But still undauntedly devoted to his beloved art, after complaining that he had composed two grand operas to no purpose, he proceeds—"I have been trying my hand at some more instrumental pieces." Among these were two string quartets and an octet, to which Schubert expresses his intention of adding another quartet—"by which means," he concludes, "I shall prepare the way for a grand orchestral symphony." Thus do the true heroes of art make head against misfortune. The three quartets and the octet are happily known to the world, being among the works left by Schubert which tardy-coming publishers thought worth the risk of engraving. The overture to *Fierrabras* has the imprint of Schubert's individuality stamped on every theme and passage; and Herr Manns might do worse than bring forward some specimens of the opera itself, as he has lately done with such a gratifying result for the drama of *Rosamunde*. Though placed last in the programme the overture to *Fierrabras* found a large number of hearers, and hearty appreciation to boot. At this concert the singers were Mdlle. Liebhart and Signor Foli.

On Saturday the selection of music was much more desultory than is usual at these concerts, where we are happily accustomed to succinct though well varied programmes. The greatest feature, and the greatest musical treat, was the first piece—Mendelssohn's Symphony in C minor, generally familiar to musicians as "No. 1," being the first that was printed and published. But in addition to the much talked of *Reformation Symphony*, there exist, in MSS., a symphony in D, for full orchestra, and no less than ten symphonies in four, five and six parts, for string instruments; so that the precise number of the C minor is doubtful. Herr Julius Rietz, editor of Mendelssohn's second volume of "Letters," compiler of the catalogue of his works, and one of the four notorious "trustees," knows nothing about it. And yet one would think that some information concerning an important work brought forward by Mendelssohn himself at the Conservatoire on the occasion of his first visit to Paris, and again at the Philharmonic Concerts on that of his first visit to London, where considerably more than thirty years since it was published by Cramer & Co. as a pianoforte duet, might, with a modicum of trouble, have been obtained from the composer's surviving relatives. Mendelssohn held this symphony in such esteem that he provided a new *scherzo* for it, borrowed from his well known Ottet for string instruments. We are not quite sure that this excerpt from a chamber composition, condensed and scored for the orchestra, was an improvement, although prepared expressly for the Philharmonic Society. The earlier *scherzo* is very fine, and the trio one of the most original and fanciful inspirations in all Mendelssohn's music. On the other hand, the movement from the Ottet, marvellous as it undoubtedly is, the first Mendelssohnian *scherzo* with the true Mendelssohnian ring, is not, in our opinion, so well in keeping with the rest of the symphony as the movement which it has replaced; and in restoring the earlier *scherzo* we cannot but think that Herr Manns has acted judiciously. Besides, the original *scherzo*, in its orchestral form, had more than once been played at the Crystal Palace and doubtless will be played again as an isolated piece. Indeed it is too precious to be laid aside; and no one is better aware of this than the zealous conductor himself. Some years ago the Musical Society of London gave a performance of the C minor Symphony, in which both old and new *scherzos* were included; but this was a matter for curiosity, and cannot be accepted as a precedent. The pains Herr Manns had taken in rehearsing the symphony bore good fruit. The execution was splendid from first to last, and very many delicate points were brought out that at previous performances had eluded observation. The slow movement, as melodious as Mozart when most melodious, was absolutely perfect, "wind," "reeds" and "strings" vieing with each other in excellence, and yet blending in one harmonious whole that left nothing to desire. But the fiery *allegro*, the quaint and most antique *scherzo*, with its admirable free counterpoint, the delicate trio, and the *finale* so full of youthful vigour, comprising a fugue worthy any master, and a *cantabile* with *staccato* accompaniments that alone would make the movement remarkable, were equally well played. The symphony throughout was thoroughly enjoyed and unanimously applauded at the termination of each successive part. The wonder was that such a work could under any circumstances have come from the hand of a boy of fifteen! And yet the magnificent Ottet in E flat was produced in the same year, and shortly afterwards appeared the quintet in A, a composition in no respect less noticeable. It is worth remark that as Beethoven, before he could satisfy himself in the quartet style, began with a quintet, so Mendelssohn preceded his two earliest quartets by the ottet and the quintet just referred to, from which it may be concluded that the fewer the independent parts, the more difficult it is to plan and put into shape an elaborate musical composition.

The next piece of consequence, if length and elaborate texture have anything to do with it, was a pianoforte concerto in F sharp minor by Herr Reinecke, successor to Herr Rietz, himself successor to Mendelssohn as conductor of the celebrated "Gewandhaus Concerts" at Leipsic. The player, Mr. Oscar Beringer, long connected with the musical department of the Crystal Palace, and one of Herr Reinecke's most talented pupils, has just returned from Leipsic where he finished his studies. It was a graceful act on Mr. Beringer's part to make his *début* with a concerto by his master, and highly creditable to him to have bestowed the amount of labour upon it which alone could have enabled him to play it so well. Nevertheless the concerto itself is of little value—one of those pieces of dry and fruitless German plodding, without a genuine musical inspiration from end to end, of which too many examples unfortunately exist. As it is very improbable that any other player resident in this country will feel disposed to make the same self-sacrifice as Mr. Beringer has made, we need say no more about the concerto. Enough that the performance was worthy of music far more interesting, and the applause at the end was exclusively awarded to the executant, who another time will do well to direct his attention, and that of his hearers, to something likely to charm.

There was a more than ordinary quantity of vocal music at this concert, both for chorus and solo voices. What the Crystal Palace choir had to sing was not remarkable, nor was their manner of singing it remarkably efficient. Two part-songs by Schumann—"Rattlin' roaring Willie" and "The Boat" ("Das Schifflein")—fell utterly dead, and were hardly redeemed by two "Brunettes" from the Popular French Part-songs of the 17th Century, which came later in the programme. The solo singers were Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Julia Derby, Messrs. Cummings and Renwick—soprano, contralto, tenor and baritone-bass. The most effective displays were the brilliant vocalization of Mdlle. Enequist in the "*Air du Rossignol*" from M. Victor Massé's operetta, *Les Noces de Jeannette* ("Nightingale," Mr. Alfred Wells—

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flute) and the expressive delivery by Mr. Cummings of a romance from M. Félicien David's opera *Lalla Rookh*. Much more profitably engaged, however, was the clever Mdlle. Enequist in the soprano solos from one of the *finales* of Weber's *Euryanthe*, which, followed by the noble overture to the same opera, brought the concert to an end.

At the concert to-day, besides the Swedish composer, Herr Gade's first and best symphony, Mendelssohn's favourite, we are promised one of the violin concertos of Spohr, with M. Sainton as violinist, the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and other attractive pieces.

STOURBRIDGE.—Madame Arabella Goddard has delighted amateurs here with one of her charming "Pianoforte Recitals." She played an andante by Mozart, a notturno by J. Field, studies by Hummel and Moscheles, a pianoforte sonata by Beethoven (the *Pastoral*), and a *fantasia* by Thalberg (*Masaniello*). The audience, enraptured with the incomparable performance of our Queen of the Piano, would have had everything over again. Madame Goddard only consented, however, to give two additional pieces, which were as warmly received as all the rest. Miss Edmonds contributed songs by Rossini, Benedict ("The maiden's dream"), and Horn, affording infinite pleasure to her hearers and winning two encores. The "Recital" took place at the Corn Exchange. It is long since we have had such a musical treat at Stourbridge.—(*From a correspondent.*)

EYRE ARMS, ST JOHN'S WOOD, ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—M. Paque, one of our most talented violoncellists, gave a morning concert on Thursday week in the above *locale*, which attracted a numerous and brilliant assemblage. M. Paque provided a most attractive programme, both vocal and instrumental. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, interpreted by Messrs. Ernst Pauer, Sainton, and Paque. We need hardly mention that, with such artists to perform it, it received every justice, and was loudly applauded. M. Paque played his solos on *Lucia*, an arrangement of Meyerbeer's "Ho lao," and a "Serenade Algerienne," and, with Herr W. Ganz, a "Duo di Concert" by Schlosser, in all of which his genuine artistic playing elicited loud and continued plaudits. M. Balsamo gave his famous violin solo on the airs from *Rigoletto*, while Herr Pauer, in Bach's *Gavotte*, followed by Willmers's "*Sehnsucht am Meer*," and finishing with his own "Galop Militaire," displayed his manipulative skill to the highest advantage. Herr W. Ganz gave his well known and popular transcription of "The Nightingale Trill," followed by his equally popular *Grand Galop de Concert* "Qui Vive," and created quite a furore amongst the young ladies. Mdlle. Liebhart, in Herr Ganz's charming little *Lied* "Lore had a little maid," was loudly encored, a compliment never better earned by the lady, who threw incomparable archness and animation into her singing. Mdlle. Enequist, in an aria from *Lucia* and one of her Swedish ditties, sang with great warmth and feeling. Madame and Mr. Weiss, in some songs and duets, gave evident satisfaction to all present, Mr. Weiss gaining the usual encore in his "Village Blacksmith." Mr George Perren, in a new serenade, "Arise, sweet maiden, arise," sang like an artist. Mr W. Cooper, in a ballad of Miss Gabriel's, was much liked, and Madame Sainton-Dolby *enthralled* the audience by her charming singing of Lachner's clever and effective song "The Alpine Mother." Signor Ciabatta introduced M. Gounod's barcarolle "Ou voulez vous aller," to the great pleasure of all present. Messrs. Ganz and Meyer Lutz accompanied.

[illegible] BASHI BAZOUK.

MADAME PUZZI'S SOIRÉES MUSICALES.—Madame Puzzi's third *soirée* was given on Wednesday week, as before, in the palatial residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, 24 Belgrave Square, and attracted a full assemblage of the *haut ton*. The singers were Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Rose Hersee, Madame Berger Lascelles, Miss Fanny Puzzi, and Mdlle. Liebhart (who sang most artistically Weber's "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen" with true Teutonic feeling), Mr Charles Stanton, Signori Ciabatta, Ambonetti, and Caravoglia, who all sang favourite *morceaux* and assisted in several concerted pieces by Rossini, Verdi, &c. Messrs. Deacon and Tito Mattei were the solo pianists. The former artist, with M. Paque, gave Chopin's "La Polonaise" for violoncello and piano with uniform excellence. M. Paque also played an obbligato accompaniment to Miss Fanny Puzzi's singing of a very pleasing serenata of Braga, *A leggenda Valacca*, which was much applauded. Miss Fanny Puzzi also gave with striking effect Schira's charming *scena* "Sognai," which pleased exceedingly. Amongst other novelties produced on this occasion was a new vocal trio for female voices, "Non fu il ciel," by Signor Schira. It received every justice from the singing of Misses Fanny Puzzi and Rose Hersee and Madame Lascelles. Miss Rose Hersee, with Signor Caravoglia, in the duet "Quanto amore," from the *Elisir d'Amore*, distinguished themselves most honourably, as the young lady previously had done in Gounod's "When we went a-gleaning." Messrs. Ganz and Berger presided alternately at the pianoforte.

BASHI BAZOUK.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr Chappell has again resorted to a plan which in previous seasons has been found extremely accommodating to those who do not reside in or within a moderate distance of the capital. The Popular Concerts held on Saturdays in the afternoon are so like those to which the London public is accustomed on Monday nights, that no one thinks of questioning the exact propriety of their title, and Saturday is cheerfully accepted for Monday by zealous amateurs of quartets, sonatas, and trios. The only difference is in the proportions of the programme, which as a rule is shorter by one instrumental piece than on ordinary occasions. The afternoon concerts are uncommonly attractive just now, not only on account of the uniform worth of the selections, but because Herr Joachim, who was never playing more superbly than this winter, leads the quartets, quintets, &c. Among other things, Herr Joachim has delighted his hearers with three magnificent quintets—that of Mozart in G minor, that of Beethoven in C, and that of Mendelssohn in B flat. The last of these would alone have been interesting as the first piece ever performed at a Monday Popular Concert (February 14, 1859). But each is a masterpiece; and it is needless to descant on the manner in which they are played by the incomparable Hungarian, who, as at the evening concerts, is supported by Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti—the Italian *virtuoso* who, though but just in his prime, has long been without a compeer as a violoncellist. In the quintets Mr. H. Blagrove is backed by Mr. W. Hann, as second viola, so that nothing is wanting to a perfect execution.

Madame Schumann has only taken part hitherto in one morning performance. Her predecessors were Mr. Charles Hallé, who played Weber's sonata in D minor as few but himself can play it, and Herr Ernst Pauer, almost equally happy in Mozart's more symmetrical if less ambitious sonata in D. Madame Schumann chose the sonata in C, Op. 53, dedicated by Beethoven to his first and most steadfast patron, Count Waldstein. A work so full of imagination as this can only be properly interpreted by a pianist with imagination as well as fingers. That Madame Schumann possesses both all the world, or at any rate all the musical world, is aware. The enthusiasm this lady throws into every one of her performances is catching; and the "Waldstein Sonata"—in which Beethoven's own enthusiasm, glowing from first to last without restraint, has given himself unrestricted licence—affords ample scope for its display on the part of the executant. No wonder, then, that such a sonata, thus interpreted, should have raised in the audience a kindred fire.

At the last Monday evening we had, perhaps, the finest performance of Mendelssohn's finest quartet (No. 3, Op. 44, in E flat) ever remembered at these concerts. The *scherzo*, with its delicately interwoven *fugato*, one of the most fairy-like of the many models of the kind we owe to its composer, was rapturously encored, so rapturously that Herr Joachim, who, like all true artists, objects to repeat any one of the component parts of a quartet to the detriment of the rest, was compelled in spite of himself to accede, and the movement was repeated. The other quartet was Haydn's best in D minor, a work which must always remind attentive hearers of Mozart's admirable quartet in the same key. This was the last piece in the concert, and kept the great majority of the audience in their seats till the end. The pianist was Mr. Hallé, whose performance of Beethoven's sonata in D major (Op. 10) in grace, accent, and delicate bringing out of details, was absolutely faultless. He, too, was compelled to accept an "encore" for the minuet and trio, with which the audience were beyond measure delighted. Mr Hallé also played, in association with Herr Joachim, Mozart's sonata in F, containing the quaint theme and variations in D minor, and terminating with a movement in the style and rhythm of a minuet. The singer was the clever Miss Banks, universally popular at these concerts. The songs were Mr Macfarren's setting of the Laureate's stanzas, "Late, late, so late" (*Idylls of the King*), and Mr Benedict's "Dews, gentle flower," both exquisite specimens of their composers, and both sung with unaffected expression. Mr Benedict was as usual the accompanist.

At to-day's Saturday afternoon concert Madame Schumann is to play the *Variations Sérieuses* of Mendelssohn, and on Monday evening a selection of pieces by her late husband, whose quartet in F major, never before heard at the Monday Popular Concerts, is the first piece in the programme.

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MISS GLYN'S READINGS.

Miss Glyn's reading of *Hamlet* attracted one of those attentive and critical audiences rarely seen except at entertainments of a kindred character. Though the scene could have been unfamiliar, many followed, book in hand, as though resolved that not a line should escape them. At times the open volume was put aside, as when any famous soliloquy was being delivered, or when passages of unusual power enforced undivided attention, and compelled every eye to the platform. At such moments Miss Glyn surrenders herself to the spirit of the scene, and shows her dramatic strength in its fulness. Early in the play the opportunity is afforded her for the horror of Hamlet consequent on the first scene, when the ghost is seen by Marcellus, Horatio, and Bernardo. Shortly afterwards Hamlet sees and follows the spectre. The scene between them was rendered with thrilling effect. The awe which at first overmasters Hamlet contrasted finely with his impetuosity when the injunctions from beyond tomb have rekindled the desire for vengeance. Highly impressive, too, was Miss Glyn's rendering of "To be or not to be." This was earnest, thoughtful, well studied, easy, and natural—its purely meditative character distinctly indicated. Still more remarkable was the advice to the players, which is rarely given with such nice discrimination on the stage. Miss Glyn addresses the professional in no dogmatic or sermonising tone, but graciously, and somewhat modestly, in the spirit of one offering suggestions rather than giving counsel. The effect was singularly pleasing and original. The interview between Hamlet and his mother afforded Miss Glyn a fresh opportunity for tragic intensity and suggestive gesture. The gradual disappearance of the ghost, was indicated with striking vividness. In her delineation of the madness of Ophelia, Miss Glyn took her audience by surprise. They were hardly prepared for so much gentleness and sweetness from one who has such mastery over the sterner and more violent passions. The little snatches of song were given in a low plaintive tone, which went direct to the heart. This was especially the case with the lines—

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

No singer could have given greater effect to these verses, which Ophelia warbles in unconsciousness. The scene with the grave-diggers was rendered with much spirit, and the altercation between Laertes and Hamlet in the grave of Ophelia was vigorous and impassioned.

Miss Glyn has repeated her famous reading of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was lately given by this society with a general efficiency never surpassed and seldom equalled. While Mr Reeves has no rival in the interpretation of Handel's grand declamatory songs, there is no substitute for him so prepared as Mr Cummings. By his thoroughly efficient performance Mr Cummings added to the proofs he had given of his earnest study. Those trying airs, "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm" were given with vocal force and precision. The soprano solos were sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who was especially successful in "From mighty kings," and "O Liberty." Miss Robertine Henderson, second soprano, gave chaste readings of "Pious Orgies" and "Wise men flattering" and was excellent in the several duets. Madame Sainton ([illegible]) was contralto and Mr Patey bass. As usual several solos were omitted—a practice we would carry even further, as we know that Handel was compelled to make concessions to the public of his time by inserting pieces of display in order to relieve what was then considered the oppressive weight of his choruses, whereas Handel's real strength and the free development of his gigantic genius lay in his choral writing, which is as grand, and as far in advance of contemporary art as many of his songs are in accordance with the conventional pattern of his day. In *Judas*, for instance, the passages of vocal exercise, and da-capo in "From mighty kings," "How vain is man," and "Wise men flattering" have a poor effect, in close juxtaposition with such majestic inspirations as the choruses. So far, therefore, from complaining of omissions, we would go beyond the practice in reverence for Handel, justified by the fact that he frequently interpolated airs in his oratorios for the sake of attracting a public which could not appreciate his genius. To many this will sound irreverent. With Handel as with Shakspere the glory of his renown is such as to dazzle criticism; yet both made concessions (possibly in their own despite)—concessions which in some instances detract from the perfection of their works. Scarcely have the choruses of *Judas* been more finely given than on the present occasion—a result chiefly owing to the indefatigable zeal of Mr Costa, to whom also are owing the additional orchestral accompaniments. These are written with consummate skill and practical knowledge of orchestral effect—some of the added details, too, being extremely ingenious. We should, however, have preferred less interference with Handel's original trumpet parts, as, for instance, in the chorus, "Sing unto God," where the florid writing for three trumpets is a most important feature, and if practicable in Handel's time should surely be so now. *Israel in Egypt* was repeated on February 8, with Mr Cummings as tenor.—D.

THE JAPANESE.—ST MARTIN'S HALL.

The newly-arrived Japanese belong to a race who have only been recently "opened-up." Their arrival has excited general interest, and many will pay a shilling to stare at them apart from their talent as jugglers and acrobats. The platform on which they exhibit is fitted up with poles and bamboo canes, tied together with ropes, and upon this scaffolding some of the "high" performances take place. The stage is adorned with articles of Japanese manufacture, brightly coloured models of machinery. The feats consist chiefly of top spinning and butterfly fluttering—oriental tricks, though often imitated, never equalled by Europeans. The spinning tops are marvellous—fashioned like teetotums, hurled high in the air, caught upon the points of canes, and made to travel along the edges of swords and fans, and over a man's back. The butterfly is quite a poetical imitation of nature, and it is only the acrobatic performances that fall below the European level. One Japanese has a monkey-like power of holding on to bamboos with his feet; but the "Blondin of the *troupe*," a performer on the slack wire, was unable to exhibit in consequence of an accident on board ship. The performances are all conducted with oriental coolness and contempt for time, and accompanied by true Japanese music. One of the children sings a song that causes much merriment, though intended to be serious, and there was a chorus of the charity-school order. Several of the performers have considerable power as actors, and the butterfly juggler's face is a study for physiognomists. The dresses are brilliant and peculiar, the distinction between men and women not being strongly marked. St. Martin's Hall, no longer the dingy collection of vaults which it was a few months ago, is newly painted, decorated, and lighted, and the principal entrance and grand staircase have no equals in London, except at Covent Garden or Drury Lane. The Japanese have fitted up the place with articles brought from Yokohama, including paper lanterns, superior in use and design to the Chinese lanterns. The entertainment can only be continued at St. Martin's Hall for a fortnight, the place having been taken for a [illegible] promenade concerts.

DUBLIN MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Dublin Evening Mail."*)

The first of these concerts took place in the Exhibition Palace on Saturday evening. They are an earnest effort in the right direction, and so interesting as a medium of generating a taste for the chamber compositions of the great masters, that they deserve every consideration. Nothing can exceed in charm of melody, vigour of construction, and symmetry of proportion these compositions, chiefly for four instruments, but varying as duets, trios, quartets, quintets, and even septets. They show the ideal of the arts in its most independent phase, but in the quiet of its exceeding beauty and possess an ineffable grace impossible to interpret by language. They must be listened to till they are loved, and then their fulness is felt and appreciated. In London, they attract large numbers of the general public to the "Monday Popular Concerts," from November to July. Here these works are little known, and principally only to the few who have frequented the above-named concerts. We therefore think the promoters in Dublin worthy encouragement, not only on account of the pleasure to be derived from them, but of the refinement they impart to the rising generation. The concert of Saturday commenced with Mozart's quartet in A, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, ably led by Mr Levey, the other parts being entrusted to Messrs Liddell, Gunn, and Elsner. Mr Charles Hallé, who was specially engaged for this concert, followed with a solo on the pianoforte—Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*. This artist's playing comes as near to perfection, though differing from other performers, as we think it in the power of practice to achieve. There is a grace, delicacy, and brilliancy, together with a thorough conception of the author, in Mr Hallé's playing, which have rarely been surpassed. These qualifications were manifested by his wandering of the *Bees' Wedding* (also Mendelssohn's), which he played in the "encore." Then, again, in a *Nocturne* and *Valse* by Chopin, he was happy in the extreme. One of Mendelssohn's duets for pianoforte and violoncello was given by Mr. Hallé and Herr Elsner, with such effect that few in the room could fail to be impressed by its beauty. The concert terminated with Beethoven's quartet * in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello—a work of great beauty consisting of four movements. It was rendered with precision and expression by Messrs. Hallé, Levey, Gunn, and Elsner. The *andante cantabile* was given with almost vocal feeling by Mr. Hallé. We have never heard a more interesting exposition of instrumental music in this country. The vocalists were Miss W. Hodges and Mr. Topham.—*Dublin Evening Mail.*

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ORCHESTRAL POPULAR CONCERTS.

The "Classical Nights" at Her Majesty's Theatre have continued to attract the attention of amateurs, and no wonder. The programmes provided by Signor Arditi are of first class excellence, while the performances under his direction are quite worthy the music set down to be performed. On one of these occasions Schumann's quasi-symphony, entitled *Overture, Scherzo, and Finale*, was repeated with increased success. At this concert the great feature, however, was a very striking performance of Beethoven's fourth symphony in B flat. There were two concertos—Spohr's so-called dramatic concerto for violin, and Mendelssohn's No. 2 for pianoforte (in D minor). The first was superbly played by Mr. Carrodus, who now fairly takes his place at the head of our English violinists, and who is young enough to look higher still. The second was entrusted to Mdlle. Agnes Zimmermann, a pianist of whose great promise we have spoken more than once, and whose honourable ambition was as usual crowned with success. The overtures were the Russian Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, a work not likely to be perpetually enrolled among the "classics," and Weber's *Oberon*, which was enrolled from the beginning and has little chance of being ousted from its place as one of the most romantic and brilliant of dramatic preludes. As usual there was some sterling singing by Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Foli, two of the most useful and versatile members of Mr. Mapleson's company during the operatic performances at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Sinico also repeated Beethoven's grand *scena*, "Ah! perfido," her deservedly successful rendering of which at the Crystal Palace Concerts was recorded at the time. The clever Italian lady seems to be gradually making herself mistress of all the German repertory.

The programme of the last "Classical Night" began with Mendelssohn's charming overture to his operetta *Heimkehr*, known here, through Mr. H. F. Chorley's English version of the late Herr Klingemann's libretto, as *Son and Stranger*. The symphony was Mozart's magnificent "Jupiter" (in C major), so called not by himself but by some enthusiastic devotee. The name sticks to it, however, naturally enough, for the Jupiter of music speaks in thunder through every measure of the unparalleled *finale*, where the art of counterpoint, from the free modern point of view, would seem to be positively "used up." The other overture was Weber's light and sparkling *Preciosa*. All these pieces were admirably played, more especially the symphony, the performance of which Signor Arditi directed *con amore*. The other instrumental feature of the programme was from one of Haydn's string quartets, containing variations on the Austrian air, "God preserve the Emperor"—allotted, as at the Paris Conservatoire and the popular concerts of M. Pasdeloup, in the Cirque Napoleon, to the whole string band of the orchestra, a custom we cannot but think more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Haydn composed his quartet for *four* string instruments, and by four string instruments and no more it should be played—or not at all. The concerto was one for the pianoforte, by Signor [illegible], given throughout from memory (an extraordinary feat) by Signor Tito Mattei. Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Foli, who again sang music by various composers, were joined on this occasion by Mdlle. Agliati.

The present week is the last of the Orchestral Popular Concerts, which—it is only fair to add—have been conducted throughout with equal spirit and judgment.

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* This quartet is an arrangement of the quintet for pianoforte, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon, composed in 1796.—A. S. S.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO DOCTOR A. S. SILENT.

DEAR DOCTOR,—As my custom is, I went down to the Crystal Palace on Saturday afternoon last, and, being early, had a leisurely stroll through the place. Approaching the ethnological specimens in the south transept, my regard became fixed upon one in particular, which seemed to me familiar of aspect, although that aspect was dorsal, and not facial. It was attired in coat of broadcloth, and continuations ditto, crowned with hat broad of brim, and armed with umbrella of unfashionable solidity. On drawing nearer this figure, which was contemplating a group of Feejeeans, slightly turned its head and enabled me to recognize the well known lineaments of a well known churchwarden, farmer, and friend. "What! Bodger, old boy"—I exclaimed—"you here?" I cannot say that Bodger's face expanded with pleasure at sight of me. On the contrary he seemed slightly annoyed. "Now look here, Egg"—said he,—"when a man makes a fool of hisself he don't want to be told on't. So not a word about what my silly wench Jenny must needs write in her letter." "It shall be as you wish, old friend"—said I—"we'll let that be a bygone." The churchwarden's face resumed its usual placidity in a moment, and taking my arm he observed—"As you dunna tell mye—let's try sherry and bitters." We tried sherry and bitters and found them very good. Meanwhile I said—"What brings you here, Bodger?" "Well, you see"—was the response—"I was up in town on business, and I happened to read that the Crystal Palace Concerts was 'the most finished performances of their kind in Europe'—so here I be accordingly." "Being here, show your wisdom, old boy"—said I. "Now finish your sherry, and let us get a seat." We got a seat—two seats, in point of fact—just as the first notes of Mendelssohn's C minor symphony responded to the conductor's signal. Through the *allegro* and *andante* Bodger sat very still, resting both hands on the top of his umbrella and looking steadily towards the orchestra—a sure sign that he was pleased. At the close of the slow movement he spoke—"I don't believe much in advertisements, but that advertisement was right—'perfect,' it is, by Jove—just like the Mon——" Bodger stopped in confusion, and the *Minuetto* kindly began to cover his retreat from an awkward position. At the *Trio* my friend grew quite excited, but he was most demonstrative at a point in the *Finale* which you, my dear Doctor, know very well—the passage where, after a [illegible] phrase for strings, the flute and clarinet steal in with heavenly melody, a *cantabile* of perfect beauty. When the strings began, Bodger ejaculated without taking his eyes off the band—"Hark to that!"—and at the first sound of the *cantabile* he gradually raised himself to his feet, leaning eagerly forward as if afraid of losing a note. So he remained till the passage ended, when he sat down looking more than half ashamed of himself, and softly repeating—"Well, well!" When the symphony ended I said to him—"What do you think of that for the work of a boy of fifteen?"—"Look here, Egg," he replied—"I know I'm only a foolish old fellow from the country, but that's coming it rather too strong." I protested, but all was in vain. "Why," said he conclusively—"fifteen's the age of Jim my bird-scarer—gammon!" Following the Symphony came two part songs by Schumann. "Who be them singers?" said Bodger, when the first had ended amid chilling silence. "The Crystal Palace Choir," I replied. "If my Bullockton lot didn't do better they should all pack. D'ye call this singing the most finished in Europe?" I had no defence to make, and the churchwarden indulged in contemptuous snorts quite unopposed. Only with the entrance of Mr. Beringer to play Reinecke's Concerto did he show signs of revived interest. "Now then for a treat,"—said Bodger, as he settled himself comfortably in his chair. All through the dreary half hour which followed I was the victim of a sympathetic agony. In addition to the torture of my own feelings, Bodger fidgetted, yawned, growled in under tones, tried to read *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, stood up and stared about him, finally, when the infliction was over, exclaiming—"The fellow as wrote that ought to have fifteen years of listening to it. And that young chap as played it—well, he's punished *hisself* enough. What's coming next?" "More part-songs, Bodger." "Then I'm off," said the churchwarden, and suiting the action to the words he seized his hat, and led the way out of the concert-room. Additional sherry and bitters restored his equanimity, and I seized the chance to observe—"Don't judge the Crystal Palace Concerts by this one, Bodger; they are the best of their kind in Europe beyond a doubt." "'Cept when I happen to come," replied my friend drily. "But, however, I'm willing to forget a good deal for yon symphony." Just then the first notes of the *Euryanthe* overture struck my ear, so, seizing Bodger by the arm, I hurried him across the nave (he left a full glass of sherry on the counter), and into the concert-room once more. The churchwarden came out radiant with delight, went back to the buffet, reclaimed his wine, drank to the health of the Crystal Palace band—(I heard him mutter "and better luck to the choir") in a twice repeated bumper. Finally, as he went off to catch his train he said—"D'ye know any o' the managers o' them concerts? If you do, tell 'em to take the advice of a country greenhorn like me—work their band hard and give the choir plenty of holidays."—Ever yours, dear Dustar,

The Scratch—Feb. 11. THADDEUS EGG.

P.S.—I don't live at the "*Watch.*" Tell your printer so.

I noted your kallous condition when last we met. *Is that glove found yet?*—T. E.

[No, it ain't.—A. S. S.]

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

King Winter is a stern old boy
He sings with loud exultant joy
The Robin's on the window sill,
Piping his sweet and plaintive trill
The winds whistle a mournful tune,
The snow falls and the ground is strewn,
With the hoary mantle of frost:
All nature seems buried and lost.
King Winter is a stern old boy,
He sings with loud exultant joy;
The Robin's on the window sill,
Piping his sweet and plaintive trill

The [illegible] then soar,
Melodic tones gush on the keen
Cold breeze, softly, sweetly flowing,
Radiating joys most glowing
Soothing the soul with pleasant things,
Invoking happiness that clings,
Tenderly to our wondering minds;
Oh! there's music in the wintry winds.
King Winter is a stern old boy!
He sings with loud exultant joy
The Robin's on the window sill,
Piping his sweet and plaintive trill!

Stockport, Feb. 7, 1867. THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

TO S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, Esq.

SIR,—Mr. Charles Hallé's Sixteenth Concert came off in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, Feb. 7th. Miss Louisa Pyne, a queen in the divine art of song, was the solo vocalist. Instrumentalists—Solo Violin, Herr Joachim; Solo Violoncello, Signor Piatti; Solo Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé, with full orchestra. This assembly of [illegible] Kings and Nobles in art held counsel together in Beethoven's Grand Triple Concerto with orchestral accompaniments in C, op. 56. My feeble pen fails to describe the virtues of this august assembly; the spirit of Beethoven was present and [illegible]; the three great musical [illegible], Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, moved their listeners by their noble and eloquent feelings; the charms of this grand composition are truly wonderful; the tenderest pathos the soul can conceive are set in most delicate tints and shades of celestial sweetness. None but artists of the very highest order could grasp and illuminate, so to speak, the superb beauties Beethoven has written. Herr Joachim played Solo Violin Romanza in F, Beethoven, and achieved a triumphant victory over the hearts of his listeners; they breathed with the exquisite phrasing [illegible]; he held the pulses and music flowed within their very [illegible]. The softest whispers [illegible] kindled produced an effect of still [illegible] on the part of the audience, so softly sweet that it appeared to be a part of [illegible] the princely Joachim was reclining. He was loudly encored, and he played to the gratification of the assembly one of those graceful [illegible] of Bach's Violin Sonatas; the intricate difficulties of these pieces vanish when Joachim essays to perform them, and all the quaint beauties of their author are fully illustrated.

Signor Piatti, the King of Violoncellists, performed another of those wonderful compositions of S. Bach's, Solo Violoncello—"Sarabande and Gavotte" in D. 'Tis lovely to hear this artist discourse music on his noble instrument, which sings and rivals the sweetness of a Mario, or a Giuglini. Mr. C. Hallé and Herr Joachim played—Grand Rondo Brillant—Piano and Violin, Schubert. The character of this composition is most brilliant and genial, and it contains themes that can only be termed "songs without words" which go direct to the heart and ripple in sweets on the emotional rills which flow in the human bosom. Truly, Schubert had a musical soul, and, although his body is crumbling into dust, yet his spirit dwells on earth to gratify and ennoble the hearts of his fellowmen.

The Band played under their able Conductor's direction, Mozart's Symphony No. [illegible] in D, with fine effect, and rendered the marvellous beauties of its instrumentation to perfection. Also, an Overture by Gade, the Danish composer, named "Hamlet," which is characteristic, so far as it goes, of that eerie mystery which the ghost scenes of Hamlet would inspire. It contains a sweet cantabile movement, much in the style of Mendelssohn, with the exception [illegible] several attempts to illustrate the profound emotions of prince Hamlet; and to fully characterise the philosophical individuality of prince Hamlet would require nothing less than a Grand Symphony. To a delightful and classical concert was wound up with Mendelssohn's striking March from Athalie. Trusting the Monday Popular Concerts are well, I am, Sir, yours, with unbounded respect,

Stockport, Feb. 11, 1867. THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH.

TO JULES BENEDICT, Esq.

SIR,—The solo singers at Mr. Henry Leslie's "First Subscription Concert" (in St. James's Hall) were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby, who sang each two songs and combined in a new duet of Mr. Leslie's, "Life Fair," the novelty of the evening. This (in the *bolero* style) is full of animation and character, and written with knowledge of vocal effect. It received a general encore. Madame Sherrington's most successful solo was Macfarren's charming song, "Ah! why do we love?"—another encore; and Madame Sainton-Dolby's most successful was Arne's "In infancy," a piece of antiquated [illegible]. More worthy the celebrated singer and the occasion was Thomas Linley's "Primroses deck the bank's green side," simple though it be. The remaining vocal item of the evening was Mendelssohn's "Orpheus with his lute," by Madame Sherrington. Variety was given by Osborne's duet for two pianofortes, on themes from the *Huguenots*, played by Misses Austin and Julia Bennett.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

[illegible]

TO MISS KITTY GLASS

There was an old party called House,
As hungry and lean as a mouse;
When a bonny young lass
He espied (Kitty Glass)
He said—"That's the cheese for old House!"

There was a young maiden called Glass,
Who said—"There's a drivelling old ass
By name Simcock House,
Who, though poor as a mouse,
Dares yet to aspire to Miss Glass!"

S. T. [illegible]

[Has he not even gone so far as to propose to Miss Glass? The silly old idiot!—A. S. S.

TO MISS MINNIE GLASS.

DEAR MISS,—Some acquaintance with the drama, some experience of the playhouse, some knowledge of the names and persons of the performers, are wanted for full enjoyment of the theatre. How many in a modern English audience combine these qualifications, or indeed possess any of them? In former days when the theatres were few and regularly frequented by all classes, the great majority would consist of habitual play goers; but at present it is the other way. The bulk of the spectators are not residents in London, but people from the country, and bring nothing but the money paid for places, and the desire to be amused. The child's pleasure in the first play can never be realised by a grown-up *débutant*; and although some ignorance may be bliss, it is not always folly to be wise. Yet I confess once to have envied a couple in the pit at a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. As the drop fell at the end of the first act, one observed: "There seems to be a good deal of bad blood between those two families." These were simple play goers forgetful of selves, and absorbed by the piece; of whom some perhaps are to be usually found in pit and galleries than in stalls and boxes, where ignorance, conceit, and frivolity may be seen in unabashed self-complacency. Mr. Webster has played to audiences more discreet at the Standard, City, and Surrey Theatres, than at the West-end. It is among the better-dressed part that there is the frequent [illegible] the foolish ill-timed questions, the perpetual chatter which disturb those who come to see and hear, not merely to pass an evening.—I am, dear Miss, yours respectfully,

Carus O'Conny.

TO THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH, Esq.

Sir,—The Japanese embassy at the Grand Hotel, Paris, occupy a suite of rooms for which they pay 300fr. a day. Their arms consist of long daggers and short sabres richly ornamented—finished and formidable weapons. The chief dresses in European costume, with trousers and black frock coat. His name is Ko-Tobé, and his title "Yamato-no-kami." He is Minister of Foreign Affairs at Japan, grand officer of the Tokoon, and governor of a province as large as the whole of France. Before returning to Paris he will visit St. Petersburg, and afterwards America. The ambassadors appear much pleased with the cookery of the Grand Hotel. They take five meals a day, and have an excellent appetite. Of wines they prefer Madeira and champagne, but have a predilection for beer, and are sufficiently judges of malt and hops to give preference to the English beverage. Will you write an acrostic on the Japanese and oblige my dear sir, yours, with much respect,

Thomas Noon Gadd.

P.S. Thanks for the acrostic on Pergolese.—T. N. G.

TO GRANDPAPA SHAVER SILVER.

Dear Grandpapa,—On Boxing Night, at Covent Garden, was produced the pantomime called *Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves killed by one Slave*. In it there were several mistakes:—

1stly. The first of which was introducing policemen in Bagdad, where, most likely, they have never seen one.

2ndly. They put a ballet between the acts, so that one forgot what had happened before it.

3rdly. By making the captain of the thieves borrow money from a pawnbroker when he had sacks of gold, and, if he had wanted any more, would have stolen it.

4thly. By leaving out Mustapha, the cobbler, one of the chief characters.

5thly. By not marking the doors with chalk.

6thly. By making the slave in love with the inspector of the police.

7thly. By not making the slave pour boiling oil on the thieves, and not making the captain jump over the garden wall and run away. With other errors too numerous to mention.

The four best scenes were Ali Baba in the wood; the Thieves at Home (who were supposed to be in a club), and the two Transformation Scenes.

I am, dear Grandpapa, your affectionate grandchild,

Septimus Silver.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Robert Cocks & Co.—"La Sonnambula," [illegible] transcription by B. Richards; "A sigh went floating on the breeze," ballad by M. W. Lane; "Sing me that song again," serenade, by [illegible]; "Bonnie Kate," song by Franz Abt.

Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co.—"The Galatea Galop," by Coote.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY

FIFTY FIFTH SEASON 1867

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE SUBSCRIBERS and the Public are respectfully informed that the CONCERTS of the ensuing Season will take place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on the following Evenings, commencing at Eight o'clock:—

MONDAY, March 4th.	MONDAY, May 20th.
MONDAY, March 18th	MONDAY, June 3rd
MONDAY, April 1st	MONDAY, June 17th.
MONDAY, May 6th.	MONDAY, July 1st

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Also to be had of Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier's Library, 19, New Bond Street; [illegible] & Co. [illegible], Regent Street; [illegible] & Co. 19, Old Bond Street; Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co. 48, Cheapside; Austin, 28, Piccadilly; and 77, Regent Street; and at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

The Directors have the pleasure of stating that, at their suggestion, the Proprietor of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, has expressed his willingness to make important

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE SEATS

to the extent which, combined with re-arrangement, comfort and space, will, they trust, fully secure the increased accommodation of their Subscribers and the Public.

The Subscribers of last Season will therefore have the privilege of selecting and retaining their places,

From the 5th to the 15th of February inclusive,

as far as possible consistent with the alterations.

On the 16th of February Tickets will be issued to new Subscribers, who are requested to make early application to the Secretary without delay, as the seats are appropriated in the order in which the applications are received.

The Directors have the great satisfaction of announcing that

Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT

has promised an additional movement to the Symphony composed for the Society, and performed for the first time in 1864, which will be given during the season.

Mr ARTHUR SULLIVAN, M [illegible] and Mr. JULES BENEDICT have likewise undertaken to compose New Works expressly for the Society.

The following will also be performed:—

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Queen's Concert Rooms, January 26th, 1867.

MR TRELAWNY COBHAM'S CONCERT AT THE Vestry Hall, Chelsea, March 6th. *Artists*: Mesdames Rose Hersee, Helen Van Noorden, Lia [illegible], Grace Lindo, and Berger Lascelles. Messrs. Renwick, [illegible], Fred Penna, Trelawny Cobham, and W. Harrison. Instrumentalists—Mr Aguilar, Mr Henry Holmes, Miss Kathleen Ryan, Miss Grace Aguilar, Mr [illegible] Harpur, and Mr Francesco Berger.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS IN BELFAST

THE following official statistics of attendance during FOUR ENGAGEMENTS at the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS have been kindly forwarded to Paganini Redivivus by the Secretary of the Ulster Hall Company:—

First Engagement, Nov 12th, 1866.—1645 Persons.

"The announcement of the appearance of Paganini Redivivus at the concert yesterday had the effect of filling the hall in every part."—*Northern Whig*, Tuesday Nov 13th, 1866.

Second Engagement, Nov 19th, 1866.—1940 Persons.

"Yesterday evening one of the largest and most ever assembled at these concerts—even the orchestra being crowded—assembled to hear the popular favourite Paganini Redivivus."—*News Letter*, Tuesday, Nov 20th 1866.

Third Engagement, Jan 28th, 1867.—1980 Persons.

"One of the largest audiences the Ulster Hall has contained this season assembled last night to listen to the renowned violinist, Paganini Redivivus. The hall in every part was crowded—balcony, area, and even orchestra."—*Northern Whig*, Tuesday, Jan 29th.

Fourth Engagement, Feb. 4th, 1867.—2026 Persons.

"Last evening, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the Ulster Hall was densely crowded in every part."—*Belfast News Letter*, Tuesday, Feb. 5th 1867.

"Yesterday Paganini Redivivus made his last appearance at the present time to an audience in every respect as numerous and as demonstrative in their admiration as any which have hitherto enjoyed this artist's performances. The hall in all parts was filled to overflowing."—*Northern Whig*, Tuesday, Feb. 5th, 1867.

Fifth and Sixth Engagements early in April.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS' SECOND ENGAGEMENT IN LIMERICK.

"On last evening the theatre was opened with the first of Mr Keller's grand concerts, and certainly not for a long time did we see it occupied by such a fashionable audience, both boxes, reserved seats, pit, and gallery being crowded to excess."—*Limerick Chronicle*, Feb 12th, 1867.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS' FIRST ENGAGEMENT IN CLONMEL.

"As was expected, a numerous and most fashionable assemblage was present at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute last night. All the leading families of the neighbourhood were present, and the appearance the room presented was of the most brilliant description. From the lowest tier of the reserved seats to the highest place in the gallery the room was crowded to excess. Paganini Redivivus, who appeared for the first time before a Clonmel audience, had scarcely entered &c. &c."—*Clonmel Chronicle*, Feb. 11th.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS' FIRST ENGAGEMENT AT WATERFORD.

"The concert of Saturday evening, at the Town Hall, was attended by a numerous and most fashionable audience. The gallery was so crowded that many had to take refuge in the second seats, while the reserved stalls were so well packed that extra chairs and benches had to be brought into requisition."—*Waterford News*, Feb. 20th.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES OF SOCIETIES IN SCOTLAND.

Paganini Redivivus will make his first appearance at the Saturday Evening Concerts, Glasgow, this Evening (Saturday), March 2nd, 1867.

PERMANENT LONDON ADDRESS.

Paganini Redivivus, 2, Northumberland Court, Charing Cross. [*Note.*]—All letters should be strictly addressed as above, to avoid mistakes. When absent from town Paganini Redivivus receives all communications within 12 or 24 hours of original delivery.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and PROMENADE.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Robertine Henderson, Mr Cummings. Solo Pianoforte, Miss Madeleine Schiller. Symphony No. 8 (Beethoven); Pianoforte Concerto in G (Mendelssohn); Overture, "The Naiads" (Bennett).

Note.—"The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace are unanimously allowed to be the most finished performances of their kind in Europe."—*Vide Times*, 26th January.

Admission, Half-a-crown. Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown.

MUSICAL WORLD.—WANTED immediately, the Volumes or Numbers for the Year [illegible]. State price to Mr. [illegible], Advertising Agent, 6, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.—President, Mr. J. BENEDICT; Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—SEASON 1867.—FIRST CONCERT, Thursday, March 14th, on which occasion the First Part will be entirely formed from works by [illegible].—The following members will appear:—*Vocalists*—Miss Mina Poole, Miss Marie Stocken, Miss Adelaide Hiss, Miss Berry Greening, Madame Sauerbrey, Miss Emily Marsh, Mr. Charles James. *Instrumentalists*—Pianoforte: Mademoiselle Bonita Alexandre (Pianiste to the King of Prussia), Miss Ellen Bliss (Pupil of Mr. Benedict), Mademoiselle Adelaide Khaluty; Violin: Monsieur A. Vivien; Violoncello: Herr Schuberth. *Conductor*—Herr Gollmick. Tickets at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street.

MISS BERRY GREENING begs to announce that her "SATURDAY NATIONAL CONCERTS" will commence This Evening, March 9th, at St. James's Hall. First Concert (English), March 9th; Second Concert (Irish), March 16th (under the patronage of the Marquis of Donegal); Third Concert (Scotch), March 23rd. Bands of the Grenadier, Coldstreams, and Scots Fusiliers. Artists of eminence. Tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

TO VIOLINISTS.—A First-rate PETER GUARNERIUS, pronounced by the highest authorities in the matter to be his masterpiece, wonderfully preserved, unusually fine wood, extremely noble tone, is, on account of the death of its proprietor, TO BE SOLD. To be seen every Tuesday and Friday from Twelve till One o'clock, at Herr [illegible], [illegible], Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

WANTED an Intelligent YOUNG MAN, who can Tune, to EXAMINE HARMONIUMS in London before being sent out to the Trade. He will be required to devote the first two months of this time in counting under instruction. Apply to [illegible], 8, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing the following Songs at Mr. Henry C. Hiller's Soirée Musicale at the Beethoven Rooms, Wednesday, March 13th:—"ROCK ME TO SLEEP" (JULES BENEDICT), "THE LOVED ONE'S RETURN" (WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), and "THE SONG OF MAY" (VINCENT WALLACE).

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing "TU M'ABBANDONI" (Spohr), and BENEDICT's New Song "SEEKING FOR THEE," at the Concert of the Schubert Society, 14th inst.—2, Moorhouse Road, North Bayswater, W.

MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing "THE SPRING," New Song by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY, at Ashton-under-Lyne, March 20th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's Variations on "THE CARNIVAL DE VENISE," at Croydon, March 14th.—2, Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing "CHERRY RIPE," with the variation (composed expressly for her) at her Third Saturday National Concert, St. James's Hall, March 23rd.

MADAME SOMERVILLE will sing Mr. BEUTHIN's admired Song "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," at Epsom, March 12th; St. Albans, 13th; Dorking, 14th; Deptford, 15th; Richmond, 18th; Wandsworth, 21st; Windsor, 26th; Watford, 28th; Ashford, 29th; Reading, 11th; Tunbridge, April 15th.

MADAME SAUERBREY will sing at the Beethoven Rooms, the 11th; Myddelton Hall, the 15th; St. James's Hall, the 23rd inst.—35, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, W.

MADAME SAUERBREY will sing HENRY SMART's admired Ballad, "THE FAIRY'S WHISPER," at the Beethoven Rooms, March the 11th; Myddelton Hall, the 15th; St. James's Hall, the 23rd.

MDLLE RITA FAVANTI has returned to Town from her Tour in Ireland, and is re-engaged for the Autumn. All communications relative to Opera and Concert Engagements to be addressed to her at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or her residence, 11, Abingdon Villas, Kensington.

MR. GANZ will play his admired Mazurka, "LA VOGLIA," at his Recital of Pianoforte Music, at his residence, Queen Anne Street, on Thursday next, March 14th.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing BALFE's popular song, "O LOVELY VISION," from Mr. [illegible] Opera, *The Bridal Wreath*, at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, March 23rd.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT will sing "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE" (composed expressly for him by Mr. Allan [illegible]), at all his concert engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for Full or Small Bands on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street; or at Mr. A. Ganz's residence, 37, Golden Square.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr. BEUTHIN's admired song "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," at Store Street Rooms, March 13th; Myddelton Hall, 21st; Hanover Square Rooms, 26th; and St. Martin's Hall, 28th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," by BLUMENTHAL, and "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," by BEUTHIN, at Myddelton Hall, April 30th.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. [illegible], Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmonium and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. [illegible], Euston Road, N.W.

MONSIEUR VIVIEN, Solo Violinist from the Concerts Populaires of M. Pasdeloup, Paris, begs to announce his arrival in London. For Engagements for Concerts, Soirées, &c., address 3, Chapel Place, Grosvenor Square; or to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

SIGNOR and MADAME MARTORELLI GARCIA having been re-engaged by the Philharmonic Society, Edinburgh, for Friday, March 8th, and having other concert engagements, beg to inform their Pupils and Friends that they will not be in Town before the 20th March. Address, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

HERR KUHE will play his admired Pianoforte Piece, "DER GLOCKENSPIEL," at [illegible], March 23rd.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES. Piano Solo and Duet. BRINLEY RICHARDS. 4s. each; the Song, 3s.; Ditto, Four Voices, 2d.

"At the festival of the Society of Ancient Britons, March 1, 'God save the Queen' and the new national song and chorus, 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' were sung by an admirable Welsh choir, and listened to with all demonstrations of the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Brinley Richards, the author of the latter piece, had the honour of being presented to His Royal Highness, by whom he was most graciously received and complimented on the merit of his work."—*Vide the Globe*, March 1.

HOME-BOUND SAILS. Song. The Music composed by W. H. [illegible]. No. 1, in D, for Mezzo-Soprano and Baritone; No. 2, in F, for Soprano and Tenor; No. 3, in C, for Contralto and Bass, 3s. each; free by post for 19 stamps.

AT EVE UPON THE LONE SEA SHORE. Ballad. Music by GUGLIELMO. 3s.; free by post for 18 stamps.
London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street, W. May be had everywhere.

Just Published.

FIRST GRAND SONATA for the PIANOFORTE, dedicated to Madame Arabella Goddard, by CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS. Price 8s. Also, the same Author's Trio in F, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, 21s.; Quartett in E minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor, and Violoncello, 21s.; Duo Concertante for Two Pianofortes, 10s. 6d.; and [illegible], Valse Brillante, Op. 1, 3s. 6d.; [illegible] Nocturne, Op. 6, 4s.; "Allegro-Rhapsodie," Op. 8, 3s. 6d. Pianoforte Solos.

London: SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street.

THE ART OF SINGING;
A COURSE OF STUDY AND PRACTICE FOR
THE VOICE,
By T. A. WALLWORTH.

A [illegible] Method, upon which has been formed the voice of his pupil, Miss Lucy Franklein, and those of other successful pupils.
Full Music size, 7s.
London: HAMMOND & Co. (Mr. Jullien's), 5, Vigo Street; and of the Author, at his residence, 86, Wimpole Street, W.

Just Published, price 1s.,

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.
("We love Thee, precious Jesus.")
Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury.
The Words written by Miss HARRIET BATCHELOR.
The Music composed by FREDERICK G. MILLS.
London: Sacred Music Warehouse, Novello & Co., 69, Dean Street, Soho, and 35, Poultry.

NEW SONG by M. JANE BONNIGER—"GOOD NIGHT BELOVED." Words by LONGFELLOW.
Lamborn Cock, Addison & Co., 63 and 13, New Bond Street, W.

THE ABBESS. New Song. Composed by HENRY SMART. Price 3s.
London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

A very interesting novelty was introduced on Monday night, in the shape of an *Ottet* for string and wind instruments, by Schubert. Some will doubtless think it strange that this remarkable work should never till now have been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts; but they can hardly have taken into consideration the extraordinary number of compositions, in almost every form, which have been brought forward at St. James's Hall since February 1859. It should not be forgotten that even Mozart and Beethoven have left many splendid pieces that still await a hearing; that Haydn has at least fifty quartets wholly unknown to the large majority of Mr Chappell's supporters; that Spohr has a very great number to select from, and that Mendelssohn is not by any means exhausted. The movement on behalf of Schumann has of late introduced a new element, and while the degree of absolute merit belonging to that master is and is likely to remain a vexed question, his works are now frequently allowed to take precedence of others about which there could possibly be no question at all. Not only Schumann but Schumann's *protégés* and imitators have been admitted; and only the other night we were favoured with a specimen of Herr Johannes Brahms, about whom Schumann openly preached as the new light that was to clear up all difficulties. Nevertheless the *Sestet* in B flat, for string instruments, of Herr Brahms fell dead, admirably as it was played by Herr Joachim and his associates, just as Schumann's own third string quartet (in F) had fallen dead at the previous concert. We are not at all surprised that such should have been the case, for really we can scarcely find a musical idea in the first of these compositions, nor much more than a hint or so in the last; nor is the absence of original invention atoned for by cleverness of treatment, or indeed, by the exhibition of any musician-like quality whatever. We do not dispute the wisdom of Mr Chappell's policy in repeatedly giving his patrons a taste of such art work; but we have little hope that it can ever lead to a satisfactory conclusion. To all who look for fresh thought and genuine melody, without alluding to other desirable things, the *Ottet* of Schubert on Monday night must have been, after these, a godsend. Everything that Schumann wanted, except complete mastery, Schubert possessed; and with far greater show of justice might Schubert have been styled "the wife of Beethoven" than Boccherini (as he was styled) "the wife of Haydn." That Schubert was one of the most wonderfully gifted of musicians is beyond dispute. His six hundred songs alone would have proclaimed that; but now one great instrumental composition after another, in the shape of symphony, quintet, quartet, sonata, &c., comes to proclaim it with tenfold emphasis. Not the least convincing among them is the *Ottet* introduced for the first time on the occasion under notice—a work of genius, if there ever was one. The two movements—*andante* with variations and *minuet* with *trio*—omitted from the seven of which the entire work consists, are comparatively unimportant, although none who are acquainted with them can deny their beauty. They are, however, in the manner of Spohr, a manner which happily Schubert very rarely adopted. On the whole, therefore, the *Ottet* may be said to have enjoyed a fair opportunity of appreciation; and thanks to its splendid execution by MM. Joachim, Ries (violins), Blagrove (viola), Piatti (violoncello), Reynolds (double bass), Lazarus (clarinet), C. Harper (horn) and Winterbottom (bassoon), the audience were well initiated into the countless beauties of detail which keep up its interest from one end to the other. The applause at the termination was enthusiastic, and two of the movements—an exquisite *andante* in B flat, and a *scherzo* with *trio* that might have been signed "Beethoven"—would cheerfully have been listened to again by the whole room, so engagingly melodious is the one and so full of vigorous life the other.

Herr Joachim added to the attractions of the concert by the most magnificent performance even he has given of J. S. Bach's marvellous *Chaconne* with variations, the thunders of applause that followed which compelled the unequalled artist again to come forward and play the opening prelude to one of the same composer's solo sonatas. The pianist was Herr Ernst Pauer, whose classical taste was manifested in his choice for solo of the *Fantasia* in F sharp minor by Mendelssohn. This very striking production, which the composer dedicated to his friend and elder, Herr Moscheles, was first christened *Sonate Ecossaise*, from which it may be concluded that, though finished at Berlin (in 1833), it was originally conceived in Scotland. Its difficulties are as conspicuous as its beauties, but Herr Pauer, a practised hand, surmounted them all with ease, taking the *presto* which forms the last movement in real *prestissimo* time, and with an energy that never once flagged. He was loudly and deservedly called for at the end of his performance. The other instrumental piece was Beethoven's trio in E flat, No. 1, Op. 1, played by MM. Pauer, Joachim and Piatti. Of the composition with which Beethoven commenced gloriously a glorious career there is nothing new to say; nor, having named the performers, is it requisite to explain how excellent was the performance.

The singer was Miss Edith Wynne, who in Meyerbeer's quaint and piquant "Fishermaiden," and two new songs by Mr Macfarren, charmed her audience as usual, winning for the last song by Mr Macfarren an encore as unanimous as it was hearty. Both the new songs of our eminent English composer have an *obbligato* accompaniment for clarinet, which it will readily be believed was played to perfection by Mr Lazarus. The first, a setting of Shelley's plaintive and exquisite verses, "A widow bird sat mourning for her love," is somewhat stiff and formal, but the second, to words by T. Heywood ("Pack clouds away") is a true inspiration. Miss Edith Wynne entered thoroughly into its spirit, and Mr Benedict played the pianoforte accompaniment in his own unrivalled manner.

Schubert's *Ottet* is to be repeated at the Saturday concert of the 23rd inst. The oftener it is heard the better. The pianist at the next concert is Mr Charles Hallé. Madame Schumann re-appears on the morning of the 16th inst. and on the 18th Beethoven's great sonata in B flat, Op. 106, is to be played, for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts, by Madame Arabella Goddard, (her benefit night).

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR

The second Subscription Concert of the season was given to an audience which as usual completely filled every available part of St James's Hall. Although the programme was mainly composed of part songs, madrigals, &c. (thereby so far adhering to the purpose for which the society was originally formed) there was yet an infusion of instrumental music and songs sufficient to impart a flavour of the general or miscellaneous concert order; and no doubt Mr Leslie finds that, not only does this arrangement satisfy his subscribers and the public in general, but also meets the approbation of his choir, to whom it gives some intervals of repose. The following pieces were repeated in answer to the generally expressed wish of the audience:—Part-songs—"The Shepherd's Farewell" (Henry Smart), "The Dawn of Day" (Samuel Reay), "Integer Vitæ" (Fleming), and Benedict's "Hunting Song." Mendelssohn's Psalm for double choir brought the first part to an effective close. Miss Edith Wynne was the sole vocalist, and added to her deservedly rising reputation by her charming singing of "O bid your faithful Ariel fly" (not Arne's, but Thomas Linley, jun.'s), Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair" (enthusiastically encored), and "Auld Robin Gray" (composer's name not stated, but, rightly or wrongly, attributed to Lady Lindsay). Miss Madeline Schiller, another young and promising artist, afforded much satisfaction by her clever playing of Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," Hummel's Andante in E, and Thalberg's "Grande Tarantelle," all of which were given with an ease, aplomb, and refinement which augur well for the future career of this talented pianist. Wednesday, March 13th, *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music, will be repeated, and in addition a generally attractive programme appears to be provided.

DRINKWATER HARD.

ILLNESS OF MISS KATE SAVILLE.—Miss Kate Saville (niece of Miss Helen Faucit) was taken suddenly ill on Saturday at the Theatre, Nottingham. She was engaged to play Rebecca in *The Jewess*, but the curtain being drawn, the manager informed the audience of Miss Saville's illness and offered to play other pieces. The "gods," clamorous, became more so until the manager stated that Miss Saville was insensible, and that it was impossible for her to come before them that evening. Meantime the young lady was attended by two medical men and in four hours was removed to her apartments. She is suffering from exhaustion consequent upon the strain upon her mental powers, and remains in a precarious condition.

Letters to Well-known Characters

TO MISS KITTY GLASS.

'Tis a difficult thing and not easy to guess,
At the way to succeed or to gain true success,

Though a popular fallacy dwells on some minds,
That real sterling talent the surest e'er finds,

But alas! the 'tis sad and disheart'ning to think
That our talent is useless without the "Gold Chink."

'Tis a fact I assert (some exceptions there be),
That success's "sesame clef" is a shining gold key.

You may write and complain, and may tender advice
For Reform, but remember "all men have their price."

Composers may rave and musicians may shout
O'er manuscripts "sent back" that can't be brought out.

And as long as a shilling twelve pence doth comprise
Success must be bought or you never will rise.

Advertisements, Royalties, "Artists'" fees hail
While we've gold in our pockets, we never can fail.

March, 1867. F. H. ATKINSON.

TO G. W. MARTIN, Esq.

SIR,—May I beg the favour of your kind advice under the following circumstances:—In January I forwarded MS. of a part-song to a well known and popular conductor, and asked permission to dedicate the same to him; having waited a fortnight without receiving an answer I wrote again, stating that I presumed he must have felt offended at my request and therefore enclosed a stamp begging him to return the MS. This second letter remained unanswered, and I therefore sent a *registered* letter on the 5th ult., repeating the request, by stating that the only motive I had in asking him for the return of MS. was to avoid the trouble of copying it again. Up to this day no reply has reached me, and I therefore respectfully ask if I have not a right to ask a gentleman for the return of my own property, when (as in this case) he does not choose to accept the compliment offered him.—I am yours respectfully,

MRS. BAN CAWTAN.

March 6th, 1867.

TO HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.

SIR,—The discovery of an opera house, or theatre, in rear of the westerly block of buildings on Eighth Avenue, New York, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, has caused considerable surprise in musical and dramatic circles about town. The building would seem to be that which Cincinnati Pike has threatened to put up on several occasions during the past two years. Nobody ever supposed that Pike was in earnest in these threats, and hence the disappointment. The walls are up, however, the roof is being laid on, and the outlines of the stage, parquet, dress circle and family tier are pointed out. The work is being rapidly pushed to completion through the combined energy of eight men and a boy. The area of the new theatre is nearly if not quite equal to Niblo's. The stage is to be the deepest in town, except that of Old Bowery. If Pike intends a theatre for dramas of the intensely popular kind, or for occasional seasons of German opera, he is likely to do well. The West-End folks are abundantly able and willing to support a place located expressly for their accommodation.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JONATHAN BLACK.

New York, Feb. 15.

TO MISS MINNIE GLASS.

Great Malvern!—Home renowned of rest—
With healing airs and waters blest:
First celebrate—then Malvern Wells—
North Malvern with her rocks and dells;
Next Little Malvern, pleasant goal
Of many a healthy hill-side stroll;
And Malvern West whence far and wide
The prospect rolls to Cambria's side;
One Malvern more, not least, we think,
Though last, shines far as Malvern Link.

TO EDWARD SCHULTZ, Esq.

Here is the programme of the eighth Gürzenich Concert, which took place on tuesday last—No. 1. Ouverture—*Ruy Blas*—Mendelssohn. No. 2. Duet for soprano and alto from the opera *Beatrice and Benedict* of Hector Berlioz, sung by Fräulein Radecke and Kneip, pupils of the Conservatoire here. No. 3. *Harold in Italy* Symphony for grand orchestra, Viola d'amore and Harp, by H. Berlioz. (*A.* Harold in the mountains. *B.* Pilgrim march. *C.* Serenade in the Abruzzi. *D.* A feast of brigands.) No. 4. *Pièce de concert* for piano and orchestra (first time of performance) composed by F. Hiller and played by A. Jaell, to whom it is dedicated. No. 5. Soli and choruses from Alexander's Feast—Händel. The Soli sung by Fräulein Radecke and Signor Marchesi. No. 6. Ouverture from *Olympia* by Spontini. The number 2 and 3 of the programme were directed by the composer of them, the others went under the bâton F. Hiller. The fantastic composition of H. Berlioz (Harold) known through Europe (England excepted I believe) since many years, being of an exclusively descriptive caracter, can not be appreciated at once by every body. A musician, per ex., who has never been in Italy will find ridiculous a great quantity of melodical and instrumental details of this composition, as just as they would be found highly interesting and true by other people acquainted with Italian national peculiarities. In a musical point of view, considering the different movements separately as well as the whole of it I should call this work a *Suite* and not a *Symphony*, because it does not keep at all within the usual form of the allegro—Andante—Scherzo—and Finale. The duet from *Beatrice and Benedict* is a real gem, but also the only one to be met with in the whole score of this opera, given at Baden-Baden in French for the first time four years ago, and in Weimar with german libretto on the 8th April 1863 in occasion of the Grand Duchess's birth day. The other remarkable feature of the last Gürzenich Concert was the *Pièce de Concert* for piano and orchestra by F. Hiller, played by A. Jaell. This remarkable composition as well as the wonderfull rendering of it by Jaell met with a decided enthusiasm. Capitally was performed the spirited ouverture of Spontini under Hiller's Leadership. Signor Marchesi being in his element in Händel's work, did ample justice to the difficulty music of the Alexander's feast. The beautiful soprano and pure style of Fräulein Radecke (the same pupil of our Conservatoire, who last week made a very successful debut as Agatha in *Freischütz* at the opera house here) were capitally suited to the solos which this very charming young lady had to sing in the said work of Händel. Both singers were repeatedly applauded. H. Berlioz on his coming out to direct his works was received by a hearty and general applause and a flourish of the orchestra. Although at the end of his Symphony flourish and applauses were repeated, still his real success was the duet mentioned above. F. Hiller was immensely cheered after the performance of his new composition, and so was also A. Jaell.—Professor Bischoff is no more! A violent attack of apoplexy struck him on the 20th instant, and after four days struggling against the fatal end, he died on the 24th, and yesterday was already conveyed to the eternal rest. As a genial literary man, Professor Bischoff is immensely deplored by every body. On criticising a work of art he forgot his material interests, and his analytical musical reports were always highly interesting and instructive. Professor Bischoff was redacteur of the *Nieder Rheinische Musik Zeitung*, and also musical reporter of the *Colnisch Zeitung*. He was used to writ with artistical independence in the first named paper, and made a real speculation of the second one. His peculiar sign in the Colnisch Zeitung was a *Balance*, the emblem of justice. *Requiescat in pace!* SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

Cologne, 26th februar.

WORCESTER.—A miscellaneous concert was given at the Music Hall, Worcester, on the 28th ult., by the members of Holy Trinity Church choir, who, under the careful guidance of Mr. E. J. Spark, organist and choirmaster, have considerably improved within the last few months. Miss Helena Walker was the principal vocalist on the above occasion, and as the lady is an accomplished vocalist, as well as a great favourite in Worcester, she was warmly greeted in her songs, "The captive Greek girl," "Oh! say not that I was false of heart," "Comin' through the rye," and "The Willow Glen." Mr. Spark, who conducted, was encored in Stuart's song, "The Rose of May." Mr. A. J. Caldicott, accompanist, played one of his own pianoforte compositions, "The Breaking Wave," and received the compliment of a well-deserved encore. The choir sang for the most part smoothly and well together, and the trio, "See, our bark comes o'er the main" (sung by the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, jun., and Messrs. Spark and Fox) was encored.

[illegible].—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* has been given for the second time by Mr. Longbottom's choir in the Music Hall. The chorus and band numbered about one hundred and twenty performers, led by Mr. Mackenzie. The solo singers were Miss Hiles—who gave "From mighty kings," and "Wise men flattering," with much taste, Miss Nelson, Mr. Inkersall, and Mr. Weiss—who made a great impression in "Arm, ye brave." The oratorio, though it did not attract as large an attendance as at the first performance, was quite as well performed, and the influence of its conductor, Mr. Longbottom, was apparent throughout.

M[illegible] [illegible], daughter of Herr Zeiss of Her Majesty's Theatre orchestra, continues to enjoy special favour with the *habitués* of the Théâtre-Italien, Paris. In speaking of Signor Alary's new operetta, *Locanda gratis*, the *Figaro* says:—"The success of the piece was specially owing to the verve of Zucchini and the talent of Mdlle. Zeiss. A duet between these artists made a great impression owing entirely to the spirit and cleverness with which it was delivered. Mdlle. Zeiss was called for unanimously with the other artists at the conclusion."

SITTINGBOURNE.—At Mr. R. Draycon's concert, in the Corn Exchange Room, Mdlle. Liebhart was *prima donna*, assisted by the Misses Ferrari, Messrs. George Perren and Ferrari. Mdlle. Liebhart was eminently successful. "Love hailed a little Maid," "The Goat Bells," and "The Indian Maiden" were one and all redemanded, but the clever Viennese substituted something fresh on each occasion. The audience, evidently pleased with the concert and the artists, were prodigal in applause throughout the evening, and encored, among other songs, "My Pretty Jane" and "Come into the garden, Maud," both sung by Mr. Perren. The National Anthem was introduced at the end of the concert.

MR. BATEMAN'S CONCERTS.—Mr. H. L. Bateman has closed his second season of grand concerts at Steinway Hall. His entire troupe, comprising names now familiar in every important musical community in this country, appeared on the occasion to receive an ovation at the hands of a great audience. After a season of ninety-two concerts, given since September in the principal cities between Boston and St. Louis, and including those extreme seats of population, Mr. Bateman has transferred his engagements to Mr. L. F. Harrison, to whom the public will now look confidently for the fulfilment of the balance of their high expectations. To Mr. Bateman belongs the credit of having introduced to the country the most complete concert troupe that has ever made the tour of the States. Furthermore, he has kept his engagements, both with the public and his artists. This may not strike the general reader as a remarkable feat of integrity, but we beg to assure the casual wanderer through these fact-bearing paragraphs that it is such decidedly. Under the old circumstances it amounts to an act of heroic virtue. An instance of the kind is now-a-days so rare that "when found" we have good reason to make a note of it. Mr. Bateman now proposes to effect the Atlantic passage in order to make new engagements for the coming musical cycle. We are assured that he has his eye upon some very costly celebrities, any one of whom would be a prize for an American manager.—*New York Herald.*

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Thomas Maddock's benefit concert at the Liverpool Institute was well patronised. The principal singer was Miss Hiles, who was encored in the *scena* "Fatal Goffredo" (especially well given) as well as other songs. Miss Kate Wynne too was encored in one of her songs, and Mr. Maddock twice received that compliment. Mr. Streather played a solo on the harp, and Mr. John Evans, Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique* and Weber's *Invitation* on the pianoforte.

MR. AGUILAR'S MATINÉES.—The programme of Mr. Aguilar's second recital of pianoforte music this season took place on the 20th ult. The programme was as follows:—Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2—Beethoven; "Ophelia" (Romance)—Aguilar; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso—Mendelssohn; "Dans les Bois" (Nos. 5 and 3)—Heller; "L'Adoration"—Alfred Holmes; Sonata Appassionata—Beethoven; Lieder ohne Worte—Mendelssohn; "Chi mi frena" (Transcription)—Aguilar; Valse in A minor, Polonaise in A—Chopin; "Evening" (Romance), "Couleur de Rose" (Galop brillant)—Aguilar.

CHURCH MUSIC IN SOUTH AFRICA.—(PORT ELIZABETH, Cape of Good Hope).—On Wednesday evening the new organ just completed was opened and dedicated in full choral service. The leading members of St. Mary's and St. Paul's choirs gave their assistance, the voices numbering nearly thirty. The church was thronged. The introductory voluntary, the air "Pious Orgies" from *Judas Maccabæus*, and the psalms for the evening were chanted with a precision only to be expected from a well tried choir. The voluntary first lesson, *Kyrie Eleison*, from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* on the Gregorian plan, composed by Dr. Wesley, were successfully sung, the greater part being given by all the voices in unison, varied by a few bars of harmony at the end of each canticle. The anthem, one of Kent's best, was admirably given, particularly the quartet and duet, the parts of which were sustained by members of the Trinity Church choir. The choir moreover succeeded in worthily performing Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. The concluding voluntaries were "To thee cherubim and seraphim," from Handel's "Dettingen" *Te Deum*, and "Worthy is the Lamb" (*Messiah*). The Rev. W. W. Garrett, M.A. (of Winchester, England), and chaplain of H.M. ship, Valorous, who undertook the erection of the organ, was organist for the occasion. All the movements were executed with his usual style and taste, and the congregation will remember with pleasure the rich musical treat the reverend gentleman afforded them. The evening prayers were said by the Rev. H. I. Johnson, incumbent; the first lesson by the Rev. E. Pickering, colonial chaplain, and the second lesson by the Rev. S. Brook, rector of St. Paul's. The collection after the service amounted to £28 10s. 6d.—*Eastern Province Herald, Dec. 14th, 1866.*

GLASGOW.—Thanks to the directors of the Abstainers' Union, the first opportunities presented in Glasgow for several years of hearing the great English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, have at length been afforded. The receptions given to the celebrated vocalist have been most enthusiastic. On Saturday evening he received quite an ovation, the audience not contenting themselves by ringing out rounds of cheers, but ere the evening was done waving, with a warmth and genuineness which could not be doubted for a moment, their hats, caps, and handkerchiefs. Last night the reception accorded him, if not so demonstrative, was not less cordial. The occasion was the second of the Wednesday Popular Concerts, and the City Hall was as densely packed as on Saturday evening. Mr. Reeves sang "Deeper and deeper still," "The Message," and "Twilight is darkening." A unanimous encore followed Handel's song, to which, however, Mr. Reeves only bowed his acknowledgments. Into the song of "The Message" extreme tenderness and expression were infused. In response to an encore admitting of no denial Mr. Reeves sang "Come into the garden, Maud"—a song now intimately associated with his name, and to which he imparts exceeding beauty. In Kücken's serenade, "Twilight is darkening," his voice was again heard to great advantage, and on being recalled he gave "My Pretty Jane." The City Hall was immensely crowded on Saturday night. The great tenor seemed in excellent spirit, and discharged his part of the programme to the abundant delight of the audience. He sang "The Requital" (Blumenthal) with exquisite sweetness and refinement. The Scotch song "Aye Waukin' O," was next very beautifully given, and in the "Macgregors' Gathering" Mr. Reeves stirred the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. Every one felt the indescribable charm which Mr. Reeves pours into the most familiar notes, and his "flourish for ever" once heard can never be forgotten. The cheering, waving of handkerchiefs, and other manifestations of applause were spontaneous and universal. Mr. Reeves was so good as to honour two encores, and sang the "Last Rose of Summer" and "Auld Lang Syne" in addition to the programme.—*Glasgow Herald.*

LIMERICK.—Two concerts were given on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday in the Theatre Royal, by Mr. Keller, musical instrument seller, which attracted a numerous and fashionable audience, it being under the patronage of the garrison and the officers of H.M. ship Frederick William and families in the county. Mr. Keller had engaged Mdlle. Rita Favanti, Mr. Lacey, alias "Paganini Redivivus," the violinist, Mr. Wilhelm Pape, the pianist, Mrs. Cruise of Dublin, as accompanist, together with the band of the 74th Highlanders, under the direction of Herr Kessel. Mdlle. Rita Favanti sang splendidly "Una voce," "Non più mesta," the new ballad, "I met with one I love last night" (encored), and some Irish melodies. The last vocalist is in high favour with Hibernian audiences. She has been re-engaged for a new series of concerts during the coming autumn. Mr. Paganini Redivivus contributed his share to the success of the concerts by his performance of part of Mendelssohn's Concerto and a clever arrangement of Irish airs, and which was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Wilhelm Pape played pieces by Thalberg, Prudent, and himself, which more or less gained applause. In a duet for two performers, on airs from *Norma*, given by Mr. Pape and Mrs. Cruise, the playing of the lady was much admired. The band of the 74th Highlanders performed overtures and selections from operas. The same party proceeded to Waterford, where the evening concert was as great a success as at Limerick, owing, no doubt, to Mdlle. Favanti's popularity. Mr. Pape announced a solo morning performance by himself on the pianoforte, but it did not prove very attractive. Mrs. Cruise accompanied all the songs most creditably.

[illegible]

BOLTON.—Madame Lancia has been playing at the theatre here. The *Bolton Chronicle*, writing about her Norma, says:—"The character of the Druidical heroine was sustained by Madame Lancia in a manner so superior that at times the applause was most enthusiastic,—not only was her singing perfect, but her acting, where tragic power was called forth, something extraordinary." *Don Giovanni* has also been given for the benefit of Mr. Rosenthal, with Miss Blanche Cole as Zerlina, and met with success. A miscellaneous concert followed, in which Mad. Lancia gave her assistance, and created quite a *furore* in Rode's air with variations."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.
DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

Twenty-first Concert of the Ninth Season.

SEVENTH MORNING PERFORMANCE

SATURDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1867.

PART I.

QUINTET, in D major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti — *Mozart.*
SONG, "[illegible]"—Miss Edith Wynne — *Handel.*
SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr Charles Hallé — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

PRELUDE, LOURE, MINUET and GAVOTTE, in E major, for Violin alone—Herr Joachim — *Bach.*
SONG, "[illegible] Spring Song"—Miss Edith Wynne — *Mendelssohn.*
SEPTET, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe, Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass—MM. Charles Hallé, Pratten, Barret, C. Harper, Henry Blagrove, Piatti, and Reynolds — *Hummel.*

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Twenty-second Concert of the Ninth Season.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 11TH, 1867.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F minor, Op. 95, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti — *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss Edith Wynne — *Schubert.*
SONATA, in A flat, Op. 39, for Pianoforte alone—Mr Charles Hallé — *Weber.*

PART II.

SONATA, in C major, No. 2, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Signor Piatti — *Boccherini.*
SONG, "[illegible]"—Miss Edith Wynne — *Arthur [illegible].*
TRIO, in G major, Op. [illegible], No. [illegible], for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Mr Charles Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti — *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

MONDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1867.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti — *Mozart.*
RECIT., "Deeper and deeper still" } SONG, "Waft her, angels" } *Jephthah*—Mr Sims Reeves — *Handel.*
GRAND SONATA, in B flat, Op. 106, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame Arabella Goddard — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA, in C major, No. 2, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Signor Piatti — *Boccherini.*
SONG, "The Sonnet"—Mr Sims Reeves — *Mendelssohn.*
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim — *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

The Director begs to announce that the remaining Monday Popular Concert will take place on MONDAY, March 18th, 1867.

Three extra Morning Concerts (not included in the Subscription) will be given on Saturdays, March 16th, 23rd and 30th, being the last of the present Season.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de la belle Griane, fille de Remicius Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for [illegible] Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., at Ashford, Kent, Mr DOUGLAS THOMPSON, formerly Professor of Elocution at the Royal Academy of Music.

At Dublin, March 3rd, deeply regretted, WILLIAM [illegible] CONRAN, the once popular and talented pianist, aged 67 years. Mr Conran was the father of Mdlle. Ellen Conran, now prima donna at Padua.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible] begs to thank her numerous friends and admirers for their kind inquiries, and to inform them that she has returned home.

⁂ The title page, of Vol. XLIV. of the MUSICAL WORLD, will be given next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.

[Translations by "M. E. von G." from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.—A. F. H.]

CONCERTOS FOR THE PIANOFORTE.*

PIANOFORTE music fills an important place in the modern history of the art, for in that branch the dawnings of a new musical era first appeared. The most remarkable musical talent of the day is to be found among pianoforte players—a fact which has been noticed of former time also. Bach and Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, grew up at the piano, and, like the sculptors who first model their statues in miniature in soft clay, they must often have sketched at the piano what they afterwards worked out in full for the orchestra. Since that time the instrument itself has attained great perfection. With the ever increasing mechanical tendencies of pianoforte playing, and with the tremendous impulse which Beethoven gave to this branch of composition, the instrument has also grown in compass and importance; and when it comes to have pedals added to it like the organ, which I believe it will, new prospects will open for composers, they will gradually free themselves from the support of the orchestra, and thus acquire greater independence, and more fulness and richness of tone. This separation from the orchestra has for some time been impending. In defiance of the symphony, modern pianoforte music intends to make its way by its own resources alone; and this may be the reason why so few pianoforte concertos and, in fact, so few original compositions with accompaniment have appeared lately. The *Zeitschrift* has since its commencement noticed almost all the pianoforte concertos; and in the past six years they scarcely amount to sixteen or seventeen—a small number compared to what they formerly were. Times change, and what was once considered an addition to the forms of instrumentation, as a great discovery, is now set aside without hesitation. It would certainly be a great loss if the concerto for pianoforte and orchestra were to fall into disuse; but, on the other hand, we can scarcely contradict pianoforte players when they say that they do not need external help, and that their instrument produces its most complete effect alone. And so we must rest content till some genius shall discover a new and splendid way of combining the orchestra with the piano, so that the player may display all the riches of his instrument and his art, whilst at the same time the orchestra may not act as a mere spectator, but may enrich the scene with its various characters. One thing, however, we may fairly ask of our young composers—that if they abandon the solid, dignified form of the concerto, they should give us in exchange pieces equally solid and dignified,—no caprices, or variations, but thoroughly finished and characteristic allegros, such as, at any rate, might serve for the opening of a concerto. Till they do this we shall often have to resort to those olden compositions which are so perfectly adapted at once for opening a concerto, and for testing to the utmost the abilities of the player; such as the splendid concertos of Mozart and Beethoven, or to admit into the select circle another great name still too little honoured—one of Sebastian Bach's, or to bring forward something new, some of those in which the footsteps of Beethoven have been happily and ably followed.

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* Moscheles, Op. 93.—Mendelssohn, Op. 40.

Amongst these latter we would place with due restriction two concertos which have lately appeared by J. Moscheles, and F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Both composers have so often been spoken of in the *Zeitschrift* that they need no further introduction. In Moscheles we have the rare example of a musician who, though advanced in life and incessantly occupied with the study of the old masters, has taken note of each novelty as it appeared, and profited by the progress of events. His own innate peculiarities act as a check upon these influences, and thus, from a combination of the old, the new, and the individual, proceeds a work such as this concerto, clear and sharp in its outlines, approaching the romantic school in character, and yet original and the very reflection of its author. Putting aside such fine distinctions, the concerto betrays its master at every turn; but everything has its time of blossom, and he is no longer the same as when he wrote the G minor Concerto, though still the industrious, eminent artist, sparing no pains to make his work equal to the best. At the very outset he renounces all claims to popularity; the concerto is styled "Pathetic,"—and is so; but what is that to ninety-nine among a hundred virtuosos? Its difference in form from other concertos and Moscheles's own earlier ones will strike everybody at once. The first movement never flags for a moment, the "tutti's" are shorter than usual, but the pianoforte is accompanied by the orchestra almost throughout. The second movement, with its slower Interlude, seems to me rather laboured; it is followed by the last movement, which is of the same pathetic character as the first, but more passionate. In comparison to other new concertos this is not difficult of execution; the passages are carefully elaborated, but a little practice will enable even moderately good players to master them; when played with the orchestra the greatest attention is necessary on both sides, and an intimate knowledge of the score; such a performance, by displaying its artistic construction will make the work interesting in the highest degree—as we remember with pleasure when we heard Moscheles play it at Leipsic.

The modern concerto writers deserve a special vote of thanks for not wearying us with finales made up of shakes and arpeggios. The old *cadenza*, which formerly gave so much scope for the bravura of the player, rests on a far sounder idea, and might still perhaps be made use of with success. And why should not the scherzo, so familiar to us in the symphony and sonata, be used with effect in the concerto? It might introduce a sort of contest between the different solo instruments in the orchestra, at the same time that the form of the whole would undergo a slight change. No one could do this better than Mendelssohn, of whose second concerto we have now to speak.

Here, as everywhere, he is always the same, moving along with his own joyous step, and the sweetest smile in the world on his lips. The players will find it hard to display their wonderful powers of execution here; he gives them scarcely anything to do that they have not already done a hundred times before. It is their favourite complaint,—and to a certain extent they are right. The opportunity for allowing the player to display his powers in new and brilliant passages should not be lost sight of in concertos. But music should go before everything else, and the highest praise is due to one who always gives us this so richly. Music is the expression of a lovely nature, no matter whether it be expressed before hundreds or in the stillness of solitude, so long as it is indeed the utterance of a lovely nature. This is why Mendelssohn's compositions have such an irresistible effect when he plays them himself; the fingers might just as well be concealed, for they are only instruments by which the sounds are carried to the ear and thence make their appeal to the heart. It often seems to me that Mozart must have played like him. But though Mendelssohn deserves the praise that he always gives us such music we must not therefore deny that some of his works are slighter and less serious than others. This concerto belongs to that class, and I am much mistaken if it was not written in a few days, perhaps a few hours,—just as when one shakes a tree, the ripe, sweet fruit at once drops off. People will ask in what relation it stands to his first concerto. It is like, and yet unlike; like, because written by a finished master, unlike, because written ten years later. Here and there, Sebastian Bach peeps out in the harmonies, but the melody, the form, and the instrumentation are all Mendelssohn's own. This joyous inspiration, though slight, is sure to please. It puts me in mind of those works which the older masters used to throw off when resting after their more serious creations. But our young composer must not forget how these old masters would then suddenly come forward with some splendid production,—of which we have full proof in Mozart's D minor and Beethoven's G major concertos.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

The biting east wind had no perceptible effect in the attendance at the concert of Saturday last, for the comfortable room was as well filled as ever, and the audience seemed thoroughly to enjoy the programme selected for them by Mr Manns. The two principal features were the first and last pieces in the scheme—viz., Beethoven's Symphony in F (No. 8), which never fails to delight, no matter how often it is played, and Sterndale Bennett's poetical overture, "The Naiads" (I prefer the English to the German title "Die Najaden" as given by Mr Manns), which can never be heard too frequently. Both these truly great works were played con amore, and although it might be possible to equal, I greatly doubt whether it would be practicable to surpass the beauty of the performance. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Robertine Henderson, and Mr Cummings afforded much satisfaction in the vocal music allotted to them; and Miss Madeline Schiller's abilities as a pianoforte player found ample scope in Moscheles' Concerto in E major (the last movement of which is based on the well-known tune, "The British Grenadiers") and Thalberg's Fantasia, "La Straniera," both admirably played and warmly applauded. To-day Beethoven's Symphony in C (No. 1), and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor (pianist, Mr Franklin Taylor) will be given, the Wagnerites being propitiated with the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr George Perren, and Madame Caradori are to be the vocalists. DRINKWATER HARD.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA has formed a company for the performance of operas in the provinces. She begins on Easter Monday at Brighton. The following is the company:—Miss Blanche Cole, soprano; Miss Helen Clayton, contralto; Mr W. Parkinson, and Mr Terrott, tenors; M. Durand, baritone; Mr Lewens and Mr Tempest, basses; band and chorus, with Mr George Cooke as conductor.

WALWORTH INSTITUTION.—A *soirée musicale* was given on Tuesday evening in the Lecture Hall under the direction of Miss Rose Hersee, who was assisted by Mdlle Emilie Georgi, Mr Trelawny Cobham, and Signor Caravoglia as vocalists; Herr Wiener (violin), Herr Ganz and Herr Lehmeyer (pianoforte), instrumentalists. Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata was played by Herr Wiener and Herr Lehmeyer. Herr Wiener also gave the *Andante* and *Finale* of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and Vieuxtemps' "St. Patrick's Day," and was much applauded. Miss Rose Hersee sang the new valse "La Rosa," composed expressly for her by Louis Engel, and Ganz's "When we went a-gleaning." In reply to an encore of the latter she substituted "Sing, birdie, sing." Randegger's canzonet, "Ben è Ridicolo," was very brilliantly rendered by Mdlle Georgi, and warmly applauded. Signor Caravoglia sang the romanza "Eri tu" (*Ballo in Maschera*), and Tito Mattei's "La Pesca." He also took part with Miss Rose Hersee in the duet, "Quanto Amore" from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. There was a large and fashionable audience. Herren Ganz, Lehmeyer, and Louis Engel conducted.

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PIANOFORTES FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—We have been favoured by Messrs. Broadwood, of Great Pulteney Street, with an inspection of the instruments specially prepared by them for the forthcoming Paris Exhibition. The specimens to be exhibited by this eminent firm consist of four horizontal grand pianofortes, all of seven octaves in compass—from A to A. Two of these are of the kind termed the "Concert Iron Grand"—one in a case of ebony with richly carved mouldings, the other in a case of Coromandel wood. The third instrument is a full-sized Drawing-Room Grand in a case of Syrian walnut wood; and the remaining instrument is one of somewhat smaller dimensions although of the same form, described as a Short Drawing-Room Grand in a case of rosewood. The tone of each of these splendid instruments is of the richest and most sonorous quality, having all the brightness and brilliancy of the best foreign pianos, with a power of *sostenuto* and a resonant grandeur that are seldom found in such combination. At the will of skilful hands these instruments will either sparkle with the coruscations of the most elaborate and florid of modern pianoforte music, or will pour forth the sublime rolling strains of Bach or Handel with almost the effects of a fine organ. The touch is elastic and sufficiently light for all the intricacies of modern pianoforte playing, and for the most delicate of feminine fingers, while yet offering a sufficient degree of that firmness which is so much more agreeable and conducive to certainty of execution than the feathery non-resistance of some of the foreign instruments. With these admirable qualities, in addition to the well known and long tested exceptional durability of Messrs. Broadwood's instruments, there can be no question that this firm will fully maintain both its own eminence and the high character of English pianofortes at the coming Paris Exhibition.—*Daily News.*

M. JULLIEN is in Dublin, making preliminary arrangements for a series of concerts, *fêtes*, and other entertainments, to be given during the months of March, April, and May. We understand that some startling novelties will be placed for the first time before the Dublin public. The *locale* is not yet positively fixed upon, but negotiations are pending for a magnificent garden in the suburbs.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON took her benefit at the Gallery of Illustration on Saturday evening, and appeared in Miss Gabriel's operetta, *Widows Bewitched*, in which she played her original part of Marie. The character of Rose was entrusted to Miss E. An[illegible], who made a decided hit both in her singing and acting. The parts of De Fremont and D'Albert were in the hands of Mr. Whiffin and Mr. Ralph Wilkinson. Miss Henderson has greatly improved in her acting since last we saw her. She is now free from restraint while on the stage, is at ease, and identifies herself thoroughly with her character. The style in which she danced the minuet with De Fremont is not the least attractive point in her performance of the sensitive young widow. M. Offenbach's amusing dialogue, "Alsacienne," *Lischen and Fritzchen*, which concluded the entertainment, never went off with greater spirit. Miss Henderson was evidently on her mettle, and never was more successful on any former occasion. The spirit with which she invested the part of Marie was quite true to nature. The characteristic little song "Petits balais," was given with considerable *naïveté* and was greeted with vociferous applause. The duet, "Je suis Alsacienne," was encored, and the valuable assistance of Mr. Whiffin added considerably to its effect. Altogether Miss Henderson must be congratulated on the success she met with, which will no doubt stimulate her to further study and eventually raise her to high rank on the lyric stage. The gallery was completely filled by a fashionable audience who recalled Miss Henderson with her coadjutors at the conclusion of each piece.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM'S CONCERT took place, under distinguished patronage, at the Great Vestry Hall, Chelsea, on Monday evening. The prices were aristocratic, so that the "vulgar" were excluded. The audience in consequence was more select than numerous. The programme included more than one interesting novelty. A selection was given from Mr. Aguilar's new opera, *The Bridal Wreath*, comprising the overture (played as a pianoforte duet by Mr. and Miss Grace Aguilar), song for soprano, "And now my Pearl," by Miss Ida Gillies, romance for tenor, "Oh! lonely maiden," by Mr. Trelawny Cobham, song, "Gentle Spirit," by Miss Grace Lindo, and trio, "In what disguise I appear?" by Miss Ida Gillies, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Signor Ciabatta. If the rest of the opera be as good as what was heard on Monday night, success may be augured for it wherever it is produced. The tenor solo, sung with unaffected taste by Mr. Trelawny Cobham, was redemanded and repeated. Mr. Trelawny Cobham further sang Balfe's "Si tu savais," and Mr. F. Berger's "Come and meet me, darling," and joined Mdlle. Louise Van Noorden in "Parigi o cara," in all being eminently successful, exhibiting an agreeable voice and artistic style. Mr. William Harrison sang the "Muleteer," from Mr. Balfe's *Rose of Castile*, which he had to repeat by general desire, and a ballad by the same composer. It was pleasing to listen again to this favourite English singer, who seems to lose nothing of the salient characteristics of his style. Miss Louisa Van Noorden was encored in P. E. Van Noorden's "Mountain Song," and Miss Ida Gillies was very effective in "Singing thro' the rain." Other vocal pieces were contributed by Miss Grace Lindo, Mr. Renwick, and Signor Ciabatta. The former of the gentlemen gave Mr. Benedict's new and charming song, "Sighing for thee," the last the exquisite ballad, "Eily Mavourneen," from the *Lily of Killarney*—transposed, of course—with true expression and refinement. One of the most effective instrumental performances was Osborne's duet for two pianofortes on the *Huguenots*, played by Miss Kathleen Ryan and Miss Grace Aguilar. This duet, which is quite beyond the reach of mere tiros, was capitally executed by the two young ladies, and created a veritable sensation. Another pianoforte performance worth noticing was Mr. Aguilar's Sonata on *Faust*, by the composer himself. Mr. Henry Holmes, the violinist, played three solos with admirable talent and marked success. Messrs. Francesco Berger and C. J. Hargitt were the accompanists.

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BALLAD CONCERT IN MANCHESTER.—Seldom has a larger or more delighted audience been seen in the Free Trade Hall than on Saturday night, on the occasion of Mr. Sims Reeves's first ballad concert in Manchester. Nothing was omitted to make the entertainment complete. The programme was well selected and varied, and if the audience were rather unreasonable in their demands for encores, nothing could be said against their thorough appreciation. To Mr. Reeves—of whom it is difficult to say whether he is most admirable in ballad singing or sacred music—were allotted three songs and a share in a duet, but he good naturedly, in compliance with clamorous demands, contributed three more. He was evidently gratified, and did his best to afford gratification in return. "Tom Bowling" was given with that expressiveness which, once heard, is never forgotten, and "My Pretty Jane," of which Mr. Reeves makes a magnificent song, was sung with unapproachable sweetness and effect. "The Message," and a part in the duet, "I love Thee," completed Mr. Reeves's solos. In the duet he was joined by Miss Edmonds, who sang admirably. "Cam' ye by Athol" was given with great spirit, and at once confirmed her previously established position with the Manchester public. Miss Julia Elton sang "The Minstrel Boy" with spirit and expression. Mr. Patey sang "The Bellringer" and "Down among the Dead Men," admirably. Mr. Hallé, in Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," and Weber's Polonaise, gave a finish to one of the most enjoyable concerts ever held in Manchester. The success was so complete that the positively last night of the season was postponed till Saturday, when another of Mr. Sims Reeves's ballad concerts will be given. Mr. Henry Walker was the accompanist on Saturday evening, except when Mr. Reeves sang, when Mr. Hallé presided at the pianoforte.—*Manchester Examiner, March 4.*

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERTS.—One of those Ash Wednesday concerts on a large scale, with which Mr. Howard Glover's name has been associated for years, came off on Wednesday evening at Drury Lane. The first part was devoted to selections from the *Messiah*, the second was miscellaneous. Of the *Messiah* we can merely say that an efficient band and chorus were provided, and that more than the ordinary number of soloists had been engaged, as though Mr. Glover desired that each singer should have one song only. We may mention that Misses Edith Wynne, Rose Hersee, Robertine Henderson, Madame Laura Baxter, Messrs. George Perren, G. F. Jefferys, &c., assisted in the oratorio. In the miscellaneous part these were joined by Mdlle. Agliati, Miss Ida Gillies, Miss Vandeleur, Miss Emmeline Cole, the Misses [illegible], Miss Emily Spiller, Madame Corbari, Mr. W. Harrison, Signors Abbonetti, Caravoglia, &c., all of whom sang some favourite pieces with more or less applause. The instrumentalists comprised Miss Cecilia Fernandez, Miss Kathleen Ryan, Miss [illegible] Baxter, and Miss Ida Henry (pianoforte), M. Paque (violoncello), Mr. Tyler and his two sons (saxophones). Miss Fernandez, a pupil of Mrs. Anderson, played the *[illegible]* of Wales with great elegance and success, and was loudly recalled at the end. Miss Kathleen Ryan, who performed Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso*, was also recalled amid loud and general applause. M. Paque introduced one of his own solos, to which we need hardly say he did full justice, and the boys Tyler, aided by their father, in a novel trio of Saxophones, excited quite an ovation. The concert, which began at seven, was not over when we left at half past eleven. Mr. Benedict conducted the *Messiah*, and also the *Concertstück*. The conductors in the miscellaneous part were Messrs. Howard Glover, Aguilar, W. Carter, and Ganz.

Ryde, Isle of Wight.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—We have had several concerts given here lately, principally by amateurs residing in this town, owing to the great success of the Ryde Choral Society (established during the past year), numbering about eighty. The one professional vocalist was Mrs. Conduit; the principal accompanist was Mr. Sidney Lake; solo violin, Mr. C. Fletcher; and conductor, Mr. Conduit. Amongst the society's best efforts we may name selections from *Il Trovatore*, *I Lombardi*, *Masaniello*, *La Cenerentola*, &c. Mrs. Conduit, whom I have several times brought to your notice, has been greatly successful in Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," "With verdure clad," "Non piu mesta," "The Lover and the Bird," "Lean no more," "When at my window?" "My mother bids me bind my hair," &c. There have appeared also several amateur solo vocalists, not at all to be despised. A very young lady (Miss Colenutt) possesses a voice of peculiar charm. Mrs. Glover, contralto, and Mrs. Curtis, soprano, like Mrs. Conduit, scarcely ever appear without making an impression. Mr. H. Pack, Mr. Field, Mr. Stone, and Mr. Oldfield also deserve praise for their singing. Mr. Fletcher's violin solos, by Artôt, De Beriot, Leroy, &c., are almost invariably encored. I should not omit mentioning, among other facts, Mrs. Conduit's songs "I think then of thee" (Lachner), "By a Brook" (Troch), with violin *obbligato*, played with great taste by Mr. Conduit, and enthusiastically redemanded. Quartets from *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and *Der Freyschütz*, for violin (Mr. Fletcher), violoncello (Mr. Conduit), harmonium (Mr. Lake), and pianoforte (Mr. Salter), well arranged and well played, gave general satisfaction. To conclude, I may state that the Town Hall being inconveniently crowded at every concert proves that the director, Mr. Conduit, has succeeded in bringing before the public a society whose performances will add much to his reputation as a conductor.—J. M.

Carlisle.—(*From a Correspondent, Feb. 27.*)—Mr. Charles Hallé gave a Pianoforte Recital here on the 25th inst., at the Assembly Room, which was filled in every part. Mr. Hallé, though suffering from indisposition, kept the audience enthralled by his playing for two hours. He was encored in three pieces—Weber's *Polonaise Brillante*, and in answer gave the *Moto Continuo* by the same author; Stephen Heller's *Wanderstunden* (repeated); and Chopin's *Grande Valse*, Op. 34 (encored and answered by Thalberg's "Home, sweet home"). The other pieces in the programme which seemed to be preferred were Beethoven's sonata, Op. [illegible]; Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and two Gavottes in E and D minor, by S. Bach. The good people of Carlisle are indebted to Mr. Ford, organist of the Cathedral, for the rare treat which they enjoyed on Monday night.—D—o—ox.

Pips from Punch.

Pip XVII.

Toasted Cheese.—"Talhaiarn," of Llanfair, Abergele, North Wales, has written to the *Times* a letter in vindication of the Eisteddfod, with special regard to the Welsh language and Welsh music. He omits to notice the testimony to both which the divine Williams (of Welsh extraction evidently) puts into the mouth of *Hotspur*:—

> "Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
> And 'tis no marvel he's so humorous.
> By'r lady, he's a good musician."

If Welsh is particularly a language of humour and harmony, the best thing the Eisteddfod could do to effect its objects would be to establish in this metropolis a Welsh Comic Opera. There can be no doubt that a Welsh Opera might be very comic even though it meant to be serious. An overture performed by an orchestra consisting of Welsh Harps, however, if possible, would be novel. Hitherto the great Welsh composers have had no theatre for the display of their genius.

"The intention," says Talhaiarn, "of the Eisteddfod is to cultivate poetry and music, art and science." Another object of Welsh nationality might be the cultivation of that excellent vegetable the leek, which Talhaiarn, like his compatriot *Fluellen*, taking up the cudgel on behalf of his country, might compel English *Pistols* to eat, washing it down with some liquor in which we shall ever be happy to drink "Success to the Cymri." Another toast we would propose is that of cheese; and the Eisteddfod might profitably turn its attention to the development of the Welsh rabbit.

Pip XVIII.

No Wonder.—There is a deficient supply of seamen for the Merchant Navy. Can we be surprised when we consider the Scurvy treatment they receive?

Pip XIX.

A Lucid Explanation.—Said Angelina to her Edwin, as they looked through an old glee-book, "Edwin, dearest, pray what is the meaning of the line—

> "Unnumbered serges grace the foaming coast"?

Serge, you know, is woollen stuff, like my bathing dress, you know. But one don't spell it with a u, you know."

Said Edwin, "Ma'am, I'm sure I don't know. P'raps it's a misprint. Fellow very likely wrote it down at Ramsgate. Tried to count the bathers there, and found he couldn't do it."

Pip XX.

Incredible.—There's a man in Middlesex with such a bad memory that he constantly forgets himself!

Pip XXI.

A Protestant Musical Motto.—No *pot-pourri!* (Ext—*popery*).

Pip XXII.

A want supplied.—A clever French musical journal complains that France has no National Anthem in which all Frenchmen can join. Handel has surely composed one which they might adopt: "*Their Land Brought forth Frogs.*"

[With Mr. Punch's *hearty greetings to* D. Peters.]

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE OPERA SEASON, 1867,

WILL COMMENCE

ON SATURDAY, APRIL THE 27th.

MR MAPLESON has the honour to announce that the Opera Season will commence on Saturday, April 27th, 1867.

Three quarters of a century have elapsed since the doors of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE were first opened to the public. Few lyric establishments can boast of a history so brilliant, and in every respect comparable to that to which the King's Theatre may lay claim; for, although the existing building was not completed until 1791, it received as a legacy the traditions of the old Opera House, with which was identified the introduction of Italian Opera into England, and the production of Handel's immortal works. With the old theatre too, were associated such great names as Nicolini, Farinelli, [illegible], Faustina, Cuzzoni, &c. It may therefore be justly asserted that HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE is inseparably connected with the history of Italian Opera, not only in this country, but throughout Europe.

It is almost impossible to mention the name of any lyric artist, or composer of operatic music, who has not experienced the hour of triumph or disappointment on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre. Successive failure or success has, in very many instances, finally settled the position of one or the other in the Temple of Fame. In fact it may almost be said that the history of Italian Opera and that of Her Majesty's Theatre are identical, for there is scarcely a great work of lyric art which has not been originally presented within its walls, or a lyric artist of renown who has not appealed to the judgment of its aristocratic patrons.

It was at Her Majesty's Theatre that the great masterpieces of Mozart, *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, were produced for the first time in this country. There Rossini brought out *Zelmira*, [illegible] conducting, and [illegible] sustaining the leading part. It was at Her Majesty's Theatre [illegible] London public [illegible] the same composer's magnificent *Semiramide*, [illegible].

Meyerbeer was introduced to the English public at Her Majesty's Theatre, his operas, *Il Crociato* and *Robert le Diable*, having been played there immediately after their production on the continent. At Her Majesty's Theatre Verdi was made known to the English public, and his *Ernani* paved the way for the reception of his later works. Weber's [illegible] *Der Freischütz* was first given in England in [illegible] within the same walls. In short, while referring to operas originally brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, it should be borne in mind that very many would never have been heard at all in England but for the existence of an establishment mainly and zealously devoted to the highest development of lyric art. As a notable, and, at the same time, recent example of this, it may be mentioned that the best opera of our time, regarded in England as a popular composition, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre after all other directors had persistently declined it. Reference is here intended to the *Faust* of M. Gounod.

It was at Her Majesty's Theatre that Jenny Lind achieved her earliest and most brilliant successes. The fame, indeed, of this incomparable artist is identified with this theatre. There Giuglini gained his reputation, and the greatest living dramatic singer, Mdlle. Tietjens, made her first appearance before an English audience. In fact, whether we regard on the one hand the masterpieces of Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, Beethoven, Handel, Buononcini, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, Vaccaj, Mercadante, [illegible], Galuppi, Mayer, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, Costa, Auber, Verdi, Meyerbeer, Balfe, Nicolai, Gounod, &c., and on the other the triumphs of Nicolini, Farinelli, Valentini, Faustina, Cuzzoni, Ambrogetti, Vallini, Billington, Braham, Garcia, David, [illegible] De Begnis, Zuchelli, Banti, Pisaroni, Catalani, Caradori, Pasta, Malibran, Fraschini, Donzelli, Fodor, [illegible], Sontag, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, [illegible], Coletti, Ronconi, [illegible], Lablache, Fornasari, Mario, [illegible] Lalande, Barbieri Nini, Lagrange, Gardoni, Camporese, [illegible], Sims Reeves, Jenny Lind, Gardoni, Sophie Cruvelli, [illegible], Piccolomini, Giuglini, Mongini, Santley, [illegible], Trebelli, [illegible] de Murska, and [illegible], it will be found that all are associated with a lyric theatre which from its past history and its present position justly holds consideration as the first establishment of the kind in the world.

While Her Majesty's Theatre can claim the honour of having presented so many masterpieces, and so many renowned artists, to the English public, it also led the way to that union of music with dramatic art which is the characteristic of the Italian Operatic stage of the present day. The time is even within the recollection of the present when singers made little or no attempt at acting, while the orchestra was weak, and the scenery and costumes were considered of no moment. It was at Her Majesty's Theatre that a reform in these matters was first effected. By degrees operas received those adjuncts which are now considered indispensable. Good acting was added to good singing, dramatic effect was heightened by the aid of magnificent scenery and appropriate costumes, and the stage was filled with groups, whose action lent reality to the scene. What triumphs of scenic art have been exhibited at Her Majesty's Theatre successively by Marinari, Zara, Roberts, Stanfield, [illegible], Marshall, &c., need no more be recalled than the fact that Mr. Telbin, the successor to these legitimate representatives of a great school, worthily maintains the high standard for which it is distinguished there.

In connection with another department—the Orchestra—Her Majesty's Theatre claims equal consideration. It has numbered amongst its Musical Directors, Cherubini, Spagnoletti, Bochsa, Costa, Balfe, Benedict, Arditi; while in its ranks such artists as Mori, Lindley, Dragonetti, &c., &c., have conspicuously figured. Of the Chorus it is enough to say, that the singers who now compose it are universally admitted to be the finest in Europe.

The history of the ballet, once so fashionable in this country, is only to be traced in the chronicles of Her Majesty's Theatre; and a mere reference to this entertainment will call to mind spectacles rivalling in splendour anything on record in any country. When it is remembered that Cerito, [illegible], Taglioni, and other celebrities now [illegible] were produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, a notion may be formed [illegible]. The long list of choregraphic artists, comprising the family of Vestris—Noblet, Taglioni, [illegible], Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, Fanny and Teresa Elssler, Lucile Grahn, Fanny [illegible], Coulon, Perrot, Albert, St. Leon, Rosati, Ferraris, Marie Taglioni, Pocchini, &c., suffices to show how much has been done for this once popular department; while the lasting impression made by the *Sonnambula*, the *Sylphide*, [illegible] *Esmeralda*, *Ondine*, *Giselle*, &c., and a host of other works prepared expressly for the theatre—to say nothing of the ever memorable *Pas de Quatre*—incontestably proves that in Ballet, as in Opera, it has ever held the foremost position.

Her Majesty's Theatre is, moreover, associated with important State events. It was there that upon the declaration of peace after a long war, the Allied Sovereigns received an enthusiastic ovation. In the same theatre were given the State performances on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal; while the State visits of Majesty to the Opera have always been ranked amongst the most dazzling of Court ceremonials.

It is but natural that an establishment like Her Majesty's Theatre, directed by private enterprise unaided by the government subsidy which similar undertakings on the continent enjoy, should have experienced vicissitudes in fortune in the course of seventy-five years. But through all its varied fortunes successive lessees have maintained the character of the theatre. Its glory has never been tarnished. It had been the scene of constant art triumphs, and at the present moment claims, as emphatically as ever, to be ranked as the first lyric theatre in the world. Instead of copying, Her Majesty's Theatre still leads the way; and great as the repertoire it possesses, its stores are receiving continual additions.

Having thus the [illegible] of an opera house which holds so distinguished a position, Mr. Mapleson feels it incumbent on him to make every effort to vindicate its supremacy. At the purpose devoting attention to grand spectacular lyric dramas, he is happy to announce, that such alterations have been made in the stage as will allow of his placing works of this class before the public with every requisite completeness.

Mr. Mapleson believes that foreigners from all parts of the globe, who intend this year to visit the Great Exhibition in Paris, may include a visit to London in their general scheme, in which case the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre can hardly fail to impress them with a high idea of the present condition of the lyric drama in England.

In announcing the list of operas to be performed this season, Mr. Mapleson believes that, with the large number of lyric works by the greatest composers yet remaining, in some cases comparatively and in others entirely unknown to the English public, it is unnecessary to pursue the questionable system of [illegible], but that by the production of operas which may [illegible] he will serve the true interests of art, and [illegible] his repertoire Mr. Mapleson can most confidently assert that [illegible] other house have so many works and [illegible] revivals been produced in such rapid succession, or with such complete efficiency as at Her Majesty's Theatre.

La Forza del Destino.—This opera, the masterpiece of Signor Verdi, Mr. Mapleson has been desirous of producing for the past three years, but owing to the impossibility of finding a tenor equal to the musical requirements of the work, it has until therto withheld. The engagement, however, of Signor Mongini removes all difficulty and *La Forza del Destino* will be given this season with the parts distributed according to the choice of Signor Verdi.

La Vestale.—Mr. Mapleson trusts that the revival of this, the grandest and most universally popular of Spontini's operas, will be generally welcomed by the lovers of the highest order of dramatic music.

La Donna del Lago.—The revival of this eminently pure Italian opera, one of Rossini's most charming, fresh, and genial works, will be an acceptable addition to the répertoire of Her Majesty's Theatre, while the picturesque region, in which the action of the drama is supposed to take place, will afford an admirable opportunity to Mr. Telbin for the display of his rare abilities as a scenic artist.

I Lombardi.—Although one of Signor Verdi's most popular operas, the revival of *I Lombardi*, after a lapse of fifteen years, will have the charm of novelty. It will be produced on the opening night.

Guglielmo Tell.—The acknowledged masterpiece of the most illustrious of Italian composers, Gioacchino Rossini, will be produced for the first time in this country as nearly as possible in its integrity. The whole of the last act, with the impressive storm-scene, invariably omitted in other theatres, will be restored, and the grand plan of the master will be adhered to. Of the cast, it is enough to say that, what has always been the most difficult part, is readily met by the act of Signor Mongini's magnificent voice being at the disposal of Mr. Mapleson. Signor Mongini will play Arnoldo. The part of Mathilde will be undertaken by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Don Giovanni.—Mozart's *capo d'opera* will be brought out this year with entirely new scenery, dresses and appointments, and with a cast which must be acknowledged as one of the strongest ever known in England. The chief characters will be represented by Mdlles. Titiens, Ilma de Murska and Nilsson, MM. Mongini, Gassier, Rokitansky and Santley.

Les Huguenots.—Amongst grand operas, none require so thorough an agency as this combination of principals, orchestra and chorus; and it is owing to the fitness of the principals for the leading parts, the splendid orchestra and unrivalled chorus, that the representations of Meyerbeer's *chef-d'œuvre* at Her Majesty's Theatre have been pronounced unrivalled.

Falstaff.—This opera, by Nicolai, so favourably received when represented for the first time in England at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the season 1864, will be revived, with Signor Rokitansky in the part of Falstaff.

Dinorah.—The generally expressed opinion that this opera, as represented at Her Majesty's Theatre last year, was, regarded both from a musical and scenic point of view, one of the most perfect productions in the records of the lyric stage, will cause the announcement of its re-production this season to be received with unusual satisfaction.

Il Flauto Magico.—The romantic *chef-d'œuvre* of Mozart, which, on account of the great number of principal parts demanding artists of appropriate ability to fill, is seldom given, will be performed in the coming season. Additional interest will be imparted to the representations, from the fact that the part of Astrifiammante will be played by Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, and that of Pamina by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Le Nozze di Figaro.—Although in last year's prospectus Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro* was not announced, Mr. Mapleson, feeling that, owing to the great resources of his establishment, he was in a position to give the work with a cast that had never been surpassed, and rarely if ever equalled. It was accordingly so produced and excited the greatest interest, not only because of the unsurpassable beauty of the music, but of the complete efficiency of its representation. This year it will be again produced.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Prima Donna Assoluta Mdlle. Titiens.—Amongst the operas with which Mr. Mapleson has familiarised the public are those classical works the *Medea* of Cherubini, the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Gluck, the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, and the *Seraglio* of Mozart. Without doubt, other directors of lyric establishments would have revived these masterpieces, but for the difficulty of finding a capable prima donna. It is only once in a century that a vocalist can be found with that rare combination of vocal genius, dramatic fire, and intelligent acting, indispensable for the adequate impersonation of such characters. In Mdlle. Titiens is realised the union of gifts which renders her the only representative of characters justly regarded as the very highest creations of the lyric drama. It is with real satisfaction that Mr. Mapleson announces the re-engagement of an artist able to conceive and embody in the true spirit the ideal heroines of Beethoven, Gluck, Mozart, Cherubini, and Meyerbeer.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. (her first appearance in England).—When the host of talented artists who, time out of mind have been connected with Her Majesty's Theatre, is remembered, it will be owned that, at the present day, the great difficulty for a director is to find voices capable of maintaining the brilliant reputation of the establishment. It is then with great satisfaction Mr. Mapleson announces that he has secured the services of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, who three years ago, made her debut at the Théâtre Lyrique, in Paris, with extraordinary success. Mdlle. Nilsson was at once recognised as a vocalist of the highest order, and has since given so many proofs of her genius, that, even though she has not quitted France, her fame is European. This young Swedish singer, of whom it is said, and by connoisseurs, the mantle of Jenny Lind has fallen, will come to this country not as an unknown artist, but as one already famous.

Mdlle. Sinico.—The re-engagement of this highly meritorious and popular artist will, without doubt, be received with satisfaction. During the past two seasons, the versatility and cleverness of Mdlle. Sinico have been unanimously recognised by the patrons of the theatre and the public generally.

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.—Every part which this accomplished and most gifted artist has undertaken since she made her debut in England two years ago, has added to her popularity. Even the great expectations raised by the reports of her performances at Vienna and elsewhere in the most arduous characters [illegible] were more than realised; so that in a comparatively short space of time, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska has attained in England an eminence to which many aspire, but which few attain.

Mdme. Trebelli Bettini.—Mr. Mapleson is gratified to be able to announce that he has again secured the valuable services of this lady, who has earned for herself the reputation of the most accomplished contralto in Europe.

Primi Tenori Assoluti.—Sig. Mongini.—After an absence of five years, the re-appearance of Signor Mongini, last year, was looked forward to with considerable interest, and much curiosity was evinced, as to whether his pure Italian voice still retained those superb qualities which had first won admiration. Signor Mongini's first performance in one act set at rest all doubts, for not only has his voice retained all its beauty, but increased experience had doubled its capabilities. Mr. Mapleson considers it most fortunate in having been able to re-engage an artist possessing the most splendid tenor voice that modern Italy can boast.

Sig. Tasca.—The success obtained by Signor Tasca last season at Her Majesty's Theatre has been confirmed by the public of Barcelona and St. Petersburgh. It is, therefore, with great pleasure Mr. Mapleson announces the re-engagement of that talented artist.

Mr. Hohler.—The favourable impression produced by this promising tenor last season has induced his re-engagement.

Sig. Gardoni.—The re-engagement of this universally popular tenor will be welcomed with great satisfaction. He will appear in most of those parts which have earned him such enviable distinction.

Primi Baritoni e Bassi Assoluti.—Mr. Santley.—Mr. Santley has gained so high a position in public popularity it is universally acknowledged, that no great musical performance in this country can be considered complete without his co-operation. Few artists have the natural gifts, fewer the artistic qualifications of Mr. Santley, who has proved his ability to undertake with equal success, the most trying parts in the greatest works alike of German, French, Italian and English composers. His unique talent is nowhere exhibited to greater advantage than in Her Majesty's Theatre, where he has won some of his most splendid triumphs.

Sig. Pandolfini (his first appearance in England).—Sig. Pandolfini, Primo Baritono Assoluto at the Grand Opera, San Carlo at Naples, has been engaged in consequence of the highly flattering reports of his ability.

Sig. Gassier.—The re-engagement of this admirable actor and thoroughly experienced vocalist will materially strengthen the casts of many operas to be produced this year.

Sig. Foli.—This young and already successful *Basso Cantante* has been re-engaged and will again take part in some of the most popular operas of the *repertoire*.

Sig. Rokitansky.—It is only necessary to recall the success which Sig. Rokitansky achieved last season, as Marcel in the *Huguenots*, and Osmin in the *Seraglio*, to account for his re-engagement.

Sig. Arditi.—Mr. Mapleson announces with a gratification which he feels certain will be shared by all patrons and the operatic public generally, that he has again secured the invaluable services of the above-named eminent musician, conductor, composer, and director of the music at Her Majesty's Theatre. That the orchestra is still one—now acknowledged as the foremost—in fact, indeed, unrivalled by that of any lyric theatre in Europe—owes in a great measure its efficiency to the unmistakable talent and indefatigable zeal of Signor Arditi is so generally admitted.

Director of the Music, Composer and Conductor.—Signor Arditi.

Maestro Concertatore al Piano.—Signor Bevignani.

Chorus Master.—Signor [illegible].

Organist.—Mr. Pittman.

The Military Band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, under the direction of Mr. D. Godfrey.

For the Divertissements.—Mdlle. Lama and Mdlle. Marie Gosselin.

Maître de Ballet.—M. Lauri.

The Corps de Ballet has been most carefully selected.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Prime Donne Assolute.—Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in England), Mdlle. Ulrich (Prima Donna from the Grand Opera at Hanover), Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Amalia [illegible] (Prima Donna from the Opera at [illegible]), and Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

Seconde Donne.—Mdlle. Corsi and Mdlle. Baumeister.

Prime Donne Mezzo-Soprane e Contralti.—Madame Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle. [illegible] (of the Theatre Royal, Madrid—her first appearance in England), Mdlle. Marietti (Prima Donna Contralto Assoluta of the Theatre San Carlo, Lisbon—her first appearance), and Madame Trebelli-Bettini.

Primi Tenori Assoluti.—Sig. Mongini, Mr. Hohler, Sig. Tasca, and Sig. Gardoni.

Secondi Tenori.—Sig. Agretti and Mr. Lyall.

Primi Baritoni e Bassi Assoluti.—Sig. Gassier, Mr. Santley, Sig. Pandolfini, Sig. Bossi, Sig. Foli, and Sig. Rokitansky.

LA FORZA DEL DESTINO—(*Verdi*).—First time in this Country. New Scenery Painted by Mr. Telbin. Don Alvaro, Signor Mongini; Don Carlos, Mr. Santley; Fra Melitone, Signor Gassier; Padre Guardiano, Signor Rokitansky; Marchese Calatrava, Signor Bossi; Trabucco, Mr. Hohler; Alcade, Signor Agretti; Chirurgo, Mr. Lyall; Preziosilla, Madame Trebelli Bettini; Curra, Mdlle. Baumeister; and Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens.

I LOMBARDI—(*Verdi*).—New Scenery Painted by Mr. Telbin. Oronte, Signor Mongini; Pagano, Mr. Santley; Pirro, Signor Gassier; Arvino, Signor Casaboni; Viclinda, Mdlle. Corsi; Sofia, Madame Tagliafico; Giselda, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc.

GUGLIELMO TELL—(*Rossini*).—New Scenery Painted by Mr. Telbin. Arnoldo, Signor Mongini; Il Pescatore, Mr. Hohler; Guglielmo, Signor Pandolfini; Walter, Signor Foli; Melchthal, Signor Bossi; Gessler, Signor [illegible]; Leutoldo, Signor Casaboni; Jemmy, Mdlle. Baumeister; Edwige, Mdlle. Corsi; Matilde, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, etc., etc.

LA VESTALE—(*Spontini*).—New Scenery Painted by Mr. Telbin. Licinio, Signor Tasca; [illegible] Sacerdote, Signor Rokitansky; Gran Vestale, Madame Trebelli Bettini; and [illegible], Mdlle. Titiens.

LA DONNA DEL LAGO—(*Rossini*).—New Scenery Painted by Mr. Telbin. Giacomo, Signor Gardoni; Douglas d'Angus, Signor Gassier; Rodrigo Dhu, Signor Tasca; Malcolm Græme, Madame Trebelli Bettini; Elena, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska—her first appearance in that character)—etc. etc.

FALSTAFF—(*Nicolai*).—Fenton, Signor Gardoni; Mr. Ford, Mr. Santley; Mr. Page, Signor Gassier; Falstaff, Signor Rokitansky; Anne Page, Mdlle. Sinico; Mrs. Page, Madame Lablache; and Mrs. Ford, Mdlle. Titiens.

IL DON GIOVANNI—(*Mozart*).—New Scenery Painted by Mr. Telbin. Don Ottavio, Signor Mongini; Leporello, Mr. Santley; Don Giovanni, Signor Gassier; Il Commendatore, Signor Rokitansky; Masetto, Signor Bossi; Zerlina, Mdlle. Nilsson; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc.

MIRELLA—(*Gounod*).—Vincenzo, Mr. Hohler; Ramon, Signor Gassier; Ourias, Mr. Santley; Taven, Madame Trebelli Bettini; Vincenette, Mdlle. Sinico; and Mirella, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

DINORAH—(*Meyerbeer*).—Corentino, Signor Gardoni; Hoel, Mr. Santley; La Capraja, Madame Trebelli; Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, etc., etc.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO—(*Mozart*).—Figaro, Signor Gassier; Il Conte Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Bossi; Cherubino, Madame Trebelli Bettini; Susanna, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; e la Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens.

LUCREZIA BORGIA—(*Donizetti*).—Gennaro, Signor Mongini; Il Duca, Signor Rossi; Maffio Orsini, Mdme. Trebelli Bettini; Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc.

SEMIRAMIDE—(*Rossini*).—Idreno, Signor Mongini, (on this occasion); Assur, Signor Gassier; Oroe, Signor Foli; Arsace, Mdme. Trebelli Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens.

FIDELIO—(*Beethoven*).—Florestano, Signor Gardoni; Rocco, Signor Rokitansky; Don Pizarro, Mr. Santley; Il Ministro, Signor Gassier; Marcellina, Mdlle. Sinico; and Fidelio, Mdlle. Titiens.

OBERON—(*Weber*).—Sir Huon, Signor Mongini; Scherasmin, Mr. Santley; Babekan, Signor Gassier; Oberon, Signor Gardoni; L'Emiro, Signor Bossi; Fatima, Mdme. Trebelli Bettini; Puck, Mdme. Demeric Lablache; Mermaid, Mdlle. Sinico; and Rezia, Mdlle. Titiens.

MEDEA—(*Cherubini*).—Jason, Signor Mongini; Creonte, Mr. Santley; Neris, Mdme. [illegible]; [illegible], Mdlle. [illegible]; [illegible], Mdlle. Nilsson (on this occasion); and Medea, Mdlle. Titiens.

DER FREISCHUTZ—(*Weber*).—Rodolfo, Signor Mongini; Caspar, Mr. Santley; Kuno, Signor Gassier; L'Eremita, Signor Foli; Annetta, Mdlle. Sinico; and Agata, Mdlle. Titiens.

LA SONNAMBULA—(*Bellini*).—Elvino, Mr. Hohler; Il Conte, Mr. Santley; Lisa, Mdlle. Sinico; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

LES HUGUENOTS—(*Meyerbeer*).—Raoul, Signor Mongini; Nevers, Mr. Santley; St. Bris, Signor Gassier; Marcel, Signor Rokitansky; Margherita, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; Urbano, Mdme. Trebelli Bettini; and Valentina, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

Scenic Artist, Mr. Telbin, assisted by Mr. W. Telbin.
Stage Manager, Signor Desarti.
Suggeritore, Signor Gialy.
Regisseur, Mr. [illegible].
Artistes Costumiers, Miss Bennett and Mr. S. May.
Machinist, Mr. Drummond.
The Appointments by Mr. Bradwell.
Gas Engineer, Mr. Dimes.
Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

The Opera will Commence at Half-past Eight o'clock each Evening, and the Doors be opened half-an-hour previously.

Selection will be made from the subjoined extensive Repertoire:—

I Puritani	Bellini	La Favorita	Donizetti.
Il Trovatore	Verdi.	Ballo in Maschera	Verdi.
Roberto il Diavolo	Meyerbeer	La Sonnambula	Bellini
Lucrezia Borgia	Donizetti.	Faust	Gounod
La Traviata	Verdi	Oberon	Weber.
Il Barbiere di Siviglia	Rossini	Falstaff	Nicolai.
Gli Ugonotti	Meyerbeer	Mirella	Gounod.
Le Nozze di Figaro	Mozart.	Fidelio	Beethoven.
Lucia di Lammermoor	Donizetti.	Medea	Cherubini.
Il Don Giovanni	Mozart.	Linda di Chamouni	Donizetti.
Norma	Bellini.	Il Flauto Magico	Mozart
Don Pasquale	Donizetti.	Semiramide	Rossini
Rigoletto	Verdi	Der Freischutz	Weber
La Figlia del Reggimento	Donizetti.	Iphigenia (in Tauris)	Gluck
La Zingara	Balfe	Dinorah	Meyerbeer
Marta	Flotow	Il Seraglio	Mozart.

The Subscription will consist of Thirty Nights:—

Pit Boxes	150	Guineas.
Grand Tier	300	"
One Pair	150	"
Two Pair	100	"
Orchestra Stalls	25	"

All subscriptions to be paid in advance. No fees to Box-keepers or Attendants, &c.

In order to meet the convenience of those Patrons of the Theatre who do not desire to Subscribe for the whole of the Series of Thirty Nights, arrangements can be made for a less number of nights by applying to Mr. Nugent at the Box Office of the Theatre, which is open daily for Subscribers from 10 to 6, and where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made.

Her Majesty's Theatre, *March*, 1867.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS

To the Artistes of the Italian Opera Houses and Others.

TO BE LET, Furnished part of a **SEMI DETACHED** HOUSE, in the PARK ROAD, Regent's Park.

Address "M. F." care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO VIOLINISTS.—A First rate Peter Guarnerius, pronounced by the highest authorities in the matter to be his masterpiece, wonderfully preserved, wonderfully fine wood, extremely noble tone, on account of the death of its proprietor TO BE SOLD. To be seen every Monday and Friday from Twelve to One o'clock, at the [illegible], 31, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

MUSICAL WORLD.—WANTED immediately the Volumes or Numbers for the Year 1861. State price to Mr. [illegible], Advertising Agent, 5, King Street, St. James's, S.W.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Vocalists: Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Austin, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Lewis Thomas. Choruses by the Crystal Palace Choir. Solo Pianoforte: Mdlle. Mehlig.

Overture, "Preciosa"	Weber.
Pianoforte Concerto, C minor	Beethoven.
Sacred Cantata, "Praise Jehovah" (Lauda Sion)	Mendelssohn.
Allegro and Andante from a posthumous Symphony in C minor (first time in England)	Schubert.

Conductor—Mr. Manns.

Admission, Half-a-crown; Guinea Season Tickets free. Reserved Seats, Half-a-crown extra.

Note.—"The Saturday Concerts of the Crystal Palace are unanimously allowed to be the most finished performances of their kind in Europe."—*Vide Times*, 18th January.

BALLAD CONCERT, St. James's Hall, (under the Management of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY) THURSDAY EVENING, April 11, at which the following artists will appear:—Miss Louisa Pyne and Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, the Misses Wells, and Madame Sainton Dolby; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss. The Glees and Madrigals will be performed by the Misses Wells, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Conway Cox, under the direction of [illegible]. Mr. J. L. Hatton. Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets for Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s. each. To be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; the Principal Musicsellers, and of Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

BALLAD CONCERT, St. James's Hall, Thursday Evening, April 11.—The programme will include the following favourite Songs:—"Home, sweet home," and "The meeting of the waters," Miss Louisa Pyne; "She never told her love" and "The Mermaid's Song," Mdlle. Liebhart; "Should he upbraid" and "My mother bids me bind my hair," Miss Edith Wynne; "Auld Robin Gray," Madame Sainton-Dolby; "The Pilgrim of Love" and "Draw the Sword, Scotland," Mr. W. H. Cummings; "The Wolf" and "Flow thou regal purple stream," Mr. Weiss; "The Flaxen-headed Ploughboy," Mr. Montem Smith.—Tickets at Boosey and Co.'s.

BALLAD CONCERT, St. James's Hall, Thursday Evening, April 11.—Among the new compositions will be included a new song by Mr. Benedict, written expressly for the occasion (Mdlle. Liebhart), and a new song by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, written for the occasion (Miss Edith Wynne); "Strangers yet," by Claribel (Madame Sainton Dolby).—Tickets at Boosey and Co.'s.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—THIRD CONCERT, Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, April [illegible].—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—Symphony in C major (Schumann), and "The Italian" (Mendelssohn); Overtures, Egmont (Beethoven), "Ruler of the Spirits" (Weber); Concerto in G (Beethoven). Pianoforte, Madame Schumann. Vocalists, Mdlle. Enequist and Mdlle. Grandi.—Reserved Seats, 15s. each; L. Cock, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

By order,
STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.—President, Mr. BENEDICT. Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—The SECOND CONCERT this Season will take place on Thursday, April 11th, on which occasion the First Part of the Programme will be entirely formed of Vocal and Instrumental Works from R. Schumann. The following members will appear:—Miss [illegible], Mrs. Barry Eldon, Miss Marie Stocken, Madame Sauerbrey, Miss Adelaide Bliss, Miss Emily Martin, Mdlle. [illegible] Alexandre, Miss Ellen Bliss, Miss Adelaide Kinkel; Monsieur [illegible] (Violin), assisted by Mr. Benedict, Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Mr. Walter Pettit. Conductor, Herr Schuberth. Tickets at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, and Messrs. Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, 62 and 63, New Bond Street.

DUBLIN.—MR. GASKIN'S VOCAL CLASSES.

THE following popular New Songs and Duets will be practised by the Pupils at Mr. Gaskin's Vocal Classes during the present Session:—

Song, "SINGING FOR THEE"	*Jules Benedict*
Ballad, "[illegible]"	*Wellington Guernsey*
Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA"	*Henry Smart.*
Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	*Wilford Morgan.*
Canzone, "'MID THE ROSE LEAVES"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Ballad, "THE MAID OF GURIANO"	*J. Guglielmo.*

MISS ALICE CARLTON, Mr. GEORGE PERREN, and Mr. J. C. FURNEAUX will sing Randegger's Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" (The Mariners), April 9th at Stoke, April 10th at Leamington, and April 11th in Birmingham.

MISS ROSE HERSEE'S Three Concerts will this season be given (under Distinguished Patronage) at her new residence, 2, Westbourne Square, Hyde Park, W.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing Henry Smart's admired song, "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING" at the Beethoven Rooms, April 25th.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI has returned to Town from her Tour in Scotland and is re-engaged for the Autumn. All communications relative to Opera and Concert Engagements to be addressed to her at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or her residence, 25, Abingdon Villas, Kensington.

MDLLE. EMILIE GEORGI will sing Kucken's popular song "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," and, with her sister, MDLLE. CONSTANCE GEORGI, Reichardt's admired *Lied*, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" (arranged as a duet), at the Peckham Institution April 11th.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE, MR. MONTEM SMITH, and MR. LAWLER will sing Signor Randegger's Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at the Hanover Square Rooms, this Day, Saturday.

MADAME PAREPA will not return to England for the Season, having accepted engagements for all the Summer. She is also engaged [illegible] next Autumn and Winter for Italian Opera, Oratorios, etc.

MR. PASQUALE GOLDBERG begs to announce that he will arrive in London for the Season the first week in April. All communications to be addressed to [illegible], [illegible] Street, Portman Square.

Nice, March 27th.

MR. W. COATES will sing WILFORD MORGAN's highly successful song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at Rochester, April 26th; Sittingbourne, May 1st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" at Kentish Town April [illegible]; at [illegible] April [illegible], and at St. James's Hall, [illegible].

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR" at Signor Campobello's Matinée April 12th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" by BLUMENTHAL, and "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR" by Mr Bowers, at Myddelton Hall April 18th.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. [illegible] Euston Road N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications, respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 1[illegible] Euston Road, N.W.

HERR ALFRED JAELL will arrive in London about the end of April for the Season. Address—Messrs. Erard, 18, Great Marlborough Street, W.

Now Publishing for the first time in England. To Subscribers: Vocal Score and Organ 3s., or Five Copies 10s.

LOUIS SPOHR'S CHORUS, "The Lord remaineth a King for ever," Arranged as a Verse Anthem by R. Andrews. Only a limited number will be printed beyond those subscribed for. The Subscription List will be closed in a few days, and the work ready for delivery on the 10th of April. Subscribers' names now received by Mr. R. Andrews, Professor of Music, Bowdon, Cheshire.

Just Published.

MARITA. A Ballad. By the New Composer, ROSELINE. Sung by Miss [illegible], and Miss Lucy Egerton (of the Bayswater Academy of Music). Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Just Published,

FIRST GRAND SONATA for the PIANOFORTE (dedicated to Madame Arabella Goddard), by CHARLES EDWARD STEPHENS. Price [illegible]. Also, by the same Author, Trio in F for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, 16s.; Quartet in C minor for Pianoforte, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello, [illegible]; Duo Concertante for Two Pianofortes, [illegible]; and "Mathilde," Valse Brillante, Op. 5, 3s. 6d.; "Sehnsucht," Nocturne, Op. 6, 4s.; "Allegro-Rhapsodie," Op. 8, 3s. 6d.—Pianoforte Solos.

London: SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street.

TOEPFER'S ALBUM FOR THE ORGAN.

IN honour of the Organist TOEPFER, whose Jubilee will be celebrated at Weimar on the 4th of Sept., 1867, an Album will be published to contain about Forty New Organ Compositions, Preludes, Sonatas, Fugues, etc. by some of the First Organists throughout Germany. It is intended to collect as many Subscribers as possible, whose names will be printed in front of the book, as so many friends of the Jubilant, to whom a copy of the Album will be presented on the Day of his Jubilee. The work will contain over Twenty to Thirty Sheets, at 10s. 6d. to Subscribers. Organists and Amateurs who may wish to subscribe are invited to send their names and addresses, before the end of April (as the list will then close), to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, London.

J. LEMMENS'S COMPOSITIONS FOR ORGAN WITH PEDALS.

	s.	d.
No. 1. PETITS SOLOS TRÈS FACILES	[illegible]	[illegible]
2. COMMUNIONS	[illegible]	[illegible]
3. PRIÈRE	[illegible]	[illegible]
4. SORTIE	[illegible]	[illegible]
5. OFFERTOIRE	[illegible]	[illegible]
6. LAUDATE DOMINUM	[illegible]	[illegible]
7. FUGUE	[illegible]	[illegible]
8. LAUS DEO	[illegible]	[illegible]
9. INTRODUCTION ET FUGUE	[illegible]	[illegible]
10. ITE MISSA EST	[illegible]	[illegible]
11. SCHERZO	[illegible]	[illegible]
12. HOSANNAH	[illegible]	[illegible]
13. MARCHE TRIOMPHALE	[illegible]	[illegible]
14. ANDANTE AVEC VARIATIONS	[illegible]	[illegible]
15. PRÉLUDE	[illegible]	[illegible]
16. FANFARE	[illegible]	[illegible]
17. CANTABILE	[illegible]	[illegible]
18. FINALE	[illegible]	[illegible]

Published by SCHOTT & Co., 159, Regent Street.

"THE LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA."

Words by H. F. CHORLEY.

Music by JULES BENEDICT.

In limp cloth, [illegible]; in cloth boards, [illegible].

Each piece separately.

Chorus and Band Parts are also published.

Libretto, 6d. each.

LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

"MY QUEEN," BLUMENTHAL's New Song. MR. SIMS REEVES will sing it at Southsea, May 2nd; Clifton, 8th; St. James's Hall, 14th—in the Key of E. The other Edition is in the Key of D. Each 4s.—LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

NEW SONG by M. JANE RONNIGER—"GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED." Words by LONGFELLOW.

LAMBORN COCK, ADDISON & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street, W.

THE ABBESS. New Song. Composed by HENRY SMART. Price 3s.

"Mr Henry Smart is one of the best of our English composers, and his new vocal piece, 'The Abbess,' is worthy of his genius. It has the beauties of melody, construction, and expression, for which his music is justly distinguished, and will doubtless be welcomed as it deserves to be."—*Globe*.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE POPULAR GALOP OF THE DAY.

FLORENCE. Galop Joyeux for the Pianoforte (played at every Theatre in London). Composed by PAUL SEMLER. Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

N.B.—Orchestral Parts, price 3s.

Song by Madame [illegible].

"I WOULD I WERE" ("Je voudrais être"), for Voice and Piano. Composed by [illegible]. Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"I WOULD I WERE" is also published for Voice and Harp Accompaniment, Price 4s.

Just Published, price 3s.,

THE NEW AND POPULAR IRISH BALLAD,

"OH COME TO GLENGARIFF!"

Composed by AUGUSTUS GREVILLE.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published this Day

"O CRYSTAL TEARS."

SONG.

The Words by W. GUERNSEY.

The Music by R. S. [illegible].

Price 2s. 6d.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS,

MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS & BANDMASTERS.

By F. J. FETIS

Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY

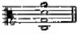
(Continued from p. 114).

Chapter II

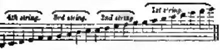
Of the Alto, Viola, or Tenor, and the Viol d'Amour

78. The alto or viola, or tenor (the same instrument known under these denominations) has four strings. It is the only remaining instrument of its family. This instrument is tuned a fifth lower than the violin, and holds the intermediate part between the violin and the violoncello. It is written in the C clef upon the third line.

The Chord of the Tenor

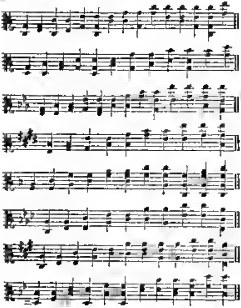


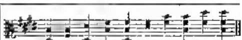
79. The compass of the tenor is nearly two octaves and a sixth, divided as follows :—



The two upper tones of the compass are rarely employed except in solos—hence it follows that there is scarcely any shifting in orchestral tenor playing, nor do the same difficulties abound as in violin parts.

80. Chords of four notes are less frequently employed on the tenor than on the violin; they may however be brought into requisition. Subjoined is a table of those most easily performed

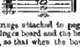




81. All that has been said of the violin as regards *slurring* and *detaching*, *staccato* and *pizzicato* applies equally to the tenor

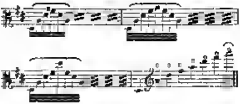
82. The tenor part is also often divided into two distinct parts, in which case a *due* (between two) is written under the notes

83. An obsolete instrument called the *viol d'amour* is sometimes employed in an orchestra, not as an orchestral instrument, but for solos. The viol d'amour has five ordinary strings tuned in the following manner :—



Five other metallic strings attached to pegs smaller than the others pass under the finger board and the bridge and are tuned in unison with the others, so that when the bow executes arpeggios, piano, upon the open gut strings, or when the harmonic sounds are heard, as in the following examples, the metallic strings vibrate, and impart to the peculiar quality of the tone of this instrument a celestial and mysterious effect

Examples.

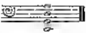


Chapter III

Of the Violoncello

84. The violoncello is the bass of the violin It has four strings, which are tuned to the lower octave of the four strings of the tenor

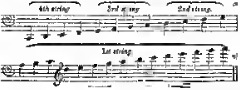
Chord of the Violoncello.

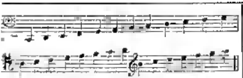


85. The compass of the violoncello is very extensive, because by placing the thumb of the left hand on the finger board of the instrument the performer can nearly approach the bridge. However, in instrumentation the compass does not exceed three octaves and a sixth, even when the violoncello is employed for *solo* performances.

86. Three clefs are used for this compass, the F clef for low tones, the C clef upon the fourth line for the *middle* tones, and the G clef for the sharp tones. It is necessary to observe that upon the manner in which this latter clef is used, the notes represent the tones an octave higher than those which are actually heard. This established custom proceeds from the true diapason, or pitch of the G clef, not having been originally understood. However, composers who employ the C clef upon the fourth line for the middle tones, put the G clef in its legitimate position for the sharp tones.

Examples of two methods of writing the scale for the Violoncello.





87. Shifting presents greater difficulties upon the violoncello than upon the violin, the more especially when the performer is accustomed to use the thumb. In this latter case the descending rapid scales which would oblige the performer to leave his position suddenly to resume the neck of his instrument, is almost impossible—the open notes would be insufficient, the hand being placed so high upon the instrument that no time would be afforded to recover its primitive position. The return therefore must be made progressively. The descending scales of the violoncello are extremely difficult, inasmuch as the descent is frequently obliged to be made with the fingers.

88. Shifting is obliged to be resorted to upon the violoncello even when the notes do not go beyond the natural position of the hand upon the first string, with the view of jumping over a string to reach certain intervals.

Examples of passages which necessitate a change of position.

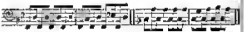
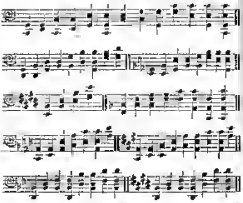


Tableau of chords which may be executed with facility on the Violoncello.



89. The remarks on slurring, detached, staccato, and pizzicato of the violin apply equally to the violoncello.

(*To be continued.*)

Miss Helen Hogarth's (Mrs. Roney) Morning Invitation.—The morning invitation of Miss Helen Hogarth, the well known vocal professor, took place on Saturday, under most distinguished patronage, in the Hanover Square Rooms, which were crowded to the walls by a fashionable audience. Among the singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Enequist, Madame Weiss, Mdlle. Liebhardt, Messrs. Cummings, Frank Elmore, Herr Reichardt and Mr Weiss; instrumentalists, Miss Arabella Smyth, Messrs. Lemmens, Harold Thomas, Sainton, John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), F. Baleir Chatterton, Pezze, Tito Mattei and Herr Coenen, with Messrs. Ganz, [illegible] and Jules Benedict as conductors. Miss Hogarth has announced her annual concert to take place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, the 16th of April. Mr Sims Reeves will sing "The Message" and other of his popular pieces.

Basil Baboon.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO THOMAS BOOTH BIRCH, Esq.

Sir,—The five violin-concertos, 207, 211, 216, 218, 219, which Mozart wrote in the year 1775, principally for his own use, are productions of considerable talent, carefully worked out. They consist of three parts, *allegro*, *andante* or *adagio*, and *rondo*. The structure of the first movement, which is more fully worked out than the others, reminds me of that of the air rather than aught else; but its articulation is narrower, closer and more animated. The passages are not merely arbitrary interpolated additional matter, but grow out of the principal motive, round which they play and keep together. The middle movement is simply treated, great reliance being placed upon a song-like and tasteful rendering of the *cantilena* in a pleasing and joyous spirit. The last movement has the form of the *rondo*, joyous in spirit, but looser than usual.—Yours respectfully,

Thomas Noon Gadd.

◆

TO GEORGE GROVE, Esq.

Dear Grove,—W looking back at himself through the mist of sixty years.

Art Novel—The Germans have, &c. Begins like a romance of G. P. R. James—W on a Mountain—B. furious in a tempest—Pastoral S. of course.

All among the Brentanos—W the oracle—sets everybody to rights.

E. B. and S. B., the only B's we care about.—Why?

Schindler—B.'s Boswell—"L'ami de B."—"[illegible] of my friend S.

Why did W give so little having so much in his diary?

"Adelaida"—1800—letters of B.

B.'s early loves—Was Wegeler in his waistcoat pocket?—Haydn, Mozart, Joseph (Bosch).

B. often in love—We have most of us been often in love—but why magnify these ephemeral passages in a great man's life? We have all had our Jeannette, our Koch, and our Walpole (and if in the three loves) the first three illusions subsequently *perdue* erratic to itself (79, "Raptus.")—Yours,

Septimus Wind (M.D.)

◆

TO FREDERICK GREENWOOD, Esq.

Sir,—The *Spectator* of last Saturday publishes an article in which the writer speculates—ingeniously, however unprofitably—as to whether a moderate amount of laughter will be permitted in the next world. Will the after-piece which is to follow the drama of this life be, to a certain extent, tinged with comedy; or, being absolutely perfect, does it not follow that all error, all incompleteness, all incongruity, all grotesqueness—in a word, all cause for laughter, will be absent from it? These startling inquiries, which, I must add (for the benefit of those who are not in the habit of reading the *Spectator*) are made in no irreverent spirit, have been suggested by a poem on the death of Artemus Ward, and both the poem and the article seem to have been suggested by the apparent difficulty of assigning to the professed humourist a place among the angels. The *Spectator*, with its usual kindliness, solves the difficulty in favour of the humourist, which is only a trifle less presumptuous, however, than to decide the point against him.

Shaver Slow.

◆

TO BENJAMIN MORAN, Esq.

Sir,—Patti [illegible] *la Diva* arrived in Paris [illegible]. At Marseilles her reception can only be compared to that which Jenny Lind met with in America. She sang first in *Lucia* and then in the *Barbiere*, and learnt her part in French in twenty-four hours, as the rest of the artists could not pronounce Italian. The last evening a perfect ovation was prepared for her on her quitting the theatre. Ten thousand individuals were crowded in the very small space which separates the theatre from the Hotel du Luxembourg. Her carriage and horses proceeded at a foot pace, people threw themselves almost under the wheels, the glasses were smashed, her bonnet fell in the confusion, and was instantly torn in atoms, the smallest shred thereof being seized upon as a relic. On reaching the hotel she was compelled to appear on the balcony, where the crowd obliged her to remain one hour and a half, clamorously beseeching her to throw down some of the flowers under which she had been almost smothered on the stage. Each leaf as it fill was caught and treasured as though it had been the love token of "*la Diva*" to each separate individual of the dense mass of human beings over whom her genius swayed for the moment with almost supernatural power.—Your obedient Servant, PAUL MOLET

TO HENRY F. CHORLEY, Esq.

SIR,—The Reid concert at Edinburgh given this year by Professor Oakeley appears to have been a greater success than on any former occasion. The orchestra was led by Mons. Sainton, and conducted by Herr A. Manns, director of the Crystal Palace concerts. The artists engaged were Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle Enequist, Mr W. H. Cummings, vocalists; Herr E. Pauer, pianist; and M. Sainton, violinist. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Introduction, pastorale, minuet, and march—General Reid; pastoral symphony—Beethoven; duet, "Souvenir"—Pinsuti; air, "Pur dicesti"—Lotti; pianoforte concerto, in F minor—Weber; song, "Farewell, if ever fondest prayer"—H. S. Oakeley; song, "L'air du Rossignol"—V. Massé; overture, "Hebrides"—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Violin concerto—Mendelssohn; Lied, "[illegible]"; romance, "A quoi pense [illegible]"—H. S. Oakeley; pianoforte solos, "Air and Gavotte"—Bach; pianoforte solo, "Andante Spianato and Polonaise"—Chopin; duet, "[illegible]"—Rossini; song, "Adelaide"—Beethoven; ballads, "Home they brought her warrior dead," "The Troubadour"—H. S. Oakeley; aria, "[illegible]"—[illegible]; overture, "Guillaume Tell"—Rossini.

The *Edinburgh Daily Review* says the orchestral performances were altogether superior to any we have heard in Edinburgh for finish of style, vigour, and clearness of interpretation. The performers seemed all thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the work, and went together like one man. The *Caledonian Mercury* says:—"This commemoration of the General who founded and endowed so handsomely the Chair of Music in our University was, we are happy to state, a very remarkable success. And such it ought to have been. The arrangements were perfect beyond those of any former year, not merely in the musical department, but in respect to the accommodation and aesthetic gratification of the public. The preparations were more satisfactory than on any former occasion we can remember. Nor can less be said of the programme. It supplied varied examples of this delightful art from the pens of the greatest masters of harmony and melody, and all were splendidly executed. The instrumentation, conducted by Herr Manns, a gentleman who is evidently second to none in directive ability, proceeded from first to last with the utmost precision. Little need be said of the soloists. Mdlle Enequist exhibited to the full her great accomplishments, and attracted the warmest plaudits from the audience. Madame Sainton-Dolby also sang to admiration. Professor Oakeley had every reason to be gratified with the style in which she rendered both his lovely ballads, "Home they brought her warrior dead," and "The Troubadour." The hall was, of course, crowded, and with an audience the best our city could produce. A fitting appreciation of the excellence of the performance was shown throughout; and, indeed, if Professor Oakeley continues to furnish us with such a concert in subsequent years, we shall have much reason to congratulate ourselves upon the change of management."—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

[illegible] PRIMER.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—The time approaches, now prepare your arms,
Muster your forces, range your bright array;
Ye lady artists, deck and wreath your charms,
The concert season slowly comes this way.

Now see the singer of many years,
Calmly await engagements to fall due;
Heedless of all the nervous anxious fears,
That each stripling "artist" will [illegible]

See the young maiden *débutante* [illegible]
Growing more anxious at the trying time,
Masters all "pieces" to prove that they may bear,
To furnish those that critics may not her revile.

So the composer anxious too is he,
Picturing triumphs from his new ideas;
But who has often strange success we see
In "that one subject" that contained our fears.

Primo soprano, tenore e con tutti,
Long at us your sweet sounds may our listeners bless;
Al tenore e basso profondo
(*Anche leggiero*) all I wish success.

1867 P. H. ATKINSON.

TO ZACHARIAH BUCK, Esq.

SIR,—Another member of the "Long Firm," dating from London, has been endeavouring to obtain from Mr Richard Mellor, of Huddersfield, a pianoforte advertised at sixteen guineas. He wrote to Mr Mellor describing himself as a cow-keeper and dairy man—and wanting a good second hand piano for a present, but not wishing to go to the expense of a new one for such a purpose, he thought the one in question likely to suit him, and asked to have full particulars of the instrument. Mr Mellor (not liking the appearance of his customer) simply sent him a few lines to say the piano was fully described in the advertisement, and would be found to be equal to the description. The dairy man at once wrote to have it sent to a certain railway station, until called for—and asked to know the best way of sending the money. Mr Mellor in the meanwhile had inquired quietly about his new customer, and found the professed cow keeper had neither animals nor dairy, and had only been a few days at the address he gave. He wrote to tell him the piano was quite ready to be sent, and the best way of remitting the money would be in a banker's draft or post office order. This letter only brought another from the cow keeper to request the piano might be sent at once, when he would send the money on receipt of the instrument. The following characteristic letter from Mr Mellor closed the matter:—

"SIR,—I am in receipt of your third letter asking me again to send off the piano. You appear to be a cow keeper, and I suppose that in selling a cow to a stranger to go 200 miles, you would like to have the money for the cow before you sent her so long a journey. As 'there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip,' she might die of the cattle plague on the way, and you have a 'plague' and a bother to get your money. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and you must send me the money for my piano before it leaves my shop.—Yours faithfully, "RICHARD MELLOR.

Huddersfield, March 19th, 1867."

TO SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Esq.

SIR,—A great many incorrect reports have been circulated on the subject of Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, and certain alleged alterations and additions to the music attributed to M. Fétis. M. Fétis superintended the production of the work, but I am assured that he neither added anything nor took anything away from the original score. Meyerbeer had finished the opera to the last note. He had even set some portions of it in two and even three different ways, and it was M. Fétis's task to choose between the various readings. I learn from a respected contemporary that there were twenty-one numbers in the opera, without counting two grand instrumental pieces, a "Religious March," and an "Indian March," in which a pas for a troop of dancing girls is included. An air for Mdlle. Battu, in the first act, and one for Mdlle. Sax, in the second, was both published in two keys. M. Faure's principal air was published for baritone, tenor, and bass, and there were also two transposed editions of a ballad which M. Faure had to sing in the third act. Finally, out of M. Naudin's scena in the fourth act, as many as four different publications were made, two of the scena itself, and two of a melody extracted from it.—Yours, faithfully, GEORGE ROOKES.

TO THOMAS PROWSE, Esq.

SIR,—I was calling on a friend the other day, and the conversation turning upon new music, I volunteered to procure some new pieces; my friend tendered me the full amount for the pieces (that is, the marked prices). She was astonished when I told her that I should only have to pay half price, as her daughters, who are finishing their education at a fashionable boarding school, must always be charged the full amount for their music. Now, may you inform me, does the professor of music or the schoolmistress get the benefit of this profitable arrangement? I hope the former, but fear the latter.—Yours, &c. P. H. ATKINSON.

TO JOHN BOOSEY, Esq.

SIR,—Now that all the world is striving to complete the other half in the display of natural objects of manufacture and art, peculiarities of custom and costume, at the Exposition at Paris, would it be out of place to give a series of concerts for the performance of standard English compositions? I think that it would ensure a profitable result from not only the English residents and visitors, but by the *Monde Parisienne*, who are, I know, partial to our good English ballads. I have heard some liberal members regret the inferiority of their drawing-room "chansonnettes," and it might stimulate their popular composers to persevere and endeavour to make the standard of light French ballads rise to a higher pitch than it does at present. Of course I mean this with all liberality, "*les exceptions font la règle*," disclaiming any desire to draw any invidious or injurious comparisons, but purely from a wish to see this portion of our nation represented at the [illegible] now being held at Paris.—I remain, yours faithfully, P. H. ATKINSON.

Saturday, March 30.

TO MAJOR WHITMORE.

MAJOR,—The drums of the cavalry bands of the British army are in need of much improvement, both as to tone, shape, and machinery—in fact they are not a bit better than those used by the most barbarous inhabitants of the countries and tribes in the interior of Africa; and, to prove my assertion, I would recommend you and any other parties interested in instruments of percussion to go and see two drums taken by a party of the 4th West India Regiment on the 30th of June last, in the stockaded town of Tubab, on the river Gambia, in Africa. They were presented to the regiment by the Governor of the Gambia, Colonel [illegible] D'Arcy, who witnessed the bravery of the officers and men of the 4th West India on that day. They have been sent over to England by Lieutenant Dowley, an officer of the regiment (and a son of a worthy bandmaster well known throughout the British army), by command of the Colonel, to be mounted in silver and improved, if possible. In the tone they cannot be, for it is as good as any of the kettle drums now in use, though the drum heads are not tanned. They are curiosities in their way, and worth seeing, from their originality and the primitive style of the machinery attached to each. The shells are of African oak, and if they equal, when modernized, a pair that General O'Connor gave under similar circumstances to the 2d West India Regiment, they will be a credit to the band of the regiment. The tone was first-rate. The above drums can be seen at Henry Distin's manufactory, Great Newport Street, for a short time.—I am, yours &c.,

BASHI BAZOUK.

◆

TO DION BOUCICAULT, Esq.

SIR,—A strange scene took place on Tuesday night at the Harrisburgh (Pa.) Theatre during the performance of the *Long Strike*. The audience were spell-bound when it came to the trial scene, and the judge asked the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" A well dressed, intelligent-looking gentleman left his seat in the centre of the parquette, elbowed his way through the crowd to the edge of the stage, and very calmly called out, "Stop." The actor who was personating the part of Moneypenny, thinking the man intoxicated, walked down to the footlights and the following dialogue ensued:—"Will you oblige me by taking your seat, sir?" The gentleman replied, "I want to give an opinion." "Well," said the worthy manager, "we are willing to hear it." The stranger proclaimed in a loud voice, "It was not that man (pointing to the prisoner, Jem Starkie) who killed him. I saw who did it. I saw the person shoot from behind the hedge." Thus turning upon his heel he left the theatre, escorted by a police officer, and venting his anger in subdued curses upon the injustice of the English courts, who refuse to take the evidence of an eye-witness. The man was not intoxicated, as was at first supposed, but his imagination became excited to such a degree that he forgot where he was and thought the murder and trial a reality.

[illegible]

◆

TO W. R. SAMS, Esq.

SIR,—(*Refreshments to the Band at the Royal Italian Opera.*)—Signor Guadagni, on the occasion of his first appearance last Thursday at Covent Garden, treated a select few of the gentlemen of the orchestra to some liquor. Mr T. Harper, the eminent horn player, took more than his share—in fact he took it all over his shirt front. It is only fair to add, however, that Messrs. Kreutzer, Zerbini, Foulkes, and Lazarus had plenty too. Signor Guadagni also presented Mr Horton, the timpanist, with a locket.

AP' POODLE.

FACTS 1 AND 2.—In Act II. he dashed the goblet drawn by Faust all over the band, and then the locket right on to the drums.

[Fact 3.—It was not Guadagni, inasmuch as there is no such person. Fact 4.—It was not Guadagnini, inasmuch as it was M. Petit.—A. S. S.]

◆

TO FRANK MORI, Esq.

SIR,—A suit of a singular sort was heard not long since before the Civil Tribunal of Seine. M. Belval, bass singer at the Grand Opera, applied to be released from accepting the part of the Grand Inquisitor which M. Perrin, director, had assigned to him in Verdi's *Don Carlos*, on the ground that it was only a secondary part. Defendant's reply was that although the part was short, it was important, and in every respect, save length, first-class, and one which could not be confided to a second-rate artist. The Court before giving judgment charged M. Ambroise Thomas, of the Institute, to examine, as expert, the score of the opera and determine whether the part of the Grand Inquisitor constituted that of a first bass or not.—Yours obediently,

[illegible]

◆

TO LINDSAY SLOPER, Esq.

SIR,—There is not a little to lend plausibility to the theory that Liszt is grafting a worldly scion on a religious stock. In this singular position and activity the Abbé Liszt has in musical history one predecessor of striking similarity—the famous Abbé Vogler. We wonder that this *double* has been nowhere remarked upon. The Abbé Vogler (born 1749, died 1814) was a man of unquestionable geniality and [illegible], one with whom surely it is no dishonour to Liszt to be compared. Renowned as a writer and a composer, as a virtuoso of the pianoforte and the organ, Vogler by his richly endowed original nature played a brilliant part in society and exercised a sort of magic over his pupils and admirers. In the descriptive, poetising tendency of his music he in a sense foreshadowed some of Liszt's latest works, by playing on the organ the "Death of Duke Leopold upon the Sea," the "Siege of Jericho," and the like. To his admirers Vogler was a miraculous man; to his adversaries an ingenious charlatan. Vogler's successes in Vienna in 1803 and 1804 about represent the Liszt enthusiasms of the present time. To-day he would direct an oratorio in the Theater auf der Wieden, to-morrow he would give an organ concert, and on the third day celebrate with the greatest pomp high mass in the Church of St. Peter, the music roaring down from the choir, being of his own composition. The little Abbé was always dressed in a swallow-skirted black frock, black satin breeches, red stockings and shoes with yellow buckles. He wore the grand cross of the order of St. Louis on the left breast, and the little Abbé's cloak of black silk fell back over the left shoulder. The Abbé Vogler could not forego a certain measure of charlatanry in any of his functions, especially did he know how to heighten his artistic nimbus admirably well by the religious one.

Forkel's Almanac tells how Vogler, "When he is to play at anybody's house, sends his prayer book before him, and, after being there a while, suddenly gets up, goes into another room, where he suffers no soul to come near him, and there prays out of his book."

To such vain comedy we are sure that Liszt—in our estimation the more sincere and more significant artist—will never stoop. But the outward resemblance and the inward affinity between these two marvellous natures is unmistakable, and so the two Abbés do us, as it were, the service each to explain the other. The late Baron Humboldt, in a letter shortly before his death, which he wrote to Varnhagen, declares that he has grown old enough never again to be astonished even at the absurdest things. "Only," concludes the letter, "only the Hungarian honorary monk remains a riddle to me." That honorary reception of Liszt into the [illegible] of a Hungarian monastery, to which Humboldt alludes,—a monastery which had been extremely hospitable towards him—was little more than an act of courtesy on both sides, without binding consequences. Why should not the finest showman of our metamorphoses, who appeared in Jena in the German student's jacket, in Pesth in the embroidered Magyar frock with sabre and spurs, and otherwise in other places—why should he not once too feel the poetic contrast of the cloister habit and dream himself a Capucin for one day? But when, about eighteen months back, Liszt actually received consecration at Rome, it naturally created some sensation, for, judging from his course of life and temperament, the celebrated pianist did not seem especially predestined for a priest.

But who can see into the utmost depths of a human heart? Who would be rash enough to judge a step, which is only conceivable as bringing an abyss of spiritual conflicts, and which with strong force of [illegible] a life [illegible] to full balance?

Was it then so unnatural, that an easily excitable, fanciful man, who from his childhood had been tossed from one triumph to another, and in a richly stirring life had tasted all enjoyments, honours, and excitements in excess, should now in his fifty-sixth year feel painfully satiated and "overstimulated?" That he should fall from the most intoxicating enjoyment of the world into the opposite extreme of an ascetic piety, and turn his eyes away from this world, which he knew too well, to another world? What happened was precisely the reverse. Liszt, who for some time before his priestly consecration had kept himself concealed behind the Sixtine clouds of incense, stepped suddenly and briskly forth into the sinful world. He hastened from Rome to Pesth as king of a musical festival prepared for him, conducts there in his ecclesiastical garb, his *Saint Elizabeth*, and kindles up the Magyar public by his piano-playing. Thereupon he plunges into the artist's vortex of Paris, brings out his festival mass with great pomp, and it was there reported—so witty is this human life—to have converted a frail sister to virtue by his holy piano-playing.—I am, yours, &c.,

BASHI BAZOUK.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty-eight Guineas.
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BIRTH.

On Thursday, March 28th, at 9, Burghley Road, Highgate Road, the wife of Mr. J. G. Patey, of a daughter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hiram Mathew.—The fumes of sulphuric acid, given off in the process of copper smelting, are the causes of the blasting and destruction of vegetation over large meadows in the vicinity of such works. A process, however, has just been discovered which promises to change all that. The sulphuric acid, instead of being poured into the air to poison it, will be condensed and utilised.

Josiah Pittman.—The first contract for the restoration of Salisbury Cathedral has been carried out, and a second contract entered upon for further works, which embrace the restoration of the west front; this portion will be completed by June next. The difficult task of strengthening the tower and spire has been performed. We trust these portions of the glorious structure will not require further attention for centuries to come.

John Muir Wood.—Burns's cottage at Alloway has long been desecrated to the uses of a wayside drinking house. It is, now, however, in the market, at an upset price of £3000, including five of its original seven acres of land.

Le Chevalier Hoggenheim.—M. Roger de Beauvoir died at the Batignolles, Paris, in the 57th year of his age. He was known as a dramatic author, more especially from his novel of the *Chevalier de Saint-Georges.*

The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867.

[Translations by M. E. von G. from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.]

"St. Paul" at Vienna.

(*From a letter dated March 2nd, 1839.*)

St. PAUL has at length been performed here, thus arriving last of all at the greatest musical town of Germany. That Mendelssohn's works have till now found so little favour in Vienna is a fact so closely connected with the musical life of the place as to be worth considering by itself, and I shall return to the subject another time. Meanwhile I will only say that the Viennese are absolutely incredulous as to the capacities of all foreign musical celebrities (with the exception of an Italian or two); but once win their hearts, and you may turn them and twist them as you like, they will smother you with praises and embraces. There is a clique here, the descendant of those which hissed off Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Beethoven's Overture to *Leonora*, a clique who pretend that Mendelssohn composes nothing that can be understood, who have an idea that they can put a stop to his fame by a volley of pitch-forks and sticks, or weapons equally rude; in a word, as contemptible and ignorant a crew, and as incapable of either judgment or action, as the wiseacres of any tenth rate village.

To destroy such pygmies as these requires no apostolic thunder; a mere frown from the proper person is enough to crush them. But *St. Paul* really worked miracles. The audience were actually kindled into a blaze of enthusiasm by its continual succession of beauties. Such fulness, such masterly power, and above all, such enchanting melody, were utterly unexpected. When I counted the people at the end of the performance there were as many as at the beginning! and one must know Vienna to understand the full meaning of that fact. As yet, there has not been much love lost between Vienna and Oratorios of three hours' duration; but *St. Paul* has broken the spell. What more shall I say? Every number told; three were loudly encored, and at the end there was universal applause. Gyrowetz declared that "in his opinion it was the greatest work of modern times," and old Seyfried that "he never thought he should live to hear anything like it in his old age." In short, the victory was a perfect triumph. Considering that the orchestra had only two rehearsals, one cannot but feel vast respect for the ability of the Viennese. The performance was not perfect, indeed it was not to be expected; but a chorus that sings with all its might, and requires to be repressed rather than encouraged, is seldom met with in north Germany, where they persist in keeping their books before their noses, and are only too glad if they get through without breaking down. The Viennese are quite peculiar in their singing; once set them off, and they sing away like a cage full of canaries. The solos were well enough given, though not by the first celebrities of the town; but some, for instance, the bass, were remarkably good. The performance was under the direction of the Society of Amateurs, a most praiseworthy body which has lately shown signs of great activity. Dr. Edler von Sonnleithner deserves especial mention, to whose indefatigable exertions the success of the undertaking was chiefly due; the difficulty of getting together an orchestra of a hundred members in this place is inconceivable, though with more unity of purpose and more concentration of means, it would be easy to summon one of a thousand or more. Therefore, honour be to all those who by their love and devotion have been the means of introducing this work, this treasure of our time, to the many genuine lovers of music in Vienna. It could not fail to leave an impression even on the mass of the people, and the call of "Sleepers, wake" will find an echo in many a heart. There is already some talk of a second and third performance.

The "Midsummer Night's Dream."

(*Extract from a letter.*)

You, dear friend, must of course be the first to hear something about the *Midsummer Night's Dream* from me. We saw it at last yesterday—the first performance for some three hundred years. It was a happy thought of the manager to bring it out in winter, for in summer the *Winter's Tale* would obviously be more to one's taste. Many, I can assure you, only saw Shakspeare for the sake of hearing Mendelssohn. Not so with me. I always knew that Mendelssohn was not like one of those second-rate actors who take care to let every one know when they have a chance of playing in company with their superiors; and accordingly he has made his music (except the overture) a mere accompaniment, a medium or bridge between Bottom and Oberon, without which the transition to fairyland would be almost impossible—a part which the music must have played even in Shakspeare's time. If any one expected more than this, they must have been disappointed; the music is even more subordinate than in the *Antigone*, where, it is true, the choruses obliged him to use it more largely. In the regular business of the play, and in the love-scenes, it takes no part, except once, where it illustrates in a very touching way Hermia's search for her lover. This number is admirable throughout. Elsewhere it merely accompanies the fairy scenes; and there, as I need not tell you, Mendelssohn is in his element—nobody more so. About the Overture there has never been but one opinion, though of course some "translated"* Bottom will always be found to bray disapproval. It has more of the bloom of youth than any of his works; even at that early age he was a skilful artist, and chose a truly happy moment for his first and highest flight.

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* *Enter Bottom with an ass's head.*
Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee, thou art translated!

It touched me extremely to hear fragments of the Overture making their appearance in the more recent numbers of the work; the only place where I found fault with it was at the end of all, where the close of the Overture is repeated note for note. It is easy to see that his object was to round off the composition, but this way of doing it seems to me commonplace. The last scene ought surely to be the finest of all; at any rate I had imagined that a great effect might be made, and expected something altogether fresh and original. Only think of the scene! the fairies swarming in through every chink and cranny of the house for their dance; Puck

> "——and, with broom, before,
> To sweep the dust behind the door;"

and Oberon giving his benediction:—

> "Now until the break of day
> Through this house each fairy stray
> * * * *
> And each several chamber bless,
> Through this palace with sweet peace."

One can imagine nothing more beautiful for music. Perhaps he will still write something new for it? To me, therefore, it seemed as if the climax of the piece were wanting; and notwithstanding all the charming things in the previous acts—notwithstanding Bottom's ass's head—which no doubt pleased many, even now-a-days; notwithstanding the magic of the night in the forest, and the perplexities of the lovers, which no one can forget; notwithstanding all this, the whole gave me somewhat the impression of a *curiosity*.

About the rest, I assure you when the clowns and fairies first enter, the music is wonderfully refined and spirited; and the orchestra sounds as droll and full of mischief as if the fairies themselves had got into the instruments—altogether a new effect. Most lovely, too, is the air and chorus immediately following this—"Ye spotted Snakes"—and so, in fact, in every place where the fairies are at work. Then there's a march (the first, I think, that Mendelssohn has written) before the end of all; it slightly recalls the march in Spohr's *Weihe der Tone*, and might otherwise have been more original; but it has a most charming trio. The orchestra, under the direction of M. D. Bach, played capitally, and the actors took great pains, but the mounting of the piece might almost be called shabby. It is to be repeated to-day.

* * *

AN opera programme is something like a speech from the throne, something like a wine-merchant's circular. This is intelligible enough when we consider the quasi regal position held by the directors of such vast establishments as the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre, and the difficulty that they must experience in finding fresh words of eulogium for the singers whom they successively introduce to the public notice. In offering sherry at twenty-four shillings to the public, the dealer feels bound to declare that it is "a good sound wine." Having begun with such praise as this, what is he to say of his sherry at twenty-eight, unless that it is "*really* a good sound wine"—as though his laudation of the cheaper article had, after all, been only a joke? Then he has some wine at thirty which he can recommend, and some at thirty-six which he can "safely recommend." As for the wine at forty-two it is "fit for a gentleman's dinner-table," while that at forty-eight is "worth buying in large quantities and laying down." The praise now becomes as hot as the wine itself. We are told that the sherry at fifty-four is "very fine indeed," and the sherry at sixty, seventy-two, or whatever the highest quotations may happen to be, the "very finest that can possibly be procured."

Mr Gye's company includes such a number of singers of the very highest class that he might safely leave the public to estimate them at their true value. Besides, whatever he may do in the discharge of his more serious managerial duties, he can never compete with Mr Mapleson in the art of praising his own singers. It is interesting, all the same, to know that Verdi has lately paid a compliment to Mdlle. Fricci, and that Signor Fancelli is thought a much greater vocalist in his own country than he is in England.

Everything in this world is connected, nearly or remotely, with everything else, and it is supposed that the French Exhibition of 1867 will have a great effect this year on the fortunes of the Royal Italian Opera. Our friendly relations with foreign powers are briefly touched upon in the opening sentences of Mr Gye's programme, in which, moreover, special reference is made to the advantages of the Anglo-French alliance. The international copyright treaty, though not, strictly speaking, a subject of the day, is also introduced; but this, at least, is *àpropos* of Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. The privilege of representing these works in England has been purchased by Mr Gye, and both are to be produced at the Royal Italian Opera in the course of the approaching season. This is the most important announcement contained in the programme. Bellini and Donizetti (as the programme truly sets forth) are dead; and it is a fact that the only living composers who write for all Europe are Verdi and Gounod. It is a great triumph, then, for Mr Gye to have secured the two works which may be looked upon as the contributions of the two greatest operatic composers of the day to the French International Exhibition.

* * *

THE remains of Mr Alfred Mellon were deposited in the Brompton Cemetery, between noon and one o'clock on Tuesday. The day was fine, and there must have been nearly 3000 persons at the funeral. There were six mourning carriages, in which sat, as chief mourners, the following:—

1st Coach.	*2nd Coach.*	*3rd Coach.*
W. Wingate	Edward Murray	B. Hopwell
Thos. Mellon.	Geo. Rouse.	F. Alexander.
John Moore	Edward Rouse,	C. Coote
Fred. Pratt.	John Lamb.	Edward Rouse, jun.
4th Coach.	*5th Coach.*	*6th Coach*
Augustus Harris	H. Rouse	Rev. Mr Davis.
Charles Salaman.	W. Noble	H. Eursey
Josiah Pittman	F. Berlyn.	J. C. Pawle.
J. L. Toole.	J. Billington	—— Salle,
		C. G. Verrinder

The pall bearers were—A. Harris, C. Salaman, C. Coote, J. Billington, C. G. Verrinder and J. L. Toole. A long string of private carriages followed those of the chief mourners. Croft's Burial Service (entire) was sung, part in the chapel and part at the grave,[*] by about thirty choristers, from St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Lincoln's Inn, and the Temple—Mr G. W. Martin beating time. All wore surplices, and the effect was solemn and edifying. At the end of the service was sung Mr G. W. Martin's harmonized *chorale*, "What is Life?"[†] The funeral arrangements were under the direction of Mr W. Garstin of Welbeck Street. The lists which have been published by our contemporaries of those who attended the funeral out of affectionate respect, or admiration for the qualities of the regretted deceased, were in all cases very incomplete, and in some incorrect. We ourselves noticed, among countless others, in addition to the chief mourners who have been named, Messrs. G. A. Macfarren, Sainton, Benedict, Arditi, Lindsay Sloper, Meyer Lutz, Randegger, Frank Mori, William Brough

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[*] *In the Chapel*—"I am the Resurrection and the Life" and Purcell's Funeral Chant to the 39th Psalm—"I said I will take heed to my way." *At the Grave*—"Man that is born of a woman," followed by Purcell's "Thou knowest Lord;" and immediately before the last prayer in the Burial Service, G. W. Martin's chorale, "What is life?"—D. P.

[†] See another page.

Barret, Henry Hill, H. Jarrett, E. T. Smith, Campbell Clarke, Ledger (proprietor of the *Era*—where, doubtless, a list will be given as nearly as possible complete), George Dolby, John Boosey, Cunningham Boosey, W. Graeff Nicholls, Sidney R. Pratten, Willert Beale, W. D. Davison, J. W. Davison, Madame Arabella Goddard, &c.—More full particulars in our next.

PARIS

(From our own Correspondent.)

I fear my long silence must have put you to great inconvenience. A very severe illness must plead my excuse with you and your readers, and a promise to make up for wasted time offer fair propitiation. Let me say, however, that, although something in the way of news must have been lost to the subscribers of the *Musical World*, there has not been serious mischief done by my "reticence"—to make use of a modern word which has crept surreptitiously into our literature. Never was there a musical season more barren of events than that just being brought to a conclusion in Paris. Were it not for the production of Verdi's *Don Carlos* at the Grand Opéra, and the anticipations regarding M. Gounod's Shakesperian work *Romeo et Juliette* at the Théâtre-Lyrique, about to be brought out in reality after the number of postponements and disappointments usual at a French lyric theatre, I should not have felt called upon to apologise, or to explain my seeming neglect in stopping my correspondence so suddenly. The excitement about Verdi's opera was intense, but I cannot say it achieved a genuine success the first night. The composer of *Rigoletto* and the *Ballo in Maschera* is in high favour with the Parisian public, and it was palpably wrong to say that there was an organised hostility displayed against his new opera. On the contrary, I am certain that if the public had been impressed by the music they would without thrift have expended their admiration upon it. But my very good friends the Parisians did not understand *Don Carlos*, and took umbrage because it had not been fashioned upon the tuneful cast and rhythmical accents of the *Traviata* or the *Trovatore*. To the many the new opera was a disappointment, and this opinion was freely expressed after the first performance. Some of the best judges, on the other hand, did not refrain from boldly asserting that *Don Carlos* was one of the composer's most admirable works, and that, even though this were not absolutely the case, it contained some of his most powerful and most splendidly dramatic music. The upholders of the opera are likely to have the best of it. Those who found fault the first night are beginning to change their sentiments and to own that they see much in the music to praise. By and bye, I should not be surprised to find that *Don Carlos* was a first-rate success, and that every word of condemnation that had been fulminated against it was rescinded and eulogy substituted. Certainly the representation on the opening night was enough to turn any audience against the opera. The book, even though founded on Schiller's tragedy, is radically bad, and the music is spun out to an inordinate length. Had Verdi followed the counsel of some of the best friends of the theatre and used the pruning knife liberally, in all probability *Don Carlos* would have been a triumph the first night. That it was not there is no denying; but now that cuts have been made and scenes condensed, and all that sort of thing, which has heretofore been necessitated in nearly all master works from *Don Giovanni* to *Guillaume Tell*, there is every prospect that *Don Carlos* will resolve itself into a great hit. I have heard the opera twice, and must confess that I admire some of the music vastly, but fancy that, here and there, in endeavouring to be grandly sublime and profound, the composer has ventured beyond his depth, and has not reached the height of his aspirations. The performance is in the best style of the Grand Opéra, and Verdi has nothing to complain of on this head.

But for the talent of Mdlle. Patti the performances at the Italiens would be dull as Erebus. By aid of the young Queen of Song the representations have occasionally sparkled, but on the non-Patti nights the lustre of the theatre seemed to have died out. The revival of Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* was a failure. Nor was it to be wondered at. With the exception of Gardoni, who sang the music of Paolino delightfully, every artist in the "cast" was *déplacé*. Mdlle. Lagrua was found too heavy for the part of Carolina, Mdlle. Calderon was entirely out of her element in the music of Elisetta, and Mdlle. Zeiss, as Fidalma, was the antipodes of Alboni. With respect to the basses, it is enough to say that Signor Zucchini was the successor of Lablache in Don Geronimo, and Signor Agnesi the successor of Tamburini in Count Robinson. Signor Fraschini made his first appearance a few nights since as the Duke in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and was welcomed by the public and glorified by the press as usual. Strange that while tenors are so much wanted at both Italian operas in London, neither Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Theatre, nor Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, ever thinks of engaging Signor Fraschini, who is absolutely the idol of the Parisians. For my own part I do not like Signor Fraschini, but he has undoubtedly a great reputation, and that is a basis upon which any manager might work. In *Un Ballo in Maschera* the part of Amelia was sustained by Mdlle. Lagrua, for whom an apology was made on the score of indisposition. Signor Cresci played Riccardo.

The benefit of Madame Galli-Marié at the Opéra Comique produced a receipt of 12,150 francs, the prices having been doubled. The programme was unusually attractive, and Madame Nilsson helped the performances by her remarkable talents.

A very admirable bust of Verdi, the work of M. Dantan, jun., has been placed in the *foyer* of the Opera, fronting that of Halévy. There is no mistaking the likeness.

At the last concert of the Athénée, Mdlle. Marie Krebs, pianist to the King of Saxony, achieved a brilliant success. The young artist played Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, with MM. Langhans and Alard-Guérette; Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, Op. 57; a *Gavotte* by Bach, a *Nocturne* by Chopin; and Weber's *Moto Perpetuo*. Mdlle. Marie Krebs has remarkable dexterity of finger, plays with great *chien*, and is altogether a performer *de première force*. She is, however, open to criticism. The *Moto Perpetuo* of Weber was taken at such a pace as to detract greatly from its clearness.

Certain German journals have announced that Liszt has just composed a Grand Mass to be executed at Vienna on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as King of Hungary, and that he will himself direct the performance.

Paris, April 3. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY

The production by this society of Mr. Benedict's *cantata*, entitled *The Legend of St. Cecilia*, which obtained so splendid a success at the recent Norwich Festival, was attended by the most crowded audience of the season. Mr. Benedict himself directed the performance, which was received from first to last with the most flattering applause. At the conclusion the composer was enthusiastically cheered, and called back again to listen to fresh tokens of the lively satisfaction caused by his work—certainly, in many respects, the finest that he has given to the art. The principal parts were supported by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Cummings and Weiss (*vice* Mdlles. Tietjens and Drasdil, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley—the original singers at Norwich). Two pieces were unanimously encored and repeated—the air of the Christian woman ("Father, whose blessing"), admirably delivered by Madame Sainton-Dolby, and the simple and pathetic "Funeral March," as admirably played by the orchestra. Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, conducted by Mr. Costa, followed the *cantata*, with the same principal singers. *The Legend of St. Cecilia* is to be repeated on Friday, the 12th inst., on which occasion it will be more expedient to criticise the performance of an important composition quite new to the members of the society, and with the character of which they will have had time to become more intimately acquainted. Not that the performance was by any means indifferent. On the contrary. But much was still wanting which further study and practice alone can bring. No pains can be too great to bestow on music so genuine and beautiful, and so calculated, besides, to delight a vast mixed audience—which has now been emphatically proved both at Norwich and in London.

HERR JOACHIM left London on Wednesday for Paris, where he intends giving some quartet performances.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD AT HEREFORD.

From the "Hereford Times."

As predicted by us, the lovers of music in Hereford had a great treat on Tuesday evening when Madame Arabella Goddard gave a pianoforte recital at the Shire Hall. The attendance was good, the room being well filled. The programme of the performances, which occupied about an hour and a half, was as follows:—

PART I.

Allegro Grazioso (first time in public)	W. S. Bennett.
Song, "La Pastorella"	Rossini.
Notturno, in C minor	J. Field.
Study (on double notes), in G major	Hummel.
Spinnlied (Songs without words)	Mendelssohn.
Song—"The Maiden's Dream"	Devaulet.
Valse, in D flat	Chopin.

PART II.

Sonata, in D major, Op. 28 (Pastoral)	Beethoven.
Song—"I've been roaming"	C. Horn.
Fantasia (Masaniello)	Thalberg.

Dr. Sterndale Bennett's piece, being given here for the first time in public, naturally excited some interest among the better (musically) instructed part of the audience, and it must be pronounced to have successfully passed the ordeal of trial. The general sentiment of the piece is a graceful liveliness, with occasional touches alternately of deeper feeling and of mirth. The treatment shows excellent taste, the harmonies being agreeable, and the lights and shades being well distributed. The matter is thoroughly good, the fulness of motive showing the composer's fertility of melodial thought. When he chooses to be plaintive his thoughts run very sweetly and tenderly, and his transition to joy is nicely managed. Altogether the "Allegro Grazioso," while it is manifestly the work of a scholar, is full of attractions for the musical public at large. Madame Goddard's execution of it was a marvel of touch; not a light or shade, however delicate, was missed, not a note, however rapidly touched, seemed to be lost, while the crashes came out with the clear, crisp precision of rifle shooting, and the general sentiment of the piece—the graceful playfulness—breathed through all. The next time Madame Goddard seated herself at the pianoforte, she performed a triplet of short pieces, each remarkable in its way, and all tests of skill in execution. The "Notturno" begins with a charming subdued strain, befitting the stillness of night, which soon becomes grave in tone, suggesting the meditations of a philosopher or a vestal, and then continues until dispelled as it were by the awakening morn and the warbling of birds. To this the "Study on Double Notes" was a startling contrast. In the "Notturno" all was sentiment; here all was brilliancy and effect. A great many beautiful combinations were produced by the varying use of the "double notes," but after all they were much in the position of Canning's knife grinder—

Story? Lord bless you! I have none to tell, Sir.

Mendelssohn's beautiful "Spinnlied" completed the triplet. In this charming production the sentiment is nature, while the treatment is that wondrous art which (as the classic poet has it) has achieved the highest triumph of art in concealing itself. To the less critical ear the delicious melody, the easy natural way in which the "song without words" sings itself without a voice right to the heart of the listener, will ever constitute the great charm of these "Lieder;" and in the hands of such an interpreter as Madame Goddard, all this beauty is produced with matchless grace of expression. The audience were on this occasion somewhat languid and undemonstrative, but they warmly applauded the "Spinnlied." The striking valse in B flat, by Chopin, the main characteristic of which is the great variety of the treatment, ranging from the gravity of a requiem up through almost all moods, concluded the first part. It was very finely given, Madame Goddard showing the wonderful versatility of her execution, which was equally fine in all the varied styles which she undertook.

The great feature of the second part was the grand pastoral "Sonata in D" of Beethoven, of which Madame Goddard showed herself to be a competent interpreter, and higher praise could not be given. In this great work, as our musical readers may remember, the chief movements are the *allegro* and the *andante*, which are treated with all the composer's breadth of plan and grandeur of structure, with less than usual of the quaint bizarre use of discords which is so frequent in some of his works. In effect, the *allegro* is somewhat too grave generally, and the *andante* occasionally too lively to bear out the expectation raised by their titles, but the predominant character of both is a richness of materials which necessarily tends towards gravity of manner. The real *allegro* may be said to end with the sweet liquid strain which commences the piece. It, however, soon changes to a deeper and graver harmony. The *andante* is a sweeter and more tender treatment of the minor mode than is common with Beethoven. The "dying fall," when the strain sinks away in the depths of the bass, had a splendid effect. The composer's return to the major mode, in the *scherzo*, is followed by his giving freedom to all the quaint Puck-like humour which had been previously suppressed, and for a while all is mirth and sport; but a tender spirit creeps in, the mirth is echoed with a vein of sadness, and the echo alternately approaches and recedes, the main strain holding on its course the while. This effect was finely given by Madame Goddard. The close was rapid but subdued, although the rondo character was preserved. Languid as the audience seemed to be, they were fairly aroused by this masterly performance, and a pertinacious encore, unreasonable as it was considering the length of the piece and the fatigue which it involved, was yet satisfactory as a proof that the great ability of the executant was appreciated. Madame Goddard appeared, bowed her acknowledgment, and then retired, and the audience was sufficiently well-bred to accept that reply to its demand. The disappointment which some persons may have felt, however, must have been relieved by the execution of the "Fantasia" by Thalberg, which closed the evening's performances. This was a triumph of executive skill, which approached more nearly to that of Thalberg himself than any other pianoforte playing which we have ever heard. The *maestra's* grand feat, the three-handed playing, if we may so write, was performed by Madame Goddard with a compactness of effect which was astonishing. The air, played in the tenor range, was thrown into a grand prominence very remarkable as being produced by the left-hand, while both hands seem to be fully engaged with variations which run down to the depths of the bass, and mounted to the recesses of the alto; yet notwithstanding this strongly marked rilievo, not a note of the air was missing. This wonderful piece of execution delighted every one, and was loudly applauded.

The intervals of the pianoforte performance were filled up by Miss Edmonds, a graceful young vocalist, whose clear, sweet soprano voice had evidently been very carefully trained. Her shake and tremolo were remarkably smooth, her pianissimo very distinct, and her perfect crescendo and diminuendo nicely managed. Her singing of Rossini's "Pastorella" showed great flexibility of voice. In "The Maiden's Dream," hardly a word of which, by the way, was audible to us, she greatly pleased a part of the audience, who insisted upon an encore. Miss Edmonds replied with the old fashioned but excellent "Should he upbraid," which she sang with a good clear enunciation and a graceful expression, which was very pleasing. Of the same class was her singing of the late Madame Vestris's famous cavatina, "I've been roaming," and of the equally old favourite, "Come dwell with me," which she sang in answer to the encore of that song.

The pianoforte, a magnificent toned instrument, worthy of the music performed and of the able performer, was by Broadwood.

Mr. Benedict will conduct the next concert of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, in place of the late Mr. Alfred Mellon. The chief attraction of the programme on this occasion is the new cantata, *The Legend of St. Cecilia.*

Mdlle. Roberta Alexandre, pianist to the King of Prussia, gave the first of a series of *soirées* on Wednesday evening at the Beethoven Rooms. The fair pianist performed Liszt's arrangement of Chopin's Polish songs, and Ravina's "La danse des sylphes," and was eminently successful in both. Mdlle. Alexandre has good mechanism and plays with much grace and feeling. In conjunction with Mr. Goffrie (violin) and Mr. Walter Pettit (violoncello), she performed Beethoven's trio, Op. 1. Mr. Goffrie performed De Beriot's 6th air on the violin, and Mr. Pettit a solo on the violoncello. Miss Louisa Pyne sang sundry popular songs with her usual brilliant effect. Miss Susan Pyne and Miss Barry Eldon also contributed some favourite ballads. Mr. Frank Elmore was encored in "Thou art so near," and Benedict's "Rock me to sleep." Mr. Lewis Thomas was greatly admired in Schubert's "Wanderer" and Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer." Signor Nappi sang two Italian songs. Mr. Goldsmid accompanied most of the vocal pieces in place of Herr Schuberth, announced as conductor, having met with a slight accident.

Basil Barton.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Morning Star."*)

The benefit of Mr S. Arthur Chappell, the director, took place on Monday evening, and attracted one of those magnificent crowds which every *bénéficiaire* loves to see, and of which every single member who has helped to swell the multitudinous whole is proud hereafter to boast that he or she has made a part. St James's Hall was packed from floor to ceiling, and small wonder, seeing there were at least three good reasons why the concert in question should be thronged more than any other one of the splendid series to which it belonged. It was the last of the season, it was the *fête* night of one whom all lovers of the best music delight to honour, and it was an occasion on which, as most people knew, a treat of the most tempting kind was sure to make every devoted Monday Popular disciple's fealty towards Mr Arthur Chappell binding on the score of self-gratification no less than on that of duty. Far, indeed, was last Monday's programme from furnishing an exception to this well known and pleasant rule. It was a feast of very good things, all enjoyed with a fervour which only stopped short of satiety, and one of which will be remembered as a veritable "joy for ever" by everyone present endowed with a nature to be kindled to enthusiasm by that which is pre-eminently perfect, beautiful, and well achieved. We allude to Bach's concerto in D minor for three pianofortes, accompanied by five-stringed instruments, the novelty and grand feature of the evening, and one of the most glorious episodes in concert experiences in which the London public have been invited to participate. The work consists of three movements: a quaint, lively *allegro*, an *andante* full of that old-fashioned loveliness which we associate with Bach and Handel particularly—in a lesser degree with Haydn and Mozart, but with no other composers—and an *allegro finale* of a continuous power and melody belonging especially to a time when the writer's genius was interpreted by, but not subservient, to the performer's mechanical skill or desire for display. The artists who united their efforts for the presentation of this delightful work were Madame Clara Schumann, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Mr Charles Hallé, a galaxy of strength such as has certainly never been brought to bear upon one composition during the memory of the present generation.* We remember seeing it remarked that three or more eminent soloists do not invariably sing a part song better than less accomplished individuals, but this is because vocalists are not always willing to merge their own individuality for the sake of a general result. The players of Monday night thought it no sacrifice to forget self completely in view of the noble task for the completion of which their joint efforts were pledged; and in truth, so nicely balanced are the parts assigned to each instrument in the wonderful D minor concerto, that it would be impossible for one performer to be distinguished above another without detriment to the composer's purpose. Steadily and simultaneously, as if the three key boards had been worked by one pair of hands, the piece proceeded—the five-stringed instruments which formed the orchestra of the occasion (played by Messrs. Joachim, Blagrove, Ries, Piatti, and Reynolds) supporting the pianofortes with the most unfaltering precision, and the audience remained spell-bound until the last bar came to an end with one of those ringing effects peculiar to the time and school of which John Sebastian Bach was so illustrious an example. Then rapturous cheers broke forth, together with verbal utterances of intense appreciation, and a summons for the performers to appear again ran through the hall, which was responded to first by Madame Schumann and Mr Hallé, and then by our English pearl of artists, Arabella Goddard. It is impossible that an event more thoroughly splendid and perfect of its kind can have taken place at any public entertainment in the world.

The other performances, which constituted a bill of fare prodigious in length as in quality, have charms which will be recognised by the briefest allusion. There was Beethoven's tuneful serenade trio in D major (Op. 8), played by Messrs Joachim, H. Blagrove, and Piatti, in the finest style of these well matched coadjutors; there were several of those irresistible tit-bits from Bach's harpsichord lessons, which Mr. Charles Hallé executes with such loving care and neatness; Spohr's graceful *barcarolle* and *scherzo* for violin, given with Herr Joachim's own rapture-raising tone and expression; a *nocturne* by Chopin, and the *scherzo* from Weber's pianoforte sonata in A flat, performed by Madame Schumann; and Boccherini's melodious violoncello sonata in A major, played, of course, by Signor Piatti, and now heard for the eighteenth time at these concerts. Miss Edith Wynne fulfilled the not too grateful task of singing four songs, alternating with instrumental pieces of the most engrossing kind, in a manner which won unanimous approbation. Lastly there was Haydn's string quartet in D major, Op. 51, No. 1, with the favourite *moto continuo*, of all things best calculated to bring a season to a jubilant termination. Every artist was in turn enthusiastically "recalled," but a printed slip of remonstrance, wisely circulated among the auditors, prevented the undue prolongation of the concert by "encores."

The concerts will be resumed early in November of this year.

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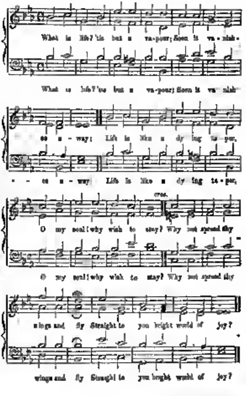
* Moscheles, Thalberg, and Mendelssohn played the trio in 1844 at a concert given by Ernst and Moscheles.—A. S. S.

Chorale

SUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF MR. ALFRED MELLON.

G. W. MARTIN.


What is life? 'tis but a vapour; Soon it vanishes away; Life is like a dying taper,
cres.
O my soul! why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon bright world of joy?
What is life? 'tis but a vapour; Soon it vanishes away; Life is like a dying taper,
O my soul! why wish to stay? Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yon bright world of joy?

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Gye's programme for this year, the twenty-first of the Royal Italian Opera, is in some respects more than usually full of promise. The greatest difficulty which, in a comparatively unproductive period, stands in the way of operatic managers has been encountered with singular good fortune. Meyerbeer, as we are reminded (like Bellini and Donizetti), is no more; Rossini now only exercises his pen on trifles; and Auber is an octogenarian; but, happily, there still exist an Italian and a Frenchman in the vigour of their powers; and from each of these Mr. Gye has secured the exclusive privilege of representing an entirely new work in England. Signor Verdi's *Don Carlos* has just been produced in Paris, with a success at first doubtful, but now apparently unquestioned; and thus the Covent Garden manager promises to his subscribers, with as strong a distribution of the chief characters as his company will admit. Signor Naudin is to play Don Carlos; M. Petit (the Mephistopheles of M. Gounod's *Faust* at the Théâtre Lyrique) Philip the II.; Signor Graziani Count Rodrigues; and last and best, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca the heroine—Elizabeth of Valois. The book of *Don Carlos*, as our musical readers may have heard, is founded upon the celebrated tragedy of Schiller, but with as many deviations from Schiller as in Schiller there are deviations from history. In two of the principal parts—Don Carlos and Elizabeth—Mr. Gye's cast will, we may safely predict, be stronger than that at the Imperial Opera in Paris; while in the third—Count Rodrigues—Signor Graziani will have to act as a substitute for M. Faure with the same energy which he exhibited last year in a similar predicament, when undertaking M. Faure's celebrated character of Nelusko in the *Africaine*. If all be true that is gathered from various sources, the opera of *Don Carlos* contains some of the finest music of its composer. That judicious curtailments will be practised by Mr. Costa is a matter of course. An opera that consumes five hours in performance would weary out the endurance of an English public; and if Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer have been reduced to proportions amenable to a theatre where the curtain is lifted nearly two hours later than at the great lyric establishment in Paris, it is no indignity for Signor Verdi to be submitted to the same indispensable operation. The other important novelty that confers attraction on the prospectus is the long and anxiously expected *Roméo et Juliette* of M. Gounod, which, after many inevitable delays and postponements, is now, it is confidently asserted, to be presented at the Théâtre Lyrique about the middle of the present month. Of this new work it is impossible to say anything positive; but that the subject may have afforded golden opportunities to the composer who gave *Faust* to the world, will readily be imagined. In the scene of the balcony we shall probably have a counterpart of the scene in the garden; in the opening ball scene a counterpart of that of the Kermesse; in the fight and successive deaths of Mercutio and Tybalt another of the fatal duel between Valentine and Faust; and in the scene of the sepulchre something quite as striking as the death and apotheosis of Margaret. Indeed, we hear that in M. Gounod's forthcoming opera the compliment paid to Margaret in *Faust* will also be paid to Juliet, who is to be seen carried off by angels through a transparency—accompanied, let us hope, by her faithful Romeo, despite his having slain in mortal combat two of the near friends of his mistress, for to separate the "star crossed lovers" in the newly invented catastrophe would be a direct violation of poetical justice. While taking into consideration the respective advantages offered to a composer of M. Gounod's peculiar temperament by the subjects of Goethe's and Shakspere's plays, though we cannot forget that in *Romeo* there is no Mephistopheles, we may be consoled by the remembrance that there is a Mercutio; that there is moreover as compensation for Valentine a Nurse, who may possibly have afforded M. Gounod occasion for reopening that comic vein which in *Le Médecin malgré lui* charms by its genial sobriety. To rob Juliet of her Nurse, and Romeo of the only channel of communication with the lady of his love, would be little short of treason against the high majesty of Shakspeare. To conclude—the personage of Friar Laurence will probably have inspired the clever and ambitious Frenchman with a second series of quasi ecclesiastical (Meyerbeerish) harmonies, as forcible as those which give impressiveness to the situation in *Faust*, where Mephistopheles is cowed and terrified by the symbol of the Cross. All this, however, must be bare speculation. That *Romeo and Juliet* has continually occurred to enthusiastic admirers of M. Gounod as precisely the theme upon which his talent might find a happy field of application, is notorious; and that he may have treated it as successfully as he has treated *Faust* is the earnest wish of everyone who longs for a new "sensation" on the operatic stage. That the representative of Juliet at the Royal Italian Opera is to be Mdlle. Adelina Patti, and the representative of Romeo Signor Mario, is enough to create a certain lively interest in advance for the new work of the popular French composer.

These are the promised novelties, to which may be added, as something no less welcome, a revival of *Fidelio*, with Madame Maria Vilda, whose fine voice created so marked an impression last year as Leonora. Nevertheless, it is of no use disguising the fact that this revival would have been twice as welcome had the part of Leonora been allotted to the young and interesting Mdlle. Pauline Lucca. The splendid soprano voice of this lady is equal to all the requirements of the music, while her dramatic capabilities eminently fit her for the character. Another acceptable revival is Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Ninetta; and a third, the brilliant *Masaniello* of Auber. The remaining operas which, under any circumstances, will be given, are *Norma*, with Madame Vilda; *La Favorita*, with Mdlle. Lucca and Signor Mario; *L'Etoile du Nord*—Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Caterina, and Signor Petit, the new baritone, as Peter; *Fra Diavolo*—Mdlle. Lucca as Zerlina, Signor Ronconi as "Milord," and (better late than never) Signor Mario as Fra Diavolo; *Don Giovanni*, with a new Don Giovanni in Signor Cotogni, of whom report speaks highly, Mdlle. Patti as Zerlina, and, not to go further into details, Signor Mario once again, after six years' reticence, as the best of Ottavios; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with an unknown Figaro, in M. Petit, Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci, *vice* Mdlle. Desirée Artot, as the Countess, and the rest of the characters as before; *L'Africaine* (Selika, Mdlle. Lucca), the *Huguenots* (Lucca and Mario), *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Faust e Margherita* (Mdlles. Patti and Lucca alternately as Margherita); *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, with a Figaro, not Ronconi, but Cotogni, a Bartolo not Ciampi but Ronconi (of which last change none will complain, whatever be the result of the first), a Rosina and Almaviva in Mdlle. Patti and Signor Mario, long pronounced "peerless;" *Crispino e la Comare*—worth repeating if only for the duet and dance at the end of the second act, in which Mdlle. Patti and Signor Ronconi, the cobbler's wife and the cobbler, are inimitable; and last, not least, Bellini's *Puritani* and Verdi's *Rigoletto* — with, for the first time in England, Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Elvira and Gilda, two parts which in Paris have won for this accomplished singer and actress recent and brilliant triumphs. About the remaining operas of Mr. Gye's ample repertory which will be drawn from at convenience during progress of the season we need not say a word. They are all familiar, few, if any, novelties, as represented at his theatre.

In going through the catalogue of operas to be performed, we have incidentally named many, if not most, of the principal singers. It is enough, therefore, to add that the new engagements for the present season are—Mdlles. Ahrmann and Leonora Nau, Signori Marino, Gualaghini, Bagagiolo, Cotogni, and M. Petit. Of the first four, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. Signor Cotogni (baritone) enjoys, as we have hinted, a Continental reputation, and the versatility of his talent may be gathered from the fact that he is set down for several parts of the highest consequence. We have already stated that the recommendation of M. Petit consists in his having played Mephistopheles at Paris in M. Gounod's *Faust*. Signor Fancelli, the light tenor, who made a favourable impression last season in one or two parts, including Edgardo (*Lucia*), is re-engaged, as are Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mdlle. Louise Liebhart, Mdlle. Morensi, the promising young American mezzo-soprano, M. Naudin, Signori Neri Baraldi, Ciampi, Capponi, Tagliafico, Polonini, and Attri, with others of less note.

The orchestra will be as heretofore, and the conductor as heretofore—Mr. Costa. It would be impossible to better either master or men. The "scenic artist" is not named in the prospectus, but Mr. Augustus Harris, whose aid in the preparation of grand spectacular operas is invaluable, retains his position as stage-manager. Little is stated about the ballet beyond the announcement that two new "*danseuses*" are engaged (Mdlles. Marina

Mora and Amalia Zucchi), and that the industrious and competent M. Desplaces again occupies the post of ballet-master.

The theatre opened on Tuesday night with the always popular *Norma*, Madame Maria Vilda sustaining the character of the Druid priestess, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington that of Adalgisa, Signor Naudin that of Pollio, and Signor Attri that of Oroveso—precisely the "cast" of last season. It was in *Norma* that the superb voice of Madame Vilda first won the sympathies of an English audience; and though she subsequently appeared as the heroine of Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, her reputation, according to unanimous opinion was mainly due to her success in Bellini's opera. Her reception on the present occasion was just as flattering as on that of the night of her *début*. We found little difference in the general characteristics of Madame Vilda's performance. The quality and resonance of her voice were displayed to the highest advantage in the famous "Casta Diva," with its brilliant pendant, "Ah! bello a me ritorna," the subdued enunciation of the slow movement, in which every note had its value, being even more remarkable than the vigorous delivery of the *cabaletta*—a *bravura* upon which endless modern Italian "cabalettas" have been built. To the dramatic exigencies of the great *finale* of the first act, where the fickle Pollio is confronted with such terrific energy by Norma, Madame Vilda is by no means equal; nor does it seem to us likely that she will ever attain the power indispensable to its effective realization. Judged from a histrionic point of view, moreover, the impressive duet of the second act, in which Norma, having Pollio in her power, threatens him and his compatriots with extermination unless he forthwith abandons Adalgisa, is equally beyond the intellectual reach of Madame Vilda. She exhibited real expression, however, in the pathetic address to her reconverted lover ("Qual cor tradisti"), and thus terminated her performance with a climax in all respects legitimate.

That the Adalgisa of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, judged from a musical point of view, was all that could be wished, we need hardly add. Signor Naudin made as much of the ungrateful part of Pollio as can easily be made in a musical or in a dramatic sense; and Signor Attri sang the music of the high priest Oroveso like a genuine artist. Another word about *Norma* would be superfluous.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Costa, who was welcomed with the accustomed heartiness, was perfect throughout.

A far more interesting performance was that of *Faust e Margherita*, on Thursday night, when Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Signor Mario, and M. Petit, the new singer from the Théâtre Lyrique made their first appearance.

DEATH OF MR. C. H. BENNETT.—We regret to record the death of this remarkable artist, who, after a brief illness, expired on Tuesday morning at his residence in Caversham Road. His premature decease is a real loss to art. Mr. Bennett, though his talent for caricature was great and exceptional, had made his mark by work of original and picturesque character, and his illustrations to Bunyan and other authors are full of vivid power. But his rich fancy and command of the grotesque, found, during the latter portion of his too brief life, their best scope in the pages of *Punch*, which he enriched with large contributions of the most wildly humorous kind, from single figures to the most complex and elaborated allegory. His faculty for likeness was extraordinary, as his groups from the politicians, the Academicians, and the philosophers testified; and he had also what may be termed a Rabelaisian instinct, which gave vitality to the most indifferently unpromising subjects. He was in possession of his full powers, and had been at work within about a fortnight of his lamented death. A more amiable and gentler nature it would be impossible to find than that of Mr. Bennett, and he had deeply endeared himself to his artistic and literary colleagues. A widow and a young family mourn his loss.

WALWORTH.—Mr. Theodore Distin gave a musical entertainment, entitled *Lyrics, Past and Present*, at the lecture hall on Tuesday evening last, before a numerous audience. He commenced by giving specimens of Egyptian, Chinese, and Hindoo melodies on various curious musical (?) instruments. He then gave in succession illustrations from the works of some of the principal composers that have lived since the time of Handel. The air "The heart bowed down" from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was unanimously encored, as was also Handel's "O Ruddier than the Cherry," both being sung in excellent style. Mr. Parker accompanied on the pianoforte, and played Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" fantasia, and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have seen the paragraph in your last issue of the *Musical World* which professes to give a criticism on the recent trial for a bass voice in Durham Cathedral, and as a portion of your correspondent's remarks are apparently selected more as a personal attack on myself, than as a fair and candid criticism, I think that I should be wanting in justice to myself were I to allow such remarks to go before the public unnoticed. First, I must here state that I was among those who had sent in their testimonials to the Dean and Chapter, and had not been selected to compete for the situation, consequently, I could not be said to come under the term of a legal candidate. Knowing as to when the trial was intended to take place and Carlisle being in the neighbourhood of Durham, I determined to go over and pay my own expenses, and, if possible, obtain a hearing. I may here mention that I was not the only one who resorted to the same plan of action; there was a gentleman whose engagement lies not a hundred miles from Worcester Cathedral, who is intimately connected with some of the gentlemen of Durham choir, and I have good authority for stating that the latter parties brought all their influence to bear on the Dean, who distinctly refused to listen to their appeal on his behalf. I succeeded in obtaining a hearing and the above gentleman did not; my expenses were all paid by the Dean and Chapter, and his were not. Hence the spiteful feeling. I am fully convinced that the report alluded to did not come from any of the cathedral authorities, and I further believe that the simple facts alluded to in this letter only require pointing out to enable your readers to perceive that your Durham correspondent has been actuated in his professed criticism by a feeling of pure malice towards me. I do hope that I shall have the pleasure of learning as to who he is, for I feel confident that I have something more in store for him, and surely if he is anything in the shape of a man he will come forward and if possible confute what I have here stated.—Yours, &c.,

Carlisle, March 27. H. W. BARNES.

NEW ITALIAN OPERAS.

The following New Operas have been performed for the first time in the theatres of Italy during the year 1866 :—

Name of the Opera.	Composer.	Theatre and Town where performed.
Amalda da Salerno	Vitali	Brescia.
La Vivandiera al Campo di Federico II	Tiosi	Siena.
I due Mariti	D'Arienzo	Naples (Teatro Bellini).
Uberto da Brescia	Bajetti	Milan (Teatro Carcano).
Veronica Cybo	Malvere	Florence (Pergola).
Alda	Lovatz-Catanzani	Alghero.
Un Curioso di Quarantena	Count F. M. Albini	Bologna (Teatro Contavalli).
Il Conte di Königsmark	Apolloni	Florence (Pagliano).
Loretta l'Indovina	Ruggi	Naples (Bellini).
Sofia	Carlotta Ferrari	Lodi.
L'ultimo degli Incas	Pecchini	Pisa.
Penelope	Rota	Trieste.
**Il Cantor di Venezia*	Marchi	Florence (Pagliano).
Zuleika	Cianti	Milan (Carcano).
Virginia	Mercadante	Naples (S. Carlo).
Isabella Orsini	Bombardi	Verona.
Il Vin di Barbera	Cotti-Cangia	Pinerolo.
La Figlia del Marinajo	Conti	Naples (Bellini).
Claudia	Cagnoni	Milan (Canobbiana).
Caterina Howard	Petrella	Rome (Teatro Apollo).
Ali Bei ed il Poeta d'Onore	Bonghia	Turin.
Il Figlio di Borgna	Strigelli	Milan (La Scala).
La Duchessa di Guisa	Paolo Serrao	Naples (S. Carlo).

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[*] This has been the most successful opera, according to the most reliable critics of the Italian press.

CARLISLE, *Feb. 23rd.*—An English opera company, with Madame Florence Lancia as principal, has just finished a very prosperous engagement here of two weeks. It is the first opera company that has performed in Carlisle, and it has been very warmly received. Madame Lancia's singing and acting are those of an artist of the highest talent and acquirement. She was well supported by Mr. W. Parkinson, tenor, by Mr. Durand, bass, and other members of the company entrusted with subordinate parts. The most favourite opera of the series was Gounod's *Faust*, which drew crowded houses, and the applause was long and frequent. Verdi's *Trovatore* and Wallace's *Maritana* were also much admired.

DONATION TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Captain Hans Busk has just presented to the trustees of the National Gallery a magnificent picture by Nicholas Poussin. In the opinion of competent judges it is one of finest specimens extant of that master. It was painted in 1641, and was purchased some years ago from the Barberini Palace for 600 guineas. This work of art is in excellent preservation, and was for half a century one of the gems of the choice collection of the late Mr. Hans Busk, of Great Cumberland Place.

WALWORTH INSTITUTION.—A *soirée musicale* was given on Tuesday evening week, in the lecture hall, under the direction of Miss Rose Hersee, who was assisted by Mdlle Emilie Georgi, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Signor Caravoglia as vocalists; Herr Wiener (violin), Herr Ganz and Herr Lehmeyer (pianoforte), instrumentalists. Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata was played by Herr Wiener and Herr Lehmeyer. Herr Wiener also gave the *andante* and *finale* of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and Vieuxtemps's "St Patrick's Day" was much applauded. Miss Rose Hersee sang the new valse, "The Rose," composed expressly for her by Louis Engel, and Ganz's "When we went a gleaning." In reply to an encore of the latter she substituted "Sing, birdie, sing." Randegger's "Ben è ridicolo" was very brilliantly rendered by Mdlle Georgi, and warmly applauded. Signor Caravoglia sang the romanza, "Eri tu" (*Ballo in Maschera*).

SOUTHSEA.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Portland Hall was fully and fashionably attended on Friday, the 22d inst., on the occasion of Herr Reichardt's and Herr [illegible]'s vocal and pianoforte recital. Mr. Maw's arrangements deserve especial commendation, and every thing went off satisfactorily. Herr Reichardt was in especial favour with the audience, who did not spare him, but redemanded all his songs. Besides some German *Lieder* Herr Reichardt gave several of his own compositions, including the popular "Lover's Request," and in the encore he substituted his new song, "I long for the violet of spring," and the always welcome "Thou art so near and yet so far," which of course was redemanded. Herr Reichardt sang in lieu thereof his melodious cradle song, "Good night." Herr Reichardt also gave Beethoven's "Adelaida," which was greeted with warm applause. The concert altogether afforded the highest satisfaction.

THE WESTBOURNE SOCIETY.—The last *soirée* for the season of the members of the above society, under the direction of Madame Leupold, took place at the palatial residence, 79 Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, of Mrs. Wm. Powell, whose large and elegant suite of rooms was granted for the occasion to the Westbourne Society. It is always a pleasure to hear a new work from the pen of a native composer, more especially when the composer is a man of real talent. A selection from the opera, *The Wave King*, by Mr Emanuel Aguilar, constituted the first part of the programme. The subject is evidently German. The opera, if we are not mistaken, was composed for the Pyne and Harrison troupe. Mr Aguilar's veneration for art is indisputable, and his compositions invariably take a high tone. *The Wave King* is a favourable example of his most earnest style. The overture, played as a duet on the pianoforte by Madame Leupold and the composer, displays great fancy and dramatic taste. The forms of each movement are closely allied to the models left us by the great masters, and I am sure that, if performed by an efficient orchestra, it would be eminently a success. In the opening chorus the freshness of the voices was apparent. It was followed by a recitative and aria for a baritone with chorus. The solo was sung most effectively by Mr Ralph Wilkinson. Miss Lindo sang a romance, "The costly pearls," in a highly creditable manner. The grand aria, "O cruel fate," which she gave with impassioned energy, was another success. An amateur tenor sang the romance, "I leave thee," and an aria, "I would bear all," with excellent taste. Miss Tourrier and Miss Alice Ogle excited much attention by their singing of a capital duet, "Wherefore here?" presenting many points deserving of praise. The choruses throughout worked well. The finale, "Hail to our lovely Queen," is an admirably written and brilliant morceau, and was loudly applauded. The composer and Madame Leupold presided at the pianoforte, and were assisted most materially by Herr Charles Oberthür in the accompaniment on the harp. The whole performance was a great success. Mr Aguilar has to be congratulated on the performance of a work that has only to be heard on the stage to be duly appreciated. The second part consisted of popular part-songs, which were admirably performed by the members. A new part song, "Winds of Autumn," by Herr Oberthür, was highly successful, as was also that by Mr Henry Leslie set to Miss Procter's lines, "The Pilgrim." The attendance was numerous and fashionable.

BASHI BAZOUK.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—A concert was given on Friday at the above rooms, for the benefit of the expenses incurred for the support of the French Evangelical Church at Bayswater. We are glad to say that a considerable sum was realised. The singers were Fräulein Mehlhorn—who sang an air from *Guillaume Tell*, two German *lieder*, and took part in the duet "Segui a cara," from Spohr's *Faust*, in all of which she was successful; Herr Stepan, a German basso, new to this country,—who introduced a gondolier song by Esser, with violoncello *obbligato* played by Herr Daubert, and Lortzing's popular "Einst spielt ich," from the *Czar und Zimmerman*, which pleased immensely; Mdlle. Anna Drasdil—who displayed her fine contralto voice to advantage, in a song of Randegger's, in Mendelssohn's *Herbstlied*, and some Bohemian national songs; Miss Florence de Courcy—who contributed "Perchè non ho," from *Lucia*, and Mr. Henry Smart's pretty ballad, "Hark, the bells are ringing," both most effectively; and Mr. Frank Elmore—who gave his own ballad, "The Woodman," a song by John Barnett, which being encored he substituted "Thou art so near and yet so far," and, with Miss Florence de Courcy, Mr G. B. Allen's duet from *Castle Grim*, "How couldst thou change," which ended the concert. The instrumental portion consisted of Mozart's trio in E, for piano, violin and violoncello, performed capitally by Herren Silberschmidt, Wiener and Daubert. The last named played two solos on the violoncello, and Herr Wiener performed Ernst's fantasia on *Pirata*. Herr Silberschmidt gave Willmer's fantasia on airs from *Faust* with much effect, and accompanied most of the vocal music. Herr Fillig on the zither displayed the capabilities of that instrument to the best advantage. Strange that in a concert devoted exclusively to an object connected with France, not a single French player or singer lent his services. All were English or Germans.

BASHI BAZOUK.

MDLLE. ZEISS has been singing in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, at the Italian Theatre, Paris. The *Siècle* says:—"Mdlle. Zeiss has some splendid notes in her voice, and sang her grand air in the second act very finely." Mdlle Zeiss also appeared at a concert given by the Emperor and Empress at the Tuileries, when she sang the duet, "Tu de me gelosa" (*Leonardo Gentile*), with Signor Zucchini extremely well. The duet was greatly applauded.

MISS LOUISA PYNE'S CONCERT.—Miss Louisa Pyne has so long been acknowledged one of the most accomplished of English *prime donne*, and one of the greatest favourites of the public, that it cannot be surprised that the large Hall of St James's was occupied by a crowded and brilliant audience on Tuesday night, when she gave her first benefit concert. The contributions of the fair artist to the programme comprised Donizetti's cavatina, "L'amor suo," Mr F. Clay's ballad, "I thought his heart was all my own," Mr. M. Lutz's song, "A sigh went floating," Bishop's "Home, sweet home," and duets with her sister, Miss Susan Pyne, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Miss Louisa Pyne sang with that perfect taste and judgment, combined with a voice of the greatest purity and expression, which have long won for her the highest name among artists. She was applauded enthusiastically in all her efforts and never sang better. Mdlle Liebhart, in Mr Ganz's "Love hath a little maid," was loudly encored. Miss Susan Pyne gave the ballad from Macfarren's *Charles II.*, "She shone before me like a star." Miss Susan Galton sang the *rondo finale* from *La Sonnambula*; Madame Sainton-Dolby, a song by Claribel; and Miss Ransford, Horne's "Thro' the wood"—all with decided effect. Madame Dolby sang "The Children's Kingdom," by Blumenthal, with accompaniments for pianoforte, harp, and harmonium by Messrs. Thouless, John Thomas, and Lutz, a fine performance on all hands and very favourably received. Mr Perren sang Roeckel's serenade, "Arise sweet maiden mine," and his own ballad, "I love the lass," and Mr Weiss introduced a new song entitled "I am not old," which he sang with great effect and feeling, it just suiting his voice and style. He was loudly applauded. Other popular compositions were sung by Mr J. G. Patey, Signor Ambonetti, &c., to which it is not necessary to allude. The instrumental music was excellent. Madame Schumann played the *Rondo Capriccioso* of Mendelssohn, and with Signor Piatti a duet for violoncello and pianoforte by Robert Schumann, consisting of three pieces of his "Mährchen Bilder" (Op. 113). Both performances were greeted with acclamations. Signor Piatti gave a solo by Schubert, "Litanei," an exquisite composition exquisitely played. Messrs. Benedict, Francesco Berger and Meyer Lutz officiated as accompanists.

BASHI BAZOUK.

WHITEHAVEN.—The opera company who have been performing in Carlisle with so much success appeared during the week at our Theatre Royal and drew crowded houses. *Il Trovatore* was the opera given the first night, with Mdme. Lancia, Mdlle. Alessandri, Mr Parkinson and Mr. Durand in the principal parts. In "Tacea la notte," and the romance in the fourth act Madame Lancia showed that she possesses a voice capable of giving the most impassioned music with the greatest effect. Indeed, her performance altogether was marked by a grace and expression that derived double effect from her handsome features and elegant figure.—*Whitehaven Herald.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Lamborn Cock & Co.—"Part Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass"—Secular Series, No. 8. Edited by John Hullah.

Ewer & Co.—"Schumann's Vocal Album;" "The Young Pianist's Guide," by Arthur O'Leary; "Danse des Fantômes" by William Castell; "[illegible]" (Chanson); "Ritornello Campi," "La Remembrance," "Scènes Opératiques," "[illegible]," "La [illegible]," di G. Lazzarini.

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ITALIAN			
La Sera [illegible]	"	4	6
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Il [illegible]	"	3	0
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Published by William Duncan Davison, at the Office, 244, Regent Street.—Saturday, April 13, 1867.

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VOL. 45—No. 15. SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INSTITUTED 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter 1830.—The HALF SESSION will commence on Monday, May 13th.

Candidates for admission can be examined on Mondays and Thursdays after the 27th instant, at Eleven o'clock.

By Order,
WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT,
Principal.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square,
April [illegible], 1867.

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MR. AUSTIN has the honour to announce to his Friends, Patrons, and the Public, that his

ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

TUESDAY EVENING, April 30th, 1867,

Commencing at Eight o'clock.

VOCALISTS.—Madame Maria Vilda, Miss Ida Gilliess, Miss Ada Jackson, and Miss Palmer; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Wilfred Morgan, and Mr. F. C. Patey. INSTRUMENTALISTS.—Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes, and Madame and Herr Joell.

CONDUCTOR, MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Family Ticket (to admit Four), £1 1s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Chappell; Mr. Mitchell; Mr. Bubb; Messrs. Lacon & Ollier; Messrs. Hopwood & Crew, and [illegible]; Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co., Bond Street; Mr. [illegible], 46, Wigmore Street; Messrs. [illegible] & Sons, 3, Princes Street, Oxford Circus; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, [illegible], Piccadilly.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and PROMENADE.—Vocalists: Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mons. de Fontanier. Solo Violin, Herr Straus. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Programme includes the Pastoral Symphony; Overtures, Spohr's "Jessonda," and Schumann's "Manfred;" Scherzo from MS. Opera "The Sapphire Necklace," A. S. Sullivan.

Admission, 2s. 6d.; Children, 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

NOTE.—By kind permission the Boats of the Oxford and Cambridge University Rowing Clubs will be exhibited in the Centre Transept this afternoon.

DUBLIN.—MR. GASKIN'S VOCAL CLASSES.

THE following popular New Songs and Duets will be practised by the Pupils of Mr. Gaskin's Vocal Classes during the present Session:—

SONG, "SIGHING FOR THEE"	*John [illegible].*
BALLAD, "THE SPRING"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
DUET, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA"	*Henry Smart.*
SONG, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	*Wilfred Morgan.*
[illegible], "'MID THE ROSE LEAVES"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
BALLAD, "THE MAID OF [illegible]"	*J. Guglielmo.*

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI has the honour to announce that she will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT at the Beethoven Rooms, on Wednesday, May 15th. Full particulars in future announcements. Tickets to be had of D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, and of Mdlle. Rita Favanti at her residence, [illegible], Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W.

HERR and MADAME SAUERBREY'S EVENING CONCERT will take place in May. Particulars will be shortly announced. [illegible], Manchester Street, Manchester Square, W.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place on Wednesday Evening, the 5th of June, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. All information of Herr Lehmeyer, 27, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

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TO CONCERT GIVERS, &c.—A PIANIST is open to accept Engagements to accompany Vocalists at Matinées, Soirées, &c., &c., &c. He would also accompany Vocalists during their daily practice. Address X., care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street.

TO VIOLINISTS.—A First rate PETER GUARNERIUS, pronounced by the highest authorities in the matter to be his masterpiece, wonderfully preserved, unusually fine wood, exceedingly noble tone, is, on account of the death of the proprietor, TO BE SOLD. To be seen every Tuesday and Friday from Twelve till One o'clock, at Herr [illegible], [illegible], Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. Ladies and Gentlemen proposing to give Concerts, Balls, Readings, etc., or to hold Public or Committee Meetings, Bazaars, Fancy Fairs, etc., are respectfully invited to be early in their applications.—Apply to Mr. Fish, at the Rooms.

ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her) at Miss Edwards' Concert, Westbourne Hall, April [illegible].

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "MID THE ROSE LEAVES" (composed by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), at Croydon, April [illegible].

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," at the Beethoven Rooms, April [illegible].

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA'S English Opera Company will perform the following Operas: *La Sonnambula, Il Trovatore, The Crown Diamonds, Fra Diavolo, Faust,* and the *Barber of Seville,* during the Easter week, at the Theatre-Royal, Brighton.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI has returned to Town from her Tour in Ireland and is re-engaged for the Autumn. All communications relative to Opera and Concert Engagements to be addressed to her at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street; or her residence, [illegible], Abingdon Villas, Kensington.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he will return to London for the Season on the 20th of May. All communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, etc., etc., address, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

Glasgow, April 9th, 1867.

ST JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET & PICCADILLY

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ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT

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TUESDAY EVENING, April 30th, 1867,

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Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets to admit Four, £1 1s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs Chappell; Mr. Mitchell; Mr Bubb; Messrs Lacon & Ollier; Messrs Hopwood & Crew, and Messrs. Lamborn Cock, Addison, & Co., Bond Street; Mr. Nimmo, 36, Wigmore Street; Messrs. Ransford & Son, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus; Messrs Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Mr Austin's Ticket Office, 14, Piccadilly.

MR. HORTON C. ALLISON'S THREE RECITALS of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at the Beethoven Rooms.—The Second will take place on Wednesday evening, April 24th, at Half past Eight o'clock, when Mr Allison will play a Selection from the Works of Mendelssohn, Meyer, Heller, Chopin and Schumann, and a [illegible] and Tarantelle of his own composition. Vocalists, Mdlles. May Burney, Eleanora Roscoe and Marie Stocken. Accompanist, Mr E. H. Allen. Tickets, 1s., of Mr Horton C. Allison, 108, Marylebone Road, and of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. HORTON C. ALLISON'S SECOND RECITAL,

AT THE

BEETHOVEN ROOMS, April 24th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing the following at the above Recital:—

New Ballad, "SIGHING FOR THEE" ... ... *Jules Benedict;*

AND

New Song, "THE SPRING" ... ... *Wellington Guernsey.*

Tickets and Programmes of Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

DUBLIN.—MR. GASKIN'S VOCAL CLASSES.

THE following popular New Songs and Duets will be practised by the Pupils of Mr. Gaskin's Vocal Classes during the present Session:—

Song, "SIGHING FOR THEE"	*Jules Benedict.*
Ballad, "THE SPRING"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA"	*Henry Smart.*
Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	*Wilford Morgan.*
Canzone, "MID THE ROSE LEAVES"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Ballad, "THE MAID OF MUNSTER"	*J. Stephens.*
Ballad, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE"	*W. Allen Smith.*

TO CONCERT GIVERS, &c.—A PIANIST is open to accept Engagements to accompany Vocalists at Matinées, Soirées, &c. &c. &c. He would also accompany Vocalists during their daily practice. Address X, care of Messrs Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street.

MISS MAY BURNEY will sing a new song, "AGAIN THE WOODS WITH SONGS ARE RINGING," by Mr. Horton C. Allison, at his Pianoforte Recital at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on Wednesday, April 24th; also, "THE GOAT BELLS," by G. B. Allen, and at Westbourne Hall on the 26th. For Concerts or other engagements, address 8, John Street, Bedford Row.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing BENEDICT'S new song, "SIGHING FOR THEE," at Mr Horton C. Allison's Second Recital, Wednesday evening, April 24th, Beethoven Rooms.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "[illegible]" (composed expressly for her), at Miss Edwards' Concert, Westbourne Hall, April 29th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "MID THE ROSE LEAVES" (composed by WELLINGTON GUERNSEY), at Croydon, April 29th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," at the Beethoven Rooms, April 24th.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing PROCH'S popular *Lied* "AT MORNING'S BREAK" ("Morgenständchen"), at Warrington, April 26th.

Sung by Madame [illegible].

"I WOULD I WERE" ("Je voudrais être"), for Voice and Piano. Composed by CHARLES OBERTHÜR. Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

"I WOULD I WERE" is also published for Voice and Harp Accompaniment, Price 4s.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he will return to London for the Season on the 9th of May. All communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, etc. etc., address, care of Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

Glasgow, April 9th, 1867.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Worcester, May 4th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Colchester, April 18th.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S highly successful song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Barnsley, April 22nd; at Birmingham, 24th and 26th; and at the Burdett Library, Mile End, 30th.

MR. W. COATES will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S highly successful song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry next week; and at Rochester, April 30th; [illegible], May 1st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Warrington, April 26th; and at St. James's Hall, May 11th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at all his engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. SUPPUS, Professor of Music, begs to announce that he gives Lessons on the Guitar, Violin, Piano, and Singing, and there are Meetings for Amateurs for the Practice of String Quartets, etc., on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from Four to Six o'clock, at his residence, 3, Upper James Street, Golden Square, which he superintends.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 138, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to resume his instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony, and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 138, Euston Road, N.W.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has REMOVED from Grosvenor Street to 63, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, three doors from Park Lane, where letters or engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

HERR ALFRED JAELL will arrive in London about the End of April for the Season. Address: Messrs. Erard, 18, Great Marlborough Street, W.

H. WHITE & SON'S CATALOGUE of CLASSICAL MUSIC, Ancient and Modern, Vocal and Instrumental, at very Reduced Prices, forwarded on receipt of One Stamp.

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THE TITANIA WALTZ, by D. GODFREY. The subjects from Weber's Oberon. "Is fully worked up, with a result most pleasing—more so, even, than many of this popular writer's productions."—*City Press.* Post free for 24 stamps.

London: JOHN SHEPHERD, 98, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row.

NEW SONG by M. JANE RONNIGER—"GOOD NIGHT, BELOVED." Words by LONGFELLOW.

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TOEPFER'S ALBUM FOR THE ORGAN.

In honour of

THE ORGANIST TOEPFER,

Whose Jubilee will be celebrated at Weimar on the 4th of June, 1867,

AN ALBUM will be published, to contain about

40 NEW ORGAN COMPOSITIONS, PRELUDES, SONATAS, FUGUES, ETC.

By some of the First Organists throughout Germany.

IT is intended to collect as many Subscribers as possible, whose names will be printed in front of the book, as so many friends of the Jubilant, to whom a copy of the Album will be presented on the Day of his Jubilee. The work will extend over Twenty to Thirty Sheets, [illegible] 6d. to Subscribers.

Organists and Amateurs who may wish to subscribe are desired to send their names and addresses, before the end of April (as the list will then close), to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, London.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS

MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS of ORCHESTRAS, & BANDMASTERS

By F. J. FETIS,

Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

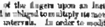
By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY

(Continued from p. 208).

Chapter IV.

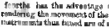
Of the Contra Basso or Double Bass.

90. The double bass is the lowest and most powerful of all bow instruments. In England, France, and in the Low Countries, this instrument carries only three strings, which are tuned in fifths, as follows:—



These strings, from their length and thickness, sound the lower octave to those of the violoncello.

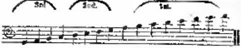
91. The stretch of the fingers upon an instrument so large is such, that the hand is obliged to multiply its movements in performance to reach the intervals. In order to modify these difficulties, in Germany and in Italy double basses are constructed to carry four strings, the consequence of which necessitates a different system of tuning. In Germany the preference is given to tuning in fourths, as follows:—



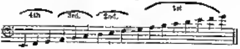
Tuning thus in fourths has the advantage of contracting the intervals, thereby rendering the movement of the hand less frequent. Rapid passages on instruments thus tuned are of much easier attainment than on those tuned in fifths.

92. It will be seen by the foregoing remarks that composers who write in double bass parts lower C's and D's do wrong, as these notes do not exist in either system of tuning this instrument.

Compass of the 3 string double bass.

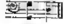


Compass of the 4 string double bass.

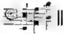


93. There are no chords on the double bass, but octaves may be played upon the open strings.

On the third string, D bass, these octaves are



On the fourth string do. they are



94. The remarks on the violin, as to bowing, &c., are equally applicable to the double bass.

Chapter V.

On the Mute and its effects.

95. The mute is formed from wood or metal and so made as to fix upon the bridge without touching the strings. By its pressure upon the bridge of bow instruments, it prevents their vibration upon the belly sounding post, and upon all the sonorous portions of the instrument—the sounds produced by the vibrations of the strings alone being heard, leaving only dull and apparently distant sounds.

The effects of the mute have a mysterious character and are often employed successfully in dramatic music, and in purely instrumental compositions. They introduce variety among the natural sounds of bow instruments.

96. Mutes are used on violins, tenors, and violoncellos, but seldom used on double basses, the capacity of the instrument requiring all its vibration to render the notes appreciably distinct. Hence the mute is only used for the three instruments above mentioned.

97. The use of the mute is indicated by the words, con sordini (with mutes).

◆

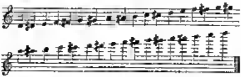
Section II.—ON WOOD WIND INSTRUMENTS

Chapter VI.

Of the Flute.

98. The German flute, the only one that has been retained, is of various kinds. That ordinarily employed in an orchestra is called *Flauto* or flute in D because D is the natural key of the instrument.

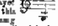
The ordinary compass of the flute is



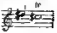
However, when the composer requires the flute to descend to C, he can employ this note,

The three last upper notes can only be reached with effort. They should not be used in ordinary instrumentation.

99. An instrument maker of Vienna, named Trexler, invented a flute which he called *Panaulon* which gave the lower G and which had seventeen keys too long to be played with the fingers. Some flautists played solos upon this flute but obtained little success owing to the tone being much inferior to the ordinary flute. Nevertheless, it might be used effectively in an orchestra, as it might form the bass of the flute.

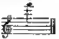


100. Of all wind instruments, the flute affords the greatest facilities, for passages of every kind may be executed upon it. Trills, improperly called *cadences*, are good upon every note of the two first octaves. The intonation is less perfect upon those of the third octave, notwithstanding that additional keys which have been superadded have improved some of them. In the key of B major the trill should be eschewed because it is imperfect. In the last upper octave the cadences of G ♮ with A and G ♯ with A do not lay on the instrument.



101. Most composers habitually employ the flute in the medium or elevated part of the instrument; however the sustained tones of several flutes in the lower part of the instrument produce admirable effects which resemble no other.

102. The name of *ottavino*, *piccolo*, or *petite flute* is given to a small flute resembling, in every respect, the large flute but of lesser proportions, though of the same compass but sounding to the upper octave. It is scarcely possible to produce from the piccolo the octave of the last upper notes of the large flute, and there are few musical examples of passages that reach higher than F



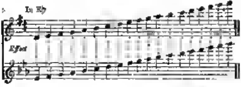
103. The object of the piccolo is to give greater brilliancy to certain passages on account of the sharpness of its tones. It is frequently used to double in the octave subjects given to the clarionet, hautboy or flute.

The piccolo is ineffective unless in animated passages.

104. In military music, and in bands of wind instruments a large flute called E♭ Flute is employed. This flute accords better than the other with the B♭ clarionets, to play in the keys of B♭, E♭, C minor, and A♭.

The E♭ flute is a half tone higher than the ordinary flute which is in D; it follows, therefore, that if the piece of music is in E♭ it is written in D; if in B♭ it is written in A, and if in A♭ it is written in G.

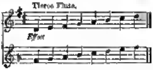
Compass of the E♭ Flute and the effect of its notes.



105. The piccolo used in military bands is also in E♭, sounding to the upper octave of the large flute of the same, and should be written in the same manner.

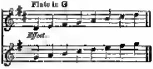
106. Sometimes, in wind instrumental music a flute in F is employed, being shorter than the ordinary concert flute, sounding a minor third above the latter, so that when it plays a D, F is heard. It was hence called a *tierce* or *third flute*. The use of this flute is chiefly when clarionets in C are employed in military bands, and when the dominant key is F.

Example of the Scale of the Tierce or Third Flute.

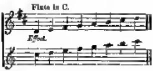


107. When the third flute is in use, there is also a small flute in F which sounded the upper octave and has the same compass.

108. They still employ in Germany two other flutes in military music, the one in G playing a fourth above the flute in D, and its scale is as follows:



The upper octave of this flute is the true military fife. The other German flute is in C; it is somewhat larger than the small flute in D, and its scale is a tone lower.



109. It is difficult to tune these flutes with other instruments, and their multiplicity appears quite unnecessary. The concert flute and the small flute in D, and those in E♭, appear to suffice for playing in every key, either in ordinary orchestras, or otherwise. Nevertheless, there is an apparent want in the system of the flute. Until the present time it has been confined to the upper notes, but a tenor and a bass flute are required for the production of effects which, unquestionably, would be as agreeable as they would be novel.

(*To be continued.*)

The Rossini Theatre at Passy, hard by Paris, has just been opened. Rossini lives at Passy. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*—or whatever you please.—(A. S. S.).

HERR JOACHIM.

(*From the "Argosy."*)

The English public are now fully alive to the merits of a stringed quartet. The three varieties of the same instrument—violin, viola, and violoncello (all possessing common properties of sound, but each with its own peculiar timbre or individual quality)—embrace an almost unlimited compass and an equally wide sphere of musical expression.

No wonder that Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn have cast some of their choicest inspirations in the quartet mould; still less wonder that all who love, or who are learning to love good music should find in quartet concerts the most fitting opportunities for that quiet analysis and subtle contemplation so congenial to the cultivated musician. But how seldom is he critically satisfied. Quartet-playing is full of difficulties. We have heard four good players play as badly together as they played well apart. You may have four good oars in a boat and a very bad pace and style as the result, *e.g.*, if bow sits where stroke ought to sit, and the wrong man steers, or if they are not in the habit of pulling together. In rowing, quartet playing, and everything else, the worst blunder you can possibly make is to put the right man in the wrong place. Some of the best quartet-playing we ever heard was that executed fifteen or sixteen years ago by MM. Sainton, Hill, Cooper, and Piatti—not because they were all the finest players (although of course Signor Piatti and the late Mr. Hill were quite incomparable)—but because they had "pulled together" for years, and understood perfectly their relative positions. And some of the worst quartets ever played by great artists were those led shortly afterwards by the late lamented Ernst, in some respects, perhaps, the greatest violinist of the age.

The present cast of the Monday Popular Concerts has probably never been equalled. Joachim—*facile princeps* as first violin; Ries—masterly and perfectly unobtrusive as second violin; Blagrove—too coarse for first violin and too fine for a second—has found his peculiar sphere, and is a kind of Hill *redivivus* on the viola; and, lastly, Piatti—the only violoncello the public seem likely to listen to as long as he lives; a violoncello apparently without resin or catgut or wood. Truly a kind of disembodied violoncello. If it is true, as Mr. Ruskin affirms, that Turner painted the "souls of pictures," it is no less certain that Piatti plays on the "soul" of a violoncello.

On Monday, the 14th of January, St. James's Hall may be said to have risen—as one man and woman—as Herr Joachim sat down. He was certainly never in finer condition and never played more superbly. These are indeed the golden moments of his prime. Not much over thirty, he has reached with regular and gigantic strides the noble promise of his youth. It seems but yesterday that he stood before us in Exeter Hall, a modest unassuming lad in jacket and trousers, holding his violin well up with the grip of a master, his head with its locks of pale-coloured hair leaning lovingly upon it with a look of quiet and utter absorption which would have been almost weird had it been less calm and happy. It seems but yesterday that the incredulous artists crowded round the composed and thoughtful boy who came forward to play Bach's fugues on four strings; and but yesterday that the enthusiastic Mendelssohn clasped him in his arms at the close of his marvellous performance! Precious memories that only seem so fresh because they have become so dear. The beloved master has been in his grave for twenty years, and the boy violinist now stands before the world in the full maturity of manly vigour, covered with that mantle of high resolve and lofty purity in art which fell from the master's shoulders.

As one who feels that a precious diamond has been committed to him to cut and polish with innumerable facets, so, slowly and laboriously, has Herr Joachim cut and polished his genius until at last it glows and glitters before the world with a singular splendour. Once only was the process interrupted. After winning the highest fame as a young player, he appears to have been seized with the desire of creating music of his own. What evil genius is it that fills a man with a longing to achieve what is denied him? And who has not at some time or other been possessed by it? "*Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*" became for a time the motto of Herr Joachim, and we believe that for years he refused to play the violin and devoted himself to musical composition. Happily it is found impossible "to expel nature with a fork," and Herr Joachim was at last induced to abandon the seclusion of the study for that stage where alone he is destined to reign supreme.

Herr Joachim is distinguished from other eminent violinists by the quantity as well as by the quality of his gifts. Ernst may have had that savage romantic fire which is perhaps never found to the same extent in a perfectly balanced mind. Paganini may have possessed a kind of madness, and we must say the word trickery, which at once infected and bewildered his audience. Sivori may possess the sweetness long drawn out, which wraps the soul in langour and delight. Wieniawski may haunt us like the red light of Mephistopheles in *Faust*, with his wild snatches of capricious and demon-like music—but no one possesses as many qualities combined, and combined in such harmony and right

Google

balance, as Herr Joachim. His intonation strikes as it were the key-note of his genius. The great pianoforte makers tell us that there is but one true quality of tone for voices and all instruments—dependent on the character of certain vibrations; that all tone satisfies us in proportion as it approaches certain ascertained forms of vibrations, which may be made actually visible by sand strewn upon a vibratory surface—the sand arranging itself in certain waves, according to the sound vibrating. Broadwood and Erard maintain that their finest instruments approach the true tone; they say that Joachim, Piatti, and some others, possess it. Whether the scientific theory be true or not, one thing is certain, that the great players have an intonation which, whilst it may escape descriptive analysis, places a deep chasm between them and ordinary players.

Let any one go to St. James's Hall and listen to Joachim, and then to Ries, or any other good player, and he will hear the difference. It is a kind of biting quality, which seizes the ear and keeps it—the note never falls still-born in space. It is neither too woolly nor too wiry, but from the lowest *piano* to the highest *forte* it travels like the voice of a charmed speaker and subdues the heart. We are sensible that other players are instinctively aiming at this quality, and we do not say so much that they never find it as that Joachim never loses it. The consequence is that we listen to others sometimes, but to him always. In one so free from all artifice it seems captious—it may be presumptuous—to hint at a mannerism, but Herr Joachim's practice of sliding the touch where we should expect him to impinge, and impinging where we should expect him to slide, conveys sometimes to the violinist a slight sense of affectation. But even here we pause to consider whether it may not be after all a refinement of beauty. Herr Joachim is not only great in his manner of doing, but great in his selection of what to do. It may be true that an artist is to be judged by his manner of performance, and that we have no right to detract from him as an artist on the score of unworthy subject matter. It may be perfectly true that Mr. Swinburne is an exquisite artist, and entitled to our admiration as such, although he will persist in "darkening sanctities with song," and outraging the healthy instincts of ordinary human beings. By all means let art be judged on its own merits. A good man as such may be of little use in art, yet he who is as noble in what he selects to do as he is true in the manner of his doing, will always carry the suffrages of mankind against the one who ignores the application of ethics to art.

In music as in every other art, "there is a higher and a lower." It is the glory of Herr Joachim that his powers have always been devoted to that school of music which reflects the highest and widest sympathies of our nature. In the great classical realm of the German school he walks as a prince in his own dominions. He will turn aside for no one. He speaks familiarly with the great departed ones, and the voice of the dead is indeed a living voice to him. When he stands up to play a Beethoven concerto there is about him something of the majestic dignity of the great "Tondichter" himself. As we listen and mark the royal possession he takes of the subject with the sceptre of his bow, we say, "Thus, and thus might Beethoven have played." He balances the orchestra, holds it in check with his softest *piano*, and stands amid its loudest thunder "wrapt in eternal calm." Simple in his grandeur and grand in his simplicity, Herr Joachim remains for us the highest known type of the executive artist. His intent ear catches every syllable of the inspired oracle—his heart appropriates the truth, and he comes forward to give to the world, with a prodigious power and minuteness, "the open secret" that has been committed to his care.

H. R. Haweis.

[And thus talk amateurs about music and musicians! Can anybody explain what it all, or any part of it, means?—A. S. S.]

"Paganini Redivivus" took his departure last evening for London, where, we are informed, he intends delivering a "preparatory and explanatory" lecture upon his pianoforte accompaniments to *Paganini's Studies*. The novelty of this work, it appears, consists in each accompaniment being a separate and detached morceau, capable of performance without the violin part, as also of giving to every study a distinct character and a name, thereby transforming it, as it were, into a musical picture. They are twenty-four in number, and were composed by "Paganini Redivivus," while travelling through France in 1862, for his only pupil, Madame Léa Vosse (professor of the pianoforte to the Imperial Schools of St. Petersburg), but have as yet only been submitted privately to several eminent musicians, amongst whom were the late Mr. Alfred Mellon, as also Monsieur Sainton, who, upon hearing them, was pleased to express himself in terms of unbounded surprise and admiration. "Paganini Redivivus" will undertake the duties of pianist as well as lecturer on the occasion.—*Northern Whig*, Thursday, April 11th.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The third concert of the Philharmonic Society attracted a larger audience to the Hanover Square Rooms than either of its predecessors. The two symphonies were Schumann's in D minor (No. 2) and Mendelssohn's in A major (the "Italian"). The last was so familiar to the members of the orchestra as to present little, if any, difficulty to the new conductor; but the first was a very different matter, and Mr. Cusins may be congratulated on the talent and readiness with which he acquitted himself of the task of directing its performance. Both symphonies were played with remarkable spirit; and those who find amusement in balancing and comparing the respective merits of Schumann and Mendelssohn had a fair opportunity of indulging their peculiar taste. The great majority of the Philharmonic audience, if applause may be accepted as criterion, were for Mendelssohn—which to us, we must confess, is not by any means surprising. The D minor symphony, in spite of scattered beauties, especially to be found in the two middle movements (*romanza* and *scherzo*), is one of the most laboured and least fruitful of its composer's larger works, while Mendelssohn has produced nothing brighter than his symphony in A, which, from beginning to end may be said to sparkle like a diamond—"*wie ein Diamant, wie man ihn wendet nach allen Seiten Funken wirft*"—as Schumann himself wrote of the *finale* to one of Cherubini's violin quartets. The overtures at the concert were Beethoven's magnificent *Egmont* and the *Ruler of the Spirits* (*Rübezahl*)—perhaps, after *Der Freischütz*, and not forgetting *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*, Weber's very finest dramatic prelude. The concerto was Beethoven's No. 4 (in G) for pianoforte, played with splendid energy by Madame Schumann, and though not accompanied by the orchestra throughout with such uniform carefulness as might have been desirable, received with unanimous marks of satisfaction at the end. The singers were Mdlles. Enequist and Drasdil, soprano and contralto. Mdlle. Enequist selected for solo the great and trying recitative and air of Donna Anna, from the last act of *Don Giovanni*, and sang it in so artistic a manner as to justify her choice. Mdlle. Drasdil, who has a voice the quality of which stands in no need of effort to reveal, chose the sombre "Spirit song" of Haydn; and the two ladies together gave the long and showy duet, "Serbami ognor," from Rossini's *Semiramide*.

At the fourth concert we are promised a symphony by Haydn; Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*; Molique's violin concerto in D minor, performed by Herr Straus; the brilliant quartet from Mr. Costa's *Naaman* ("Honour and Glory"); and Beethoven's *Choral Symphony*—the colossal "No. 9."

MADAME SCHUMANN'S "RECITALS."

Madame Schumann has given two "Pianoforte Recitals" at St. James's Hall, interesting if only on account of the specimens of her late husband's music which were included in the programmes, and which she played as perfectly as any music could be played, and with no less enthusiasm than technical ability. These comprised the *Arabesque* (Op. 18), which had already been applauded at the Monday Popular Concerts; the "*Carnaval*" or *Scènes Mignonnes* (Op. 9), an attempt on the part of Schumann at the humoresque in music, with which Mr. Charles Hallé was among the first to make English amateurs familiar (at his "Recitals"); the *Etudes en formes de Variations* (Op. 13—dedicated to William Sterndale Bennett), Madame Schumann's own admirable performance of which at the Monday Popular Concerts, in 1865, is still remembered; two canons from the *Studien für den Pedalflügel* (Op. 95), and several vocal pieces, confided at the first "Recital" to Mdlle. Bramer, and at the second to Madame Sainton Dolby. All these afforded deep gratification to the admirers of Schumann's compositions—among the instrumental specimens more particularly the two canons, and among the songs "Frühlingsnacht" (Mdlle. Bramer) and "Moonlight" (Madame Sainton), each of which was asked for again. Madame Schumann also played the *Sonata Appassionata* and the *Moonlight Sonata* of Beethoven; solo pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Henselt; and with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's great sonata in D major, for pianoforte and violoncello. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. Zerbini. Though not crowded, both "Recitals" were well attended. Madame Schumann now leaves London after her third, and by no means least successful visit. She must be aware by this time, that those who told her she would meet only enemies might have more honestly told her she would meet only friends.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place in the above Hall on the following

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS
MAY 17 | MAY 31, | JUNE 14, | JUNE 28,
MAY 24 | JUNE 7 | JUNE 21 | JULY 5,
To commence each Day at Three o'clock precisely.

Violoncello ... Signor PIATTI.

The Programmes of the forthcoming Season will be selected from the Works of the most celebrated writers for the Pianoforte, Ancient and Modern, and include each concert one of the principal Sonatas by Schubert, whose instrumental works have lately created such a profound sensation in this country, together with Examples from J. S. Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues, &c., &c. Selections from the compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Weber, &c., &c., will also be frequently introduced.

In order to enable Mr. Hallé to produce the whole of the Sonatas, &c., for Pianoforte and Violoncello by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the services of Signor Piatti have been secured for the Eight Matinées, at each of which one of these celebrated works will be performed.

Mr. Hallé will not play at any Morning Concert this Season, except at the Eight Recitals here announced.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

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Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved ...	£2 [illegible]	£0 [illegible]
Balcony ...	1 0 0	[illegible]
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Subscriptions received at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL (Director) begs to announce that

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

Will be RESUMED early in NOVEMBER.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de La Belle Griane, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty-five Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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DEATH.

At Sunderland, on the 5th inst., Mr. JAMES HUMPHREY, formerly trumpeter in the 1st Life Guards, aged 44.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.

[Translations from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann continued.]

CHOPIN.—*Continued.*

8.—TWO NOTTURNOS, OP. 37. BALLADE NO. 2, IN F, OP. 38. WALTZES, OP. 42.

CHOPIN might now always publish without his name, and notwithstanding be immediately recognized. To say this is at once to praise and to blame him—to praise his talent, to blame his want of aspiration. For most certainly there is that enormous originality in him which directly it shows itself leaves no doubt as to the name of the composer; and he possesses also a wealth of new forms which are equally astonishing for their delicacy and their boldness. But full of novelty and invention as he is in the outward form and complexion of his pieces, and in certain special instrumental effects, yet in their inner structure he seems to remain where he was, and excites a fear that he will never rise higher than the point he has reached at present; and though that is high enough to place his name on a level with all that is permanent in modern art, yet he confines his practice to the small field of the piano, while, with his ability, he might achieve something far higher, and exercise an influence on the progress of the whole of music. Still we must not repine. He has done so much that is great, and continues to do so much, that we are content, and ready to congratulate any artist who will produce only half what he does. To be entitled "poet" it is not necessary to write a big volume; a few short pieces are quite enough to earn the name; and these Chopin has written. Such are the *Notturnos* quoted above. They are distinguishable from his earlier ones by their simpler ornamentation and quieter grace. We all recollect how he once enveloped himself in a glitter of tinsel, gold leaf and jewellery. Since then he has grown older and wiser. He is as fond of ornament as ever, but of a more sober sort, through which the noble dignity of his poetry can make itself seen; and, then he has the finest taste! all which is mere vanity to the contrapuntists, who look for nothing but consecutive fifths, and are enraged when they can't find them. Still there are a few things which Chopin may teach even these gentlemen, especially how to make the aforesaid fifths.

I have still the *Ballade* to mention, and a remarkable piece it is. Under this title Chopin has already written one of his wildest and most individual compositions (in G minor, op. 23). That now before us, though inferior to the other as a work of art, is not less fantastic and full of genius. The mournful episode appears to have been added recently; for I remember perfectly that when he played it here it ended in F, whereas now it ends in A minor. He then said that his ballade had been suggested to him by some poems of Mickiewicz. A poet would have no difficulty in fitting words to this music, for it touches ones inmost feelings.

Lastly the Waltz, like all Chopin's waltzes, are *pièce de salon* of the noblest style. If played for dancing, half the women in the room should be countesses at least. So says a friend of mine, and says well, for it is thoroughly aristocratic music.

BEETHOVEN.

THE FOUR OVERTURES TO "FIDELIO."

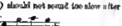
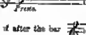
It deserves to be recorded in letters of gold that the Leipzig orchestra, on Thursday last, played all the four Overtures to *Fidelio*, one after the other.

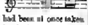
All thanks to you, you Viennese of 1805, that you would not be satisfied with the first, and thus forced Beethoven, in his divine rage, to hurl forth the rest, one by one. If ever he seemed mighty to me, it was that evening, when we were able, better even than in his own work-room, to watch him at his labour—creating, rejecting, altering, always at fiery heat. It is in the second attack that he is most gigantic. The first overture does not please. "Hold!" says he, "till I alter your opinion with a second!" and down he sat to his work again, and made all the thrilling story of the drama to pass before him once more, and once more sing the joys and sorrows of his beloved. It is unearthly, this second overture, in some parts even bolder than the third, the well known great one in C. For even this did not satisfy him, and he laid it also aside, and taking only portions of it, he made the third—a calmer and more artistically perfect work. Still later, followed the slighter and more popular one in E, which is usually heard in the theatre before the Opera.

Such are the great Four Overtures. They are like a work of nature herself. First, there is the mass of roots, then rises the mighty trunk, then it lays its great arms about, right and left, and lastly, comes the branching foliage to crown the magnificent tree.

Many a one must remember that evening with delight, when under Mendelssohn's direction, the Leipzig orchestra played the four overtures to *Leonora* one after another. We noticed the occurrence at the time, but we return to the subject, because the fourth overture (second in order of composition) has just appeared in print.

As to the order in which Beethoven wrote the overtures, there can hardly be a doubt. To many, the one now before us will probably seem to be the first that which the composer originally intended for his opera, for it has all the character of a first bold attempt, written in the greatest delight at the completion of his work, and reflecting all its principal points in little. Schindler's book, however, effectually settles the doubt. According to his express statement the following are the facts of the case. The overture which Beethoven first wrote is that published after his death by Haslinger as Opus 138. It was played in Vienna only to a select assembly of connoisseurs, and was by them with one voice dismissed as "too trivial." Thereupon Beethoven in irritation wrote that which has been just published (1842) by Breitkopf and Härtel, and which he afterwards altered into the well known No. 3 in C major. Lastly in 1815 he wrote the fourth overture in E, when *Fidelio* was again brought upon the stage.

Musicians are pretty nearly agreed that the third overture is the most effective and most artistically finished, but let no one undervalue the first. With the exception of a single weak passage (p. 18) it is a charming and spirited composition and thoroughly worthy of Beethoven. The introduction, the transition to the allegro, the first subject, the allusion to Florestan's air, the crescendo at the close—each of these displays the rich genial spirit of the composer. But far more interesting still are the relations of No. 2 to No. 3. Here the artist is pleased to reveal himself in the very process of creation. How he altered—how he rejected, both ideas and instrumentation—how impossible he finds it to throw aside Florestan's air—how the three opening bars of that air pervade the entire piece—how he cannot even give up the trumpet call behind the scenes, but makes it far finer in the third than in the second—how he gave himself no rest or peace till he had brought his work to that pitch of perfection which is so astonishing in the third overture;—to observe and compare these things is one of the most interesting and improving tasks the student can undertake. Most gladly would we go through the two, step by step! But it is so much more satisfactory to do it, score-in hand, at the performance, that we have only briefly noticed the essential points of difference. One particular there is, however, which must be mentioned. In the MS. score in possession of Breitkopf and Härtel some pages are unfortunately wanting at the end. For the purpose of the recent performance this gap was filled up by a corresponding passage in No. 3, which in the edition is denoted by asterisks. And this was the only convenient way of doing what had to be done. But it was difficult for the conductor so to push on the orchestra that the passage  (twenty-one bars before the close) should not sound too slow after the previous passage 

This difficulty would have been avoided if after the bar 

of No. 2 (p. 68) the *fff* at p. 68 of No. 3 had been at once taken. The disadvantage of the trifling variations in the instrumentation which the entire abandonment of the presto (in No. 2, p. 69, &c.) would have involved seems to us of no moment.

On the other hand one cannot but heartily respect the pious care which refused to sacrifice a single bar. Is there no hope of finding a second copy of the overture containing the complete score?*

Meantime, might not the different publishers unite in a uniform edition of the four works in a single volume? Such an edition would be valuable both to master and scholar—as a monument, on the one hand, of pains and conscientious care, on the other, of the enormous force of Beethoven's invention—creating and destroying, by turns, as if in mere sport; a man in whom nature, for once, with prodigal hand, united what she usually divides among a thousand intellects. To the mass of people it is all one whether Beethoven wrote four overtures to one opera, or some other composer four operas to one overture. But the artist is bound to follow up every track which will lead him to the secret work-chamber of the master, and in this study such an edition would greatly assist him, since it is not easy to find an orchestra to play all the four at once. We therefore venture to recommend it.

SPOHR.

Quartet, Op. 27.

Our party then disported themselves in a new quartet by Spohr, in the very first bars of which the familiar figure of the master presented itself. We soon came to the conclusion that the intention of the work was rather to afford a brilliant display to the first violin than to unite the whole four players in one uniform artistic structure. Against this nothing can be said when it is openly professed and intended; and, indeed, this style of quartet makes no higher claims. The form, the transitions, the modulations, and the turns of melody were exactly those constantly found in Spohr, and the players occupied themselves with the work as with some familiar object. The *scherzo*—never a strong point with Spohr—is omitted, and the whole has a contemplative, and (if the expression may be allowed) *didactic* character. The *rondo* contains a very pretty and attractive theme, which only demands a counter theme of a more decided cast.

A remark presents itself to me here which was suggested by a criticism of one of the players. Our young composers, whose aim is to be original, not to say eccentric, often undervalue the slight, rapid works of the great experienced masters, and are mistaken in imagining that they themselves can do as well. In so doing they forget the difference between master and scholar. The heavenly ease and freedom of the pianoforte sonatas which Beethoven, and still more Mozart, threw off so rapidly, exhibit the proficiency of the composers as much as any of their profounder revelations. The matured master shows his talent in his careless way of playing with the outlines which he has sketched in at the beginning of his piece, while the raw unfinished composer, when he ventures out of the conventional bounds of routine, is sure to strain the cord too tight, and thus often comes to grief. To apply this to the quartet before us. Forget the name and fame of the composer, and the composition still remains in form, style, and invention, quite masterly, and whole worlds above that of a student or mere rapid writer. Skill, when attained by practice and study, has the reward of remaining fruitful up to old age; while an unpractised talent will find its rudimentary difficulties in its way to the very last.

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* The entire score of No. 2 has since been found, and is published by Breitkopf and Härtel, with a prefatory notice by Otto Jahn.

WE are glad to be able to state that the anniversary festival dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians (since last year happily united to the Royal Society of Female Musicians) was most successful in its results, and that the eloquent speech of the president, Mr Beresford Hope, in proposing the toast of the evening, together with the concert of vocal and instrumental music which varied and enlivened the proceedings, produced the desired effect. Mr Stanley Lucas (secretary) acting on behalf of Mr G. F. Anderson (hon. treasurer), had the pleasant task of reading a list of donations, which amounted to something more or less than 300l. On the other hand, we learn with sincere regret that it has been found expedient to dissolve the Musical Society of London, from which so much was expected at the outset, and which during its brief career of eight or nine years really did great things in the way of orchestral performance, with a magnificent band of instrumentalists, under the direction of our admirable English conductor the late Mr Alfred Mellon, upon whose death that of the Society of which he was virtually the artistic chief has followed with singular rapidity.

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Our musical readers will learn with pleasure equal to our own that the house of Messrs Ewer will shortly publish some important works of Mendelssohn, which his executors have only just decided to appear. The first composition to be brought out will be the concert overture in C known as the *Trumpet Overture* from the frequent recurrence of a characteristic passage for that instrument. This work was written in 1826 and was performed at the Dusseldorf Musical Festival in 1833 and two or three times by our Philharmonic Society, but was withheld from publication by Mendelssohn himself. The most important promise, however, is that of the production of Mendelssohn's great *Reformation Symphony* in D minor—a work composed in 1830 in celebration of the German Reformation Festival. Mendelssohn wrote this *Reformation Symphony* during his stay in Rome, probably excited to the composition, as Mr Benedict says in his memoir of the composer, "by the sight of the monastery in which Martin Luther whilst still an Augustine monk had been resident." As the work was the result of the same period that produced the materials for his *Italian Symphony*, as Mendelssohn is said to have been much pleased with it at the time, and as he frequently played a transcript of it on the pianoforte to admiring hearers, among whom were some of the most eminent musicians of the day, it is fair to assume that this symphony, so long withheld, will prove a rich addition to the already published works of its composer. Others of his posthumous works are also promised for publication, comprising an eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, besides some detached songs and pianoforte studies. In the present comparative dearth of creative musical genius, the prospect of the appearance of such art treasures is most welcome and gratifying, and it is to be hoped that their publication will lead the way to that of others of the many works of their composer which still remain in manuscript.—*Daily News.*

MR. HALLÉ'S RECITALS.—During his forthcoming series of "Pianoforte Recitals" Mr Hallé is to play at each recital a solo sonata by Schubert, and one of the duets for piano and violoncello of Beethoven or Mendelssohn. The idea is excellent.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.—"From other sources," says the *Athenæum*, "we learn that Mr Mellon was only the representative of the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera House." The *Athenæum* has been misinformed.—[A. S. S.]

ISLINGTON LITERARY SOCIETY.—The fourth of Mrs John Macfarren's "Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals" was given with great success on Tuesday, April 4th. A very attractive selection of pianoforte music was varied with songs and duets, by Miss Robertine Henderson and Mademoiselle E. Angèle. The room was quite full and the audience were enthusiastic in their applause throughout the evening. Miss Robertine Henderson accepted an encore for her impressive singing of Mr Macfarren's "Late so late" and "Send me a Lover," and Mademoiselle E. Angèle was complimented in Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea." At the conclusion of the first part Mrs John Macfarren had to return to the piano and repeat a portion of Brissac's *Irish Fantasia*.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The attempt to force another *bouffonnerie charmante* on the public of the Italiens has not been attended with success. *Crispino e la Comare* might be endured as long as Adelina Patti lent to the performance the graces of her singing and acting; but it would have required even greater powers of attraction than those of that admirable young songstress to recommend and endow with vitality the new opera buffa, *Columella*. Of this work little had been known previous to its announcement, and even then some of the journalists did not betoken a large amount of historic art knowledge when they assigned its origin to the old Fioravanti on the one hand and to the brothers Ricci on the other. Vincenzo Fioravanti, who composed most of the music of *Columella*, is indeed the son of the well known old master Valentino Fioravanti, who wrote *Le Cantatrice Villane*, *I Virtuosi Ambulanti*, *La Schiava Fortunata*, *Camilla*, and other operatic works which had their day, and which, with higher and brighter aspirations, have sought the realms of oblivion. *Columella* was composed in 1839 for a small theatre in Naples where comic opera with spoken dialogue was the custom. This kind of lyric performance, however, had fallen into disuse with the growing neglect for the Neapolitan buffo *in dialetto* throughout Italy, and *Columella* stood the chance with other *bouffonneries* [illegible] of being shelved entirely. There lived at the time and flourished an excellent buffo, Cambiaggio, who rather admired young Fioravanti's opera, and undertook to mould it into shape to gratify the exigencies of the opera buffa *proper*. He rewrote the dialogue in verse, had it put into *recitativo*—no great difficulty it will be admitted—touched up the general partition here and there, and stamped it into legitimacy. In its new form and under its new guidance *Columella* was produced at the theatre San Benedetto of Venice, in 1842, achieved a success, and ran the circuit of all the peninsular theatres. In small theatres, if well and carefully performed, there is little doubt that *Columella* would achieve a fair amount of success. But in an establishment where the *Barbiere*, *Cenerentola*, the *Elisir d'Amore*, *Don Pasquale*, and such like works are the standards of the comic performances, Fioravanti's operatic concoction must seem outrageous and entirely out of place, or, if encouraged for a moment, only on account of its strangeness. The scenes in the mad house are preposterous in the extreme, and yet Mr Toole of the Adelphi might turn them into a never failing source of laughter, and make a new reputation for himself. At all events I do not think that any other manager besides M. Bagier would have hazarded such a step as gravely to introduce such a piece, and still more gravely to commend it to his aristocratic public. As far as the performance went it was creditably done. Signor Scalese, who played the part of the principal valet, Columella, was most admirable. Signor Crosti sang well as the lover, and Mdlles States and Vestri both showed to advantage. Signor Agnesi as the father, too, well supported Signor Scalese in his buffooneries. Mdlle Patti is gone or going, and a cloud has fallen on the Italian house. Signor Fraschini—who can short stay make—is about to take his flight, and Signor Tamberlik is expected to replace him. Meanwhile a new opera is in rehearsal from the pen of M. Luigi Bordese, and is entitled *La Fioraia*. The cast will be sustained by Signors Nicolini, Crosti and Verger and Miss Laura Harris. According to custom the Théâtre Italien will give two sacred (*spirituels*) concerts this week. One will comprise fragments of the Mass of Prince Poniatowski, recently executed at the Church Saint Eustache.

All is silence about M. Gounod's Shakesperian opera at M. Carvalho's Theatre. *Everything* connected with the internal progress of the long expected *Roméo et Juliette* seems to be carried on with closed doors. In the meanwhile the world abroad are becoming sceptical, and just at the proper time there comes a rumour that another Shakesperian opera, on the same loving subject, from a different hand to that of M. Gounod, has cropt up and will demand a hearing. This time the Shakesperian appellation is quietly dropped, and *Les Amants de Vérone* substituted. The author of book and music—poet and composer one—is M. Richard Yrvid, which receives publication and unlimited acquaintance at the end of the month. What profound effect the announcement of the new opera's appearance may have on M. Gounod and M. Carvalho in secret council, I can only surmise.

Let me narrate for the great gratification of your readers that, by advices received direct from Berlin, we are informed that His Majesty the King of Prussia has just decorated Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia with the golden medal for the Fine Arts, and has addressed to her himself that honourable distinction which is only conferred upon artists of eminence, with a letter in his own handwriting couched in the most flattering terms. In order that it may be carried by a lady, otherwise than upon the breast, the medal presented to Madame Viardot-Garcia is encased in a ring of great price.

Your readers may feel somewhat surprised that I send them no news about the Exhibition. There are two reasons why I do not: first, I am waiting until the interior is cleared of its present muddle; secondly, I am waiting until the terms of admission descend to a moderate tariff. When the muddle is clarified and the tariff is lowered I shall go wandering in quest of things strange and worthy. I have my doubts about the utility of the whole affair. As *Punch* says, "There are some things they don't manage better in France than England." MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, April 17.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The performance of *Elijah* on Monday last was chiefly remarkable for the re-appearance of Mr Santley after an absence from London of some three months or more. The hearty welcome given to this real English artist upon his entering the orchestra showed the feeling of the audience, and by way of response Mr Santley sang the music of the Prophet throughout in a manner that it would be impossible to surpass and more than difficult to equal. Never has the trying air "Is not His word like a fire?" been declaimed with more vigorous energy, and never has the air of so opposite a character, "It is enough, O Lord," been sung with more thoroughly devotional pathos than upon this occasion. Madame Sachet Champion sustained the principal soprano, Miss Lucy Franklein the chief contralto part, while to Mr Leigh Wilson was assigned the part of tenor. The promise held out by this gentleman in his first appearance has not been thus far fulfilled, neither voice nor method having improved as could be wished, a matter to be regretted, as there is by no means a plethora of efficient tenors, for most of those who have really good voices are ignorant of their proper use, while those who best know how to sing are in the position of the Cherubim, who, being requested to sit down, replied "Merci, mais je n'ai pas de quoi!" Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Amy Sheridan, Mr R. Mason, and Mr Ralph Wilkinson lent their aid in the concerted pieces, Mr G. W. Martin conducting as usual. The choruses were on the whole finely sung, although in more than one instance they certainly left something to be desired. The National Choral Society may number 600 members, but the whole of them certainly do not muster in the orchestra, for even with the band included there were not more than 400 assembled at the outside,—quite enough for the purpose, although not corresponding to the number constantly proclaimed. On Thursday the *Messiah* was given with Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Mr J. Kerr Gedge and Mr Louis Thomas as principals. A little more punctuality in commencing would be an improvement. On Monday the performance did not begin till nearly twenty minutes after the time announced. On the 1st of May there will be a Choral Festival of 5,000 voices at the Crystal Palace under the direction of Mr Martin. DRINKWATER HARD.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The second concert this season took place on Thursday the 11th inst. The first part of the programme was entirely made up of vocal and instrumental compositions by R. Schumann. The concert opened with his Trio (Op. 63) in D minor well played by Mademoiselle Rosetta Alexandre, M. Vivien, and Mr Walter Pettit. The other works were:—Two songs—"Der [illegible]," and "Die Lotosblume"—sung by Miss Marie Stocken; "Die Grenadiere" by Mr Renwick; "O Sonnenschein" by Madame Sauerbrey; "Widmung," by Miss Barry Eldon; "My heart's in the Highlands," Miss Adelaide Bliss; pianoforte solos—*Phantasiestücke*, by Miss Ellen Bliss, and *Arabesque* by Mademoiselle Enshal. The second part was miscellaneous. We need only mention Miss Mina Poole who sang an Italian air with her usual taste and joined Mr Renwick in a duet. Herr Sauerbrey and Herr Schubert were the accompanists. The third concert, formed of works by F. Schubert and C. E. Schuberth, will take place May 9th. B. B.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday afternoon was noticeable, among other things, for the finest performance (even under Herr Manns) of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony* that we can call to mind; and for the introduction of a short orchestral interlude, prayer and song from Mr Arthur Sullivan's MS. opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*—each remarkable, but the prayer especially, which has both genuine melody and genuine expression. This charming piece and the more brilliant air that succeeded it were sung in her best manner by Miss Edith Wynne, who was compelled to repeat the air. There were also two movements (*adagio* and *rondo*) from M. Vieuxtemps' second violin concerto (in F sharp minor) played in perfection by Herr Straus, who, moreover, undertook the violin *obbligato* part in Mozart's noble recitative and air "Non temer, amato bene," most effectively and artistically given by that progressing singer Mdlle Enequist. Later in the day, accompanied by Mr Beringer on the pianoforte, Mdlle Enequist gave Mendelssohn's "Lieblingsplätzchen," and Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," as Miss Wynne did the last-named composer's "Ave Maria," with well merited success. There were, moreover, two bass songs—"Non più andrai" and "A Presentiment" (a composition of true musical feeling, by Herr Carl Lüders)—both sung and well sung by M. De Fontanier. The overtures were Spohr's brilliant *Jessonda* and Schumann's terribly gloomy but still interesting *Manfred*. Thus, we need not remind our musical readers, this capital concert began and ended in the sombre key of E flat minor. The 24th of the season 1866-7, it was also to be the last; but two extra performances are announced for to-day and 27th instant. At the first of these Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* is to be given; at the second Madame Arabella Goddard is to play a new pianoforte concerto composed expressly for her by Mr Benedict, who will himself conduct the performance.

(*From another source.*)

With an extra performance this day (at which Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* will be given, Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr Sydney Smith, and Mr W. H. Cummings being announced to fill the principal parts) the present series of Saturday concerts will terminate. The directors are honestly entitled to all praise for the fulfilment of their promise that "no pains would be spared to render the programmes varied and interesting, and attractive to all sections of the musical public;" and it is in every way gratifying to find that not only have the musical public been delighted, but the attractions held forth by these Saturday concerts have been eminently satisfactory in another (and to the shareholders especially) no less essential particular, inasmuch as the increase of the Company's revenue has been in no small measure fostered by these admirable entertainments. There have been twenty four concerts since the 6th October last, and at each of these more one or more works of importance have been presented. Handel's *Alexander's Feast* (twice), Haydn's *Tempest*, Macfarren's *Christmas*, Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, were the principal large vocal works performed; while of symphonies all those of Beethoven, with the exception of the 9th, have been played, as well as the following:—Haydn—C minor (No. 9), D (No. 7); Mozart—C major (*Jupiter*); Schubert's B minor (unfinished); Mendelssohn—*Italian* and *Scotch* (so-called); Spohr—*Power* (I *Consecration*) *of Sound*; Schumann—No. 1, B flat, 2, C major, 3, D minor; Gade—No. 1, C minor. Overtures and concertos of all the great masters have been given, and the following eminent instrumental soloists have at different times appeared:—Madame Arabella Goddard (twice), Madame Schumann (twice), Mdlle. Anna Mehlig, Miss Madeline Schiller, Herr Joachim, Herr Ludwig Straus (twice), M. Sainton, Signor Piatti, M. Dannreuther, Herr Wilhelmj (twice), Herr Hartvigson, M. Oscar Beringer and Mr Franklin Taylor. The sole drawback to the orchestra during the previous seasons—a deficiency of stringed instruments—having been remedied from the commencement of the series just closed, Mr Manns was able to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting, and thanks to his untiring energy and the constant opportunities for united practice, he has now under his control a band that may not only fairly challenge competition with any in England, but may take honourable rank with any of the great continental orchestras, and I believe that I not only express my own individual opinion, but also that of every connoisseur who has attended these concerts regularly, that such performances of great orchestral works have never before been heard in this country, and that it is not hyperbolical praise to say that they have been as near perfection as it is possible to attain. What, for instance, could be finer than the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, on Saturday last? From the first note of the bright, cheerful *allegro*, with which it opens, to the end of the final *allegretto*, every note had force and meaning, while the exquisitely reposeful *andante* and the wonderfully-real storm held all hearers spell bound. I think, in truth, there were few in the room who would not have been delighted to hear the whole symphony again from beginning to end. It was hardly fair to Mr. Sullivan to place the selection from his MS. opera, *The Sapphire Necklace*, immediately after Beethoven's gigantic work; nevertheless, our clever young composer's music came well out of the ordeal, and pleased so thoroughly that one felt inclined to say, "If so much why no more?"—and failing the "more," the audience asked for (and obtained) a repetition of the song, "Love will be master," sung by Miss Edith Wynne, whose thoroughly sympathetic and musical voice is always sure to win the good opinion of the public. I fear, however, that this young lady is beginning to show symptoms of that complaint with which (unfortunately) most of our present singers are affected—need I say the *vibrato*, now so general that it is almost the exception to find a vocalist capable of holding a sustained note. I hope that Miss Wynne may take warning in time, before that tremulousness, which is very objectionable, becomes chronic, and so ends in spoiling one of the most charming voices of the day.

I must not omit to mention that Herr Straus was warmly and deservedly applauded for his violin solo, *adagio* and *rondo* from Vieuxtemps' concerto in F sharp minor (No. 2); and that Mlle. Enequist and M. [illegible] further contributed to the vocal portion of the programme, which opened with Spohr's overture to *Jessonda*, and closed with Schumann's overture to *Manfred*.

DRINKWATER HARD.

[Mr. Hard is wrong as usual. There is to be yet another concert this day week. Henceforth let him be entitled "Drinkwhisky Hard."—A. S. S.]

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

At Mr. Henry Leslie's third "Subscription Concert," in St. James's Hall, the programme was uncommonly rich and well selected. Besides a hymn called "Songs of Praise," by the director of the choir himself, it included two "Hymns of Praise" by Mendelssohn, the same great composer's well known setting for eight part choir of the 43rd Psalm ("Judge me, O God"), and his equally well-known hymn, "Hear my prayer," for soprano (Miss Louisa Pyne), with chorus and organ accompaniment (Mr. J. C. Ward); Meyerbeer's impressive "Paternoster;" a chorus for women's voices by Schubert, "The Lord is my Shepherd" (23rd Psalm); Palestrina's motet, "Exaltabo Te;" a motet, "Tu es sacerdos," by Leonardo Leo, who came a century later than Palestrina; a "Sanctus," for men's voices, and the common-place Christmas *cantique*, "Nazareth" (for bass solo (Mr. Patey) with chorus of men's voices), by M. Gounod; an "Ave Maria" by Arcadelt, Palestrina's predecessor by half a century; a motet, "Salve Regina," by Hauptmann, a fine specimen of one of the clearest, most learned, and dryest of modern composers; Mozart's motet, "Ave verum;" Auber's "O Salutaris Hostia;" the eternal trio, "Ti prego," of Curschmann; and airs from Handel, Rossini, Bordese, and Henry Leslie (*Immanuel*), the singers being Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Patey, were also comprised in a programme which, for variety and interest, could hardly have been surpassed. Several pieces were encored, and among the rest the only instrumental solo in the programme—an *adagio* and fugue by another old Italian, Tartini, played by Mr. Henry Holmes, an English violinist who promises to attain the highest rank in his profession. Mr. Leslie's fourth and last "Subscription Concert" is announced for the evening of May 10th. It may be stated here that the performances of Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone*, which excited such general attention, were extra concerts, not connected with the "subscription."

MR. WELLINGTON GUERNSEY meditates a surprise for some of his friends.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second performance, at Exeter Hall, of Mr. Benedict's *Legend of St. Cecilia* (followed as on the first occasion by Rossini's *Stabat Mater*) was in all respects an improvement upon the first. The execution of the choral parts, if not beyond criticism, was far more satisfactory, and the elaborately written anthem, "God is our hope and strength" (quartet with chorus), which occupies so conspicuous a place near the beginning of the second part of the *cantata*, was highly effective from one end to the other. The "angels" (sopranos and altos) left still something to desire, though in the *finale*—one of the most touching, exquisite, and truly poetical things in modern music—they were for the most part above reproach. So profound was the impression created by this admirable piece, a worthy climax to a composition of more than ordinary mark, and so well was the solo part for St. Cecilia ("Those whom the Highest one defends") declaimed and sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, that the applause was persisted with increasing vehemence until the "cantabile" was recommenced. Thus—*mirabile dictu*—an important section of the *finale* was gone through twice, a result with few precedents, except in such instances as those of "Ah! non giunge!" "Non più mesta," or some such *ad captandum* display of florid vocalization, delivered by a popular *prima donna*, at the end of a popular Italian opera. Mr. Benedict earned this distinction exclusively by virtue of the abstract poetical value of his music. The beautiful contralto air of the Christian woman ("Father whose blessing we entreat"), which immediately precedes the anthem, sung as before, with the utmost refinement of expression by Madame Sainton-Dolby, was as before encored unanimously; and every piece, with scarcely an exception, was received with favour. Mr. W. H. Cummings and Mr. Weiss again assumed the tenor and bass parts of meek Valerianus and the choleric Prefect.

At the termination of the performance Mr. Benedict (who had conducted it himself) was called for and applauded with the same enthusiasm as on the first occasion. Only the other day *The Legend of St. Cecilia* was produced with signal success under the direction of the composer (in lieu of the universally regretted Mr. Alfred Mellon), by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. It has also been spoken of for the next musical festival at Birmingham. That it will make the tour of all the towns of Great Britain where a chorus can be got together is probable. Such a distinction would, in truth, be no more than its deserts.

(*From an occasional source.*)

The thirty-fifth annual Passion week performance of the *Messiah* took place on Wednesday night, the solo vocalists being Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley. The excellence of such a performance—with the giant chorus and splendid band of this society, conducted by Mr. Costa—is too well known to need description. A most important feature was the co-operation of Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley, each unrivalled in the delivery of Handel's great declamatory solos. "Comfort ye my people" and "Every valley" were given by Mr. Sims Reeves with true religious fervour; while "Behold and see" and "But Thou didst not leave" were characterized by an intense yet subdued pathos belonging to the highest order of religious musical expression. In the more demonstrative air "Thou shalt break them," Mr. Reeves was energetic without exaggeration, and forcible without effort; in short, his entire performance was in his best style, and that is a style which, in English oratorio, stands alone. Mr. Santley, too, in "The people that walked in darkness"—that grand picture of shadow and gloom—and in the *bravura*, "Why do the nations," sang with the finished refinement and emphatic phrasing of the best Italian school. Madame Sainton-Dolby's expressive rendering of the contralto solos in the *Messiah* is always an important adjunct to the general effect. In "He shall feed His flock," and "He was despised," this accomplished lady made as deep an impression as usual. Madame Rudersdorff was as earnest and energetic as ever, and gave her airs with great effect, especially "Rejoice greatly." The choruses were as impressive as such music ever must be, however familiar, especially when given with such resources as are under Mr. Costa's control. The *pianissimo* which obtains from such a numerous chorus at the commencement of "For unto us," contrasting so forcibly with the *fortissimo* on the word "Wonderful," is, however we may disagree with the reading, an instance of the results to be arrived at by a skilful and energetic conductor. The "Hallelujah"—that marvellous combination of simplicity, science, and sublimity—produced the usual effect of mingled delight and awe. In short, the whole performance was equal to what we are accustomed at the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The oratorio is to be repeated on Friday next.

BALLAD CONCERTS.

A series of "Ballad Concerts," under the direction of Mr John Boosey, was brilliantly inaugurated at St James's Hall the other night. The object of these concerts is to keep alive the taste for genuine English song and ballad by reviving the healthiest examples of past times, and combining with them, as a pleasing variety, some of the popular compositions of the actual day. Mr Boosey's first programme was rich in material. It contained not merely songs, duets, and ballads, but a madrigal by Orlando Gibbons, a glee by Bishop, and part-songs by Mr J. L. Hatton. There were, in the way of songs, specimens of Shield, Bishop, Dr Arnold, Haydn (canzonets), Benedict, A. S. Sullivan, Stephen Glover, Rodwell, "Molloy," and other composers of more or less repute, besides "national" ballads, or rather ballads set to "national" tunes, so-called (as if every tune was not "national"), Irish and Scotch—such as "The Meeting of the Waters" and "Rich and Rare," on the one hand, "Auld Robin Grey" and "My heart is sair," on the other. The absolute "moderns" may be said to have been most strikingly represented by Mr Benedict, Mr A. S. Sullivan, the lady who signs her very many published compositions "Claribel," and the lady who signs her very few published compositions, "Madame Sainton-Dolby." Mr Benedict had written a charming "May-song" for the occasion, which was confided to Mdlle. Liebhart. Two new songs by Mr Sullivan—"Will he come?" and "Give"—were respectively assigned to Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Edith Wynne; the contribution of "Claribel" (the only one) was the ballad already popular of "Strangers yet," being encored, in which Madame Sainton substituted the same composer's "By and bye;" and that of Madame Sainton-Dolby herself was a duet, called "The Angel's Home," which was allotted to Miss Louisa Pyne and the authoress. Besides the singers we have named, the Misses Wells, Messrs Cumming, Montem Smith, Weiss, Conway Cox, and Chaplin Henry took part in the performance, which was altogether attractive, and none the less so from the fact of Mr Charles Hallé's playing, with his accustomed ability, pianoforte solos by Mendelssohn and Stephen Heller. There is no reason why these "Ballad Concerts," well conducted, and no one is likely to conduct them with more spirit than Mr John Boosey, should not do real service in their way. If it be well to have good quartets, sonatas, &c., as Mr Arthur Chappell has shown, it is also well to have good songs and ballads for those whose taste can go no deeper. The concert under notice was excellent of its kind and entirely to the taste of a crowded audience, the majority of whom, nevertheless, could have put up cheerfully with half as many encores. The conductors were Messrs J. L. Hatton and Frank Mori. The next "Ballad Concert" is to take place on Easter Tuesday, when Madame Arabella Goddard is to be the pianist.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI is to make her first appearance this season at the Royal Italian Opera on the 4th of May—as Rosina, in the *Barbiere*.

MR. GYE is in Paris, waiting for *Romeo and Juliet*. Among those who approached him seven days since was Dr. Wylde, of St. George's Hall.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Notices of the reproduction of the *Africaine* and *Fra Diavolo* are in type, and will appear in our next number.

MR. AGUILAR'S last "Pianoforte Recital" for the season took place on Wednesday. The following was the programme:—Sonata Pastorale (Beethoven); Fantasia in C minor (Mozart); Waves (Caprice Etude); Elégie, Etude in A minor—(Aguilar); Sonata Caractéristique (Beethoven); Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Marche Funèbre (Chopin); "Cujus animam," Transcription (Liszt); "Sunset glow" (Aguilar); "Ave Maria" (Arcadelt); "La Carita" (Rossini)—Liszt. The rooms were fully and fashionably attended.

MAY BURNEY—NOT MARY BURNEY.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—In your report of the operetta played at Mr. Walworth's you have put me down as "Mary." I should feel much obliged if you will have the mistake corrected.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

5, John Street, Bedford Row, April 15. MAY BURNEY.

MR. J. F. GOLDBERG, the accomplished professor of singing, who has been passing the winter at Nice, has just returned to town for the season.

GLASGOW.—On the 2nd of this month, for the benefit of the manager and musical director of the theatre, a translation of Sophocles' *Œdipus Coloneus*, with the music of Mendelssohn, was performed, with an orchestra and chorus one hundred and fifty strong, under the direction of Mr Lambeth.

VIENNA.—The first representation, at the Court Theatre, of the Hungarian opera *Ilka*, by M. Doppler, has met with a brilliant success. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska was charged with the principal *rôle*, and the triumphant reception of the new opera is in a great measure to be attributed to her performance. Mdlle. Bettelheim and Herr Mayerhoffer played the other chief parts.

MR. E. T. SMITH IN PARIS.—The château and park of Asnières, built and decked by Madame Pompadour—which, during late years, has sunk to the lower, though not less honest, estate of a tea-garden,—has fallen into the hands of Mr. E. T. Smith, who intends to make a Parisian Cremorne of it during the period of the Exhibition, and, with this view, is advertising for curiosities of all kinds.

SIGNOR G. CAMPANELLA, an artist well known in the Italian circle of London society, gave a concert on the 13th inst. at his house, Clifton Gardens, Maida Hill, which was well filled by the Signor's friends and pupils. Signor Campanella possesses a real *basso profondo* voice both as to depth and power. He gave several specimens of both qualities on the present occasion, fully developing them in Pergolese's "Fac ut portem" and Rossini's "Pro Peccatis," from their respective *Stabat Maters*, and he produced air or two solos by a composer [illegible] Dr. Liguori, which I never had the pleasure of hearing before—finishing his contributions with the duet from "Marino Faliero," in combination with a certain euphonious Dr. Jaglielski, which was at least half an hour too long. However, in all his singing Signor Campanella was loudly applauded. Miss Rose Hersee, the ubiquitous and universal, was much fancied in an aria by Verdi, in Herr Ganz's "When we went a-gleaning" (encored), and with Signor Caravoglia, the most popular duet, "Quanto Amore," which was capitally sung and relished by both artists. Signor Caravoglia is becoming fast one of our most popular *buffo* concert-room singers, his singing being at once comic without the least extravagance. Mr Alfred Hemming, in "Adelaide," well accompanied by Signor Lanzi, was expressive and full of sentiment. Mr Hemming also sang Beethoven's charming lied "The Orphan's Tear," and was encored. Signor Tito Mattei, in conjunction with Signor Lanzi, played his grand valse as a duet for the pianoforte, and an arrangement of airs from *Faust* by the latter pianist, which delighted everybody present. A Miss Cheenas and Madame [illegible] also assisted in some vocal and instrumental pieces. The conductors were Signors Lanzi and Mattei.

[illegible] BADDOCK.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—"We regret to announce," says our contemporary, *The Choir*,—"that at a meeting of the members of this valuable society held at the Marylebone Institution last week it was resolved to discontinue its operations for the present season. The framed assigned cause of this decision was the untimely death of the esteemed conductor, Mr Alfred Mellon, but it was also stated at the meeting that to enable the society to carry out their scheme for the present season it would be necessary for the members to form a guarantee fund of at least £500, and this was thought to be undesirable. Several members who spoke expressed their deep regret at the want of public support shown at the opening concert of the season, which, as recorded by us at the time, included one of the most eclectic programmes ever issued. We understand that all the subscribers will have three-fourths of their money returned to atone for the loss of the three concerts which were announced for the ensuing months, and we trust that before next year this society, which has done so much service to the art, and has been of the greatest possible value to musicians, both amateur and professional, will be in a better position, and able once more to carry out its useful mission. At any rate, the announcement in the *Times* that it has been dissolved is, we are informed, premature."—[Who are the *Choir's* informants? Any man with an iota of common sense must understand that the result of the last general meeting was equivalent to a dissolution of the Musical Society of London. Nor are we able to share the regret which the *Times* expresses at the catastrophe.]

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

Sir,—Her Majesty has signified to Lord Bateman, Lord Lieutenant for the cider county, that she will allow the forthcoming Triennial Musical Festival at Hereford to be held under her patronage. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge have also given a similar assent. Nevertheless, as they won't attend the festival, it isn't of much use.—Yours obediently,

Appleford of Hereford.

P.S.—I like *immensely* the Vetch chapter, which I had read (like all the rest) before you forwarded it to me for inspection. But why do you not write to Bather of Ledbury, who is positively furious?—A. of H.

[If the Prince and Princess *did* attend, it would be all the worse for the festival. Hereford can't afford to throw away £900 on toilet-tables, looking-glasses, cigars, illuminations, and fire works, like Norwich.—A. S. S.]

TO MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON.

Enchantress thou of song! sweet Philomel, the gods thee heaR!
Undarken'd be thy sky, good Angels guard and be ever neaR!
Pours from thy charmed throat a Rill of song—a rill say I?
How pour the torrent—a flood! and Echo's voice prolongs the charM
Regina thou of hearts, and Paragon of art, true Prima DonnA,
Olympus greets its Priestess, and Apollo wreaths doth binD
Sister of the Muses! theirs thy Realm when from us dost go!
Yet mayst *New charm*, within this Orb—to witch us—long remaiN
Noon-splendid as thy voice, oh Syren! Fate shine o'er thy mortal spaN.
Earth's chiefest bliss be thine! Almoner of Music's joys, oh fair!—A.

To Thomas Bock Birch, Esq. Thomas Noon Gass.

P.S. By the way, why have you not responded to my last invitation to make an acrostic on the Japanese? And why are you silent to the readers of the *Musical World*?—T. N. G.

TO DOCTOR ABRAHAM S. SILENT.

My Dear Doctor.—I have been to Paris since last you received a letter from the Hatch, and, it is needless to say, I have also been to the Paris Grand Opéra within the same space of time. Myself eager to hear the latest production of Signor Guiseppe Verdi, I concluded that so was everybody else. Therefore, I enquired of my *maître d'hôtel* where I could book a place certain days in advance. Said my *maître d'hôtel* in response, "*Don Carlos* is all very well, but it is not so popular as you imagine. There will be room enough." I took the advice of that *maître d'hôtel* (marvellous to relate, he forgot to charge for it in the bill), and found it to be good, for there was "room enough" and a little to spare when I entered the theatre of the Rue Lepeletier, although the curtain was just falling on the first act. Don't censure me for being late. Who would have suspected the unconscionable time of half past seven so likely to be fixed upon for the commencement of an opera? You see, my dear Doctor, I could not forget our English custom of connecting the rising of the curtain with half past eight; and I did forget that Maestro Verdi tells us, in *Don Carlos*, a five hours' tale. Hence I found my way into the *parterre* and myself in disagreeable proximity to the stage just as the lords and ladies, hunters and what not, in the "forêt immense" of Fontainebleau were singing in joyous strains—

"Frappons sous ormes
Les airs *joyeux*."

while Don Carlos, as they went off, struck upon his breast, and declared in tones of anguish that "L'heure fatale est sonnée."

As regards the entire work, I must repeat what has been said more than once in the *Musical World*,—that it shows us Verdi in altogether a new style. Well, why not? The Parisians seem at first to have resented the change as if it involved an absolute desertion. Said they, "See in the composer of *Don Carlos* not Verdi, but one who was Verdi, and is now some other, an imitator of Meyerbeer, an Italian uttering broken German." Thus spoke disappointment too deep to be discriminating. But let us ask ourselves—we who can look at the matter coolly—whether the implied reproach be just? I, for one, say it is not. Is a composer to have only a first style? or, if he may have more than one, where is the doctrine of finality to step in? Who censures Gluck for turning his back upon the conventional Italian opera of his day and writing music which was in some degree illustrative of the story? Let him who does so (and only him) throw a stone at Verdi for giving us an opera which is a whole, and not a "concourse of atoms," destined to be hereafter distributed among the barrel-organs. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that lovers of *La Traviata* will also be lovers of *Don Carlos*, and these will, no doubt, be careful to point out the strong resemblance the new opera bears to the works of Meyerbeer in matters of detail as well as general style. Beyond question such resemblance exists, but the pointers out referred to will be sure to notice it and nothing else. Therein they will wrong the master. *Don Carlos* is like Meyerbeer, but Meyerbeer could no more have written it, than Verdi could write *Robert le Diable*. The latter has used the pen of the former; more than that, he has successfully imitated his handwriting, but he has expressed his own thoughts. This last fact, so important, will be probably overlooked in noting the more palpable similarity. I warn you, my dear Doctor, not to do any such thing. But the combination itself—the thoughts of Verdi uttered in the language of Meyerbeer—what of it? This—it has melodic form with almost literal descriptiveness, and approaches (so I think) very near to the golden mean between the Italian masters ante Gluck and the modern Germans of the Wagner school. You will infer from what I have said that *Don Carlos* satisfies me. *Vous avez raison.* What is more to the present purpose, it is beginning to satisfy the French, who, having got over their first disappointment, are fast finding out the merits of the work. That it will satisfy the English when they hear it I have not the smallest doubt. Our taste in music is of a graver cast than the taste of our lively neighbours, and although we (that is to say, many of us) have enjoyed the Verdi of old, the transformed maestro will find us more than ever ready to give him a welcome when he comes essaying a loftier flight, and bent upon a more serious purpose.

There are other reasons, apart from the character of the music, which are likely to conduce to the popularity of *Don Carlos* in this country, but into these I cannot enter now. If you, my dear Doctor, think it worth while, I will discuss them next week. Whether you do so or not, believe me your friend

The Hatch, April 17th. Thaddeus Egg.

P.S.—Your printer is—well, never mind.

Walworth Institution.—On Tuesday an amateur concert was given by the Walworth Choral Union and Vocal Class in the lecture hall, under the direction of Mr. W. J. S. Gadsby. The programme, consisting of selections from the works of Bishop and other English composers, was gone through in a satisfactory manner. Miss J. Cousens, who possesses a contralto voice of good quality, obtained an encore in Stephen Glover's "Gipsy Girl," as did Miss Ellen Dix in "The Nightingale's Trill." Mr. J. H. Cousens was accompanist.

[illegible] Northington.—A new organ presented by the Hon. Alexander Baring, M.P., to the church recently erected by Lord Ashburton, was opened on Sunday, 7th inst., by Mr. Walter G. Hann, of the London Academy of Music, the appointed organist. It is a very fine, full-toned instrument, remarkable for its sweetness, as well as power. The maker is Mr. Walker, of Francis Street, London. The following is a description of the instrument:—

Compass of Manuals CC to G in alto, 56 notes.

Stop	1.	Bourdon Pedal pipes ...	25	pipes	16 feet tone
„	2.	Open Diapason metal ...	56	„	8 feet
„	3.	Dulciana do. ...	56	„	8 „
„	4.	Keraulophon, tenor C, contd. by stopped diap.	44	„	8 „
„	5.	Stopped Diapason ...	56	„	8 feet tone
„	6.	Principal ...	56	„	4 feet
„	7.	Flute ...	56	„	4 feet tone
„	8.	Mixture, Twelfth and Fifteenth ...	112	„	

9. Coupler Keys to Pedals.

General Venetian Swell to the whole organ, except Open Diapason and Bass of Dulciana; two octaves of German Pedals, CCC to C, 25 notes; three Composition Pedals. A neat oak case, with fine spotted metal speaking pipes ornamentally arranged in front and at the side.

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MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

Sir,—By direction of the council it becomes my duty to inform you that in consequence of the funds of the society for the present season being wholly inadequate to the carrying out of the proposed scheme, an extraordinary meeting of the fellows and associates who form this society was holden (pursuant to notice) on the 10th inst. at which a special report was made by the council and the following resolutions were passed:—*That* the council do suspend all further proceedings of the society for this season, and do give notice of the same to all members and subscribers forthwith.—*That* the council do, within such limited period as they think fit, return to all subscribers not being members the sum of 13s. 6d. out of every guinea, and the further sum of 1s. 6d. out of every 10s. 6d. for a reserved seat paid for by them for this season.—*That* this meeting do stand adjourned to Wednesday the 10th day of July at 8 p.m.

In pursuance of the above I am instructed to give you notice that all the operations of the society for this season are suspended, and to request your attendance at the adjourned meeting, when a further report from the council will be made.

Members' annual Subscriptions are payable on the 1st November next, and may be paid to Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall, on or before 1st December next, *and if not then paid membership will cease*. The ordinary general meeting will be holden as usual on December 4th, at the Marylebone Institution at 8 p.m.—I am, your obedient servant,

April 15th, 1867. C. G. Verrinder, *Secretary*

[We publish the foregoing in the hope that it may be some use in this sad contingency.—D. P.]

The Japanese Performers.—On Monday last the troupe of Japanese performers, who are at present giving their entertainment at the Floral Hall in Covent Garden, attended by Royal command at Windsor Castle and gave a special display of all their extraordinary feats and illusions. It being the birthday of Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice a numerous and distinguished company had been invited to the Castle, and they witnessed the playing, which lasted from three to five o'clock, and was much applauded. The Japanese were accompanied by Mr. J. Mitchell, Mr. E. P[illegible], Mr. W. Greet, and their manager Mr. [illegible]. Mr. Osborne Williams officiated at the pianoforte.

Kennington.—The band of the 19th Surrey Rifles gave a concert on Tuesday at the Horns Assembly Rooms, under distinguished patronage. Misses E. Withers and Adelaide Bliss, Messrs. Conway, Cox and W. H. Hook were the vocalists. The programme was interesting. Miss A. Bliss sang Signor Guglielmo's ballad "The Bird and the Maiden," and Signor Arditi's "Bacio," in a very effective manner. In reply to an encore of the latter she gave "Sing, birdie, sing." Miss E. Withers sang Thorne's "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," and was encored, as was Mr. C. Cox in the "Ruby" (Gabriel). Mr. H. Griesbach created surprise by playing the prayer from *Mosè* on a one-stringed violin. A *fantasia* on Kucken's "The Recruit," for three saxophones, was performed by Mr. Tyler and his sons, and loudly applauded. The band under the direction of Mr. Tyler played several operatic selections. The National Anthem ended the concert.

Mdlle. Marie Krebs in Paris.—That brilliant young pianist, Mdlle. Krebs, has been captivating the Parisian public in an unheard-of degree. During her sojourn of some weeks in the French capital she has been heard at M. Pasdeloup's concerts, at the Athénée, at numerous *assemblées* of the aristocracy, besides giving a concert on her own account at the Salle Erard. Mdlle. Krebs has soared to the very highest quarry in her performances, playing at the Athénée Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto" (E flat), and at her own concert Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, Bach's Gavotte in G minor, Weber's *Moto Perpetuo* and less classical pieces. The young pianist was received on every occasion with marked and express favour, and has made a real impression on her new auditory. Previous to her performance in Paris, Mdlle. Krebs had made a *tournée* of six weeks in France and Italy in company with Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, M. Vieuxtemps, M. Batta, and Mr. Aptommas. The reception given to the fair pianist in the French and Italian kingdoms, was but the precursor of what awaited her in Paris.

Alston.—Mr. Wayland Whipham afforded much pleasure to the members of the Juvenile Society of Odd Fellows by the excellent programme of music he provided for them on the occasion of their public meeting in the Corn Exchange Room on the 21st ult. The Misses Spilman, Heslop, Smith, Blythe, Atkin, F. G. Atkin, Conny, Messrs. Whipham, Steel, Pindar, Dixon, &c., were the vocalists. Mr. Whipham sang with the best effect in the popular song, "The Message." "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" were sung in the course of the evening. Mr. M. Wilson presided at the pianoforte.

Bath.—The London Glee and Madrigal Union, having been engaged by Mr. Henry Sims, gave two concerts at the Assembly Rooms, under the direction of Mr. Edward Land. The performances of the celebrated Union were greatly enhanced by the playing of Mr. C. Oberthür, the celebrated harpist and composer, who introduced several of his favourite morceaux, all of which were received with much favour by the audience, more especially his arrangement of airs from *Martha*, and his brilliant arrangement of Scotch melodies. The part-singing of the Union was, as usual, perfect. The solos by Miss J. Wells, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Winn were excellent, and Mr. Edward Land's humorous Irish ballads pleased universally.—B. B.

Preston.—*Judas Maccabæus* was given at the theatre under the patronage of the Mayor, on the 4th inst. before a numerous audience. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks, Mrs. Warren, Mr. David Lambert, and Mr. Alfred Hemming. Several of Mr. Hallé's band from Manchester assisted in the orchestra, and the Preston Choral Society sang the choruses. Miss Banks and Mrs. Warren were much applauded after the duet "Come, ever smiling liberty," and Mr. Lambert in "Arm, arm, ye brave," was highly successful. Mr. Alfred Hemming sang "How vain is man" and "Sound an alarm" in a very musicianly manner. Mr. C. J. Yates was the conductor and acquitted himself admirably.

Mr. Robert Bell, whose death we announced on Saturday, had been seriously ill for many weeks. The fatal termination of the illness will, therefore, not surprise, however much it may grieve, his large circle of friends. Mr. Bell, it has been said, was not a "pre-eminently successful man." As an author this is, no doubt, true. He never produced a great and wholly satisfactory work; he never won the suffrages of the public; he never even bewitched the town by a brilliant, although temporary success. What he did he did conscientiously and well; but then his literary predilections led him for the most part into sequestered paths, which the ordinary reader does not care to traverse. No man probably knew more than he of our old poets and dramatists—their mode of life, their friendships, their vices and their virtues. It was delightful to hear him talk. One might have thought he had himself taken his glass of sack with Ben Jonson, or joked with Congreve, or helped Swift to hoax the poor almanac-maker Partridge. It was as if he had not merely read about the fine fellows who have given our language a literature, but had shaken them by the hands and been greeted by them as a friend. If you started him on a pleasant track, he would carry you along with him—not as a dry, plodding book-worm, but as a hearty, genial, jovial companion; and much as he loved the past he loved the present also, and no one was more successful in giving and taking enjoyment. He liked even the light banter and small talk which men with painfully disciplined minds are sometimes priggish enough to despise. The last work upon which he was engaged, and he was justly proud of it, was the exquisite volume published last Christmas by Messrs. Bell and Daldy, under the title of *Art and Song*. He died on Friday last at the age of sixty-four. We hope that the day of the funeral will be publicly announced, for Robert Bell had many acquaintances, as well as friends, who would wish to be present on that mournful occasion.—*The Day.*

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VOL. 45—No. 17 SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867. Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

On MONDAY EVENING, April 29,

"FAUST E MARGHERITA."

Margherita, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; Faust, Signor Mario.

On TUESDAY EVENING, April 30,

"MASANIELLO."

Elvira, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (her first appearance in that character).

On THURSDAY EVENING, May 2,

"LE NOZZE DE FIGARO."

Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; Susanna, Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington; La Contessa, Mdlle. Fricci (her first appearance in that character); Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Graziani; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Figaro, M. Petit (his first appearance in that character).

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE Nobility, Gentry, and Subscribers to the Opera House are respectfully informed that the SEASON will commence THIS DAY (Saturday), April 27th, on which occasion will be performed Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Figaro, Signor Gassier; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr Santley; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Don Basilio, Mr Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Casaboni; Susannah, Mdlle. Sinico; Cherubino, Madame Demeric-Lablache; Marcellina, Madame Tagliafico; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. In the course of the evening will be sung the National Anthem. The Opera commences at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Prices.—Pit Tickets, [illegible]; Pit Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Box Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes in the Upper Tiers, One Guinea.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets (also Prospectuses, with full particulars of the arrangements of the Season), may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre (two doors from Pall Mall), which is open daily, under the superintendence of Mr Nugent, from Ten till Six; and at the principal Libraries and Musicsellers.

Production of "I Lombardi."—On Tuesday, April 30, will be produced (for the first time these fifteen years) Verdi's grand Opera, "I Lombardi." (For particulars see below.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Production of "I LOMBARDI."—On Tuesday, April 30, will be produced, on a scale of unexampled splendour (for the first time these fifteen years), Verdi's Grand Opera, "I LOMBARDI." The entirely new and extensive scenery by Mr Telbin, assisted by Mr William Telbin. The costumes by Miss Bennett and Mr S. May. The Decorations and appointments by Mr Bradwell. The machinery by Mr Drummond. The whole produced under the superintendence of Signor [illegible]. The following will be the cast:—Oronte, Signor Mongini; Arvino, Signor [illegible]; Pagano, Mr Santley; Pirro, Signor [illegible]; [illegible], Mdlle. [illegible]; Sofia, Madame Tagliafico; and Giselda, Mdlle. Tietjens (her first appearance in that character). Conductor, Signor Arditi. Chorus of priests, people, knights, armour-bearers, warriors, Persian ambassadors, Moslem, [illegible], crusaders, pilgrims, ladies of the harem, &c. The epoch is that of the First Crusade. The action of the first act takes place in Milan. The scene of the second act is Antioch and its vicinity. The site of the third act is near Jerusalem.

Second Night of "I Lombardi."—Thursday, May 2, "I Lombardi."

Saturday, 4, Weber's Grand Romantic Opera, "Der Freischütz."

Box Office at the Theatre open Daily.

ST JAMES'S HALL, REGENT STREET & PICCADILLY.

MR AUSTIN has the honour to announce to his Friends, Patrons, and the Public, that his

ANNUAL BENEFIT CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

TUESDAY EVENING, April 30th, 1867,

Commencing at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists.—Madame Maria Vilda, [illegible], Miss Ada Jackson and Miss Palmer; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Wilbye Cooper, and Mr J. G. Patey.

Instrumentalists.—Pianoforte, Miss Clinton Fynes and [illegible] and Herr Jaëll.

Conductor . . . . . Mr BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Family Ticket (to admit Four), £1 1s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs Chappell; Mr Mitchell; Mr Ollivier; Messrs. Lacon & Ollier; Messrs. [illegible]; Messrs. Lamborn Cock, Addison & Co., Bond Street; Mr Nimmo, 45, Wigmore Street; Messrs. [illegible] & Son, 3, Princes Street, Oxford Street; Messrs. Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Mr Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street.—THE FIRST PUBLIC REHEARSAL this season will take place in the New Hall (St George's) This Afternoon, April 27, at Half-past Two. Conductor, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc. The orchestra will be on the same grand and efficient scale as in previous seasons. Principal first violins, Herr Straus and Mr Henry Blagrove. Programme:—Overture, Struensee—Meyerbeer; aria, Mdlle. Enequist—Mozart; concerto, clarinet, Mr Lazarus—Mozart; aria, Mme. Maria Vilda (of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden)—Rossini; Symphony in C minor, 1st movement, allegro con brio; 2nd movement, andante con moto; 3rd movement, Scherzo trio allegro—Beethoven. Part 2.—Concerto in G minor for Pianoforte and Orchestra (pianoforte, Mdlle. Anna Mehlig)—Mendelssohn; aria, Mdlle. Enequist—Meyerbeer; aria, Mme. Maria Vilda—Bellini; Overture—Weber. Tickets, reserved stalls in area, or first row balcony, 10s. 6d.; unnumbered stalls, 7s.; unnumbered stalls in balcony, 5s.; other seats, 3s. Tickets to be obtained only at the office in St George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St George's Hall, Langham Place.—Madame MARIA VILDA will sing at the Public Rehearsal, this (Saturday) Afternoon, April 27.

W. G. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, St George's Hall, Langham Place.—Mdlle. MEHLIG will play Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, and Mr Lazarus, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto—at the Public Rehearsal this (Saturday) Afternoon, April 27.

W. G. NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—LAST OF THE SATURDAY CONCERTS, in the Concert Hall, this season. Vocalists.—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss [illegible], Mr Wilford Morgan. Solo Pianoforte—Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductor—Mr Manns.

Programme will include:—

Symphony No. 7	Beethoven.
[illegible] (first time)	Benedict.
Overture, "William Tell"	Rossini.

Note.—The New Season Programme for 1867-68. Serial Numbered Stall Tickets for the NINE GRAND OPERA CONCERTS, supported by the Artists of both Opera Houses, Half-a-Crown Admission Tickets for the FIRST CONCERT on SATURDAY, May 4, and the New Guinea Season Ticket, dating from 1st May, may be had at the Ticket Stands within the Palace This Day.

THE THIRD BALLAD CONCERT under the management of Mr. JOHN BOOSEY will take place at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday Evening, May 21st. All the principal English artists will appear. Early application for tickets should be made to Mr Austin, 28, Piccadilly; or Boosey & Co., 28, Holles Street.

THE LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION. Established 1858.—Director, Mr. LAND.—Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr Baxter, Mr Coates, and Mr Winn beg to announce their NINTH ANNUAL SERIES of THURSDAY AFTERNOON GLEE, MADRIGAL, and OLD BALLAD CONCERTS, at St James's Hall, commencing 2d May. Subscription Stall for Series of [illegible] Concerts (transferable), [illegible], at Mr Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Mr Austin's, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; and Mr Land's, 4, Cambridge Place, Regent's Park. Numbered Stalls, 5s.; Unreserved, 3s.; Gallery, 1s.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play the "ANDANTE E RONDO CAPRICCIOSO," by Mendelssohn, at Madame Puzzi's Matinée Musicale, at St George's Hall, on Friday, May 3rd.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play "THE BABY'S SONG," by [illegible], at the Composer's Benefit Concert, St. James's Hall, Monday Morning, May 13th. Tickets at Duncan Davison's, 244, Regent Street.

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UNDER ROYAL & MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at Dudley House (by kind permission of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley), Friday, May 11th. Tickets, One Guinea each, to be had of Herr Reichardt, 24, Cambridge Street, Hyde Park, W.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place on Wednesday Evening, the 5th of June, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. All information of Herr Lehmeyer, 37, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

POSTPONEMENT.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI'S CONCERT, announced for the 18th May, at the Beethoven Rooms, is postponed, owing to a domestic bereavement.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN has the honour to announce to her Friends and the Public that she will give an EVENING CONCERT at the Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W., on Thursday, May 16th, 1867, full particulars of which will be duly announced. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Tickets—Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; Family Tickets to admit Three, 21s., which may be had of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street; and Miss Marie Stocken, 7, Monmouth Road North, Bayswater, W.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY of MUSICIANS of GREAT BRITAIN.—Instituted 1738.—Incorporated by Royal Charter 1790. For the Support of Aged and Distressed Musicians, their Widows and Orphans.

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The ANNUAL PERFORMANCE of HANDEL'S MESSIAH, for the Benefit of the Funds of the Institution, will take place at St. James's Hall, on Friday Evening, May 3rd. Subscribers of One Guinea are entitled to Two Tickets.

Conductor—Professor W. S. BENNETT, Mus. D.

By Order, STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

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DUBLIN.—MR. GASKIN'S VOCAL CLASSES.

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Song, "SIGHING FOR THEE"	*Jules Benedict.*
Ballad, "THE SPRING"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA"	*Henry Smart.*
Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	*Wilford Morgan.*
Canzone, "MID THE [illegible] LEAVES"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Ballad, "THE [illegible] OF [illegible]"	*J. [illegible].*
Ballad, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE"	*W. Allen Smith.*

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MESSRS. OXENHAM will Sell by Auction at their ROOMS, 353, OXFORD STREET, near the Pantheon, without reserve, on THURSDAY NEXT, May 2nd, at Twelve for One, a Valuable Collection of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, consisting of [illegible] Violins, [illegible] Violoncellos, and [illegible] Flutes, by celebrated Ancient and Modern Makers.

May be viewed on Wednesday, and Catalogues had.

VIOLIN FOR SALE.—A very choice PETRUS GUARNERIUS, in good condition, the property of a Clergyman, who will furnish undoubted proofs of its genuine value. May be seen and tried on application by letter to Rev. T. C. Hart, [illegible] Parsonage, [illegible].

TO CONCERT GIVERS, &c.—A PIANIST is open to accept Engagements to accompany Vocalists at Matinées, Soirées, &c., &c. He would also accompany Vocalists during their daily practice. Address X., care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Professional Gentleman (Mr. Rophino Lacy, arranger for the English Stage of "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella," etc.), known for many years both in a Musical and Dramatic capacity, now lying helpless on a bed of sickness, with all resources exhausted, respectfully and earnestly APPEALS to the Benevolent for AID to his FAMILY and himself. Further particulars may be known of Mr. T. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, Old Bond Street; and C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond Street; by whom any Contributions will be most thankfully received.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, may now be ENGAGED for Large or Small Meetings, Concerts, Balls, Wedding Breakfasts, Bazaars, &c. Early Applications are respectfully solicited. For terms, apply to Mr. Fish, at the Rooms.

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"L'AMOUR DU PASSE,"
at
MR. BOOSEY'S THIRD BALLAD CONCERT,
ST. JAMES'S HALL, TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 21.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing "THE SPRING" (by Wellington Guernsey), at the Beethoven Rooms, May 16th.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing Randegger's Cradle Song, "PEACEFULLY SLUMBER," at St. George's Hall, May 15th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the Variations on "CHERRY RIPE" (composed expressly for her), at Miss Edwards' Concert, Westbourne Hall, April 30th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing Henry Smart's admired song, "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," at the Beethoven Rooms, April 30th.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA'S Opera Company will perform during the ensuing week the Operas *The Rose of Castile, Il Don Giovanni, Lurline, Un Ballo, Rigoletto* and *The Bohemian Girl*, at the Theatre Royal, Brighton.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he will return to London for the Season on the 20th of May. All communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, etc., will, as usual, be addressed, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

Glasgow, April 8th, 1867.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely successful song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," April 18th, at St. James's Hall; May 1st, Beethoven Institution; 4th, St. George's Hall; [illegible]th, St. George's Hall; 13th, St. James's Hall; 14th, St. James's Hall.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "BENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY" (a Song of Venice), composed by Signor Randegger, at [illegible] Hall, at Shepherd's Concert, May 11th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Towcester, July 4th.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Wilford Morgan's highly successful song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Borough Literary Institute, April 30th.

MR. W. COATES will sing Wilford Morgan's highly successful song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Rochester, April 30th; Sittingbourne, May 1st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at Warrington, April 30th; and at St. James's Hall, May 14th.

MR. SUPPUS, Professor of Music, begs to announce that he gives Lessons on the Guitar, Violin, Piano, and Singing; and there are Meetings for Amateurs for the Practice of Trios, Quartets, etc., on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from Four to Six o'clock, at his residence, 2, Upper James Street, Golden Square, which he superintends.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) begs to announce his removal to No. 110, Euston Road, N.W., where he is prepared to receive pupils for instruction in VOCAL MUSIC, and give finishing lessons to professional pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.

MR. KING HALL, having completed his studies at the Royal Academy of Music, under the superintendence of the most eminent masters, requests that all communications respecting Lessons on the Pianoforte, Harmony, and Composition, also engagements for Concerts and Soirées, be sent to his residence, No. 111, Euston Road, N.W.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO begs to inform his Patrons, Pupils, and the Public that he has arrived in Town for the Season. Address—[illegible], Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has **REMOVED** from Grosvenor Street to 63, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, three doors from Park Lane, where letters or engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

By the Author of "The Guards" and "Hilda" Waltzes.

THE TITANIA WALTZ, by D. GODFREY. The subjects from Weber's Oberon. "Skilfully worked up, with a result most pleasing—more so, even, than many of this popular writer's productions."—*City Press.* Post free for 24 stamps.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA

April 20.

No more agreeable contribution from the repertory of the French Opéra-Comique to that of the Italian lyric stage than *Fra Diavolo* could be named. It was written at a time when the most gifted and genuine of French composers was earliest fascinated by the brilliant talent of Rossini, the master of dramatic composition, as all acquainted with Auber are well aware, whom, and not without solid grounds for his opinion, he ranks highest after Mozart. While, in the main, as thoroughly French as any of Auber's comic operas, there are occasionally strong manifestations in *Fra Diavolo* of the influence exercised by the renowned Pesarese musician—the most striking instance of which is the admirable quintet in Act I., where the feigned marquis, poor Lord Rocburg's persevering nightmare, first makes his appearance. Much, if not all of this, might have been signed "Rossini," and have found honourable admission into *Le Comte Ory*, or some work of the same class by that prolific genius. On the other hand, the trio near the commencement of Act II., where Zerlina shows "Milord" and "Milady" to their dormitory, which notwithstanding that it is the finest piece of music in the opera, scarcely ever elicits a mark of recognition from the audience, is a compound of Mozart and Rossini, set off by certain bright and piquant touches, unmistakably revealing the worthiest French emulator of those distinguished men. The other great trio of the second act, in which Fra Diavolo dexterously gets himself out of a scrape by explaining to Lord Rocburg and Lorenzo his sudden appearance in Zerlina's chamber, on grounds calculated to arouse the jealous susceptibilities of both, accepting a challenge from each, while he keeps either in ignorance of what he has been saying to the other, is Auber pure from first to last, and none the less genial and welcome on that account. The lively trio in the first act, where the brigand unfolds his plans and mode of action to his associates, Beppo and Giacomo, though not an integral part of *Fra Diavolo*, having been transplanted from *Les Chaperons Blancs*, a later work now almost forgotten, is in its way quite as characteristic of the composer's marked individuality, and in other respects quite as musically and dramatically good. But it is too late to discuss the merits of an opera universally recognized as a masterpiece of its order, and upon which, though it has well nigh attained the "forty year" to which Thackeray complacently owns while "dipping" his "nose in the Gascon wine," time has not written one wrinkle. *Fra Diavolo* has suffered nothing through the operations indispensable to its metamorphosis from a French into an Italian opera. The additions—comprising the trio from *Les Chaperons Blancs* already mentioned, the deliciously quaint couplets in which the vagabond Beppo, so inimitably played by Signor Tagliafico, solicits alms and food from the innkeeper Matteo ("Il son signori un infelice"), the inspiriting *saltarello* of the third act, a *tarantella* fit to mate with that in *Masaniello*, and the delicately accompanied and always effective recitatives, into which the dialogue is now thrown, instead of clogging and impeding the progress of the opera, enliven it in every instance. A happier transplantation from one operatic stage to another, change of language taken into account, has never been effected.

How thoroughly well, with what life, bustle and picturesque reality *Fra Diavolo* is placed upon the stage at the Royal Italian Opera we need hardly add. There are only three scenes, a scene to each act, but these are all perfect in their way—perfect in every respect, from the general outline to the smallest arrangements of detail. The choral parts of Auber's charming opera are so familiar, and moreover so clear, straightforward and easy of execution, that it would be strange if they presented any difficulties to the old, experienced singers who form the majority of the Covent Garden vocal company. Of the orchestra directed by Mr. Costa it is almost needless to speak. From the light and sparkling overture, in its style unrivalled, to the end, all is irreproachable. At the same time, we feel impelled to make special mention of the absolutely perfect manner in which the orchestral accompaniments are played throughout the bed room scene of the second act, and most particularly where Fra Diavolo and his accomplices are arranging their plans near the couch of the sleeping Zerlina, whose unconscious utterance of the prayer "O Vergin santa," arrests the uplifted dagger of the superstitious Beppo—as ready on an emergency to mumble a "paternoster" as to commit a murder. A more skilfully sustained *pianissimo* it is impossible to conceive.

To descend from generals to particulars, the "cast" of the *dramatis personæ*, if not all that could be wished, is at least as strong as the present resources of the theatre will admit. All hope of witnessing Signor Mario in the character of the Brigand being now apparently abandoned, we must take Signor Naudin for what he is worth, and, in mere fairness, give him credit for very considerable ability. To present anything like a dramatic embodiment of the character is beyond the power of this clever artist, who, neither a Chollet nor a James Wallack, looks no more formidable in the Brigand's costume than fascinating in that of the "Marquis," and thus does not precisely account for the awe with which he inspires his associates, or for the spell which he exercises over the feelings of "Milady." But Signor Naudin has mastered the music thoroughly, and for the most part sings it extremely well. We should like more simplicity, or rather, perhaps, less forced expression in the deliciously tuneful serenade ("Agnese la Zitella"); but sung as it is, with an excess of refinement which we cannot but think out of keeping, it obtains a loud encore; and Signor Naudin may fairly say—"Let criticism bestow its animadversions elsewhere; the public is with me." In the concerted music he is everywhere excellent, and in the elaborate scena of Act III., when Fra Diavolo narrates his exploits, he exhibits, if nothing else, uncommon vocal facility. In short, "*faute de mieux*," in these times of dearth Mr. Gye may well be felicitated on the possession of a tenor like Signor Naudin, master of so wide a repertory, and more than respectable in every part he undertakes—from Vasco di Gama to Pollio. About the Zerlina of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca we have only to add to the almost unrestricted eulogy which we felt bound to accord to it last year, that from a musical point of view it has sensibly improved. We are still unable to agree with her hyperdramatic reading of the simple legend, "Quell' uomo al fiero aspetto" ("On yonder rock reclining"—Zerlina's description of Fra Diavolo to the disguised brigand); but here again the public is evidently against us—if the encore it brings down may be taken into account. In the scene of the bedroom Mdlle. Lucca is lively, natural and charming from first to last. She *will* have her own way, and get into bed in her own way, and cover herself up with the bedclothes in her own way; but the whole is done in a manner so naïve and artless that even Mendelssohn, who when he saw *Fra Diavolo* in Paris (1830) avowed he could never have found music for such a situation, would have been forced to own that, after all, it was not surprising a French musician *could* find music for it, and beautiful music in the bargain—music, in fact, such as Auber has found. The scene before the looking-glass, with the lovely air, "Si domani, il domani," and the pretty *coda*, while warbling which Zerlina innocently admires the reflection of her face and figure, is, in Mdlle. Lucca's performance, a piece of genuine art, and can hardly be too warmly extolled.

The other characters may be dismissed in a sentence. Mdlle. Morensi acts the part of Lady Rocburg admirably well, but occasionally leaves something to wish for in her execution of the music; Signor Neri Baraldi's Lorenzo is exactly what it has ever been; Signor Polonini is efficient, as usual, in the little part of Matteo; the two thieves are played to the life by Signors Tagliafico and Capponi (Signor Tagliafico's delineation of Beppo being a thing *per se*); and Signor Ciampi's Lord Rocburg is as different from the Lord Rocburg of Signor Ronconi as one thing can be different from another. Signor Ciampi, however, enjoys the advantage of an enormous pair of whiskers. But the music alone of *Fra Diavolo* is so sparkling, fresh and melodious, from the first bar to the last, that so long as there is a Zerlina like Mdlle. Lucca the opera cannot fail to delight an audience with ears attuned to harmony.

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April 22.

Mr. Gye's contribution to the Easter Monday entertainments was the *Africaine*, two or three scenes in which would have gone far towards making the fortune of an "Eastern piece" at a time when "spectacle" used to be the first thing aimed at, and scenic splendour at any cost was the rule. A fitter choice for such an occasion could hardly, therefore, have been made. Further than this, we remember few better performances in England of Meyerbeer's last great work. Mr. Costa was at his post at the head of the orchestra, which has quite as difficult, laborious, and responsible a task in the *Africaine* as in its immediate predecessors, and, amid all its massive combinations, is probably written more freely in the *obbligato* style for the principal instruments than any of them

The richly-varied and elaborate accompaniments were everywhere played as perfectly as could be wished. To enter into details would involve the necessity in strict fairness of mentioning nearly all the chief players in the orchestra by name. We must, however, be content to single out the famous unison prelude to the scene of the Mancanilla, for string band, clarinets, and bassoons, which was given with wonderful power and quality as well as quantity of tone. As usual, it was listened to with profound attention, called for again, and repeated with no less effect. The chorus, too, was in singularly good order throughout the evening. The magnificent scene of the Council—the introduction (as it now stands) to that of the Ship, where the prayer of the mariners to St. Dominic is so ingeniously mixed up with the vows of Selika, Inez, and their companions; the whole of the fourth act, with the solemn rites of marriage between Selika and Vasco di Gama; and, indeed, every situation where choral music is an adjunct, came out with uniform good effect. This one act alone, with its superb and varied costumes, military music and characteristic dances, in the general arrangement of which Mr. A. Harris has exhibited more than his wonted ability, would alone have constituted an attractive Easter Monday entertainment for an Easter holiday audience.

The distribution of the principal characters in the *Africaine* is, with a single exception, the same as last year. That exception is one of material significance; but, happily, Signor Cotogni is quite equal to the task assigned him. He does not possess so fine a baritone voice as his predecessor. Such a voice, indeed, as that of Signor Graziani, notwithstanding its somewhat limited compass, is a rare phenomenon. But, in compensation, the new Nelusko is a much better actor than the original; much more natural, much more impressive, attempting a great deal less and achieving a great deal more. Then his voice, although in a measure interrupted by the prevailing use of a *tremolo* on every note that has to be sustained, is of good quality, and strong enough for all reasonable purposes. His intonation is rarely defective; he phrases naturally and knows how to declaim as well as how to sing. This was favourably demonstrated in the unaccompanied recitative from the maindeck of the ship ("Olà! marinar, &c.") when Nelusko warns the sailors to keep to the north, which was delivered with an emphasis that if anything erred through excess, but as perfectly in tune to the end as though the orchestra was supporting the voice throughout. The wild legend of "Adamastor" in the same act, though both well sung and well acted, seemed to us a little wanting in spirit; but the beautiful apostrophe to Selika ("Figlia dei Rè, a te l'omaggio") in the act preceding, was given with genuine feeling; and the very interesting dramatic situation in the act following, where Nelusko, in obedience to Selika, swears on the sacred book of the Brahmins that Vasco is her husband, was powerfully realized. Though, of course, we cannot fairly estimate the actual pretensions of a new singer in so exceptional a part as Nelusko, we are disposed to think in most respects highly of Signor Cotogni, and to believe that he will turn out a valuable acquisition to the strength of the company.

There is little to add to what has already, on several occasions, been written about the Selika of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, a poetical embodiment of a wholly original character, if there ever was one. Her performance on the whole appears to us even better than it was last year; clearer and bolder in outline, more finished in detail, and, which was difficult indeed, more touching. Every telling point is made the best of; every scene is well filled out; but the last—the slow death, under the branches of the tree of poison—is in its way a masterpiece, as lovable and complete as it is picturesque. Mdlle. Lucca was called before the curtain at the end; and it says no little for the attraction of this last scene that, though it forms the climax of an opera which takes four hours in performance, so large a majority of the audience invariably remain to witness it. As Signor Naudin was the Vasco di Gama selected by Meyerbeer himself for the *Africaine* in Paris, it is not surprising that he should throw all his energies into the impersonation; and certainly in no other opera does he sing with such well sustained vigour, or labour so diligently to make all that can be made of the opportunities that present themselves. As a specimen of elaborately refined vocalization we may point to the noble recitative, "O radiante suol!" in which Vasco apostrophizes with glowing enthusiasm the new world he has discovered, and the air which is a pendant to it ("Ah! pietà per la mia fama") the melody of which has a Mozart-like turn by no means ungraceful or unwelcome. But everywhere in the opera Signor Naudin takes the same exemplary pains, and with a commensurate result. He could scarcely be mated with an Inez more acceptable and in every sense competent than Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, whose vocal skill enables her to master with ease the difficulties of a part in which to be difficult is the rule rather than the exception. It is hard to imagine the music of Inez better sung, or the character more efficiently represented. Signor Attri does, as before, all that can be done in the not very grateful part of Don Pedro, by no means the most magnificent specimen that could be fancied of a President of the Royal Council; a new tenor, Signor Marino, as Don Alvar, the one member of the Council friendly to Vasco, is a decided improvement on the gentleman who has hitherto assumed the character; and Sig. Capponi, with his fine bass voice, as Don Diego, again tries to make something out of nothing. On the occasion under notice he was not only Don Diego in the first act but the High Priest of Brama in the fourth (Signor Tagliafico being inexplicably absent). He had a good chance of exhibiting both voice and declamatory power, and availed himself thereof with zeal. To conclude, the music of the *Africaine* improves on every new hearing; and, in spite of the large critical cuts, unfortunately imperative, it has every chance of taking its place, as a worthy compeer, by the side of *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, and the *Prophète*.

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(*From an occasional source*).

Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* was performed on Tuesday, with a cast differing only from that familiar to the audience by the substitution of a *débutante*, Mdlle. Nau, for Mdlle. Scalchi in the part of Oscar; and of Mdlle. Morensi, for Mdlle. Honoré, in that of Ulrica. *Un Ballo* contains some of Verdi's finest music—the *finale* to the third act, for example—and more than one striking dramatic situation. As a whole, however, it is deficient in those points which in thoroughly popular works fix themselves in public regard, and by which they are remembered and estimated. The part of Amelia was again sustained by Mdlle. Fricci, who was cordially received. The old features of her impersonation are too well known to call for comment. We must, however, make mention of the dramatic power which Mdlle. Fricci brings to her work, and enables her to cope with exacting situations. This was fully displayed in the third act, when Amelia is in search of the plant which is to cure her of her passion. Not less effective was the opening scene of the fourth act, where Renato bids Amelia prepare for death. Her execution of Verdi's music displayed the old merits, and also the old defects; for with her fluency and power of expression she still associates a tendency to force her voice. But, the drawbacks notwithstanding, Mdlle. Fricci is so good a singer and actress that it is to be regretted she does not stand high in public estimation. The Ulrica of Mdlle. Morensi created an impression that her strength will be manifested in similar parts. She did justice to the music throughout the one act in which she appeared, and deserved special praise for her delivery of the opening air. She never sang better. Mdlle. Nau, who made her *début* as Oscar, is the daughter of a lady once well known in England under the same name. She has a *petite* figure and a voice which only fails to match by being smaller. The effect of so very thin a thread of sound in so large an area was somewhat odd. But Mdlle. Nau looks at present little more than a child, whose powers time may develop, and the audience were indulgent. Signor Mario, as Riccardo, was in such excellent voice, and bore himself in so princely a fashion, that the stage enthusiasm of the chorus and "supers" for the Duke might well have been changed into real enthusiasm for the artist. To point out every feature in his performance would be to go through every scene in which he appeared. It must suffice to mention his interview with the sorceress, his delivery of the characteristic air "Di' tu se fedele" (encored, but not repeated), and his part in the no less striking "È scherzo od è follia" (quintet), as marvellous exhibitions of dramatic and vocal skill. With what passion he gave the air in the scene with Amelia (Act III.) need not be said; as always, Signor Mario in this was inimitable. Signor Graziani was warmly greeted on entering as Renato. His performance differed in no respect from that with which the public are familiar; being as painstaking and careful as ever, marked as ever by shortcomings, which by this time we have learned to tolerate as inevitable. That

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the "O dolcezze perdute" was encored must be attributed more to custom than to the merit of the singing. The parts of Armando and Angri were efficiently filled by Signori Tagliafico and Capponi. The chorus did their work satisfactorily, and the orchestra was throughout above reproach. On Thursday, M. Naudin being indisposed, *Un Ballo in Maschera* was repeated in place of *Masaniello* which had been announced.

ST. CECILIA.

It is but very seldom nowadays that we get so thoroughly charming a work as Mr. Benedict's *St. Cecilia*. Elegant and full of fancy throughout, it never for an instant relaxes its firm, strong hold upon our sympathies; while the listener, fascinated by the composer's earnestness, finds himself at intervals unexpectedly shaken by emotions for which he was at the outset of the work quite unprepared. The librettist has been as happy in his choice of a subject as the musician in his treatment of it. At first sight the theme seems to be of the most worn. Year after year did the numerous Cecilian societies bring forth a new ode in honour of their patroness saint; [illegible] than the Christian martyr has probably been more profusely celebrated in music than any other personage, real or fictitious, sacred or profane. But her history has been left untold [illegible]. Mr. Chorley has supplied the want, and he has done well to content himself with taking the crowning incident of "divine Cecilia's fate," and throwing it into the simplest conceivable dramatic form. In his libretto we have not the tutelary goddess of music, but the converted heathen dying a martyr's death for the sake of her newly adopted faith. It is fit, however, that the Christian heroine's death should be glorified by the art of which she was destined to be the guardian spirit. We could wish that the verses were uniformly up to the level of the writer's lofty theme. In some there is much power and much poetic insight, but in others the writer would seem intentionally to adopt a quaint colloquial style, which jars most painfully upon the ear. What, for example, can have led an experienced writer to introduce a passage of serious passionate invective, placed into the mouth of a tyrannical Roman prefect, with two such lines as these:—

"That which you do the most desire
Therefore I shall the most deny."

Many similar instances, in which the writer's taste has been perverted by his love for eccentricity, might be adduced; but we prefer to pay our testimony to the skill with which such materials have been turned to the best account by the composer.

Mr. Benedict has taken advantage of the opportunity given to him by his subject, of mingling the secular with the sacred style. The instrumental prelude, the first theme of which supplies the principal subject of an anthem to be noticed presently, is solemn and majestic, if not strictly ecclesiastical in character; but the opening wedding-chorus, "Let the lutes play their loudest," with its well-contrasted episodes for male and female voices, and the singularly bright theme that floats above the surface of its florid accompaniment, is essentially of the world, worldly. Each time, however, an occasional deepening of the jubilant feeling that pervades the chorus reminds us that the festive epithalamium is, in truth, a hymn to "Gracious Hymen," in "the solemnity of old religion." The approaching nuptials of Valerianus and Cecilia being thus announced, the bridegroom has an air, "The love too deep for words to speak." With all its unquestionable grace and effective originality of rhythm, it cannot be compared to an immediately succeeding scena and duet, "Oh, my lord, ill must grieve you," in which Cecilia declares that she is bound by solemn vow to heaven, and appeals for some sign whereby she may convert Valerianus to the true faith. Apart from the beauty of the suave melodies and [illegible] harmonies in this duet, there is a holy, earnest, supplicating sentiment breathed through the concluding prayer that is in the highest degree impressive. The harps of the angels are heard to whisper an answer to the maiden's appeal, and their voices repeat in harmony her emphatic sentence, "Praise the Lord." Then follows a lovely air with harp accompaniment, "When the blessing is given," in which Cecilia, in an access of holy fervour, completes the song of praise, while a double four-part chorus of *soprani* and *contralti* supports her glowing theme. A graphic passage in the second solo, descriptive of a storm, reminds the hearer of Mr. Benedict's teacher Weber; but at the same time there is not an idea of plagiarism from the first note to the last of this singularly charming number. An exquisite passage for angels' voices, "Another soul is won," brings us to a tenor air, "A wondrous change my spirit doth surprise," in which Valerianus confesses his conversion, and this again to the final chorus of the first part. The opening subject, for women's voices only, "From our home we have come down," we venture to think far more suggestive of the "tricksy spirits" that watch over Titania's sleep than of angels rejoicing over a repentant sinner; but the theme that is first given out by the bass is more impressive, and the chorus is admirably instrumented. The second part is opened by the Prefect (of course a baritone) in a highly impetuous scena, "What mean these rebels vile?" of the Pizarro stamp, impassioned and dramatic, but somewhat overladen by a very heavy accompaniment. To this fierce outburst succeeds a gentle soothing melody, which, allotted to the soft and rich contralto voice, falls upon the tired ear "as the gentle rain from heaven." Pure and simple as a melody can be, "Father, whose blessing we entreat," will soon find its way into every home as well as into every concert-room in the kingdom. We are glad to observe, by the bye, that Mr. Benedict has restored the codetta which he expunged at Norwich, but which lent an characteristic conclusion to a genuine inspiration. Then follows an anthem, "God is our hope," the most extended and elaborate movement in the work. Opening with the chorale theme of the instrumental prelude assigned to a quartet and chorus, it soon breaks into a vigorous *fugato*, and marked specially by some effectively harmonised passages on the words, "We will not fear though the earth tremble," goes on at great length through a second smoothly written solo quartet and a spirited allegro for chorus, in which there is some more fugal writing, until it culminates in full harmonies of great majesty and power. In this movement the composer has evidently thought more of the opportunity it gave him to manifest his scholarship and skill than of the general proportion of the cantata on which he was engaged. A duet, for tenor and bass, chiefly noticeable for a lovely phrase, "Only too blest to die with her," constantly repeated by Valerianus in reply to the Prefect's protest, is followed by a very delicately instrumented funeral march, into which the composer has, in its decided improvement, intercalated some sixteen bars since *St. Cecilia* was given at Norwich. A trio, wherein the anger of the Prefect and the faith and love of the martyrs, strong even in death, are effectively contrasted, leads to the finale, in which Mr. Benedict has fairly surpassed himself. Even in the introductory dialogue, the excitement of the scene is vividly suggested; but words altogether fail to describe the marvellous success with which the sacrifice itself is realized—the virgin martyr's voice thrilling with the very ecstasy of religious fervour, proclaiming, while the flames are already circling round her, the earnestness of her faith; the sound of celestial harps meanwhile encouraging her steadfast soul, and the Alleluias of sweet-voiced angels bidding welcome to the spirit that is about to wing its bright way above. Nothing less than genius could have wrought so powerful an impression by means so simple.

St. Cecilia produced even more effect when repeated by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday, the 12th inst., than when first produced at Exeter Hall a fortnight earlier. So prolonged was the applause at the conclusion of the work that the latter portion of the final movement was actually repeated, although many of the chorus had already left the orchestra. The cantata was again conducted by the composer, who received constant and most flattering tokens of the gratification felt by a large audience. Mr. Benedict, now that he has shown what he can do in sacred music, is bound to undertake the composition of an oratorio, which should be altogether worthy of his great genius, and should put the final seal on his well-deserved fame.

C. D. T. O. H. G. C.

A NEW SOPRANO.—Miss Sophie Winterbottom, a young soprano who has been studying in Italy for some time, and whose progress we have noted on several occasions, has just returned to London to commence her professional career. Miss Winterbottom, during her absence, has been engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Berlin, and the Opera in the King's Theatre, Copenhagen.

MOSCOW.—The direction of the Imperial Theatre of Moscow for Italian Opera has been conceded to Signor Graziani, the popular baritone, who intends giving a series of performances there next season.

THE SECOND SOIRÉE of Mademoiselle Rosetta Alexandre, pianist to the King of Prussia, conducted by Herr Schuberth, took place at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday last, 25th inst., and was a decided success. In Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata and Oberthür's grand *duo* for pianoforte and harp, the young artist showed both great expression and brilliant execution. In the former she was joined by Mr. Henry Blagrove, and in the latter by Herr Oberthür. The encores of the evening were Miss Mina Poole, for Mozart's duet "Crudel perchè," with Mr. Renwick; Mr. Leonard Walker, for Rossini's "Largo al factotum," and Mr. Renwick for a song alone. The other artists were Miss Barry Eldon, who sang well, and Miss Adelaide Bliss, who pleased in Wallace's "Song of May." Mr. Henry Blagrove gave two solos on the violin—Polonaise (Wales) and Variations (Mayseder), and Herr Oberthür performed several pieces on the harp, earning much applause for his "[illegible]" and "Cascade." Mr. Lockhart assisted Herr Schuberth in accompanying the vocal music. The third *soirée* will take place on Wednesday, May 8th, on which occasion Miss Banks and Miss Lucy Franklein will sing.—W.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

(*Another opinion about "Don Carlos," &c. &c.*)

The production of Verdi's new opera is just now the absorbing topic of conversation among the dilettanti and musical connoisseurs of Paris, and that it has achieved merely a *succès d'estime* is now very generally admitted. For *Don Carlos* is essentially a mistake. Forsaking his earlier style, Verdi has based his latest production upon the German school, more especially that branch of it represented (and so pre-eminently) by the lamented Meyerbeer; but, notwithstanding that the opera is most carefully written, and contains much music that is both interesting and meritorious, it is clear that he has aimed at a class of composition beyond his grasp, and it is scarcely probable that he will renew the attempt in any subsequent work. The best numbers in the book are a garden chorus followed by a quaint Moorish air for the Princess Eboli in the second act; the last scene of the third act, containing some extremely striking choral effects, and a very pretty original march, recalling, without, however, the slightest plagiarism, the coronation march in *Le Prophète*. This is the best and most successful scene in the opera, but, in truth, it must be added, its success is as much owing to skilful stage grouping and management as to the music. The other most noticeable feature, perhaps that which created a more real impression than anything else during the evening, was the death-scene of Rodrigue, "Oui, Carlos, c'est mon jour suprême," magnificently given by that finished artist, Faure. The part of Elizabeth was allotted to Marie Sasse, who gave all her music very beautifully, but appeared to rely entirely upon the effect which her noble organ and admirable method naturally created; in a dramatic sense her performance was nil. Madame Gueymard Lauters, as the Princess Eboli, looked bright and comely, dressed the character richly, and sang delightfully. In point of voice there is little to choose between these vocalists, who are the leading soprani of the theatre, but the latter is decidedly the better actress of the two. The tenor, Morère, a careful, painstaking artist, did his best, but his voice is defective, and he seemed overpowered by the noisy ungrateful music which fell to his share, and to the execution of which he was wholly unequal. Obin looked most picturesque as Philip II., and gave most artistically music which must have been extremely trying to a voice that has evidently seen its best days. As a spectacle nothing can exceed the splendour and good taste which have been displayed in putting the opera upon the stage, and there is a ballet apparently added expressly for the gratification of the audiences at this theatre, in which Mdlle. Beaugrand dances very cleverly, but its introduction lengthens the opera considerably, does not bear upon the story, and will probably be expunged, if the opera is produced, as announced, at Covent Garden. In conclusion, gorgeously mounted as it is (for the Parisians love spectacular displays above everything), and most carefully rendered, the opera is already beginning to lose its attraction, nor can any lasting success or vitality be predicted for it elsewhere.

At the Opéra-Comique they are giving two new pieces, *Mignon* by Thomas, and *Le Fils du Brigadier* by Victor Massé, who is best known as the composer of *La Reine Topaze*, an opera rendered popular by the admirable impersonation of the principal *rôle* by Miolan Carvalho. I was much pleased with *Mignon*, for the plot is interesting, and the music, although slight, is graceful, flowing, and eminently pretty; moreover, it was given with that care and perfection of *ensemble* which never fail to distinguish all performances of this theatre. In particular, Madame Galli Marié made herself up into a marvellous resemblance of the Mignon with which poor Ary Scheffer has made us so familiar, and invested the character with a poetical charm which alone would show her to be a real artist. Her extreme popularity among the *habitués* of the theatre was unmistakably demonstrated by the applause with which her expressive singing and conscientious acting were invariably greeted. The other female part, Philine, was intrusted to Madame Marie Cabel, long one of the most distinguished favourites of the Opéra Comique school. It would be a matter of some difficulty to speak too highly of this most accomplished singer. Madame Cabel is no longer young; but she is still a very handsome woman, retaining full possession of her powers, and her vocalisation is marked by a grace and fluency which have been rarely equalled, and possibly never surpassed. There would be something almost audacious in the fearlessness with which she dashes off her ascending scales and roulades were it not for the ease and unconsciousness of difficulty with which she executes them; one scarcely knows which to admire most in her singing—its perfect finish or entire absence of effort. Her execution of the air, "Je suis Titania," a brilliant and enormously difficult polonaise, was unquestionably the greatest success achieved during the night. The other characters do not demand much notice, although all, without reference to their importance in the opera, were excellently rendered; but Achard, as Wilhelm Meister, was as usual charming both in singing and acting, whilst Bataille was thoroughly artistic as Lothario (the blind father of Mignon); and, in conclusion, the opera was beautifully put upon the stage.

The season at the Italiens, which is now rapidly drawing to a close, has been characterised by few events of interest, the continued success of Mdlle. Patti appearing to have rendered further effort on the part of the director unnecessary; and with so brilliant an attraction M. Bagier may, perhaps, be excused for neglecting other means of raising his theatre in the estimation of the Parisian public. That he *has* neglected to do so, is very evident from the desolate aspect of the house when the favourite *prima donna* does not sing, it being usually half empty, notwithstanding the reduction in the prices of admission; the rest of the troupe being very inferior, the orchestra deficient in quality and discipline, the chorus meagre, and the stage-appointments deplorably mean and shabby. Mdlle. Patti's latest effort has been the *rôle* of Gilda in *Rigoletto*, in which her success was unqualified, and will probably be as great, if not greater because better supported, when she essays the part, as announced, in London. It may have been anticipated that this fascinating singer would prove unequal to the wild and violent character of Verdi's music, but the result has shown that any such anticipation was unfounded; she charmed in every bar and phrase which she had to sing, and her delivery of the very trying air "Caro nome," embellished with a few well chosen ornaments, in particular one very difficult *cadenza*, conceived in admirable taste and most brilliantly executed, may be specially instanced as a model of brilliant and expressive singing. The baritone, Cresci, supported the character of the Jester respectably, but Fraschini was noisy, exaggerated, and unrefined as the Duke, and with regard to the rest of the performance silence may be the best comment.

At the Théâtre Lyrique, during the temporary retirement of Madame Miolan Carvalho, who is studying the character of Juliet in Gounod's anxiously expected new opera, the house depends principally upon the exertions of the Swedish singer, Mdlle. Nilsson. This is one of the most charming and original artists I ever heard. Mdlle. Nilsson is still very young, and has consequently something yet to acquire in point of finish and power, but her voice, a genuine *soprano sfogato*, is throughout the whole of its very extensive compass, one of the sweetest and purest imaginable, and her singing is remarkable for extreme brilliancy and unaffected expression; her appearance, moreover, is most pleasing and prepossessing, and as an actress she is easy and graceful, if not great. Her extreme originality is, however, perhaps her greatest charm; but you will shortly have an opportunity of hearing and judging for yourself, as she is to appear, I believe, at Her Majesty's Theatre early in the coming month, and a very great success may, unless I have largely over-estimated her abilities, be safely predicted for her, a success which it rests with herself alone to render as lasting and important as that achieved by a long line of *cantatrici*, from the days of Mara and Grassini, down to Tietjens and Patti, for already, though in the first step of her career, this gifted young singer may justly claim to be enrolled among artists of the above class, artists, the memory of whom is indeed for all time." M. W.

Hotel Mirabeau, Paris, April 1867.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. F. B. CHATTERTON.—The manager of Drury Lane Theatre has been presented with a testimonial in value 250 guineas, subscribed for by members of the Drury Lane company, assisted by personal friends. It consists of a silver pair of waiters, tea and coffee service, claret jug and cup, and a cigar-case, all of silver richly wrought. On the salver is the following inscription:—"Presented to F. B. Chatterton, Esq., by the members of the company of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, and a few of his personal friends, as a token of the esteem in which they hold him, and as a mark of their admiration for the ability and honourable conduct which has distinguished his career as the lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. April 15, 1867."

Myddelton Hall.—A concert was given on Wednesday at the above hall, under the direction of Mr R. H. Wells, in aid of the funds for the relief of a poor widow, and I am glad to say there was a full attendance. The vocal music was much admired. Miss Rose Hersee gave Mr Gantz's "When we went a-gleaning" (encored), Herr Engel's "La Rose," with Miss Roberthine Henderson Mr Macfarren's duet "Sweet Summer Morn," and with Signor Caravoglia the duet from *L'Elisir d'Amore*, "Quanto Amore." Miss Henderson sang Mr Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," and Bochsa's arrangement of "Cease your funning," with variations, composed originally for Mrs. Salmon. Mdlle Emilie Georgi sang "Non più mesta," with great brilliancy and spirit, and was recalled with loud applause. In her second song "Love hail'd a little maid" she gained a unanimous encore. Miss Julia Derby in "The Minstrel Boy" and an Italian cavatina, "Mille Volte," made a favourable impression, as did Miss Jessie Pattison in Weber's "Softly Sighs" and Benedict's "I'm alone." Mr Alfred Hemming gave Blumenthal's "Message" and the ballad "The Orphan's Tear" (encored), and Mr Lawler "The Wolf" and "Simon the Cellarer." Signor Caravoglia introduced a new romance by Signor Traventi "[illegible]," and a new scena, "La Pesca," by Signor Tito Mattei. Both songs were worthy of the applause and were well sung. Signor Tito Mattei played his popular grand valse and a notturno, in which he was encored. Messrs. S. J. Noble, F. Kingsbury and Signor Mattei presided in turns at the pianoforte. [illegible]

Leeds.—The annual performance of the *Messiah* at the Amphitheatre on Good Friday was well attended, and the audience signified their approval of the execution in so appreciative a manner as to satisfy those who had undertaken its reproduction that their labours had been attended with a great amount of success. The soloists were, with one prominent exception, all of Leeds, viz., Miss Newell (soprano), Miss Newbound (contralto), Mr Inkersall (tenor), and Mr David Lambert, of Durham (bass). There was a full band, and the chorus was numerous, effective, and well-trained. "For unto us," "Lift up your heads," the "Hallelujah Chorus," and "Worthy is the Lamb" were all rendered with good effect. Miss Newell was perfectly familiar with her part, and gave a capital reading of "There were shepherds" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Miss Newbound sang excellently "O thou that tellest" and "He was despised" (encored). Mr Inkersall sang with his usual good taste "Thou shalt dash them." Mr Lambert contributed his full share to the success of the night. He exhibited his fine qualities in "Behold darkness" and "Why do the nations so furiously rage together," and was encored in "The trumpet shall sound." Mr J. Wood played the trumpet *obbligato* admirably. The chorus-master was Mr J. Atkinson, and Mr J. Lancaster conductor.

Brighton.—The acoustic qualities of our new theatre have been tested by the opera company engaged by Mr Chart for the Easter week, and are pronounced excellent. *La Sonnambula* was played on Easter Monday with Mdlle. Lancia as Amina, who, though new to a Brighton audience, made a great impression upon them. The critic of the *Brighton Gazette* writes of the lady:—"Madame Lancia was, of course, the Amina, and such an Amina we have not heard on this stage since the days of Jenny Lind. Her name and fame had been heralded to Brighton, and her *entrée* was greeted with a burst of applause. Her first piece was the well-known recitative and air, 'Oh love, for me thy power,' which tests the power and quality of the voice. She had not proceeded far into the air before we were clearly convinced that she is an artist. She has an admirable conception of light and shade, the rapidity with which she executes her cadences and her purity of intonation display her vocalisation in an eminent degree. Then again the close shake, which may be pronounced in the common acceptation of the word perfect. The descending and ascending gamut with marvellous accuracy. She has a very extensive register, and can sing to C and D in alto with perfect ease. Her singing of this air absolutely brought down the house. It was a foretaste of what the frequenters of the opera may be led to expect from such a *prima donna*. *Il Trovatore* was the next opera in which Mdlle. Lancia had another opportunity of displaying the excellent qualities of her voice, and the brilliancy of her vocalisation. Her shake was remarkable in the grand *scena*, which obtained more than an average share of applause. Miss Helen Clayton is the contralto of the troupe, Mr Parkinson the tenor, and Mr Durand the baritone. The chorus are highly efficient, and showed themselves in the "Miserere" to be capitally trained. A unanimous encore was awarded to this favourite piece. The *Crown Diamonds*, *Faust*, the *Barber of Seville*, and *Fra Diavolo* are announced this week. Mdlle Lancia is the "directress" as well as the *prima donna*, so the fair artist has enough on her hands.

French Cavalry Bands.—Marshal Niel, Minister of War, has addressed a report to the Emperor, the object of which is to suppress the bands of all the regiments of cavalry and artillery in the French army. The reasons assigned are three:—1. That in the corps in which the Budget grants only a limited number of horses the bands absorb not only men who neither do garrison duty in time of peace nor active service in war, but also use horses which might be employed in mounting combatants now on foot. 2. That the cavalry soldiers, who have quite work enough of their own to attend to, are often obliged to clean the horses of the musicians, and sometimes also those of the pupils, who are dispensed from that duty by reason of their studies and rehearsals. 3. That the dimensions and weight of the instruments now used are prejudicial to the active movement of mounted troops. The Marshal proposes that each cavalry corps shall retain only sufficient trumpets to give the necessary calls and signals required for the service. The Emperor has approved the suggestions of the report.

Leeds.—In celebration of Dr Spark's 400th organ concert at the Leeds Town Hall, *The Creation* was last night performed. Perhaps on no previous occasion have the prospects of a musical performance looked less promising, or been surrounded with circumstances of a more unfortunate character. Only the day before that fixed for the oratorio tidings reached Dr Spark informing him of the indisposition of two of the principal singers on whom he relied—Mdlle. Bauermeister and Mr Tom Hohler; and within a few hours of the commencement of the performance a telegram arrived announcing the inability of Mr Weiss to fulfil his engagement. All that could be done with the limited time at disposal to provide substitutes for these singers—none of whom, it must be mentioned, gave the slightest assistance in this respect—and to keep faith with the public in the production of the oratorio, was done; and to the credit of the audience be it said that when the facts we have related to were mentioned—the somewhat ungracious task being kindly undertaken by a highly esteemed barrister of the Midland circuit—not a single person showed any disposition to avail himself of the offer distinctly made of an arrangement at the doors on "the usual terms." A general desire seemed to prevail to make the best of the somewhat untoward circumstances, and to support the borough organist under what must to him have been a cruel disappointment. In regard to Mr Tom Hohler, it is only right to remark that, in addition to the medical certificate as to the state of his voice, a private letter was read from that popular tenor to Dr Spark, in which he stated that he was especially anxious not to appear that night, as he had to sing at St. James's Hall on Tuesday (to-night). So much for what preceded the performance of the oratorio. A more pleasing duty remains to be discharged in recording the actual proceedings of the evening. As Dr Spark's very able apologist happily remarked, it was so far fortunate that such a series of mishaps occurred in the centre of Yorkshire, where little difficulty is ever experienced in finding, even at a short notice, able interpreters of sacred music. In a pupil of his own Dr Spark furnished a lady to whom the soprano music of *The Creation* is perfectly familiar, and who brings to its exposition a well cultured voice and pleasing delivery. It is only recently that we had an opportunity of commenting on the favourable impression made by Miss Helena Walker in oratorio music—her performance in *The Messiah* at the Coliseum being one of great merit—and it is not necessary on this occasion to make any lengthened remarks on her equally successful appearance last night. Her fine voice was heard to great advantage in the airs, "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens"—the latter being given with a clearness and an expression it would be difficult to surpass. A portion of the soprano music in the third part was taken by Miss Newell, and rendered very fairly. The tenor was Mr Whitehead, of the Durham Cathedral, a gentleman possessing a sweet but not powerful organ. Mr Whitehead was successful with "In native worth," for which he obtained an encore. The gentleman who undertook the bass music at a few hours' notice was, we understand, Mr Hall, an amateur belonging to Bradford. The only defect noticeable in the chorus—admirable in every other respect—was a weakness in the alto voices. "Achieved is the glorious work" and "The Lord is great" were performed in a masterly manner. Mr S. Rosy conducted. The organist was Dr Spark, and we mention him last for the purpose of congratulating him on having so well surmounted the difficulties in which he was placed by the failure of his leading singers to fulfil their engagements.—*Leeds Mercury*.

Belfast Monday Popular Concerts.—A series of concerts, vocal and instrumental, have been given each Monday evening during the last month at the Ulster Hall, Belfast. The leading vocalists have been Miss Lottum van Noorden, from London, who has been singing a song by Mr Charles Oberthür called "Home," with violoncello *obbligato* by Herr R. Mayer, most effectively; Miss E. Pennell, from the Irish metropolis, with Mr E. Peele, tenor, from the same *locale*, also have been exhibiting their talents to the gratification of the Belfastonians. Mr Alfred Collier presides at the organ of the hall, and with the capital military band of the 3rd Buffs, under the direction of Mr R. Sweeny, who have aided the concerts by their performance of several popular overtures and selections, these entertainments have been most successful.—E. B.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place in the above Hall on the following

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS:

MAY 17, | MAY 31, | JUNE 14, | JUNE 28,
MAY 24, | JUNE 7, | JUNE 21, | JULY 5.

To commence each Day at Three o'clock precisely.

Violoncello — Signor PIATTI.

The Programmes of the forthcoming Season will be selected from the Works of the most celebrated writers for the Pianoforte, Ancient and Modern, and include at each Concert one of the principal Sonatas by Schubert, whose instrumental works have lately created such a profound sensation in this country, together with examples from J. S. Bach's 48 Preludes and Fugues, &c. &c. Selections from the compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Heller, &c. will also be frequently introduced.

In order to enable Mr. Hallé to produce the whole of the Sonatas, &c., for Pianoforte and Violoncello by Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the services of Signor Piatti have been secured for the Eight Matinées, at each of which one of these celebrated works will be performed.

Mr. Hallé will not play at any Morning Concert this Season, except at the Eight Recitals above mentioned.

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MARRIAGES.

On Wednesday, the 24th instant, HENRY YOUNG, Esq., to Miss GEORGIANA STANNICH.

On the 15th inst., at the English Embassy in Paris, by the Rev. G. Gardiner, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Cox, HENRY HOLMES, of London, to JULIA LIDE, daughter of HENRI JACCARD, of Besançon.

DEATH.

On the 18th inst., deeply regretted, after a brief illness, at Abingdon Villas, Kensington, ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of the late Mr. JOHN EDWARDS, of Limehouse, and sister to Mdlle. Rita Favanti.

The Musical World.
LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

[Translations from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann continued.]

SPOHR.—*Continued.*

TRIO CONCERTANTE IN E (Op. 119).

THIS is, as far as I am aware, the only composition of its class by our honoured master. It must always rejoice a mature artist to find himself attempting fresh branches of composition, if only from the consciousness it implies that he has not yet reached his goal, but is still earnestly aspiring to it. I was therefore truly glad at the appearance of this trio, closer acquaintance with which has certainly not reversed my first favourable opinion. The main thing which distinguishes the composers of the German school from those of Italy or France, and has made them so great and so cultivated, is their habit of attempting all forms and styles of the art, while foreigners attach themselves to one branch only. When we hear one of the favourite opera composers of Paris spoken of as a great artist, we naturally ask—"Where are his symphonies, his quartets, or his psalms?" "How can you think of comparing such with the German masters?" Spohr, for example, has composed in almost every form, from Oratorios to Songs, and from symphonies to rondos for a single instrument; and yet this versatility is by no means his lowest claim on our respect. We hail this his newest achievement as a fresh burst of his great powers, and trust it may long shine in the circle of his creations. With its individual colour and flavour we are already familiar. But there is an inexhaustible fountain of spirit in this composer which never fails to rivet our attention, like himself though he always remains. Of few modern composers can it be more truly said than of Spohr, that he might publish everything without his name and yet be instantly recognised. The interest which his works compel us to take in them rests on another ground—not only on the charm of his individual style, but on the richness of his treatment, and on the pure musical beauty of his works, in opposition to their characteristic peculiarities; for music may possess a very marked character and yet be far from "masterly." Spohr puts everything into masterly form, and clothes even his familiar thoughts in choice dress. He is never weary of giving all possible finish to his work.* Look, for example, in this Trio, at the way in which he harmonizes the first theme of the first movement differently every time it appears. An ordinary musician would have spared himself the trouble and have done it each time alike. This conscientious labour appears rather to increase than diminish as he grows older. It is a thing of which many have no idea, and the want of it revenges itself amply in their works.

But it is mere loss of time to explain Spohr's great qualities as an artist, since the world has long since been agreed about them. The present Trio is indeed an ornament to its composer. From beginning to end it is cast in one mould, the *adagio* alone being to my mind rather weak. The other movements have very special points. The first is a delicate texture artistically woven by a firm hand. The *scherzo* is one of the finest he ever wrote, and makes one long to hear it again and again. The *motif* of the *finale* has become somewhat common through Spohr's own frequent use of it, but there is an extraordinary spirit throughout the movement; and the *pizzicati* violoncello must not be forgotten, nor the charming melody introduced from the *adagio*. On the general character of the rest of the work it is not necessary to speak—Spohr in the first movement, Spohr in the second, Spohr throughout. If Schiller's words—

> "I find nought lovelier though I chose for ever"—

are true, of anything, they are true of this trio. Long may its author remain among us!

CHOPIN.

The compositions by Chopin now before us are a *concert allegro* (op. 46), *Ballade* in A flat (op. 47), two *Notturnos* (op. 48), and a *Fantasia* (op. 49). They are full of spirit, and, like everything of Chopin's, are recognisable as his at a glance. The *Concert allegro* is written quite in the form of the first movement of a Concerto, and indeed, was originally intended to be accompanied by the orchestra. It is full of new and brilliant passages, but wants a melodious middle subject, and is too restless and rambling. One feels the want of a slow movement to follow it, in fact an *adagio*, since the whole plan of the *allegro* suggests a complete concerto in three movements. To elevate the piano into complete independence and emancipate it from the orchestra, is a favourite idea of the young composers of our day, and may have induced Chopin to publish his *allegro* in its present form. If so, this fresh attempt only shows the extreme difficulty of the undertaking, though we trust that it will not deter others from repeating their endeavours.

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* Similarly a critic of our own has well said:—"Even when least inspired Spohr always wrote his best, and thus every one of his works is in its way a model."—words worthy to be placed over the desk of every student.—*Translator.*

The *Ballade* I place far above the *allegro*. It is the third, and both in form and character is remarkably different from the other two, while it is no less individual than they. Throughout it all the refined and spiritual Pole is discernible, moving in the most distinguished circles of the French capital; but it is too full of poetical feeling to allow of its being dissected.

The *Notturnos* are like the earlier ones in their melancholy character and graceful turn. The second in particular will find its way to many a heart.

The *Fantasia* displays again the bold and impetuous poet whom we have so often known elsewhere; it is full of genial passages, though the whole has not managed to get into satisfactory form. It is impossible to do more than conjecture the images which floated through Chopin's mind as he wrote it—at any rate they were not joyful ones.

HENRI HERZ

CONCERTO NO. 3, FOR PIANOFORTE AND ORCHESTRA—D MINOR (OP. 87)

"Herz, my Herz, oh why so doleful?"* was my song the whole time I played this concerto! In the first movement alone there are three *con dolores* and *espressivos* and *smorzandos* beyond belief. The preliminary apparatus is quite tremendous. The key D minor (Don Juan, no less); the unusual time, three crotchets in a bar—the soft start, followed by a whole four pages of short tutti—"without a doubt," thought I, "his profoundest work!" And indeed so it is. For once our darling of the piano has donned helm and coat of mail, and if much of his armour is borrowed—well, he makes no mystery of it. Let us look into it a bit. None but wicked rivals—such as great minds in all ages are pestered with—will find in the introduction a likeness to Moscheles' G minor concerto, or in the first subject to that of Chopin's F minor, or in the third bar of the fifth line of page 5, a reminiscence of Kalkbrenner's D minor, or in the third bar of the third line of page 8 of the general tone of Weber, or in page 14 of Thalberg's.

But, even his friends can't but recognise in the *andante* an apotheosis of the romance from the concerto of Chopin just mentioned, or trace an obvious similarity between the beginning of the *finale* and the *scherzo* to the second symphony of Beethoven, the second subject again being an idea of Chopin's, followed on page 35 by the march from *Jessonda*. By way of giving a little dramatic life to it, on page 31 we find a bit from Beethoven's ninth symphony (which, of course, Herz can't know), and the concerto closes (page 43, line 4, bar 2), for the sake of unity, with a passage from the same concerto of Moscheles with which it commenced. Be it understood, however, that everything else is his very own—such as the ornaments, the chromatic pearls, the flights of arpeggios. It is obvious how anxious he is to learn from the best models, for only in the case of Thalberg and Kalkbrenner does he condescend to take anything from second class worthies. Such heroism should be at once encouraged and restrained; and it is our will to be its heralds (in spite of the Very Universal Musical Times, which has long since proclaimed Herz and Hunten—and Handel—as great masters), and to induce every one to study the concerto carefully for himself. For what end are fingers given us?

GERMAN MUSIC

What lofty patterns of exalted greatness has a German to look to! Our young composers should now and then cast an eye on them; for instance on Bach, who considered all that he had written before thirty as not existing; or Beethoven, who to the very end of his life could not get the better of his *Mount of Olives*. It won't signify much to you, my young friends, what you may think of your compositions in fifty years time. But, indeed, what a king throws away a beggar will pocket. Therefore burn none of your immortal works, and congratulate yourselves on your short lives—but don't quarrel with the future if she forgets you.

The quartets of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, are known to all the world, and no one dares to cast a stone at them. It is the strongest testimony possible to the indestructible vitality of their compositions that after more than half a century they still enrapture us all; though it says little for the present generation that in all this interval they have been able to make nothing comparable to them. Onslow and Mendelssohn alone have proceeded—the latter of whom has a lofty poetic sense eminently fitted for this branch of composition. The later quartets of Beethoven contain treasures not yet known to the world, and which will take the world many years yet to reach.

In a large place like Vienna one requires double resolution to keep in the right path. What both public and publishers crave is something light and amusing, and they value a maker of fire-works more than a practised gladiator. Thus it often happens that those who don't take this view, but insist on going against the stream, have to dine alone and unbefriended, while those who accommodate themselves to circumstances, and forego their lofty aspirations, swim down the tide with a hundred companions,—and pass away without leaving a trace. We wish the young composers of the day endurance enough to keep out of the latter class. Of what account is the loudest applause of the fashionable public by the side of the quiet conscience of the real artist? It is impossible ever to satisfy the public, but a work of art that has been carefully wrought out and happily finished will endure for many a decade.

MENDELSSOHN'S PLAYING.

Nov. 3, 1836.—This day Mendelssohn played the G major Concerto of Beethoven with a power and finish that transported us all. I received a pleasure from it such as I have never enjoyed, and I sat in my place without breathing or moving a muscle, afraid of making the least noise. But the distress, after it was over, of having to talk to people, and hear their absurd criticisms and remarks! I got out of the room into the fresh air as soon as possible.

Jan. 14, 1841. The gem of the concert was the Beethoven Concerto (in G major) played by Mendelssohn. Many a composition which our exclusives have overlooked owes its resurrection to him; his last exploit has been to bring this work to light, perhaps the greatest of Beethoven's concertos, inferior in neither of its three movements to the well-known one in E flat. The cadences which Mendelssohn introduced in two of the movements, like all his cadences, were masterpieces in a masterpiece, the return to the orchestra in both cases being more than usually original and delicate. The applause was tremendous.

BEETHOVEN

RONDO FOR PIANOFORTE (POSTHUMOUS), OP. 129

Anything droller than this bit of fun it would be hard to find. I laughed without stopping when I played it the other day for the first time, and what was my astonishment on going through it once more to find the following title: "Capriccio discovered amongst the papers of Beethoven, and entitled in the MS. 'Rage at losing a groschen, vented in a capriccio.'" "Rage!" it is the most delicious, imbecile, rage! just like one's wrath when one's boot won't come off, and one puffs and stamps, the boot all the while looking up at its owner in the most phlegmatic manner.

But now for once, I've got you, my Beethoven-friends. Quite in another style will I rage at you and take my fist to you one and all, if you persist in looking so insanely, turning up your eyes, and saying with all your exaggeration, "Beethoven loved to be exaggerated, and to fly from star to star far above the world!"

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* *Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig*; the pun is untranslatable.

Google

"To-day I am thoroughly up to the mark," was his favourite expression when he felt particularly jolly; and then he would laugh with a roar like a lion, and lay about him—intractable old creature that he was! And so with this capriccio of his do I lay about me. You think it common, unworthy of a Beethoven, just as you do the melody to *Freude Schöner Götterfunken* in the ninth symphony, and you put far far below the *Eroica*. But let me tell you that at the resurrection of the arts, if the angel of truth were to hold the scales with this groschen-rondo on one side and ten of the newest pathetic overtures on the other, up would go the overtures to the clouds!

One thing there is, my composer-friends, young and old, of which we often want reminding and which this rondo may teach us—Nature, nature, nature!

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WE are requested to state that, at the ordinary general meeting of the Musical Society of London (July 10) if the members acting upon the advice of the council should be in a position to make arrangements for future public performances, they will pass resolutions to that effect. A conjunction of adverse circumstances has caused a suspension of operations, but the absence of concerts does not necessarily dissolve the society, and it will continue to exist as long as the many eminent professional and amateur musicians who have been elected fellows and associates meet and discuss the object for which the society was founded in 1858, viz.:—"The advancement of music in England."

CONDUCTORSHIP OF THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—We understand that the committee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society (on Thursday) elected Mr Jules Benedict to the post of conductor, vacant by the death of Mr Alfred Mellon. The choice lay finally, we believe, between Messrs. Benedict, Charles Hallé and Otto Goldschmidt (husband of the famous Jenny Lind), but amongst the candidates there were Arditi, A. Manns (Crystal Palace), C. J. Hargitt, A. Sullivan, E. Silas, J. L. Hatton and Hullah, and other well known musicians. We believe that Mr Benedict was not formally before the society as a candidate, but he has for many years been so intimately connected with the society that his selection for the vacant post will occasion no surprise.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the last Saturday concert of the season (to-day) the symphony will be Beethoven's No. 7. Madame Arabella Goddard will play a new concerto in E flat by Mr Benedict (for the first time), the composer himself presiding in the orchestra.

SIG. RONCONI.—Every lover of Italian opera will regret to be informed that this great and distinguished artist will not take any part in the performances at the Royal Italian Opera this season. Signor Ronconi is still in America with his young and promising daughter.

MDLLE. NILSSON will make her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 8th of May, as Violetta in *La Traviata*.

MDLLE. ILMA DI MURSKA, not being able to come to terms with the manager of the Imperial Opera at Vienna as to a renewal of her engagement, has definitely left the theatre. She gave a farewell concert on the 15th inst., previous to her departure. Mr Mapleson's brilliant *cantatrice* is expected in London in a few days.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON, the Swedish *prima donna* of the Théâtre-Lyrique, whom we may shortly hope to see and to hear at Her Majesty's Theatre, is engaged at the Grand-Opéra, in Paris, for next winter, to take the part of Ophelia in a new opera founded on the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare, by M. Ambroise Thomas.

MADRID.—The *Conservatoire* of Music, adjoining the Theatre de l'Oriente in Madrid, was burnt down a few days since during a rehearsal of *Maria di Rohan*. The theatre itself was in no way damaged; but the performances will be suspended for a few days. Among the most active agents in the *sauvetage* was Signor Borghi, husband of the well known mezzo-soprano, Madame Borghi-Mamo.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

I believe I may certify that M. Gounod's opera, *Romeo et Juliet*, will be brought out at the Théâtre-Lyrique on Friday—the day after to-morrow—and, assuredly, not before there was a necessity. The public were growing wearied with delays, and were beginning to lose all interest in a work which for so long a time had kept attention alive, and excited curiosity in no ordinary degree. At last everything is settled definitively. The scenery is made to run smoothly in the grooves; the painting has dried; the *mise-en-scène* is under the absolute control of the carpenters; the chorus singers have bawled themselves into complete mastery of their music; the orchestra have the score by heart; the principal singers are note-perfect and letter-perfect—not, however, Shakspeare letter-perfect—and the manager lifts up his heart to a grand success. But Shakspeare will not be indebted for his Parisian glorification to M. Carvalho alone. M. Emile Perrin, the director of the Grand-Opéra, has also turned his attention to the "Divine Williams," and purports, after the manner of the eclectic manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, to put one of the poet's plays into opera for his house. M. Gounod has a great name, and is the composer of *Faust*. Has not M. Ambroise Thomas a great name, and is he not the author of *Mignon*? The French musicians may not have equal talent, but their friends can start a rivalry on their behalf as well as though they were matched like two [illegible]. It would be a difficult task for any composer to realize the strength, the delicacy, the passion and beauty of *Romeo and Juliet* in music. How much more difficult to do the same by *Hamlet*, the feelings evoked in which are less translatable and less common to humanity. Wherefore I cannot help thinking that M. Ambroise Thomas has the hardest labour imposed on him; nor, with all deference to the author of *Mignon*—whose reputation in Parisian world wide—am I convinced that his mental powers can, by any amount of meditation, preparation, determination or frenzied endeavour, elevate him to the high Shakspearian level. Not, however, so thinks M. Emile Perrin, who has already employed those eminent scribes (not Scribes) MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier to put Shakspeare's *Prince of Denmark* into lyric shape for the Opéra. I learn that the French opera of *Hamlet* is already in fair progress towards completion; that the poets have all but accomplished their part of the transformation; that M. Thomas has received his inspiration and given it to his [illegible]; and that there is every hope that the early winter will see the opera produced and crowned with success. M. Thomas at first entertained the not unnatural idea that Hamlet should be a tenor, and composed his music for the part accordingly. As, however, there was really no French tenor who could act the character befittingly, it struck him that M. Faure would look and play the young Danish Prince to the perfect satisfaction of all his Parisian admirers, and so he has barytoned the music and made it over to the popular French artist. M. Perrin, on his part, keen as to a suitable representative for Ophelia, has contrived to engage Mdlle. Nilsson for that most interesting character, so that every thing is business like and looks as if work were meant. Mdlle Nilsson will be welcome at the Grand-Opéra, and will be an immense acquisition to the company, for in reality there is no singer like her in the theatre. I am told that Mdlle. Nilsson, after this year, intends devoting herself exclusively to the Italian repertory.

Mdlle. Adelina Patti has left Paris for London. On Sunday she took her farewell for the season as Rosina in the *Barbiere*, and introduced into the lesson scene her own very charming and exceedingly well written song, "Le Baiser d'Adieu," which was received with an uproar of applause.

Throughout Passion Week Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has proved the principal solace to all lovers of sacred music. Indeed, little else in the shape of holy diet seems to have been offered them. On Good Friday the *Stabat Mater* was executed in the church Sainte Eustache under the direction of M. Hurand. On the same day the same work was sung at the chapel of the Tuileries by Mdlles. Nilsson and Bloch, MM. Warot and Gaillard of the Opera. On Saturday the *Stabat Mater* was given at the house of the Duchess de Mouchy, the principal solo singers being Madame Charton Demeur, Mdlle. Grossi, Signors Gardoni and Agnesi. The chorus was from the Opéra and was directed by M. Vauthrot.

Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, which has not been heard for six years, is about to be revived with great splendour at the Opéra

Comique. The cast in its renovated state will be as follows:—Peters—M. Crosti; Danilowitz—M. Capoul; Gritzenko—M. Bataille; Georges—M. Voix; Tcheremetscheff—M. Duvernoy; Yermoloff—M. Bernard; Ismailoff—M. Lhérie; Reynolds—M. Davoust; Catherine—Madame Cabel; Prascovia—Mdlle. Bélia; Nathalie—Mdlle. Levesto; Ekimona—Mdlle. Duval.

All the cavalry and artillery bands of the French army, with the exception of that of the Pontonniers, are about to be suspended. So says the *Moniteur de l'Armée*, which contains a report of the Minister of War, bearing date the 4th of April. The band of the Guides, which had been intended to take part in the Grand International Concerts to be given in the course of the summer, is provisionally retained. Military music is about to receive a shock from a quarter it never expected. The projected measure is certainly not popular. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, April 24.

BELFAST, ULSTER HALL.—"Paganini Redivivus" made his last appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts here on Monday evening and has earned for himself the enviable reputation of being the most popular artist that has ever appeared in this town. The bare announcement of his name was sufficient to fill the hall to overflowing during six engagements. He is a very "Polyglot" of violin playing, or rather, to be more figurative still, he is a universal musical painter—his bow being the paint brush, his fiddle the canvas, and the Fantasia the picture he produces.—*Correspondent*, "*Tipperary Free Press*," *Tuesday, April 16.*

MR. HORTON C. ALLISON gave his second "Recital" of pianoforte music on Wednesday evening at the Beethoven Rooms. A new song "Spring," sung by Miss May Burney, and a tarantella for the pianoforte composed for the occasion, both capital specimens of Mr. Allison's creative ability, can scarcely fail to become popular. His pianoforte performances included Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor; the *allegro vivace* from Chopin's concerto in F minor (encored, when he played one of the same composer's waltzes); Schumann's fantasia, Kreisleriana, No. 8, finishing with his own march, "Marathon," in all of which his playing was irreproachable, and listened to with the greatest interest. Miss Maria Stocken sang an aria of Spohr, Benedict's "Sighing for Thee," and the new ballad "The Spring," and pleased in all three. Miss Blanche Reeves sang "The Wood Bird," by Mr. H. S. Wilmot, and Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song" (*Dinorah*), and Miss May Burney gave G. B. Allen's popular "Goat Bells," very prettily accompanied by the composer, who officiated as accompanist throughout the evening. BASSI BASOON.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—A performance of sacred music took place at the above Hall on Good Friday, and proved highly attractive. The performance commenced with "The heavens are telling" (*The Creation*) by an effective chorus, after which Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given, the principal singers being Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Susan Galton, Mdlle. George, Mr. R. Mason, and Mr. Aynsley Cook. The duet, "Quis est Homo," was sung with much effect by Miss Susan Galton and Mdlle. Emilie George. The latter young lady gave the aria, "Fac ut portem" with fine expression and feeling, whilst Miss Hersee in the "Inflammatus" created quite an uproar of applause. Mr. Aynsley Cook sang the air "Pro peccatis" carefully, as he did also the air "Eia Mater" with chorus; a rehearsal or two, it must be owned, would have been of advantage. The quartet, "Quando Corpus," was all abroad. The second part was miscellaneous, and was selected from the works of Beethoven, Benedict, Costa, Gounod, Haydn, Handel, Mendelssohn, and Linley. Miss Louisa Pyne sang "I know that my Redeemer" and "From mighty kings," in her brightest and best manner. Miss Rose Hersee gave "So shall the lute" (*Judas Maccabæus*) and "With verdure clad" (*The Creation*) very neatly. Mdlle. George in the song from *St. Cecilia* "Father whose blessing" was impressively devotional. Miss Susan Galton sang, with genial feeling, Costa's "I will extol thee," and Messrs. Montem Smith, A. Cook, and R. Mason supplied their quota of solos. The "Hallelujah Chorus" concluded the concert, which was under the direction of Mr. Jennings. Mr. Jolly was the organist, and Mr. H. Harper the accompanist at the pianoforte. BASSI BASOON.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A private *soirée* was given on Thursday evening by the professional students of this academy. Nearly all the pieces of a lengthy programme were gone through with more or less success by the young aspirants to public favour. Several pieces were redemanded, including the scena from *Der Freischütz*, "Softly Sighs," sung by Miss Fanny Holland. Many of the students showed marked promise of excellence, among whom were two young pianists, Miss Rose Royale and Miss Maria Rolph. The latter played a brilliant piece by Mr. J. F. Barnett, "Village Revels," capitally, and both artists were received with every mark of favour.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The new Season Programme, just issued, presents a great variety of attractions. Foremost among these are Nine Grand Opera Concerts on Saturdays in May, June, and July. That these will be of a varied and interesting character may be gathered from the announcement that, by arrangement with Mr. Gye, of the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Theatre, the artists of both opera houses will appear—an arrangement which will, no doubt, be appreciated by the holders of season tickets. Besides the opera concerts, it is the intention of the directors to undertake a benefit concert, on a grand scale, in June, for which numerous offers of assistance have been received. The great Flower Show will be held on Saturday, May 25, and the Rose Show on Saturday, 29th June. Amongst the novel features of last year's programme none were more successful than the Pyrotechnic displays and Illuminations of the Fountains, and the Ballad Concerts. They will be resumed this year. Two ballad concerts will be given on the 8th and 20th May, for both of which Sims Reeves is engaged; and the first great display of fireworks will take place on Thursday, May 23, the day after the Derby day. The Dramatic College fêtes will be held about the middle of July, and Archery meetings on enlarged and improved arrangements a little later in the season. The guinea Season Ticket admits to all these attractions. Last year's issue of Season Tickets was much larger than any former year, and, with such an attractive programme, it is confidently anticipated that the forthcoming season will show even better results. It is gratifying to state that the great holiday fêtes of the year, viz., Good Friday and Easter Monday, have maintained their position with regard to the number of visitors. On Good Friday and Easter Monday upwards of 70,000 persons were present, and as more appointments than usual have already been made for the great excursions, viz., the Odd Fellows, Foresters, Temperance societies, and other benefit institutions, a large attendance during the coming season may be fairly anticipated. The season opens on May day (Wednesday next) with a performance by the Metropolitan Choral Schools, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin. The great Handel Orchestra will be filled by the 5,000 singers in connection with the schools, who will sing a variety of National part songs, each part sustained by upwards of 1,000 voices. The first opera concert, supported by artists of the Royal Italian Opera, will take place on Saturday, May 4. Notwithstanding the severe winter, the gardens, although a little backward, are in excellent condition. The first display of the terrace fountains will be given on May day.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

A conversazione was given on Wednesday night by the president (Professor Wylde) and the council of the New Philharmonic Society to inaugurate the opening of the new hall, in which the concerts of the society will henceforth be given. The room, which is only just completed, is an adaptation of the site formerly occupied by the large carriage manufactory adjoining the German Bazaar. The dimensions of the hall are about 50 feet in width, 110 in length, and 40 in height, and the number which it is capable of containing is estimated at from 1,300 to 1,500. There are three entrances—one from Langham Place, Regent Street, one from Mortimer Street, and the other (for the orchestra) from Great Portland Street. A balcony runs along two sides and one end of the room; but as it contains but two rows of seats, the projection is not so great as to cause that obstruction to sound which generally arises from large galleries. The room is thoroughly lighted by three large sunlights, which also serve to create a ventilating current, further ventilation being obtained by means of a perforated frieze communicating with the lanterns of the roof, a series of double windows admitting air without draft. The roof, of an elliptical form, and composed entirely of wood, appears to be highly favourable for sound, and the plentiful use of colour in the decorations gives a bright and pleasant aspect to the room. Ample provision seems to have been made for exit and entrance, and there are no steps to ascend or descend for those who occupy the area. Indeed, everything relating to acoustical requirements, and the comfort of visitors, seems to have been maturely considered by the architect, Mr. John Taylor, of Whitehall, and the result is likely to furnish an excellent concert room, large enough to contain a remunerative audience, and not too large for the delicacies and refinements of the best orchestral playing. The proceedings of Wednesday night commenced with a short poetical address, written by Mr. H. T. Braithwaite, and read by Mrs. Stirling—after which there were various vocal performances by Mdlle. Poelnitz, Miss Abbott, and Herr Reichardt; some clever pianoforte playing by the brothers Willi and Louis Thern (from Pesth), and Miss Madeline Schiller; besides a trio for three violoncellos, by Messrs. Chipp, Ould, and Paque; and other pieces. There was also an exhibition of portraits, water-colour drawings, and other works of art, and the viola (tenor violin) formerly belonging to Mozart. The hall was very full, and the general opinion seemed to be highly favourable as to its successful adaptation to its purpose. Of this, however, we shall be better able to judge after hearing the effect of the orchestra at the first concert of the New Philharmonic Society on Wednesday next.

The business of the evening was commenced by the following address, written by Mr. H. T. Braithwaite, and delivered with remarkable point and energy by Mrs. Stirling:—

Assembled here in grateful mood we meet
[illegible] Cecilia's hallowed name to greet
To this fair Hall she stoops from native skies—
Long may she dwell here—long her praise rise
With every grace delighting still to charm—
Cold though our clime—her welcome ever warm!

To you who know her magic power so well
What [illegible] Music's varied gifts to tell?
How youth immortal on her look awaits
To win a smile of pleasure from the Fates?
How on her altar burn eternal fires
Who every age with love and joy inspires?
Who soothes despair—and bids e'en rage be calm—
Who sounds the charge and lifts the victor's psalm
To her as throne her faithful votaries rear,
Hailing her sovereign, peerless monarch here—
And in her honour raise the full, triumphant cheer!

Nor less than public benefactors they
Who so extend the limits of her sway—
More smoothly roll the hurried stream of life
When Song prevails above the din of strife;
Now to the struggle of our daily race
The sweet Enchantress lends a tone of grace—
Now o'er the turmoil waves a mighty wand,
And the hushed nations kneel in awe at her command!

On WYLDE, then, may prosperity descend
And crown his efforts with a brilliant end!
Or happier be it the supreme beginning
In praise unceasing, and still new praises winning!
Lend but your favour—[illegible] a patent aid—
All fears shall vanish, for success is made—
Good words and wishes all give way to deeds—
Naught like success, of all we know, succeeds,
And Fortune then shall enter smiling here,
Genius and art in power of sound appear,
A living source and fountain of delight
Here murmur forth divinely fresh and bright;
And here be heard while war's dread discords cease
The full, harmonious chorus of peace,
Yet one more joy—one font of beauty more
Above life's battle like an angel soar—
Yet one more voice [illegible] Albion gains,
To bid the Muse [illegible] her seat remain
And grace the imperial calm of high Victoria's reign!

The address, which was received with loud and prolonged cheers, was succeeded by a vocal and instrumental performance, in which the following artists took part:—Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Rose Hersee, Mdlle. Poelnitz, Miss Abbott (of the London Academy of Music) and Herr Reichardt, vocalists; Miss Madeline Schiller, Herr Lunz, and the brothers Willi and Louis Thern (pianoforte), Mr. T. H. Wright (harp), and Messrs. Paque, Chipp, and Ould (violoncello), instrumentalists.

The hall has been built from the designs and under the superintendence of Mr. John Taylor, of Whitehall. The means of ingress and egress are all that can be desired.

The fittings of the interior are complete, with the exception that a powerful organ, in course of erection by the eminent builders Gray and Davison, is not yet in its place in the orchestra.

BOOSEY'S BALLAD CONCERTS.

The second of these entertainments (on Tuesday evening last) was even more successful than the first. The hall was crowded in every part, and many hundreds were unable to procure places. The array of talent was again powerful. Among the singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Susannah Cole, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Tom Hohler, Montem Smith, Patey, &c., and, instrumentalist, Madame Arabella Goddard. A more enthusiastic audience has seldom been brought together in any one building; but, indeed, the music was of the most appreciable kind and the singing throughout admirable. Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Sherrington, Madame Sainton, Mdlle. Liebhart, and Miss Edith Wynne especially distinguished themselves, and elicited the very warmest applause. Almost in every instance some ballad, old or new, was given. Miss Pyne sang Bishop's song "Love has eyes," Balfe's "Power of Love," and "Savourneen Deelish." Madame Sherrington, the Scotch song "Saw ye my wee thing," Molloy's "Clochette," and Augustus Wade's "Love was once a little boy." Miss Edith Wynne, "Tell me, my heart" (encored) and "The Banks of Allan Water." Madame Sainton, "Oh! Bay of Dublin," the Scotch song, "The Land o' the Leal," and Claribel's "Silver Chimes." Mdlle. Liebhart, "She wore a Wreath of Roses," new Scotch ballad by Claribel "We'd better bide a wee," &c. &c., all of which seemed to delight the hearers beyond measure. Madame Arabella Goddard played "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and Thalberg's "Home sweet home," and created a *furore* in each instance. Of course nothing would satisfy the audience but a repetition or something substituted in both cases. In the encore to Handel's piece the fair pianist performed the last three variations over again, and for Thalberg's fantasia she substituted the same composer's "Last Rose of Summer," uproarious acclamations following her after each performance. Other pieces were encored, and some glees, &c., agreeably varied the programme.

The third ballad concert is announced for Tuesday evening, May the 21st.

* * *

DR. WESLEY AT HUDDERSFIELD.

Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and formerly organist of Leeds Parish Church, gave an interesting performance at the opening of a new organ built by Messrs. Conacher & Co. for High Street New Connexion Methodist Chapel, Huddersfield. A choir of about twenty voices, under the direction of Mr. R. Garner, sang several of Dr. Wesley's anthems, and the chapel was filled by the members and friends of the congregation, organists, amateurs, &c., admitted by free tickets. The instrument has three manuals, besides a separate pedal organ. The following is a list of the stops:—

Great Organ.—Bourdon, Tenoroon, Open Diapason, Stop Diapason, Claribella, Principal, Fifteenth, Harmonic Flute, Sesquialtera (4 ranks,) and Posaune. *Swell Organ.*—Double Diapason, Stopt Diapason, Spitz Flöte, Gemshorn, Fifteenth, Mixture, Cornopean, Oboe, and Clarion. *Choir Organ.*—Lieblich Gedact, Dulciana, Viol de Gamba, Stop Diapason, Open Flute, Rohr Flöte, and Clarionet. *Pedal Organ.*—Double Open Diapason 16 feet, Violone, metal 16 feet, Violoncello 8 feet, and spare slide for Trombone 16 feet. *Accessory Stops.*—Swell to Great, Choir to Great, Choir to Pedals, Great to Pedals, Swell to Pedals, and five Composition Pedals.

In order to lighten the touch the pneumatic lever has been adapted to the great organ manuals as well as to the couplers. The case is designed and executed in Savannah pitch pine, the front pipes being elegantly decorated. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Vocal.—100th Psalm.—Anthems by Dr. Wesley, "Ascribe unto the Lord," "The Wilderness," "Praise the Lord," "O Lord my God" (Solomon's Prayer). Blessed be the God and Father.

PART II.—*Organ.*—Fantasia, Andante and Fugue, from organ pieces (Set 1)—Dr. Wesley. Andante—Beethoven. Prelude and Fugue—Bach. March—Samuel Wesley. Air varied from Set 2—Dr. Wesley. Fugue—Bach. Andante—Dr. Wesley; Andante—Mozart. Fugue—Bach; National Anthem (varied)—Dr. Wesley.

This might be said to be a thoroughly Wesleyan programme, no less than ten out of the fifteen pieces bearing the name of Wesley as composer. Generally speaking, the anthems were well sung by Mr. Garner's choir, and the organ was effective in the accompaniments, beautifully played by Dr. Wesley. The second part—the "Organ Recital"—was duly appreciated by the musicians present. It was regretted (Dr. Wesley being the organist) that the programme did not include an extemporaneous performance. The collection amounted to £[illegible]

M [illegible] exhibited at St. James's Hall his newly invented "Spectroscope" on Wednesday evening. To attempt to convey an idea of this curious Phenomine is impossible. Every one ought to see it and judge for himself. They will find it time not thrown away.

Tonic Sol-Fa Choral Society.—This band of choralists gave a performance of *Judas Maccabæus* on Easter Tuesday at St. Martin's Hall under the conductorship of Mr Thomas Gardner. The oratorio was on the whole well executed. The solo vocalists were Miss Robertine Henderson, Mrs Sidney Smith, Mr Wallace Cooper and Mr Lewis Thomas. The impressive recitative and air "To heaven's Almighty king" and "O liberty" by Miss Henderson were marked both by purity of style and fervour of expression, the violoncello *obbligato* being played by Mr Pettit. This rising young artist was found fully equal to the soprano portion of the oratorio, and in the famous air, "From mighty kings," her facility was remarkable. Mrs. Sidney Smith in the various solos and concerted music acquitted herself well. Mr. Wallace Cooper sang the difficult music of the tenor part in his usual excellent and artistic manner, and Mr Lewis Thomas was no less admirable in the bass music, his fine manly voice telling with great effect. In the air "Arm, arm, ye brave," he received one of the most emphatic encores of the evening. The chorus throughout sang well, as indeed they are bound to do, each member holding a certificate of ability to sing at sight from the tonic sol-fa notation. Mr Viotti Collins led the orchestra, and Mr Nicholas Heins was the organist. Basil [illegible].

Dublin.—Two Monthly Popular Concerts—one morning, one evening—were recently given in the small room of the Exhibition Palace. The performers were Messrs Levey, Liddell and Gunn and Herr Elsner, representing a string quartet; Miss Madeline Schiller as solo pianist and Mr Fletcher Baker vocalist. At the evening concert Beethoven's C minor quartet commenced the programme. Miss Schiller played Hummel's Andante in E flat and to an encore a piece of Weber. She is the most remarkable performer we have heard for a long while. Her touch seems to come from a grasp firm as iron but delicately pointed as a needle, so as to give each note its due balance in the chord, and bring out one chord as a whole clear and distinct from the other. She subsequently played Liszt's arrangement of the *Tannhäuser* march, and for concerted pieces Mendelssohn's trio, D minor and Mozart's quartet, G minor. Her taste in all was thoroughly classic. Mr Fletcher Baker was encored in "Stars were bright" ("Il Paria" by Donizetti); in Schubert's "Erl King" he was excellent, and was excellently accompanied by Mr Liddell. The afternoon concert commenced with Haydn's quartet in D. But again we were irresistibly drawn to the performance of Miss Schiller. Her readings of Heller's transcription of Mendelssohn's "On song's bright pinions," Liszt's "Spinnlied," Weber's "La gaieté," and Chopin's "Impromptu," were masterly in the conception of the themes as they varied in their nature. Her wonderfully clear and brilliant execution in Hummel's grand trio was a thing to be heard, as it baffles our description. She leaves on an audience the impression of power of intellect such as we unconsciously revere and wonder at, breathlessly losing all sight and thought of the exertions that produce the sounds, till on the cessation we wake as from a reverie, scarcely in time to bestow the poor tribute of our applause. Mr Fletcher Baker sang like an amateur. Beethoven's sonata in A for Herr Elsner and Miss Schiller was perhaps the most perfect and satisfactory item of our long list.—*Abridged from the "Irish Times."*

Leeds.—The opera troupe under Mr H. Corri's direction has been giving performances at the Royal Amphitheatre. A large audience attended the performance of *Maritana*, in which Miss Annie Hiles undertook the principal part. Of this young singer *The Express* says—"Miss Hiles is an artist whose powers of vocalisation are of a very high order, and whatever she undertakes to do she does with a thorough determination to succeed. That she was successful in her somewhat arduous impersonation of Maritana, was sufficiently indicated by the immense applause with which her interpretation of the character was greeted from all parts of the house, and she must have felt highly gratified at her reception. Mr. Herbert Bond and Miss Heywood, according to the same list, were all that could be desired in Don Cæsar de Bazan and Lazarillo.

Brussels.—A performance on the grand organ was given in the Salle du Palais Ducal on Monday last, by M. Alphonse Mailly, assisted by MM. Cornélis and Léon Jouret. Our correspondent, F. T., writes as follows:—"M. Alphonse played splendidly and pleased beyond measure the audience, which was very large, judging from the applause they gave him. M. Cornélis—who, I hear, does not look sufficiently interesting for a tenor, certainly has the nicest voice I have heard in Brussels—also seemed to please. M. Mailly performed a prelude and fugue in E minor and a fugue in G minor by J. S. Bach, a pastorale by Kullak, some variations on "Vive Henri Quatre," by Töpfer, and a fantasia of his own composition. M. Cornélis sang an air from *Don Giovanni* and Beethoven's "Adelaida," and M. Jouret accompanied him on the pianoforte. M. Jules de Glimes is still here."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Novello & Co.—Part Songs for Four Voices.—No. 1, "I love the merry spring time," by William J. Young; No. 2, "Sally through the greenwood," do.; No. 3, "O welcome merry May," do.; No. 4, "The Mountain Maid," do.; No. 5, "Come o'er the mountain," do.; No. 6, "Hail, hail merry Christmas!" ditto.

[illegible] & Son.—"The Schooner on the Sands," by Michael Watson.

Hutchings & Co.—"Oh! let me only breathe the air," by Charles Salaman.

Rolandi & Co.—"Le Monument d'un Français à Shakspeare," par Le Chevalier de Chatelain.

[illegible] & Co.—"A Picture of Life," composed by Georgie C. [illegible]

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 18th,

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On MONDAY NEXT, May 20th, "FAUST E MARGHERITA."

Madlle. Adelina Patti.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 21st, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 23rd, "L'AFRICAINE." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario.

On FRIDAY NEXT, May 24th, "DON GIOVANNI" (for the first time this season).

Mdlle. Pauline Lucca,

On SATURDAY, May 25th, "FRA DIAVOLO."

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight. The Box-office under the Portico of the Theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 18th, will be performed Donizetti's Opera,

"LUCREZIA BORGIA"

Gennaro, Signor Mongini; Duca Alfonso, Signor Gassier; Maffeo Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini (her first appearance this season); Gubetta, Signor Bossi; Gazella, Signor Bertacchi; Vitelozzo, Signor Casaboni; Liverotto, Signor Manfredi; Rustighello, Signor Capello; and Lucrezia Borgia, Madame Giacconi (her first appearance in England).

Conductor . . . Signor ARDITI.

To conclude with a new Ballet Divertissement, composed by M. Lauri, entitled

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—THE THIRD GRAND OPERA CONCERT AND PROMENADE. Vocalists:—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. [illegible], Mdlle. Baumeister, Madame Demeric-Lablache; Signor [illegible], Mr. Hohler, Signor Foli, Mr. Santley, and Herr Rokitansky. The Crystal Palace Choir augmented to the number of 200 voices. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—NEXT CONCERT, Monday, May 20, Eight o'clock. Symphonies, Pastorale (Beethoven); and two movements (Posthumous) in B minor (Schubert). Concerto (Molique), violoncello, Herr Grutzmacher; Concerto in G minor (Mendelssohn), pianoforte, Herr Jaell. Vocalists, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Demeric-Lablache, and Mr. Hohler. Double-seats, 15s.—L. Cock, Addison, and Co. 63, New Bond Street.—By order, STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

MAY 20.—THE Masters CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE will perform on the Great Organ in EXETER HALL, and also on the Pianoforte. Several Solos from the Oratorios will also be sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame [illegible] and Miss Susan Galton. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, specially reserved seats, 10s. 6d., 5s. (numbered), 2s. 6d. and 1s. each. To be had of Mr. J. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; of Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Exeter Hall.

THE THIRD BALLAD CONCERT.—On Tuesday evening, May 21, at St James's Hall, the THIRD of the LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS. Director, Mr JOHN BOOSEY. Artists—Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Banks, Misses Wells, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr Cummings, Mr Montem Smith, Mr Winn, and Mr Weiss. The Glees and Madrigals under the direction of Mr J. L. Hatton; Pianoforte, [illegible]. Conductors, Mr Frank Mori and Mr J. L. Hatton. The programme will include the following songs:—1. "Oh, dear what can the matter be?" "The harp that once through Tara's halls," and "John Anderson, my Jo, John"—Miss Louisa Pyne. 2. "[illegible]," "The Angel's whisper" (Lover)—Miss Edith Wynne. 3. "Within a mile o' Edinburgh," "[illegible]"—Mdlle. Liebhart. 4. "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Oh! the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree"—Miss Banks. 5. "Caller Herrin'," "[illegible]" (Claribel) and "The green trees whisper" (Balfe)—Madame Sainton-Dolby. 6. "My pretty Jane," "Sally in our Alley"—Mr Cummings. 7. "Honour and Arms" (Handel), "While the lads of the village" (Dibdin)—Mr Weiss. 8. "Oh, say not woman's heart is bought"—Mr Montem Smith; "The Vicar of Bray"—Mr Winn. 9. Vocal Duets—"My pretty page, look out afar," "I know a bank"—the Misses Wells. "O willow, willow, willow," "[illegible]," and "The Portrait"—Madame Sherrington. Miss Madeline Schiller will perform [illegible] and Benedict's "Albion" Fantasia on English airs. Stalls, 5s.; Family Tickets, to admit Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; to be had of Mr Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and Boosey and Co., No. 28, Holles Street.

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ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Mr. OBERTHUR'S EVENING CONCERT, on Tuesday, June 4th, when a Selection from the Opera, "Floris de Namur" (which was performed at the Ducal Court Theatre at Wiesbaden), will be given for the first time in England. Conductor, Mr. [illegible].

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT, Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday, May 21st, at Three o'clock.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets (to admit Three), One Guinea; at the Musicsellers, the Rooms, and of Miss Emma Busby, 9, [illegible] Place, W.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY and Mons. SAINTON beg to announce that their ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. James's Hall, on Monday, May 20th, 1867, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Maria Vilda and Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Ada Jackson, and Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Susan Pyne and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Signor Mongini and Signor Ciampi, Mr George Perren, Signor Gustave Garcia, Mr. Jules Lefort, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Violins: Mr. Ries, Mr. Holmes, Herr Deichmann, and M. Sainton. Conductors: MM. Benedict, Cusins, and Zerbini. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mons. Sainton, at their residence, 5, Upper Wimpole Street, W.; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; George Dolby and Townsend, 183, Regent Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

MISS ELLICE JEWELL and Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE'S EVENING CONCERT, Tuesday, May 28th, at Eight o'clock, at St. George's Hall. Vocalists—Miss Alice Jewell, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Cummings, and Mr Renwick. Instrumentalists—Messrs H. Blagrove, Clement, R. Blagrove, Durrell, Aylward, and Miss Ellice Jewell. Stalls (reserved), [illegible]; Balcony (unreserved), [illegible]; and Area Tickets, 1s. 6d.; to be obtained of Miss Ellice Jewell, 1, Wigmore Street; Mr H. Blagrove, 3, Hinde Street; and at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, Bond Street.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place on Wednesday Evening, the 5th of June, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. All information of Herr Lehmeyer, 37, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, Wednesday, May 22nd, Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. Three o'clock. Trio, C. A. Franck (pf., violin, violoncello); Solos (pf.), [illegible]; [illegible] Walter—Liszt; [illegible] (Tannhäuser, &c.)—Miss Ada Jackson, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Robert Mason, [illegible] Signor Gustave Garcia, [illegible] Mr A. C. Walsh, and Mr Ralph Wilkinson. Pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache; Violin, Herr Wiener; and Violoncello, Herr Daubert. Accompanist, Mr Francesco Berger. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, [illegible] Addison & Co., 45, New Bond Street; and of Mr Walter Bache, No. 38, Welbeck Street, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE begs to announce that his SECOND ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Assembly Rooms, Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, on Monday Evening, May 20th, 1867, to commence at Eight o'clock. He will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Weiss, Miss Lucy Franklein, and Miss Palmer; Mr Frank Elmore, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Weiss. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Signor Tito Mattei, Mr John Harrison; Harp, Mr J. Balsir Chatterton; Concertina, [illegible]. Conductors, Mr Ganz, Mr [illegible], and Signor Randegger. Erard's Grand Pianoforte will be used on this occasion. Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr Fabian, Stationer, 10, [illegible] Place, St. John's Wood; and of Mr Frank Elmore, at his residence, 72, Adelaide Road, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.

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Canzona, "'TIS THE ROSE LEAVES"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Ballad, "THE MAID OF MUNSTER"	*J. [illegible]*
Ballad, "OH! NEVER CAN BE MINE"	*W. Allen [illegible].*

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THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, May now be ENGAGED for Large or Small Meetings, Concerts, Balls, Wedding Breakfasts, Bazaars, etc. Early applications are respectfully solicited. For terms, apply to Mr. Hall, at the Rooms.

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MISS MARY WEBER will play Mr F. WEBER's NOTTURNO in E flat, at the Composer's Morning Concert, St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 20th.

MISS EMMELINE COLE, Mr. FRANK ELMORE, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS will sing RANDEGGER's popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Mr Frank Elmore's Concert, Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, Monday, May 20th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing WALLACE's "SONG OF MAY," at Mr. F. Weber's Morning Concert, St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 20th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing BENEDICT's [illegible] song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Miss [illegible]'s Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday, May 21st.

MISS KATE GORDON will play ASCHER's Romance, "ALICE," ASCHER's "L'AMOUR DU [illegible]," and WALLACE's Galop "THE LEAP," at Myddelton Hall, May 27th, and at her Evening Concert, June 26th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," May 23rd, Cambridge; 25th, Drury Lane Theatre ([illegible] Chatterton's Concert); and 27th, St. James's Hall.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he will return to London for the Season on the 20th of May. All communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, etc., etc., address, care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

Glasgow, April 5th, 1867.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing "LARGO AL FACTOTUM," "SULLA POPPA DEL MIO BRIK," and "MIRA DI ACERBE LAGRIME" (the Duet from "Trovatore"), at the Myddelton Hall, Islington, on the 27th inst.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT will sing the new song, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE" (composed expressly for him by Mr. ALLEN [illegible]), at all his concert engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new and popular song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at the Mansion House, Tuesday Evening, May 14th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on May 21st, at Mr Gardner's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms; 25th, at [illegible] Concert, Hanover Square Rooms; 31st, at St. George's Hall; and at all his Engagements during the Season.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan gave 'My Sweetheart, when a Boy' so exquisitely that he was encored."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"Mr. Wilford Morgan (of whose very successful début at the Philharmonic Concert we lately had occasion to speak) sang a pretty song, evidently by himself, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy,' displaying vocal qualities which probably come nearer to Mr. Sims Reeves than any other English tenor of the day."—*Globe.*

"Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in his own song, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy.'"—*Morning Star.*

MR. THEODORE DISTIN will sing KLOSS's new and successful song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 11th May.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at [illegible], July 4th.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) continues to impart instruction to Professional Pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.—Residence, [illegible], Euston Road, N.W.

MR. KING HALL, Solo Pianist and Accompanist (late of the Royal Academy of Music), receives Pupils at his residence, [illegible], Euston Road, N.W., where applications respecting Concerts, Soirées, etc., are respectfully requested to be addressed.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing RANDEGGER's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Eyre Arms, May 20th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing REICHARDT's *Lied*, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at the Beethoven Rooms, May 22nd; and St. George's Hall, May 31st and June 4th.

MR. SUPPUS, Professor of Music, begs to announce that he gives Lessons on the Guitar, Violin, Piano, and Singing; and there are meetings for Amateurs for the Practice of Trios, Quartets, etc., on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from Four to Six o'clock, at his residence, 2, Upper James Street, Golden Square, which he superintends.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA beg to announce their arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 6, Charles Street, Manchester Square; or to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

Google

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(*From the "Saturday Review."*)

The two opera houses are now open, and running their accustomed course the one against the other. Mr Gye began on the 2nd of April Mr Mapleson on the 27th of the same month. Up to the present moment neither has gone much out of the beaten track. Mr Gye has brought forward some new singers, while Mr Mapleson has revived an old opera. The new singers have not been remarkably successful nor has the old opera satisfied many people that it was really worth revival. A word or two about each in turn however, with some brief observations on the general proceedings at both houses up to the present time may not be unacceptable to those among our readers who take an interest in the progress of the Italian lyric drama in London. We begin with Covent Garden.

The Royal Italian Opera, on its opening night, gave the thoroughly worn-out *Norma* a work which can only be made attractive nowadays by the aid of a young unknown and exceptionally gifted representative of the chief part. Madame Maria Vilda, who created some little sensation last year was unknown, it is true, and if not unusually gifted gifted at least with a soprano voice of fine quality considerable power and extended compass. But she was not by any means young while she was an indifferent singer and a worse than indifferent actress. The lapse of a twelvemonth has not made her younger nor has it brought any sign of improvement. So that the two performances of Bellini's tragic opera were anything rather than exciting. If rumour may be credited it is more than probable that we have seen the last of Madame Vilda as a Covent Garden "star" and that her future efforts will be limited to the music rooms in the capital, and in such country towns as are enterprising enough to support Philharmonic Societies, or subscription concerts, amounting to the same thing. So much the better for the Covent Garden subscribers and so much the better we cannot but think for Madame Vilda. Of Signor Naudin's Pollio Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's Adalgisa, and Signor Attri's Oroveso there is nothing new to say unless that the Pollio and Adalgisa are laboured without being very good, and that the Oroveso is tolerably good without being laboured. There have been but two endurable Pollios on the stage in the present generation—Mario and Tamberlik. To *Norma* succeeded *Faust e Margherita* with Mdlle Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Morensi Signor Mario and M. Petit in the principal characters. Signor Mario's Faust is what it has been from the first—in spite of physical failings, the best Faust in the world. Mdlle Lucca's Margaret retains its salient characteristics, and is as unequal and as charming a performance as before. It seems to us that she has improved as a singer and that she is gradually becoming more at ease with the strange language to which she is compelled to accommodate herself at the London Opera. Mdlle Morensi the American *mezzo soprano* (Siebel) remains precisely where she was, and is likely to remain until she learns how to make better use of a capable voice. We have had two Valentines—Signor Guadagnini who was a failure, and Signor Cotogni of whom we shall have to speak farther on. These, and M. Petit from the Paris Théâtre-Lyrique are among the new singers to whom Mr Gye has introduced the English public. M Petit has frequently played Mephistopheles in Paris, and is well acquainted with the "traditions" of the part. He is much more "demonstrative" or in plainer language much more pantomimic, in his stage demeanour than either M Faure or Signor Attri, his predecessors. But, though superfluously given to elaborate gesture, he has a fair conception of the character and, judged from the French point of view acts it uncommonly well. M. Petit's voice a bass-baritone of considerable power and not unpleasing quality is as markedly French as his style of singing. But he is an artist, and this fact, too rare in our day would atone for many more shortcomings than can be laid at his door. *Faust e Margherita* has been repeated already some half-dozen times, and appears to have lost none of its popularity.

We have had of course, several performances of "the irrepressible" *Africaine* which however must be always welcome, in spite of its absurd libretto, not only on account of the quantity of beautiful music it contains, but because Selika is unquestionably the character in which Mdlle. Lucca, both as singer and actress, shines to most advantage. Her death-scene under the Mancanilla tree is picturesque and expressive in the highest degree. About the Vasco di Gama of M. Naudin (the best that Meyerbeer himself could select for *Paris*) and the Inez of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington it would be difficult to say another word. The Nelusko however of Signor Cotogni, upon whom, the number of important parts for which he is set down taken into consideration the manager greatly depends, merits a passing notice. It is quite as earnest without being nearly as exaggerated as the Nelusko of Signor Graziani—one of those tragic exhibitions rather to be classed in the *risum movere* than in the *lacrymas excitare* category. Signor Cotogni has not the voice of Signor Graziani, nor has he the method which enables his contemporary to avoid the so-called *tremolo* [illegible]—a physical vice or (as some contend) a fault in taste of our day. This radical defect comes in most instances (that, for example, of Signor Tamberlik being a remarkable exception) from insufficient early training of the voice, and is rarely to be conquered as years pass on. It is the more to be regretted in Signor Cotogni, who phrases often well, makes himself thoroughly intimate with the music allotted to him, and can sing with genuine feeling. Paris as yet has alone been favoured with the Nelusko of M. Faure and we are therefore justified in saying that the best Nelusko who has hitherto appeared in London is Signor Cotogni. The revival of Auber's comic opera, *Fra Diavolo* after Mdlle Lucca's great triumph in the part of Zerlina last summer was a matter of course, as a matter of course too, Signor Mario was again announced in the prospectus as representative of the fascinating Brigand and as a matter of course, when the time came round the part again devolved upon Signor Naudin. About the Fra Diavolo of Signor Naudin we have already written more than enough nor can we see any reason to modify the not very favourable opinion it produced upon us from the beginning. It is a lay figure dressed first as a travelling marquis, then as a mountain robber, and wound up at intervals to emit vocal sounds in the shape of melody or recitative. But the Zerlina of Mdlle. Lucca, though occasionally *tant soit peu déchevelée* is nothing less than delightful and this not forgetting one or two manifestly erroneous readings of the music. Signor Ronconi (alas!) being *non inventus* we have a new Lord Rocburg in Signor Ciampi, whose impersonation of the eccentric English nobleman cannot assuredly be accused of plagiarism. Mdlle Morensi is once more "Milady" looking and acting far better than she sings. The two grotesque thieves are impersonated by Signor Tagliafico, whose Beppo is unique, and Signor Capponi a gentleman with a bass voice which alone should make his fortune, and who might be safely entrusted with parts of greater importance than have hitherto fallen to his lot. How deliciously fresh, melodious, and natural is the music of *Fra Diavolo*, from the sparkling overture, with its characteristic drums and trumpets, to the end, compared with that of certain operas we are forced to listen to and which we would willingly change for some other such comic work from the same prolific pen! For instance, Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*—which we have had twice already, and which brought back, in the character of Amelia, the heroine, that most uninteresting of *prime donne assolute*, Mdlle. Fricci—might well be laid aside for a season in favour of Auber's *Gustave III.*, founded upon the same story laid out in the same manner and the music of which is worth all that Verdi ever composed. Signor Mario could play and sing Gustavus the Third just as well as he does the imaginary "Count Richard, Governor of Naples"—not better that is impossible. And that the character of Ankastrom is treated by Auber far more nobly than Signor Verdi has treated his Ankastrom—the regicide Renato, played in such lachrymose style by Signor Graziani, whose sympathetic baritone voice, however, is heard to eminent advantage in the "O dolcezze perdute" of the fourth act. Between Auber's Sorceress and Verdi's Ulrica, as between Auber's Page and Verdi's Oscar there can be no comparison. Well as Mdlle. Morensi gives the music of Ulrica (and she has done nothing else so well) she would have just as fair an opportunity in the more genial music of the French composer while Mdlle. Nau, a very young lady with a scarcely audible voice, who came out the other night as Oscar inexperienced as she is, might find in the sparkling music of Auber's Page a better test of her ability and, being herself a Frenchwoman, accommodate herself to it all the more easily. Nevertheless, there are beautiful things in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and especially in the second and third acts, each in its way a masterpiece. The opera, however has never completely laid hold of the English public, although the book is dramatic and good, and the music on the whole equal to anything we know of its composer's. As given now at Covent Garden its chief attraction is the Duke of Signor Mario, a performance, when he is in good voice—as was the case on the night of its first representation—not to be surpassed.

The recent production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was so successful that it was only natural it should be among the earliest revivals. It came, however, so late in the season of last year that we are absolved from writing about it now at any length. The opinions of musical judges are much divided as to whether *Le Nozze* or *Don Giovanni* is Mozart's greatest dramatic work. The fact is, they are equally fine treatments of subjects very different, although both subjects of intrigue, the supernatural features of *Don Giovanni* superadding a new element with which the genius of Mozart, as the result showed, was fully able to grapple. The cast of *Figaro* differs from that of last year in two important particulars. Instead of Mdlle Désirée Artôt as the Countess we have now Mdlle Fricci—by no means an improvement. Instead of M. Faure as the Barber we have M. Petit, whose performance of a character so much more musically important than that of Mephistopheles, in which he made his *début*, has certainly raised him in the estimation of the public. M. Petit is generally correct in his execution of the music. For a Frenchman, too, he is more voluble and at ease than might have been expected in the *recitativo parlante*, while he portrays the character with sufficient vivacity. His delivery of the famous "Non più andrai" is a little wanting in point and vigour; but this was the feeblest part in a performance on the whole highly creditable. The Cherubino of Mdlle Lucca is as lively and piquant as before, even more *déchirée* (if possible) than her Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, but charming throughout. She sings the two airs (especially "Voi che sapete") in a manner peculiar to herself and which let no other Cherubino, at her peril, endeavour to imitate—for only with Mdlle Lucca would it pass muster. Signor Graziani was again the jealous, and by no means immaculate Count; Madame Lemmens the intriguing Susanna. Mr Costa has done good service in restoring the quaint *fandango* in A minor, by which the design of the *finale* of the third act is completed. About two minutes used to be saved by the excision of a movement absolutely essential to the plan of the most logical of composers. Mr Costa also does away with the trombones, too often interpolated in a score which, a masterpiece as it stands, can only lose by additions, modifications or alterations of any kind.

There has been one representation of Auber's *Masaniello*—by no means the best we have witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera. M. Naudin (Masaniello) was suffering from cold—as a printed circular informed the audience. But the entire performance, compared with former years, was tame, and left the house comparatively unmoved by the most brilliant dramatic music ever composed by a Frenchman. The part of the dumb girl, Fenella, was entrusted to a *ballerina* (Mdlle. Mora) by no means of the first class even as a *ballerina*, and as a mime actress absolutely null. Madame Lemmens was Elvira, Signor Graziani Pietro, and Signor Neri Baraldi Alphonse. But for the orchestra, the ballet, and the "spectacle," *Masaniello* would have fallen dead; for the chorus stands sadly in need of reinforcement at Covent Garden.

However, Mdlle Adelina Patti has returned, and her first appearance as Rosina, in the immortal *Barbiere*, attracted the most crowded, brilliant, and enthusiastic audience of the season. Mdlle. Patti is, after all, Mr Gye's most precious acquisition. Year by year she advances, and happily she is still very young. Her voice, too, gains in strength; in flexibility and sweetness of quality it had nothing to gain. On the first night Mdlle Patti had the happy idea of singing her cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," in the original key (E), and this unlooked-for innovation helped her to reveal a warmth and mellowness in her middle and lower tones that would hardly have been expected from a *soprano sfogato* like hers. On the second occasion she transposed the air half a tone higher (F), by which, doubtless, additional brilliancy was obtained. But let Mdlle Patti sing "Una voce" in any key she pleases, one thing is certain—that no one else can sing it like her; nor can any one else now before the public sustain the character of Rosina, vocally and dramatically, as she does. She was not well supported on the occasion of her *rentrée*. Signor Mario (Almaviva—and the Almaviva of Almavivas) was indisposed; he had been, it was said, to Paris, to see M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, in which he is to play Romeo at Covent Garden, and caught a cold. Signor Cotogni, wholly destitute of humour, is not at all the Figaro to replace Ronconi; and Signor Ciampi's Bartolo needs no description. But it was Mdlle. Adelina Patti's first night, and the audience were in raptures. In the lesson-scene she introduced the *bolero* from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (Verdi), and being encored, gave "Home, sweet home" (in pure English) in its place. It is all one; whatever she deigns to sing is sure to be acceptable. Mdlle. Patti's second part (the other night) was Lucia, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in her delineation of which she exhibited even a larger amount of the *vis tragica* than in her very remarkable performance of last year. To this we may possibly return. The Edgardo was Signor Fancelli, the new tenor who made his *début* in the same part last year. To his performance we need not return. The Enrico was Signor Cotogni; Bide-the-Bent was represented by Signor Capponi, with the splendid bass; and Arturo by a new tenor—Signor Marino (a Spaniard), whose voice and manner of singing seem to us decidedly superior to the voice and manner of singing of the gentleman who undertook the more important character of Edgardo.

The orchestra of Covent Garden, under the direction of Mr Costa, is what it has ever been; and it is alone worth a visit to the theatre to hear the overtures to the various operas performed by this magnificent body of instrumentalists—to say nothing of the admirable manner in which they play the accompaniments throughout.

SPONTINI AND RAUPACH.*

It is interesting to consider Spontini and Raupach in their relations to each other.

Raupach was fond of speaking French, and spoke it excellently. Spontini used to listen with admiration to the gift of fluency so rare in a German scholar who had devoted himself to one particular branch of study, and bowed with respect before the accomplished historian, who, on his part, was very partial to sitting at the dinner-table of the Director General of Music. Immediately the conversation was directed to that art, Raupach, in his turn, bowed down before Spontini—as much at least as the back of so upright a man would allow him to bow. But the worthy Spontini had long since written himself out, and we must by no means blame Raupach's libretto alone if the powerful or pleasing melodies of the *Vestalin* and *Cortez* were not continued. They had proved obstinate even in the case of *Olympia*, very many years previously, when Hoffmann, the fantastic "Kammergerichtsrath," himself an opera composer, and once a conductor, who had been transformed from a critical opponent into a willing colleague, had endeavoured to smooth the path for them. They had made but a sorry appearance in *Nurmahal oder das Rosenfest in Kaschemir* (which Berlin street wit changed into *Nur mich noch'n mal oder der Rosenrost von Kaschemir*), and had remained completely absent from *Alcidor* (*All a toll*), despite all the enticements of three anvils tuned in harmony. Spontini felt this deficiency most deeply. He made a fuss from mere despair, because his genius whispered sorrowfully to him that the spring was dried up from whose sweetly murmuring current Licinius and Julia had drawn their glowing accents of love. He was therefore attracted once more to those days when, as a young man, he had dreamt in orange groves, of laurels which the hand of a world conqueror was to weave for him; the reminiscences of his youth, of his first essays, rose up again, and, even before *Agnes von Hohenstaufen* was concluded, he asked Raupach to assist him in spinning out the one act of the opera of *Milton* into several. He then intended to do the same himself with the music, and of the operetta to make "un grand ouvrage." This was his favourite expression, in consequence of which we gave him the nickname of "Ouvragetapage." In the midst of the animated conversation at table, Raupach promised that he would carry out this idea, but afterwards regretted having done so. This occasioned my being mixed up in the matter, under circumstances which, from their strangeness, strike me as worth relating. It was in the summer of 1831, in Kemper's Garden, where the literary world used to assemble during the fine season, that Raupach drew me on one side and stated that he was about to drink the waters and start for some watering place—I do not know which. This rendered it impossible for him to set at once about *Milton*, and, as Spontini was very impatient and believed it was in summer that his muse was particularly productive, he, Raupach, had proposed I should undertake the work in his place. "You will," he added, "be at the same time doing me a service. As you always interweave songs into your comedies, you are more familiar with the sing-song business than I am. I shall be very grateful to you if you will allow me to agree in your name to the scheme. Save me!"—I consented without raising any objections. In my eccentric friendship for our C. M. von Weber, so envied and in secret opposed by Spontini, I had been guilty of so many pieces of juvenile impertinence against the Italian Knight that I was glad of an opportunity of showing my readiness to serve the minstrel of the *Vestalin*, and thus, in some degree, to make up for any former acts of thoughtlessness with respect to him. My intention was to go to him within a very short time, and offer my services. I promised Raupach, before he went away, that I would do so. But how shall I describe my astonishment, on returning from a walk the very next day, to find my wife behind a mountain of books, and to learn that Spontini had called, had waited for me several hours, had invited me to dine with him on the morrow, and commended to my notice the hundred volumes before me—which his panting servant had lugged up from the carriage—in order that, by their perusal, I might render myself familiar with the costume of the country, in which the scene of the projected opera was laid. The books consisted of a French translation of Walter Scott's works, from A to Z, together with a number of other Scottish stories, travels and poems, including even *Ossian*. Milton, of course, was also there.

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* From Hiller's *Charpie*.

I thought in my own mind: "he takes the thing very seriously," and immediately set out in order to free myself once for all from his dinner parties, at which I feared I should meet a certain Dr Sobernheim, a fanatical adherent of Spontini's, and for me the most insupportable of all newspaper critics. I determined to beg Spontini to fix on some other time for our meetings. At his house I found all the scenes for the future grand opera of *Milton*, not in the form of mere sketches but as highly finished pictures by master hands. On his writing table, whereon lay also a number of delicate goose quills, was a small neatly written copy of the sketch of the Introduction, for which he requested me to write a few couplets, "Scotch peasants come across the mountains, meet, and sing a chorus." A word of warning hastily escaped me, and I uttered the syllables, "*Dame Blanche*," but he paid no attention to what I said. "It is all one to me," I murmured as I went my way. The following morning I took him the verses he wanted, helped to fit them to the music, and begged for some further insight into the plot. Will anyone believe that the matter stopped here? Three times did I go again, and three times did I find the *maestro* exhausted, as it appeared to me, slowly painting one note after the other, counting each syllable, ordering new words, rejecting what was done, taking a new sheet of paper * * * * * * * and farther we never got. "At this rate," I wrote to him at the expiration of a week, "we shall spend a year on the first scene, and I cannot devote all my life to this work. I find myself obliged, therefore, to give it up."—When Raupach returned from drinking the waters, he perfectly approved of what I had done, and I never heard anything more of the opera of *Milton*.

CHATHAM.—A concert was given in the Lecture Hall on Thursday evening, May 9th, by Mackney, the celebrated "bouffon." The following are the names of the performers by whom he was accompanied:—Miss Grace Armytage, Madame Somerville, Mr H. C. Sanders, and Mr Henry Nicholson, flautist, who, in himself, represented the instrumental force. The principal features of the entertainment consisted of course in Mackney's performances, which created a *furore*. To the Mackney sensation may be added Miss Grace Armytage's singing of a song entitled, "Softly the chimes are ringing," a charming and neatly written composition, thoroughly suited to the voice and style of its interpreter. Madame Somerville, besides doing duty as accompanist, gave several ballads with much taste, and experienced a most flattering reception. The various pieces which Messrs. Henry Nicholson and H. C. Sanders contributed to the programme were warmly applauded. The concert was a perfect success.

H. B. G.

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

The simultaneous revival of *Le Nozze di Figaro* at both opera houses is a boon to the lovers of Mozart's music in particular and to amateurs of music in general. The performance at the Royal Italian Opera, as far as the orchestral and concerted music is concerned, leaves nothing to wish. The overture, one of the most spirited ever composed, is admirably played, and nothing could well be more effective than the great *finales* of the second and fourth acts, in which two or three of the principal singers are, perhaps, more to be commended than even in their solos. Mr. Costa wisely distributes the opera into four acts, according to Mozart's own plan, and, by the restoration of the very characteristic *fandango* to the third *finale*, not only brings back that pleasing variety aimed at by the composer in the festive scene which celebrates the nuptials of Figaro and Susanna, but imparts to it the symmetry of form which is an invariable characteristic of Mozart. Nor does he increase the loudness at the expense of the delicate colouring of the orchestral accompaniments through the employment of wind instruments not to be found in the original score. For these concessions to good taste Mr. Costa is entitled to the thanks of all who believe that the design of a master should never in any way be tampered with.

The present cast of *Le Nozze* differs from that of last year in two important particulars. The part of the Countess now falls to Madame Fricci-Baraldi, in place of Mdlle. Désirée Artot, while Figaro is represented by M. Petit, in lieu of M. Faure—Frenchman for Frenchman. In neither instance is the change for the better. Madame Fricci, though, as always, careful and intelligent, seems over-weighted in both her airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono"—in the latter, which is also the most difficult, especially. But neither the part nor the music that exhibits it is precisely suited to her means. In the concerted music, however, she is invariably painstaking and correct—a matter of no slight consequence. M. Petit presents us with a bustling and, on the whole, judged from the French point of view, acceptable Figaro. The personage of Figaro is Spanish; the author of the two comedies in which he bears so conspicuous a part was French; Mozart, who was German, composed his opera to a libretto written by Da Ponte, an Italian, in Italian. So that, it might be argued, there are several ways of looking at the character. One thing, nevertheless, is pretty certain—Mozart's Figaro is essentially German, and the whole opera, while rife with that flowing melody of which the great musician must have imbibed large draughts during his youthful travels in Italy, is thoroughly German, more so even than *Don Giovanni*, if somewhat less so than *Die Zauberflöte*. These considerations, however, have little to do with M. Petit, who has possibly played Figaro at the Théâtre-Lyrique, and gives us the same idea of it in another language, upon another stage. He sings the music carefully, with less point, no doubt, in "Non più andrai," in which Figaros, endowed with good bass voices, generally produce their chief effect, than elsewhere, but seldom indifferently, and always as if he understood the immediate purport of what he has to sing. In his histrionic portraiture of the character, though he overlooks the fact that Figaro on the point of marriage has become a somewhat more staid personage than the eager factotum of the *Barber of Seville*, he exhibits certain qualities, and above all a thorough familiarity with the business of the scene, which fairly separate him from the herd of commonplace actors, and justify a hope that he may ultimately attain excellence. We shall watch his progress with interest. The part of the Count is not well suited to the peculiar talent of Signor Graziani, but it contains musical phrases in which the eminently rich tones of his almost exceptional voice become irresistible. The impassioned "Crudel perchè finora," for example, is a striking instance, and no wonder—admirably, in the bargain, as Susanna's music is given by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—that the audience insist upon a repetition of this, one of the most familiar as it is one of the most beautiful of all existing duets. Among the other pieces which involve a similar penalty are the well known duet, "Sull' aria," where the Countess dictates the letter of intrigue to Susanna, and Cherubino's "Voi che sapete," delivered with singularly earnest expression by Mdlle. Lucca, who imparts to every sentence, by gesture, look and vocal tone, a pointed significance that belongs essentially to the realistic school of which this clever and gifted lady is one of the foremost actual representatives.

Anything livelier, anything more piquant and original than Mdlle. Lucca's entire impersonation of the sentimental Page, in whom the want of something to love and the inherent love of mischief are equally proportioned qualities, has rarely been witnessed in our time. But not to enter again so soon into matters that were examined in detail at the close of last season, we shall merely add that the other parts are played by Signor Ciampi (Dr. Bartolo); Mdlle. Anese (Marcellina); Signor Neri-Baraldi (Basilio), who is wise in retaining the air, "In quegli anni" (Act IV.), which he sings remarkably well; and Signor Polonini (Antonio, the gardener), whose drunken scene in the *finale* to the second act is a rare bit of genuine comedy.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

The first performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as the unhappy heroine, awakened fresh interest in an opera as hackneyed as any in the Italian lyric repertory. This was the case last year when it was revived, after, as far as Covent Garden is concerned, four years' rest. Impassioned and touching as was Mdlle. Patti's performance in 1866, it is even more so in 1867. Nothing could easily surpass the earlier scenes. Upon the brilliant execution of the recitative, air and *cabaletta* "Regnava nel silenzio"—which though originally the music that accompanied Lucia's first scene used so often, by Madame Persiani and others, to be replaced by "Perchè non ho," from another opera—it is unnecessary to dwell; nor about the duet with Edgardo which brings down the curtain upon the first act need we say a word more than that love at once earnest, innocent, and confiding has rarely been simulated with more natural grace than by Mdlle. Patti, nor have love passages in music been uttered in more speaking accents. It is in the duet with her brother Enrico, that the tragic phase of Lucia's character is first revealed. Here, as all opera-goers are aware, in order to persuade his sister to abandon the lover of her choice for one of his own choosing, Enrico shows her a forged letter, by which she is persuaded into a belief that Edgardo is false to his vows. The change of countenance at the mere sight of the letter, the sudden snatching it from Enrico's hand, the rapid perusal and the convulsive exclamation—

"Mi infelice!
Ahi!—la folgore piombò!"

are subtle and delicate touches; but the growing despair of Lucia as she becomes more and more persuaded of her brother's fixed purpose of uniting her to Arturo, which culminates at the point when, apprised by Enrico of the immediate approach of her intended husband, the blood freezing in her veins, she ejaculates the word "Tremo!" is not merely equal to the situation but a realisation of the situation to which we are unable to recall a parallel. Indeed, Mdlle. Patti's performance in this duet is as instinct with deep meaning as anything that comes after. A more moving picture than that presented by her looks, attitudes and gestures could not easily be imagined. The signing of the contract, which follows, is admirable from end to end. Lucia rather totters than walks into the hall, which is to witness the act of her blind sacrifice—physically helpless and more and more in need of support at every step. At length she seizes the pen and inscribes the fatal word that separates her for ever from Edgardo, and at that instant her maligned lover himself appears. The appending of the signature and the revulsion of feeling at the unexpected apparition of Edgardo are strokes of true genius. The famous septet, with chorus, led off by the enraged Edgardo (enthusiastically called for again), to which the appealing tones of Lucia, vainly invoking death to come to her aid, lend such poignant interest, and the sequel, when the much suffering maiden writhes under and ultimately succumbs to the terrible malediction of her lover, form together a worthy and artistically reached climax to a scene of the rarest excellence. Of the last scene in which Lucia appears, when, bereft of reason, she gives vent to the wandering imaginings of a distracted mind, and ultimately rushes off to self-destruction, as much and more might be written. But enough has been adduced to show our high estimation of this last effort of Mdlle. Patti, who, if she goes on thus advancing as an actress, might abandon singing altogether and take to the non-lyric stage with a certainty of winning a new renown. Enough to add that her whole performance was appreciated according to its deserts.

Signor Fancelli, who made his first appearance last year as Edgardo, is just where he was before. The part is too much for him. He has merit, nevertheless, a good, though not by any means powerful voice, and considerable earnestness. Indeed, he may, if properly employed, become a very useful member of Mr. Gye's company; but as a representative of tenor parts of such high dramatic importance as Edgardo we can scarcely believe that he is destined at any time to become eminent. Signor Graziani's Enrico is familiar to the frequenters of this theatre, as a careful and in its way a highly finished performance; and we have seldom known the part of Raimondo (Bide-the-Bent) confided to a singer with a more sonorous bass than that of Signor Capponi, who is steadily making way. A word, too, is justly due to a new tenor, Signor Marino, who has a voice of extremely pleasing quality, and sings the small part of Arturo (Bucklaw) as we do not remember to have heard it sung before. Signor Marino might safely, we think, be entrusted with some character of greater responsibility than this, and the still more insignificant one of Don Alvar in the *Africaine*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated*)

As usual about the period of Epsom Races, when a large number of strangers and foreigners visit London, the special attractions of the Crystal Palace are numerous. This year they are more frequent than ever, as is evidenced by the cost of admission for the next ten days more than covering the cost of the entire year's guinea season ticket. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the sale of season tickets has been very considerable.

On Saturday next the third opera concert of the season will take place, at which the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre will appear for the first time, Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Santley, Mr. Hohler, and other members of the company being engaged. On the following Monday a ballad concert will be held, at which Mr. Sims Reeves will sing "Sally in our Alley," "My pretty Jane," and "Scots wha hae." Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Patey, and other popular singers will also appear. The announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's name in a ballad concert always draws a large concourse of visitors.

The first great display of fireworks and illumination of fountains will take place on Thursday, 23rd May. This display has been in preparation during the winter months, and comprises several novelties, and an improved descent of comets in full blaze. The Palace will be lighted up for evening promenade after the illumination of the fountains. The success of these great pyrotechnic displays last season was so marked that they are looked upon as important events in the coming year. Admission tickets to this, and to the opera concerts and flower show, if bought a day or two beforehand, are only half the price of admission by payment on the day.

The great Flower Show at the Crystal Palace—one of the events of the London fashionable season—is appointed for Saturday, May 25th. The show, it is anticipated, will be unusually fine. It also enjoys the advantage of being fixed for the day appointed for the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The Law Courts and Government Offices being closed, a large accession of visitors may be looked for.

The preparations for the great Festival Benefit Concert, which it is intended to hold on Wednesday, 26th June, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the Palace, are progressing favourably. The distinguished patronage under which it is understood that it will be announced and the long list of eminent artists whose services are placed at the disposal of the directors for this occasion will render it one of unusual interest. It is anticipated that a notification will be made in the course of a few days of the issue of guinea stalls for the festival, which will be under similar arrangements to the great Handel Festivals held at the Crystal Palace; and as, apart from the interest excited by the unparalleled combination of artists who will appear on this occasion, much sympathy exists among the season ticket-holders and other friends of the Palace, a brisk demand has already risen for these tickets.

"THE NOBLE MORINGER."

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

To prevent mistakes we may as well state beforehand that a "Moringer" is one who wears a morion. But the work of art entitled *The Noble Moringer* is an opera or operetta, in two acts, of which the libretto has been written by a gentleman styling himself "Amicus," the music being supplied by a composer who wishes to go down to posterity as "Marcellus Higgs." *The Noble Moringer* is a wonderful production, and we scarcely know how to give an account of it. The story is derived from an old German ballad, but "Amicus" acknowledges to having taken liberties with the original legend, and Marcellus Higgs has done all sorts of things with the not very original libretto. We are willing and anxious to receive "Amicus" in the character in which it pleases him to present himself. But though we gladly look upon him as our friend, yet "*magis amica veritas*," and he must excuse us if we speak of his poem as we found it. Perhaps Mr Marcellus Higgs, on his side, if he had been provided with better verse, would have written better music. This kind of speculation, however, would lead us too far, and we will not pursue it.

The noble Moringer, to plunge without further preface into the drama of which he is the hero, has the merit of being passionately in love with his own wife, for which reason he determines to leave her for many years—or, to be precise, seven years and a day. He is warned, to a tune imitated from that of the drinking song in *Der Freischütz*, against this rash proceeding, but, having among his retinue a handsome and generally attractive esquire with a tenor voice, he ensures his wife's fidelity by entrusting her to this gentleman's care. Everybody is very sorry when the noble Moringer goes, but everybody, including his wife, extremely happy when he has once gone. An interval of a year takes place between the first and second acts. Then the noble Moringer's wife goes to a hunt, at which she is opportunely attacked by a bear, whom the faithful esquire slays. The inevitable explanation and interchange of expressions of affection take place, after which there is another interval. More intervals occur, and at last, when the seven years and a day have all but expired, and the esquire and the noble Moringer's wife are about to get married, the noble Moringer on the very last day of all reappears. He cannot allow the faithful esquire to marry his wife, but he suddenly remembers that he has a daughter, and the fair child (whose face is like her mother's) is joined to the esquire in holy matrimony. The noble Moringer is a philosopher, and so also is the faithful esquire, whose philosophy teaches him the detestable principle that "*Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a.*" However, there are many esquires who, morality apart, would rather marry a Moringer's daughter than a Moringer's wife, and the Moringer certainly divides the ladies of his family in the fairest manner possible between himself and his gallant knight.

There are other characters in the dramatic poem of *The Noble Moringer* who have subsidiary and supernatural parts to play. Tranda, the goddess of dreams in a mythology of "Amicus's" own making, comes on at one time. At another we are introduced to St. Thomas, who we at first fancied was intended to be looked upon as the personification of unbelief in connection with the esquire's pretended fidelity to his absent master. St. Thomas makes reference to the waters of Lethe and delivers himself in an unchristian-like style generally. A personage, too, called "Rumour" is dragged in and has a little *entr'acte* all to himself.

All this, in spite of the merit of the simple legend on which it is based, and which demanded a simple style of treatment, is sad stuff. Mr Marcellus Higgs has furnished it with appropriate music, and the combination of words by "Amicus" and music by Marcellus Higgs is one that few persons would care to hear twice. Nevertheless, several of Mr Higgs's ballads—certainly three at the very least—were encored on Wednesday evening, when *The Noble Moringer* was given for the first time at St. James's Hall. We thought the ballads dull and unmelodious; but it was evident that the public preferred them to the rest of the work. It seemed to us at first that the audience would probably rebel against the infliction of so much unmeaning sound upon them. Nothing of the kind. They liked it, and Mr Marcellus Higgs will not be obliged, like so many other unfortunate composers, to seek consolation in the stock reflection that "after all Beethoven's ninth symphony was never appreciated during Beethoven's lifetime." Mr Marcellus Higgs cannot complain of want of appreciation. We fancy all the same that in the long run he would get on better without "Amicus," and we are quite sure that "Amicus" would get on better without him.

The principal characters in *The Noble Moringer* were sustained heroically by Mr Patey, the Moringer; Mr Cummings, the Moringer's esquire; Miss Louisa Pyne, the Moringer's wife; and Madame Patey Whytock, the Moringer's daughter.

[The discussions on the title of this opera remind elderly people of a truth too painfully borne in upon them from many quarters—how thoroughly the popular poetry of their youth is forgotten in this generation. The "noble Moringer" is not one who "wears a morion" or wears anything else. It is merely the family name of the hero of one of Walter Scott's ballads, in vol. 6 of his *Poetical Works*. Scott says he took it from a collection of German popular songs, which he specifies, and, moreover, that there is something like a foundation for the story, and that a certain Countess von Marstetten, who was by birth a Fräulein von Moringer, was a daughter of the said hero. "The noble Moringer," having made his lady promise him fidelity for seven years, goes a-crusading. At the end of the seventh year he comes back to find the dame in the act of espousing the young Marstetten. The youth and the fair lady are both extremely apprehensive of a "scene," but—

> The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
> He gathers wisdom who hath roamed seven twelvemonths and a day.

He then proceeds to marry the squire to his daughter instead of his wife, and the whole household go on very comfortably together. How far the old ballad goes on all fours with the modern operetta is a distinct question.—A. S. S.]

ADELINA (LUCIA) PATTI.

(*From the "Morning Herald" and "Standard."*)

Having seen Mdlle. Adelina Patti in the *Barbiere* and in *Lucia di Lammermoor* it is difficult to decide whether she is best suited to the character of Rosina or Lucia—whether her intellect is more forcibly called into play and developed in comedy or tragedy. In Rossini's opera Mdlle. Patti appears all life and animation, as one who could exist in an atmosphere of smiles only, who revels in the golden beams of joy as a lark in the light of a summer's morning. In the poor, lorn, demented Lucia her nature seems entirely altered. Sorrow and fear usurp every expression of her countenance, and she moves like one doomed on earth to misery and under the ban of some terrible destiny. From first to last throughout the opera she is the embodiment of hopeless grief. Even in the scene of the first act with Edgardo, where the lovers plight their troth and where the looks of the young maiden might be supposed to be illumined with some transient gleams of pleasure, though the voice be inexpressibly tender and the words fervent with love and devotion, Mdlle. Patti puts on a gloom and a foreboding, as it were, that proves she appreciates the superstition of Scott's heroine no less than the deep feeling and dark dramatic colouring of the Lucia of the opera. In this respect Mdlle. Patti soars far beyond the representative of any Lucia we remember to have witnessed, and possibly—seeing that the part was drawn and the music written for the famous daughter of Tacchinardi (now, alas! no more), in whom tragic power was not an instinct—to have exceeded the intention, or at least the expectation, of poet and musician. To perceive the greatness of the impersonation it must be judged as a whole. The music may have been as brilliantly vocalised by some other artist, the scene of the madness as forcibly and naturally portrayed; but, taken in its entirety, Mdlle. Patti's performance is more uniform, complete, and thoroughly satisfying than any yet presented on the stage. Nothing has been sacrificed for particular effect, a proof, if proof were wanting, that genius in her case transcends all art. When, after an interval of four years, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was revived for Mdlle. Patti (in 1866), Lucia was universally allowed to be one of the young artist's most perfect achievements. No wonder Donizetti's opera made one of the eminent successes of last year; no wonder it was produced this season for Mdlle. Patti's appearance in a second character. Which performance is most entrancing, Rosina or Lucia, we leave to others to decide. May not the Art of the young songstress be said, without hyperbole, to be "a pendulum betwixt a smile and tear?"

Exeter.—(*From a correspondent*).—The Exeter Oratorio Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at the Public Rooms on Tuesday last. It was the first subscription performance for the present year. The singers were Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Julia Elton, Mr C. Bastow, and Mr Lewis Thomas. The oratorio was well performed on the whole, and certainly did not fail to satisfy the audience, who, on several occasions, were enthusiastic in a degree. Miss Susanna Cole, from London, sang the soprano music with great brilliancy and with a purity of voice and charm of style, moreover, that is seldom heard out of the metropolis, and indeed not often in it. She created an unusual sensation in the great air "Hear ye, Israel." Mr Lewis Thomas sang the part of the Prophet finely, and Miss Julia Elton gave due effect to the contralto music.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE FOR THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MR C. H. BENNETT.

The amateur performance on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the widow and eight children of the late well-known artist, Mr C. H. Bennett, was highly successful. The entertainment began somewhat merrily, the occasion considered, with what Mr F. C. Burnand, the author, entitles *The Interpolated Libretto of a new Triumviretta*, but which is simply Mr Maddison Morton's *Box and Cox*, adapted to the lyric stage, under the transposed name of *Cox and Box*. This is no occasion for criticism; nevertheless, we feel compelled to say that Mr Burnand has executed his task so well, and that Mr Arthur S. Sullivan, our most rising composer, has written music so full of sparkling tune and real comic humour, that we cannot but believe that this version of a widely popular farce would have a new genuine success if produced on the recognized stage by recognized professional players. It is quite as stirring and lively as anything by M. Offenbach, with the extra advantage of being the work of a cultivated musician, who under any temptation would scorn to write ungrammatically—even if he could. The parts in *Cox and Box* were confided to a well known theatrical amateur, Mr Quintin (Cox), Mr George Du Maurier, one of our most eminent caricaturists (Box), and Mr Arthur Blunt, another amateur actor in high esteem. The whole passed off amid roars of laughter, and after the representation of the *dramatis personæ* had appeared before the curtain, a special call was made for Mr Sullivan, the music director of the day, who bowed from his place in the orchestra. The piece was preceded by Auber's overture to *Le Philtre*. Mr Sullivan should compose an overture himself, and thus complete his admirable operetta. A selection of madrigals and part-songs from Beale, Hatton, Schubert, and R. J. S. Stevens, came after *Cox and Box*. These were contributed by the well trained company of amateur singers who have christened themselves "The Moray Minstrels," under their permanent conductor, Mr John Foster. Mr Shirley Brooks then delivered an appropriate and eloquent address prepared for the occasion, which was spoken with equal point and feeling, and received with enthusiastic applause.

After the address the "Moray Minstrels" gave more part-songs—by Hatton, Pearsall, and Otto, with a glee by Horsley. Then another of Auber's overtures (*Zanetta*) was followed by Mr Tom Taylor's one-act domestic drama called *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, the characters in which were sustained by a troop of amateur actors, whom, in a part of his address, Mr Shirley Brooks had described as "Our Doctor Mark and all his Little Men," aided by Miss Kate Terry, Misses Florence and Ellen Terry, and Mrs Stoker. The characters were thus distributed:—

Colonel Percy Kirke ...	Mr Mark Lemon.
Colonel Lord Churchill ...	Mr John Tenniel.
Master Jasper Carew ...	Mr Tom Taylor.
Master Chedsey ...	Mr F. C. Burnand.
Corporal Flintoff ...	Mr Horace Mayhew.
Kester ...	Mr Henry Silver.
Keeper ...	Mr R. T. Pritchett.
John Zoyland ...	Mr Shirley Brooks.
Anne Carew ...	Miss Kate Terry.
Dame Carew ...	Mrs Stoker.
Sibyl ...	Miss Florence Terry.
Keziah [illegible] ...	Miss Ellen Terry (Mrs Watts).

From the above list it will be readily guessed who were intended by "Our Doctor Mark and all his Little Men." The piece was listened to with intense interest and applauded at the end with unanimity. The principal actors were respectively called for, and Miss Kate Terry was honoured especially with the fervent marks of sympathy to which her charming and touching performance of Carew's devoted wife had fairly entitled her.

The performances terminated with the amusing *bouffonnerie musicale* by Offenbach and Moinaux called *Les Deux Aveugles*, Mr Harold Power taking the part of Patachon, and Mr George du Maurier that of Giraffier. Mr Horace Mayhew made up by contenting himself with the character of "Un Passant." Roars of laughter were again elicited by this diverting piece of nonsense, originated, as every one knows, at the Bouffes Parisiens, and given at the Adelphi in the original language.

The house was filled with literary, dramatic, artistic, and musical celebrities, together with numbers of those enthusiasts who love to hover about the spheres in which their special idols respectively move. The entertainment was a genuine success, and there is good reason to believe that the subscription which those who got it up are still promoting will help materially to effect the benevolent object they have in view.

COPENHAGEN.—The following works were included in the programme of the sixth concert given by the Musical Association, under the direction of Herr Gade:—Schumann's Overture, *Scherzo* and *Finale*; Schubert's 23rd Psalm; Overture in C major by Hartmann; and Concerto in E flat major for two pianos, Mozart.

Address by SHIRLEY BROOKS, *delivered Saturday, 11th May* 1867, *on occasion of the performances for the benefit of the Family of the late* C. H. BENNETT.

He, whose proud words are still upon your ear
Has this well expressed my present fear.
After Apollo's songs (or those you've heard)
Harsh were even Mercury's most gracious word
And I'm no Mercury—at least, I know,
John of Bologna would not fancy so.

Yet for a moment hear the prosier tone
Charged with a message that's not mine alone.
I am a Deputation. That's a thing
Which in these blessed times [illegible] its sting
And folks the most distinguished cannot choose
When deputations come to state their views.
I only promise not to keep you long
From our kind Minstrels' next delightful song.

Only some friends of a lost friend, whose name
Is all the inheritance his children claim,
(Save memory of his goodness) think it due
To make some brief acknowledgment to you.
Brief but not cold—some thanks, that you have come
And helped us to secure that saddened home
Where eight young mourners round a mother weep
A fond and dear-loved father's early sleep.

Take it from us—and with this word we end
All sad allusion to our parted friend—
That for a better purpose generous hearts
Never prompted liberal hands to do their parts.
You knew his power, his satire keen but fine,
And the rich fancy served by skill as rare
You did not know, except some friendly few,
That he was earnest, gentle, patient, true.
A better soldier doth Life's battle lack,
And he has died with harness on his back.

But you have no affection's tear to dry—
And [illegible] poor thanks [illegible] to bid you sigh.
For you, and others not with us to-day
But to whose zeal our grateful debt we pay
Have nobly succoured us; and much is done,
Though much remains to do ere all is won,
And our poor mourners, when first grief is o'er,
May look out hopefully on life in store.

This Deputation grieves to stay the choir
But six words more before I can retire.
We, workers with the pencil or the pen,
Our Doctor Mark and all his Little Men,
Thank each and all who've spoken, sung, or played,
Who've aided our performance, or will aid.
The Minstrel Boys are to refreshment gone,
Give them a cheer for us when they come on.
Ladies—I should say Persons—come, your votes,
How like you English songs from English throats!
Where's Arthur Sullivan—upon your oath
Is there no music, Sir, of British growth!
I think I'll take that answer, for it shows
They grudge you every day you don't compose.

Last but not least in your dear love, and ours,
There is a head we'd crown with all our flowers.
Our kindest thanks to her whose smallest grace
Is the bewitchment of her fair young face.
Our own Kate Terry comes, to show how much
The truest art does with the lightest touch.
Make much of her while still before your eyes—
A star may glide away to other skies.

Obliged by your attention and applause,
The Deputation bows, and then withdraws. [*Exit.*

BREMEN.—At the last Philharmonic Concert the programme included the overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; "Ave verum," Mozart; "Hallelujah" from *The Messiah*, Handel; and Symphony in C major, Schubert.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Litolff lately gave a concert with great applause, but little pecuniary benefit. The days of brilliant receipts are now past in Russia.

MOSCOW.—Herr Nicolaus Rubenstein gave a concert some time since when the programme comprised the overture to *Genoveva*; Concerto in G major, Beethoven; and "Todtentanz," Franz Liszt; together with works by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Russian composers.

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Schubert Society.—The third concert this season, of which the first part of the programme was devoted to compositions of F. Schubert, took place on Thursday, May 9th, and was decidedly the most successful. Schubert's grand trio, Op. 100—admirably played by Mdlle. Rosetta Alexandre (pianoforte), Mr. Henry Blagrove (violin), and Herr Schuberth (violoncello)—opened the concert. The other instrumental pieces were the "Ave Maria" as solo on the violoncello, accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthür, and much applauded, and impromptu in E flat, well played by Miss Ellen Bliss. Five of Schubert's most popular songs were given by the following members:—Miss Mina Poole, "Silvia" and "Mitten im Schimmer," both well sung; Mr Lewis Thomas, "The Wanderer;" Miss Adelaide Bliss, "Thine is my heart;" and Miss Lucy Franklein, "Erlkönig." The second part was miscellaneous. Herr Oberthür played two solos on the harp. Miss Elden, a promising young soprano, gave "A sigh went floating on the breeze," by M. Lutz, with much taste. Miss Adelaide Bliss pleased in Macfarren's "O! on my heart a weight;" and Miss Poole sang a new composition, "Night," by W. Coenen, accompanied by the composer. The rooms were crowded. The fourth and last concert this season is announced for Thursday, June 13th.

Perth.—Signor Gustave Garcia's concert, which had been postponed for a week, came off in the City Hall, and attracted a large and fashionable audience, and reposed under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Kinnoul, Lady Louisa Moncrieffe, and a host of distinguished families. The orchestra was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the audience were more than usually warm in the applause throughout the evening, and attempted to encore several of Signor and Madame Garcia's songs. In vain, however, was the desire expressed to hear the songs again, as something else was invariably substituted; thus, for the redemand of "The Village Blacksmith" and "La Danza," Signor Garcia gave "The Fiddler" and "The Little Fat Grey Man;" and for "The Lover and the Bird," and a Spanish song, Madame Martorelli Garcia supplied "Home, sweet home" and "Coming through the rye." Mr Bridgman was the accompanist, as well as the solo pianist, and, not to be out of the fashion, he played a fantasia on airs from *Faust* when his variations on Scotch airs was redemanded. The programme was varied by some glees sung by the members of the Dupplin Castle choir. The cause of the postponement of Signor Garcia's concert, which we mentioned above, was, we regret to hear, owing to the death of a sister of the concert giver, Madame Crepet, at the early age of twenty-five. She was niece of Malibran and of Madame Viardot Garcia, and is said to have possessed a large share of the musical talent of her family.

Miss Rose Hersee—one of the most rising of our concert room songstresses—and who has already achieved an enviable popularity, gave the first of three concerts at her residence, 8 Westbourne Square, on Wednesday evening, under distinguished patronage. She was assisted in the vocal department by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Penman (her pupil), Mr Wilford Morgan, Signors Ciabatta, Gustave Garcia, and Caravoglia; and in the instrumental by Miss Kathleen Ryan, Mr C. J. Hargitt, and Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Mdlle Emilia Arditi (violin), and Mr R. S. Pratten (flute). Miss Hersee sang Meyerbeer's canzonet "The Fisher Maiden," Benedict's "Carnaval de Venise," Bishop's cavatina, "Ye little birds," and joined Miss Penman in the duet, "Sweet summer morn," from Mr Macfarren's opera *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Signor Caravoglia in the buffo duet, "Quanto amore," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. The brilliant voice and excellent style of the young concert-giver were perhaps rendered most conspicuous in Benedict's variations and Bishop's cavatina. But in all her pieces she sang admirably and with marked effect. Miss Louisa Pyne's singing of Lutz's song, "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze," was among the most attractive performances of the evening. Of the instrumental achievements we can only say that Signor Mattei—the "Samson agonistes" of the pianoforte—after his "Souvenir d'Italia," played his "Grand Valse" with such tremendous force and energy as almost to necessitate an encore; that Miss Kathleen Ryan—the young and clever pianist, not exactly a disciple of the school of Signor Tito Mattei—performed Chopin's "Impromptu in A flat," which she took at such a pace as must have fatigued, if not incapacitated, any but the expertest digits; that Mdlle. Emilia Arditi and Signor Mattei played Benedict and Arditi's duet for violin and pianoforte on *Dinorah* with splendid effect; and that Mr Pratten and Mr Hargitt executed a romance by F. E. Bache for flute and piano. The conductors were Mr Benedict, Signor [illegible], M. Talexy, and Mr C. J. Hargitt.

Mr. Aptommas, the well-known harp player, gave his annual concert on Wednesday evening. The first part consisted of rounds written by Mr Aptommas to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the words taken from the original text of the allegory. Whether such words are, in the remotest degree, suited for rounds it is useless to examine too closely. It was a bold undertaking, to say the least of it. The solos, &c., were executed by Mesdames Banks, Hann, and Wells, Messrs Montem Smith and Patey, with a chorus; and Herr Engel, Mr Aptommas and Herr Ganz as accompanists at the harp, harmonium, and pianoforte. After the *Pilgrim's Progress* followed a miscellaneous selection, in which "The March of the Men of Harlech" was given by the chorus; "With verdure clad," was sung by Miss Ida Gilliess; Miss Lucia Hann gave an air from *Dinorah*; Miss Theodore Wells, Arditi's "Leggiero invisibile;" and Miss M. Stocken "Qui la voce" from *I Puritani*—the last very good. One of the attractions of the evening was the singing of Herr Stepan, from Stutgardt. This gentleman possesses one of the finest bass voices of the day, which he exhibited to perfection in Lortzing's popular *romance* from *The Czaar und Zimmermann*, and Meyerbeer's scena from *Roberto*. M. Aptommas played the "Hymn of Garibaldi" on the harp, and a *tarantelle*, for harp and piano, with Mr J. Berger, gaining loud applause in both performances. Messrs. Ganz, Salaman, and F. Berger were the accompanists.—D. B.

Cork.—Haydn's *Creation* was given here lately in aid of the funds of the North Charitable Infirmary. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not so numerous as could be wished. The solo performers were efficient, the chorus was excellent, and the whole oratorio was given in a manner that reflected credit on all concerned. Miss Bates, the principal soprano, known in Cork only by her London reputation, soon established herself in the good graces of her audience. Her singing "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," was met with warm applause. The other singers were Mr Sullivan, Mr Baker, Mr O'Mahony, and Mr O'Donoghue. Mr Coghlan was leader of the orchestra, Mr T. J. Sullivan organist, and Mr M'Carthy conductor.

Beethoven Rooms.—Miss Marie Stocken, the young and clever singer—pupil of Signor Goldberg—gave her first concert at the above rooms on Thursday evening. The audience was large and fashionable. Miss Stocken was supported by Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Julia Elton, Messrs. Alfred Hemming, Trelawny Cobham, and Renwick as vocalists; Herr Oberthür (harp) and Miss Clinton Fynes (pianoforte), as instrumentalists. Miss Stocken has a pure soprano voice of unusual compass and power, and invariably sings in tune. She chose for her opening display "Bel raggio," which she followed with a new ballad, "The Spring," (encored) and a song by her master Signor Goldberg, "Die Botschaft," joining in a duet with Miss Julia Elton by the same composer, "Vieni la barca." The grand *aria* from *Semiramide* indicated style and dramatic energy, which may be turned to the best account. The other pieces she sang sweetly and with undeniable taste. She also, with Messrs. Cobham and Renwick, sang the soprano parts of Randegger's "I Naviganti," and of the quartet from *Rigoletto*. Miss Emily Spiller gave Benedict's elegant and original "May Song," one of his latest and best vocal compositions, and an Irish ballad, "O come to Glengariff," which she sang most charmingly. Miss Julia Elton introduced a new song by Vincent Wallace, "The Trance of Love," which was loudly applauded and encored. Amongst the best things of the concert was a new trio by Herr Oberthür, for ladies' voices, set to Moore's "Araby's Daughter," sung with perfect ensemble by the Misses Spiller, Stocken and Elton. It is an elegant composition and one that will be appreciated by the musical world at its full value. Herr Oberthür accompanied his trio, and also performed his celebrated solo on the harp from *Martha*, which was loudly applauded. Miss Clinton Fynes, one of Moscheles' favourite pupils, played Chopin's notturno and Wallace's *galop de bravura*, "The Czar," with brilliancy. Mr Alfred Hemming sang Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" and "The Message," with admirable effect. Mr Trelawny Cobham in "La donna è Mobile," and Mr Francesco Berger's "Come and meet me, darling," was highly successful, as was also Mr Renwick in Donizetti's "Ah non mea," and Hullah's song of "The Knight's Return." Miss Marie Stocken may be congratulated on the artistic results of her first concert. Herr Lehmeyer and Mr King Hall officiated on the occasion as accompanists.

Basil Basoon.

Hanover Square Rooms.—A concert was given by Mr Ridley Prentice, the pianist and composer, on Monday evening at the above rooms, which attracted a number of fashionables. *That* Mr Ridley Prentice is a pianist of no mean ability he fully proved by his interpretation of Mendelssohn's sonata in D, for pianoforte and violoncello, which he played with Signor Piatti, distinguishing himself both by his manipulation and his classic feeling. Mr Prentice next essayed Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* in F minor, Op. 57, exhibiting even more than in Mendelssohn's duet superior execution, power and a well cultivated taste. The performance pleased immensely. Two solos by Mr F. W. Bird, and a minuet and trio composed by himself. Chopin's *polonaise*, in C, for pianoforte and violoncello with Signor Piatti, was also played, and received with unqualified approbation. The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne—who introduced a new Scotch ballad by Mr R. Prentice, entitled, "Mither, blame me not for loving," while she gave it with such feeling and expression as to cause an unanimous encore; Madame Patey Whytock—who sang Gluck's "Che farò," and a song by Miss Gabriel; while her better half, in a song of Richard Wagner's(?), and Handel's "Ruddier than the cherry," was loudly applauded, and encored in the latter. Mr Walter Macfarren was conductor.

Basil Basoon.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

[Translations from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.]

MODERN SYMPHONIES,

AND THE VIENNA COMPETITION OF 1839.

WHEN a German talks about Symphonies he means Beethoven. The two things are to him inseparable, one and the same, his delight and pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its Revolution, and England its commerce, so a German has his Beethoven Symphonies. Over Beethoven he forgets that he has no great school of painting to show; with him he regains, in spirit, all the battles that Napoleon won over us; he even ventures to put him on a level with Shakspeare. As that great master's creations have grown into our very being, and many of his Symphonies have even become popular, it is natural to suppose that they have left deep traces which would show themselves in the first works of the same kind in the age succeeding them. But this is not the case. Similarities are certainly found, and these both many and close—though it is curious that they should mostly refer to Beethoven's earliest Symphonies, as if each successive one required a certain time before it could be understood and imitated. But the power of employing and maintaining real grandeur of form, where the ideas succeed one another blow after blow, though all the while linked together by an inward spiritual connection—this, with few exceptions, is rarely to be found. Modern Symphonies for the most part sink to the level of mere Overture music, especially the first movements. The slow movements are put in only because they are bound to be; the *Scherzos* are *Scherzos* in name only, and the last movements seem to have lost all knowledge of what has gone before them. Berlioz was introduced to us as a phenomenon. Germans in general knew next to nothing of him, and what little they knew was by hearsay, and seemed only to frighten them, so that some time will probably elapse before he becomes thoroughly known. Assuredly, however, he will not have laboured in vain, for phenomena never come singly. The future is already teaching us. Franz Schubert should also be mentioned, but even his Symphonies are not yet known.—The competition for the prize at Vienna afforded important evidence of the present level of talent. We may say what we like, competition can only be beneficial, it can never do harm; and those who think that the productive faculties are not roused by excitement, even of a prosaic kind, are much mistaken. Had a prize for a Symphony been announced during the life-time of Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven, such a prize, for instance, as one of those enormous rare diamonds which are found in imperial and royal treasuries, I would lay any wager that the great masters would have set to work in earnest. But, then, who could have been the judge?

MENDELSSOHN.

SYMPHONY, OP. 56.

Mendelssohn's new Symphony has been most eagerly expected by all who are watching with interest the brilliant course of this rare genius. Indeed it was looked forward to almost as his first performance in this department, for the Symphony in C minor, actually the first, belongs to his very earliest youth, while the second, written for the London Philharmonic Society, is not yet published, and his *Sinfonia-Cantata* again (*The Hymn of Praise*) cannot be considered as a purely instrumental work. Therefore, with the exception of the Opera, the Symphony alone was wanting to complete the grand circle of his productions, since in every other branch he has already amply distinguished himself.

We have been told that this Symphony was begun many years ago, during Mendelssohn's stay in Rome, although not completed till quite recently. This fact is interesting as helping us to understand the very remarkable character of the music. As when, in some old and long forgotten book, we suddenly discover a faded leaf which recalls the past with such vivid distinctness as to make us forget the present, so may all manner of charming recollections have crowded upon the imagination of our composer when amongst his papers he came upon these melodies inspired long ago by the beauties of Italy,[*] and consciously or unconsciously formed them into the lovely picture now before us—a picture which, like Jean Paul's descriptions of Italy in his *Titan*, is enough to make one forget for a time even one's regret at not having seen that blessed country. How completely the whole symphony is pervaded by a specially national tone has often been observed—indeed, the observation could escape no one with any imagination. But it is the extraordinary charm of its colouring which gives to Mendelssohn's work, as to Schubert's C major, its special place in the world of Symphonies. Of the instrumental pathos, or spacious breadth now in common, or indeed of anything like an exaggeration of Beethoven there is not a trace. It comes nearer in character to Schubert's Symphony just mentioned, with the difference that, while *that* suggests a wild gipsy life, *this* transports us to Italian skies. Its charms are of a more refined order, and it addresses us in more familiar language than Schubert's, though, on the other hand we frankly allow to the latter a superiority in certain points, especially a greater force of invention.

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[*] Schumann is under a mistake here. The Symphony he is speaking of—the "Scotch"—was indeed begun in Italy (see Letters Nov. 23, 1830; Feb. 22; March 29, 1831), like the *Hebrides* Overture, but its colouring is northern, indeed in many places it displays a distinctly Scotch character. It would be difficult to find a better example of the impossibility of inferring the facts attendant on the composition of a musical work, from the sentiment aroused by its performance, than is furnished by this curious mistake of *Schumann*.—*Translator.*

In its plan, this Symphony is remarkable for the intimate connexion of all the four movements. Even the melodious working out of the principal subjects is relatively the more in the four, as will be seen by the most hasty comparison. Thus, more than any other Symphony, it forms one compact whole, the separate movements of which are closely related in character, key, and rhythm. It is the composer's wish (as expressed in the prefatory notice) that there should only be a short interval between each movement.

Looked at from a purely musical point of view there can be no doubt about the great perfection of the work. In the beauty and delicacy both of its general structure and of its individual parts, it ranks with his Overtures, while it is not less rich in charming instrumental effects. Every page of the score gives fresh proof of the skill with which he can bring back a previous thought, or disguise the return of the subject so as to put it in an entirely new light, or of the power of making his details rich and interesting without exaggeration or Philistine mock learning.

The effect of the work on the public will partly depend on the efficiency of the orchestra. No doubt this is always the case, but doubly so here, because force is not so much wanted as finished delicacy in the separate instruments, and especially in the wind. The most irresistible effect is in the *scherzo*, and I doubt whether a *scherzo* more full of genius has been written in modern times: the instruments converse in it almost like human beings. The conclusion of the *finale* is sure to excite difference of opinion; many will expect it to be in the character of the rest of the last movement, instead of which it recalls the opening of the first, and thus rounds off the entire work into symmetry. To me it is a most poetical ending, like a sunset recalling a lovely sunrise.

The pianoforte arrangement is by the composer himself, and is as faithful a version as can well be imagined, though for all that it often conveys but half the charm of the orchestral effect.

M. VAN DER STRAATEN, of Brussels, is about to publish a book, entitled, *Music in the Netherlands before the 19th Century*. It will contain many documents hitherto unknown, together with biographies and notices of all Netherland composers, virtuosos, theoreticians, and instrument makers—of Netherland operas, motets, national songs, Academies, Guilds, books, portraits, and, in a word, all subjects in any way connected with music. M. van der Straaten has searched every accessible collection and library and so arranged the various subjects, according to their respective dates, that they form a kind of chronological table. He has, also, collected a large amount of highly remarkable and trustworthy information regarding the rise and progress of French and Italian opera during the 17th and 18th centuries.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD was the pianist at the last Gentlemen's Concert in Manchester. She played Mr Benedict's new and already universally popular concerto, which achieved the more brilliant success as at the Crystal Palace Concerts. In the second part she introduced Thalberg's splendid fantasia on themes from *Masaniello*, for which, being rapturously encored, she substituted the same composer's universally admired "Home, sweet home." Mr Hallé was the conductor. A full account of the concert has reached us from a correspondent, but too late for insertion in this week's impression.

DARMSTADT.—At a concert lately given in the Theatre, a new overture, by Herr Felix Hochstätter, was performed, and met with general approbation.

VIENNA.—After the conclusion of the Italian season, Salzer's opera, *Mohamed von Neipel*, will be produced. The Italian company are rehearsing *Crispino e la Comare*.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

That *Romeo and Juliet* is the most fertile of subjects for operatic treatment history can show. There are more lyric settings of Shakspeare's play than even of Voltaire's play, *Semiramide*. And no wonder, since the one seems in reality moulded into libretto form and wooing the musician to illustrate it by his art, while the other, though tempting by its oriental grandeur and barbaric magnificence, is feeble in plot and destitute of human interest. The first composer who set *Romeo and Juliet* to music was Benda, who wrote his opera in 1776. The second who wedded musical strains to Shakspeare's play was the famous Steibelt, who, on his arrival in Paris about the year 1790, was all the rage as a composer. M. de Segur had translated and adapted *Romeo and Juliet* into a libretto for the Grand Opéra, and the composition of the music was intrusted to Steibelt. The opera, nevertheless, was repudiated by the directors of the Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse in 1792, and in revenge the authors turned the recitatives into spoken dialogue, and had the piece represented at the Théâtre Feydeau in 1793. The chief result of Steibelt's *Romeo* was that it snuffed out Benda's *Romeo*. Then came the *Romeo*—or the *Romeo e Julietta*—or the *Romeo e Giulietta*—or the *Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, for by these names was the opera variously called—of Zingarelli, which being more dramatic and novel, and being acted better, snuffed out Steibelt's opera; which, in its turn, was snuffed out by Vaccaj's *Romeo*; which, in its turn, was snuffed out by Bellini's *Romeo*; which, in its turn, was *not* snuffed out by Hector Berlioz's *Romeo*, because the Frenchman's opera is no opera at all, nor intended for an opera, but is a species of dramatic oratorio, a singular combination of lyric drama and symphony. Now whether M. Gounod's *Romeo* will ultimately snuff out all the *Romeos* that have preceded it must be mere matter of guess work. The majority of French critics assert that the new *Romeo* will not only snuff out all other *Romeos* but all M. Gounod's operas to boot, not ignoring *Faust* or *Mirella*, to say nothing of snuffing out all other operas ever written. When I hear M. Gounod apostrophised as one of the sublimest musical geniuses the world has seen, and Madame Miolan Carvalho eulogised in terms that could only properly be addressed to Patti or Rachel, I begin to think there must be a large amount of prejudice pervading the critical atmosphere, or judgment has altogether gone to the dogs. There is much diversity of opinion about M. Gounod's opera. Many contend that it does not come up to the mark of *Faust*, *Mirella*, or even *Le Médecin Malgré lui*. A few insist that it surpasses all that M. Gounod has written. For my own part I think there is much fine music in *Romeo e Juliette*—perhaps the finest the composer has written—and feel assured that it will have a great success at the Royal Italian Opera, more particularly if Mario and Adelina be the hero and heroine. Its success is undeniable, and they assert that places have been taken in the theatre twenty five days in advance. That M. Carvalho is replenishing his treasury chest by the receipts accruing from the performance of *Romeo e Juliette*, there is no doubt; but this is far from proof that the music is good, or the opera destined to a lasting reputation.

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Paris, May 15th. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

[Mr Shoot seems to have fallen asleep here. May his sleep be refreshing and long.—A.S.S.]

SHEERNESS.—On Monday evening a concert was given at the Co-operative Hall, under the patronage of the clergy and gentry of Isle of Sheppy, which was fully and fashionably attended. The programme consisted of selections from *The Messiah*, *Creation*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with a full orchestra, under the direction of Mr E. T. Darling. The choruses were given by the Sheerness Sacred Harmonic Society. In addition to Messrs. Newsome and Armes of Rochester Cathedral, and Mr Hillman, a resident vocalist, an engagement was effected with Mdlle. Ida Gillies, from [illegible], who sang with much effect "Rejoice greatly," and was encored in "With verdure clad," and "The Inflammatus;" she was also loudly applauded in the recitative, "There were shepherds." Messrs. Newsome, Hillman, and Armes, sang with much effect. Mdlle. Ida Gillies has become an established favourite in Sheerness. The "Hallelujah Chorus" constituted a magnificent climax to the concert, which gave unlimited satisfaction to all present.—B. E.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

At the fourth performance of *I Lombardi*, on Saturday night, Signor Mongini, whose arrival in England had been delayed through indisposition, made his first appearance, in the character of Oronte, for which, it may be remembered, he was originally set down. Before speaking of the new Oronte, however, it is but fair to call attention to the readiness with which Mr Hohler, at short notice, undertook to be his substitute, the highly creditable manner in which he accomplished a by no means easy task, the hearty favour with which he was received by the public, and the real service he did to the theatre by performing the character under such circumstances three times in succession. But for Mr Hohler the opera of Verdi must have been laid aside, and this fact will no doubt be placed to his credit.

In his first delivery of "La mia letizia," the traces of Signor Mongini's recent indisposition were here and there evident, more especially in his failing to give out with unrestricted force one of those high notes for the splendour and resonance of which he is justly famous; but the air being called for again, he seemed, through an extraordinary effort of will, to regain unlimited command of his resources, and his magnificent voice was heard in the plenitude of its freshness and vigour. To the romance Signor Mongini superadded the boisterous, difficult, and anything but vocal quick movement, "Come poteva un angelo," from which the majority of tenors judiciously turn aside, but which comes readily within the scope of this gentleman's exceptional means. In Oronte's final scene, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with Jerusalem in the background (so beautifully painted by Mr Telbin), Signor Mongini and Mdlle Tietjens produced an immense effect. The two powerful voices, as penetrating and bright as they are powerful, were here well matched, and in the highest notes strove one against the other with indomitable ardour, the victory remaining with neither—or both. This in his earlier days was Verdi's idea of a love duet, an idea by the pursuance of which he has, in the course of about a quarter of a century, ruined many more fine voices than he has written fine operas. The physical endowments of Mdlle Tietjens and Signor Mongini, however, have been able to withstand all such shocks, as was convincingly shown on Saturday night. In the same act occurs the death of Oronte, after having, by the persuasion of Giselda, his lover, and the hermit (the repentant Pagano), been converted to the true faith. At the fall of the curtain Mdlle Tietjens, Signor Mongini, and Mr Santley were loudly called for and applauded with genuine enthusiasm. The whole scene was a "sensation" of the loftiest description. The other parts were filled as before. Signor Tasca, who has also a voice of remarkable power, gives unusual effect to the second tenor part, Arvino—who, by the way, considering that he has more to do than Oronte, might reasonably claim to be registered as first; and Mr Santley's singing in the ungrateful part of Pagano was from beginning to end finer, if possible, than on the first night of *I Lombardi*. Here, again, is a voice to which any kind of music comes easy. One of the marked successes of the evening was produced by the chorus in the prayer of the crusading pilgrims (Act IV.), which was superbly delivered, and unanimously encored.

The cast of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, of which one performance has been given, differs only in a single particular from that of last season. The new Urbano, Mdlle Martelli, did not create an impression sufficiently favourable to warrant a hope that she will remain permanently attached to the establishment. Criticism, under the circumstances, would therefore be not only superfluous but ungracious. Of the Valentine of Mdlle. Tietjens, the character in which (in 1858) she first took musical London by storm, the Queen of Mdlle Sinico, whose talent is universal, the Nevers of Mr Santley, and the St. Bris of Signor Gassier, we cannot really find anything to say that has not been said over and over again. Raoul de Nangis is Signor Tasca's hitherto most ambitious flight, and it would be hardly possible now-a-days to find a better Marcel than Herr Rokitansky, who exults in one of those noble and deep-toned bass voices in which Germany has always been so rich. No work presents fairer opportunities for the exhibition of Signor Arditi's fine orchestra and splendid chorus than the gorgeous masterpiece of Meyerbeer.

The operas this week have been *Il Trovatore* (Monday night), *Der Freischütz* (Tuesday), and Otto Nicolai's *Falstaff*, or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—first time since 1866 (Thursday). In the first two Mdlle. Tietjens was associated with Signor Mongini, in the last with Mr Hohler as tenor. Mr Hohler was entrusted with the part of Fenton, originally sustained by the late Signor Giuglini. Of these performances more anon.

To-night a new soprano, Mdlle. Giacconi (from Genoa), is to make her first appearance in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

ST GEORGE'S HALL.

Mr Charles J. Hargitt's first grand Orchestral Concert (Friday, May 10) merited a larger attendance than mustered upon the occasion, as the programme was one of unusual excellence. Perhaps the threatening aspect of the weather had something to do with it, and the thunder storm in the evening probably kept away many who would otherwise have been present. The whole of the first part was devoted to Beethoven, and the selection included more than one work unfamiliar to the general public, notably the cantata for chorus and orchestra, *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, and the grand cantata, *The Praise of Music*, neither of which have been heard in London for many years past. Then there was the choral fantasia, in which Mdlle. Mehlig undertook the pianoforte part, and the chorus might have sung considerably better without detriment to the effect—a remark which may apply pretty generally throughout to the efforts of the "St. Cecilia Choral Society." The grand and glowing overture to *Egmont*, the trio, "Tremate, empi, tremate" (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas), "In questa tomba" (charmingly sung by Madame Laura Baxter), made up the remainder of the first part—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Rose Hersee, Mr Cummings, and Mr Weiss taking the principal parts in *The Praise of Music* with credit to themselves and advantage to the work. The second part opened with a selection from Meyerbeer, and comprised the overture to *Struensée*, the Tyrolienne, "Les Ranz des Vaches" (Miss Hersee), the cantata to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth, *Nobil Signor* (Madame Emmeline Cole), in addition to which there was a song by Herr Reichardt, "Tell me it is not so," another by Mr Weiss, "The King of the Bigg," from Mr Hargitt's pastoral cantata, *The Harvest Queen*, a new part-song by G. A. Macfarren, "Merrily rolls the mill stream on," and other pieces which need not be more particularly specified. The full orchestra numbered seventy performers, and included the most eminent members of the Royal Italian Opera band, under the leadership of the accomplished young player, Mr J. T. Carrodus, who so admirably holds the post of first violin at Her Majesty's Theatre. With such material the office of conductor was comparatively easy for Mr C. J. Hargitt, who deserves high credit for organizing a concert so entirely removed in character from the usual run of benefit entertainments.

DRINKWATER HARD.

Miss Helen Hogarth's Concert.—The annual concert of Miss Hogarth (Mrs. R. C. Roney), the well-known vocal professor, took place on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, and was a great success. The artists were many and eminent, the programme well selected, the audience in good humour. Mr Sims Reeves' name appeared twice in the programme, but he in reality appeared four times before the audience, since he was encored in both his songs—"My Queen" and "Evening"—which he sang with supreme taste and finish. Miss Louisa Pyne was encored in Lutz's ballad, "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze," Mdlle Enequist in one of her Swedish melodies, and Mr Tom Hohler in Balfe's song "Si tu savais," when he substituted the same composer's "When other lips." Other vocal performances were entitled to distinction—of whom it is enough to name Herr Reichardt in his new song, "Tell me it is not so," loudly applauded. The instrumental morceaux were—pianoforte performances: Pauer's "La Cascade," played by Mr Harold Thomas; andante and finale from Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, for piano and violin, by Miss Madeline Schiller and Herr Leopold Auer; fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Signor Tito Mattei; Liszt's *Faust* waltz, by Miss Madeline Schiller; and Cortesi's "Ella piangia," executed by the composer. There were also solos on the violin by Herr Leopold Auer; by Signor Piatti on the violoncello; on the Mustel organ, or new harmonium, by M. Lemmens; and duets for two harps by Messrs. J. Balsir Chatterton and John Thomas. The conductors were Mr Ganz, Signor Li Calsi, Mr. Emile Berger, Mr. Aguilar and Mr Benedict.

THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The 213th anniversary of the festival of the "Sons of the Clergy" was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon by a full choral service under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. We need hardly say that this ancient and admirable corporation was instituted for the purpose of assisting necessitous clergymen, pensioning their widows and aged single daughters, educating, apprenticing, and providing outfits for their children. The actual President is the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Vice-President, Lord Cranworth. The following extract from the printed programme of the day will suffice to recall to our readers the history and objects of the corporation:—

"The first festival was held in St. Paul's Cathedral in the year 1655, when certain zealous members of the Church, moved with compassion for the helplessness and privations of the clergy suffering under the calamities of those times, formed themselves into an association to alleviate their distress. This private association was soon followed by the establishment of a public body, incorporated by Royal Charter from Charles II., and which, from the circumstance that the first promoters of the festival were all sons of clergymen, became commonly known as the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. It is especially desired to raise the amount of the pensions to the widows and aged single daughters of deceased clergymen, of whom there are 712 receiving pensions from £10 to £35 per annum; and the Governors feel confident there must be many wealthy and benevolent individuals who would be happy to assist in so just and good an object, did they know the extent of the pecuniary distress, and consequent suffering and privation, into which a large number of excellent ladies are thrown by the death of husbands and fathers, whose life-incomes as clergymen afforded no means of laying by a provision for their widows and orphans."

No effort being spared to render this annual festival worthy of the object in view, it holds a foremost place among celebrations of the kind, and rarely fails to create an amount of public interest sufficient to bring to our metropolitan Cathedral a congregation numerically inferior only to that which assembles annually at the meeting of the Charity Schools. A large part of this is due to the remarkable efficiency of the musical part of the service, in the performance of which the regular choir of St. Paul's is strengthened by the co-operation of the choirs of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey, together with considerable reinforcements from other sources. The proceedings on the occasion of the present anniversary differed in no material respect from those of former celebrations. There was the usual state procession, which entered by the great west door and, joined by the dignitaries of the Church, proceeded up the nave, headed by the members of the united choirs in long array. Next to the Cathedral clergy came the Festival Committee, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the aldermen, and, finally, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the dignitaries before named.

The musical part of the service, as always, was directed by that zealous and indefatigable teacher, Mr. Henry Buckland, conductor of the choir at the Special Services under the dome, and of the 5,000 singing children at the annual meeting of the Charity Schools; Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, and Mr. G. Cooper, deputy organist (also organist at St. Sepulchre's), presiding at the noble instrument built by Messrs. Hill, which has for some years been a musical, though, for lack of a case, hardly an architectural ornament of the church. Tallis's evergreen music to the "Suffrages" was given with the accustomed effect by the members of the combined choirs (about 300 strong), its grand and simple harmonies resounding through the building with a solemnity which seems to be its exclusive property. The long Psalm for the day (the 78th) was sung to a quadruple chant in F, the composition of Mr. Herbert Oakeley (Edinburgh professor of music), which last year created so favourable an impression. Without wishing to deprecate the composition of Professor Oakeley, excellent in its kind, we cannot but express a hope that the form of the quadruple chant will never gain an absolute footing in the choral services at our great cathedrals. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* were from Walmisley's service in D. These were good; but far better was the anthem, "O give thanks unto the Lord" (Psalm 105 and 106), by Mr. Goss, a composer of whose Church music his country has solid reason to be proud. This anthem is in every sense a masterpiece, and we hope to hear it as often as possible—until, indeed, its gifted author feels moved to produce another, to take its place. A happier blending of the free and rich colouring of the modern style with the conventional forms to which many insist Church music ought strictly to be prescribed, it would be hard to cite in any contemporary work of the kind. But of this felicitous combination of the two styles Mr. Goss has produced other examples. Mendelssohn's touching and beautiful anthem, "Hear my prayer" (Psalm 55), preceded the sermon. In this the solo part was taken by Master Henry, of the St. Paul's choir, a young gentleman with a very pleasing voice, who accomplished his task with a correctness and expression hardly to be looked for at his years. The choir in this anthem was thoroughly efficient, while the organ accompaniment was played in a masterly manner. Handel's magnificent "Worthy is the Lamb" (the last piece in *The Messiah*) was the anthem which followed the sermon.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. R. Woodford, vicar of Kempsford, and chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, who took for his text Isaiah, chapter 55, verse 11—"It shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto I have sent it." It was an able and eloquent discourse, and delivered with singular and emphatic distinctness. The preacher appealed in persuasive terms on behalf of the charity, the claims of which, he insisted, were likely to increase rather than diminish. In the past year the society, by pensions and donations, had assisted no fewer than 1,300 claimants, clergymen, and those depending on them for maintenance. The help, nevertheless, is still far from adequate; and the necessity of its being extended was strongly urged upon those who have the means of becoming benefactors in so excellent a cause.

A collection was made at the doors as the congregation retired. In the evening, after the return from the Chapter House, the invited guests re-assembled soon after five in the reception room at the Merchant Taylors'. The banquet was served from the London Tavern, between which building and the hall there is an underground passage of communication.

MR. MARCELLUS HIGGS, at his benefit concert of Wednesday the 8th instant, in St. James's Hall, produced a novelty in the shape of an operetta of his own composition, entitled *The Noble Moringer*, the principal parts in which were sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Patey Whytock, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Lamb. It is only just to the clever spouse of our rapidly rising young *basso*, Mr. Patey, to mention that, although announced as the Lady Una, she had little, very little to do. It betokens no small amount of good nature to appear at the fag-end of an over long, and by no means over-interesting composition like that of Mr. Marcellus Higgs. If applause is to be accepted as a test of success, then was the work in question a veritable triumph. Had a second Mendelssohn or Meyerbeer stepped into the orchestra a more vociferous welcome could hardly have been accorded to them, while voices and hands co-operated in praise of every number of *The Noble Moringer*. Should the work be again presented (an event, the probability of which I take the liberty of doubting) the British public—or, in other words, the readers of the *Musical World*—shall have the plot and an analysis of the music of the said operetta laid before them. Meanwhile it may suffice to say that the author of the libretto modestly conceals his rightful patronymic under the signature of "Amicus"—whether "Amicus Curiæ" or "friend of the Curé," I cannot say. A band and chorus of moderate pretensions lent their aid, and all appeared to give satisfaction to an audience which had not filled St. James's Hall to absolute repletion. For the second or miscellaneous portion of the concert I did not remain, the first or operetta part having lasted long over two hours, although there were but two encores—Mr. Cummings in his air, "O would that the Moringer's sun had set" (for my own part I wished it had never risen), and Mr. Patey in a prayer—"O Blessed Saint."

DRINKWATER HARD.

MISS MADELENA CRONIN gave her *matinée*, by permission, at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, in Belgrave Square. Her portion of the programme included Mendelssohn's sonata in D major for pianoforte and violoncello, with M. Paque; "Ballade," by Chopin (Op. 23); Kuhlau's *Concertante Duo* for pianoforte and flute, with Mr. R. S. Pratten; and "Show pieces"—Thalberg's fantasia on Russian airs, and Herr Pauer's "Varsona." The following singers assisted:—Miss Susan Galton, Miss [illegible] (who sang, and sang charmingly, Mozart's "Voi che sapete"—brava, Miss [illegible]), Madame [illegible] Cole, Signor Ciabatta, and Mr. Trelawny Cobham. Mr. Cobham sang Blumenthal's popular song, "The Message," so well that the audience would gladly have heard him sing it again, although it was so late in the programme. Mr. Hargitt accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Letters to Well-known Characters

TO SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Esq.

SIR,—The performance given on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the family of the late Mr C. H. Bennett was in every point of view successful. An excellent purpose was served through excellent means. A large sum of money must have been obtained for the widow of the able and meritorious artist, whose early death is lamented by all who knew him, while those who appealed to the public on her behalf must have had the satisfaction of feeling that their appeal was not addressed ad misericordiam alone. Such an entertainment as that of Saturday would have attracted and delighted an audience under any circumstances. It ought to be, and no doubt will be, repeated. Indeed the opera of *Cox and Box*, with which the performance commenced, is sure of a run of at least a hundred nights whenever its author and composer choose to present it formally to the general public.

To convert *Box and Cox* into *Cox and Box* was certainly a "happy thought." In what the particular fun of it consists I cannot all at once explain. But there is a wild revolutionary sort of humour about the permutation which, though difficult to express, it is impossible not to feel. *Box and Cox* used to be an amusing title enough; but, given *Box and Cox*, then to make *Cox and Box* out of it, was as startlingly humorous as it was charmingly simple. Algebraically speaking, nothing is more certain than that Box + Cox = Cox + Box. But the title *Box and Cox* had come to be looked upon as an organic living thing; and nothing less than a violent rupture and dislocation of members could have changed it into *Cox and Box*. Putting the cart before the horse is nothing to the novelty and audacity of putting the Cox before the Box. Here a familiar and, as I thought, permanently established order of ideas, destined to glide on in unbroken sequence for ever, is abruptly checked and reversed. Box, in the title, as in the piece itself, is in Cox's place, while Cox is in the place usually occupied by Box. I do not see why I should not escape from the difficult and unprofitable task of describing and analyzing Mr Burnand's libretto by saying, what is perfectly true, that it is worthy of its title. The art of turning things upside down and inside out is, as this title suggests, perfectly familiar to him; and I do not think that he has ever written such genuine burlesque as that which is contained in and which forms the whole substance of *Cox and Box*. *Box and Cox* being outrageously comic in itself, could not, of course, be burlesqued in the ordinary fashion. Instead of dragging the subject down by the use of familiar language, Mr Burnand elevates it—as far at least as that effect can be produced by the employment of a lofty style. The result is the same sort of contrast that one meets with in ordinary burlesque. Care is taken to give to each personage the most inappropriate diction possible. Jove, in an extravaganza, swears or talks slang, or both; and Norma mourns for her children in cockney accents of lamentation. Box, on the other hand, becomes lyrical over his celebrated piece of bacon, and narrates the story of his pretended intention to commit suicide in the most high-flown language possible.

Mr Arthur Sullivan entered fully into the spirit of this admirable operatic farce, and has introduced new contrasts by joining to Mr Burnand's grotesque words his own most graceful music. *Cox and Box; or, The Long Lost Brothers* had been twice played in private, with a pianoforte accompaniment only. On Saturday, however, it was given with a full orchestra, under the direction of the composer. Mr Sullivan has, I am very sorry to see, followed in this instance the advice given by Rossini on the subject of overture writing to a young and incapable musician—he has written no overture at all; and, on Saturday, in the absence of a peculiar and appropriate prelude for *Cox and Box*, that of Auber to *Le Philtre* was played. *Cox and Box* must have its overture all the same. The music of *Cox and Box* consists of some eight or ten pieces. The work begins with a military solo by Bouncer, a retired volunteer or yeoman, whose song is partly solemn and quaint, in the style of the old *arie* of Handel's time, and partly light and lively, in that of Donizetti's very modern "Rataplan." This air, of a mixed character, produces an excellent effect. The lullaby song by Cox to his bacon—

Hush-a-bye, bacon,
On the grid top,
Till I awaken
There you will stop—

is charmingly melodious. The entry of Cox singing and dancing with all the delight of a hard working man who has just obtained a holiday is admirably humorous; and the duet between the two heroes, to which it naturally leads, has all the vivacity of Offenbach without a hint of his vulgarity. The graceful "serenade" accompanied by Cox on the gridiron (quasi guitar) and by Box on Box's hat (quasi concertina), is another of the most noticeable "numbers." Nor can I forget a magnificent dialogue piece, "Three years ago it was my fate to captivate a widow;" nor, above all, Box's account of the happy days of his courtship—which Mr Sullivan has set to a very dolorous tune in a minor key. But a narration of his pretended attempt to commit suicide is in the richest style of burlesque music; the imitation of sea-gulls in the orchestra where Cox "hears the wild sea-gulls' mournful cry" being particularly happy. The gambling duet, another dialogue duet, and the finale in which the perpetually recurring "Rataplan" of the opening air is heard for the last time, are all little masterpieces of comic music. I must add that Mr George du Maurier, the well known artist and caricaturist, did full justice to the arduous part of Box, that Cox found a worthy representative in Mr Quintin, and that not a point was missed by Mr Arthur Blunt in the trying *rôle* of Bouncer.

Everything has its fault, and, after due reflection, I have determined that the fault of this amateur performance was that there were too many men engaged in it. Mr Ruskin would not have been in the slightest degree shocked; nothing more unlike the Covent Garden pantomime, with its rainbows and cascades of girls, could possibly be imagined. In the first piece, Box and Cox—I beg Mr Burnand's pardon, Cox and Box—have a landlord given to them in lieu of the now almost traditional landlady. In *Cox and Box*, then, the stage is occupied and adorned by three men. This piece was followed by a vocal performance on the part of an exclusively masculine corps called the "Moray Minstrels," directed by Mr John Foster. Then Mr Shirley Brooks came on and recited his well written and effective address. Then we had more "Moray Minstrels." In *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing* it was—independently of the merit of the piece and the general excellence of the acting—at once a relief and a delight to see Miss Kate, Miss Ellen, and their clever little sister—a true child of genius—Miss Florence Terry. Lastly, however, came *Les Deux Aveugles*—entrusted to MM. Du Maurier and Power, supported by Mr Horace Mayhew—who certainly walks across a bridge and throws a bad halfpenny to the poor as well as any man living.

But though somewhat over-manned, the performance was interesting from beginning to end. No entertainment was ever given with a better intention; but the charitable intention was not needed to recommend it to the favour of a very numerous audience, composed for the most part of persons whom no mediocre representation would be likely to content. The great success of the afternoon was, of course, *Cox and Box*—thanks to Mr Burnand's clever and very humorous libretto, and thanks also to Mr Sullivan's clever, humorous, and very beautiful music. *Cox and Box*, too, was to most persons entirely a novelty. But Mr Tom Taylor's popular drama was admirably acted—so well that even by the side of such an actress as Miss Kate Terry, neither the author, nor Mr Mark Lemon, the representative of Colonel Kirke, nor Mr Burnand, who played the servant, nor Mr Tenniel, nor Mr Shirley Brooks, had at all the look of amateurs. —I am, Sir, yours with respect, SHAVER SILVER.

[Where was the artist and caricaturist, Keen, Kene, Keene, or Keane? He ought surely to have taken a part. And so ought Perceval, or Percival, or Parcival, or Purcival (or in either case, vall) Lee, or Lea, or Leigh.—A. S. S.]

A SCHIRA.

CARO MAESTRO,—*Siamo in fine volgenza*. L'Impresa, per farla vedere a quei cattivi soggetti che menano il *Pungolo* ed il *Trovatore*, tenta ogni mezzo per tener aperto tutte le sere il Teatro e così completare il numero delle rappresentazioni promesse e dovute agli abbonati. Ma non ci riesce, poichè la sfortuna la perseguita. Anche il tenore Steger stanco della sua

a 50 rappresentazioni che dovette dare al Regio di Torino, si è arrenato e ora non so se potrà più cantare! Per rimpiazzarlo hanno scritturato il tenore Mariani che andrà in iscena queste sere nel *Trovatore*; e così nell' *Attila* fischiato tutte le sere, e nel *Trovatore* si chiuderà la *brillantissima* e memorabile stagione. Si è detto che tutti gli sforzi di Brunello non riescono a nulla essendo impossibile, coi *magnifici* spettacoli che hanno in piedi di dar opera tutte le sere. Mancano 13 *rappresentazioni*, compresa quella di Beneficenza, e non *ci sono che 8 giorni*, nei quali non se ne potranno dare che 5 od al più 6. Così si avvererà la predizione del *Trovatore*, (che data dai primi giorni di gennajo) colla quale si prevedeva che gli abbonati avrebbero perduto dalle 7 alle 8 rappresentazioni!

L'amico *Rapato del cor* però li ha ricompensati largamente col dar loro uno spettacolo che vale l' *Attila*, cioè il suo *Memorandum al pubblico milanese*, che il *Trovatore* avrebbe voluto anatomizzare parte per parte e metter un po' in ridicolo, se non fosse stato prevenuto dal *Pungolo*. Non avremmo saputo con tutto il nostro *talento* meglio analizzare quel sublime documento di quello che ha fatto il *Pungolo*. È impossibile dare ai lettori un' idea di questa pubblicazione, redatta in forma di *Memorandum*, e divisa in due parti. Vi ha in essa del *Falstaff*, del *Pulcinella*, del *Capitan Cuccello* e del *Sanno Fasone*. Si possono fare molti e molti appunti sulle castronerie infilzate una dietro l' altra come argomenti incontrovertibili per provare una cosa assurda—cioè che l'Impresa, assecondata la Direzione, non ha osservato gli impegni assunti verso il pubblico, che gli abbonati non furono inqualificabilmente mistificati e impunemente defraudati delle nuove opere annunziate e scomparse dal cartellone, che l' Impresa ha sottostato alla perdita di oltre 100 000 lire (!!!) ed altre cento corbellerie di questo calibro alle quali ci risparmiamo di rispondere partitamente se non altro per dimostrare che Milano non è città dove si possa dar corso e credito a fanfaluche così stravaganti. È innegabile che, come farsa, il *Memorandum* Brunello è addirittura un capolavoro. È tutto un lungo atroce e premeditato assassinio di lingua, di grammatica, di senso comune. (E che cosa mai sarebbe stato se lo avesse scritto lui!) *Osservate signori, osservate!* grida dall' alto del suo foglio di carta l' impresario Brunello; e voi l' udite parlare di *battaglie*, di *vittorie*, di *sconfitte*, di *sconti* (sic) e di *fatiche sagrificate*, della *cristagenna dei tenori*, del *grippe* delle prime donne, e protesta, e piagnucola, e fa lazzi—finchè date in uno scoppio di risa vedendo come il Brunello si è scaldato al punto di credersi un Napoleone I e da parlarci sul serio del suo "Waterloo." Si può immaginare se il successo d' ilarità ottenuto da questa buffonata fu generale e completo. Avvi un certo punto in cui l' impresario Brunello finge di andare in collera colla Direzione sua buona e compiacente amica, protestando che fu essa che colle sue tiranniche esigenze lo ha rovinato. Questa parte della farsa fu sceneggiata benissimo, e vi par di vedere il cavalier direttore Borghetti appuntare al petto del povero Brunello un coltellaccio da beccajo, e proclamar con voce cupa e profonda, posa e prestito dai tiranni della Blaudera a nome dell' arte sacrilegamente vilipesa, e senza dei diritti del pubblico indegnamente conculcati. La scena è un capolavoro di esecuzione, e fatta così bene da provare precisamente il contrario. Il pubblico ha riso alle lagrime, e si crede gridato: *Brava la Direzione!*—se la Direzione non avesse sdegnato di dividere come collaboratrice alla farsa, il trionfale successo ottenuto dal suo prediletto Brunello.

Per esaminare una ad una le *ragioni* addotte dal Brunello, ci vorrebbe un volume, e sarebbe ora fiato sprecato, perchè i due soci e la Direzione sono giudicati e tutte le lettere, tutti gli opuscoli, tutte le loro difese e tutte le loro cavatine non varrebbero più a nulla. Il socio del Brunello, lo Zamperoni, sebbene *interno* quanto il Rapato, devoti più [illegible] che costui e si è rifiutato di mettere il suo nome sotto quella filatessa di bugie, lasciando il suo caro compagno nelle *bagne* affinchè dopo le busse si pigliasse anche le beffe. E bello in fatti è stato il raccolto. Non ci voleva che quest' ultimo saggio di sapienza per dar prova dell' ingegno di coloro cui sono state affidate le sorti del *primo teatro del mondo* (come lo si chiama tuttora per celia). Non ci voleva che una [illegible] come quella di Brunello per pensare e mandar fuori quel *poleniose stampato* per credere che il pubblico milanese sia al punto da prestar fede alle sue parole, per far un gioco di bussolotti e voler far credere assolutamente che le promesse furono mantenute, che l'arte non fu malmenata e che il pubblico ha tutti i torti di lagnarsi e per lanciare in fine accuse a dritta e a mancina a persone che domani le avrebbero potuto smascherare, come avvenne col coreografo Taglioni colla Destie, collo scenografo Peroni, col m.º Bona, e col Mazzucato, che sta disilludendo l'acquavite per il nostro caro Brunello. Questa non è più ignoranza questa è imbecillità assoluta e senza esempio.

Per prova che nel Brunello, o sia ignoranza oppure speranza di trovar minchioni che gli prestino fede, non occorrerebbe altro se non vedere che egli attribuisce tutto il mal andamento della stagione alla caduta del *Don Sebastiano!* Il malanno bisogna farlo risalire da tre o quattro mesi prima, quando gl' Impresari della Scala *avrebbero potuto* scritturare perchè c' era, un soprano (l'assenza del quale fu il perno dei loro guai) e quando per grettezza e per avidità di maggior lucro, in cambio di formare una compagnia di artisti o ignoti, o incerti, o mediocri, o nulli, o *impossibili*, si fossero accaparrati cantanti degni della Scala, di nome e di fatto. Se è vero che all' Impresa è toccata la perdita di 100,000 lire, peggio per essa: *chi sbaglia di testa paga di borsa*. Ma c'è un peggio maggiore, ed è che, grazie ad essa, la Scala ha avuto l'ultimo colpo, ed è andata così basso che non sappiamo se si potrà più sollevare. Il credito ormai è perduto. Sarà una buona lezione anche per il Governo, il quale (se pur la Scala sopravviverà a fronte della solita sovvenzione) un' altra volta non darà il Teatro al primo capitato, od a qualunque potrà dare una cauzione, ma ad un impresario che possa mostrare attestati di *capacità*, di *intelligenza* e di *onoratezza*.

Prima di terminare dobbiamo tener parola dell' esito ottenuto da quell' eminente artista che è il tenore Steger nel *Trovatore*. Quantunque affaticato ed indisposto egli ha saputo, con quell'arte di cui conosce tutti i più intimi secreti riportare un vero trionfo e più significante inquantochè pochi credevano che egli potesse riuscire in un' opera italiana e poi perchè egli succedeva ad un altro artista che a ragione o a torto aveva *aveva fatto furore* e per ultimo, perchè trepidante come un fanciullo e come chi per la prima volta si presentasse al pubblico, egli aveva cominciato non troppo felicemente la serata. Ma bastarono le poche frasi del terzetto per fargli prendere coraggio e per farsi applaudire e la sua aria per sollevare tali e sì cordiali e generali ovazioni da ricordare quelle dell' *Ebreo* e da meritarsi tre chiamate al proscenio, fortuna che non ebbe mai il suo antecessore. Pari successo gli arrise nell' atto quarto, nel terzettino, dove fu veramente quel grande cantante e quel grande attore che l' anno scorso si fece conoscere e che gli guadagnò la stima di tutto il pubblico milanese, stima che non gli venne meno in questa occasione.

È una cosa veramente strana, singolare ed inesplicabile, come nei nostri grandi Teatri per quante compagnie si abbiano, non si possa mai avere un repertorio, variarlo ed evitare che dopo un fiasco si debba tener chiuso, il Teatro oppure continuare con spettacoli meschini noiosi ed indigesti. Ciò che avviene da noi, non accade mai all' estero, dove vediamo sempre che con tre, ed anche con due compagnie, il Teatro è sempre aperto ed ogni sera si cambia opera. Dedichiamo, come saggio e come esempio per i nostri Teatri una nota degli spettacoli datisi in questi ultimi giorni al Teatro d'Oriente di Madrid. Raccomandiamo separatamente questa fatta ai signori della Scala! Ecco dunque il repertorio datosi a Madrid dal 7 al 23 marzo.

7 marzo, *Favorita*; 9 marzo, *Trovatore*; 11 marzo, *Marta*; 12 marzo, *Roberto il Diavolo*; 13 marzo, *Poliuto*; 14 marzo, *Saffo*; 16 marzo, *Africana*; 17 marzo, *Borgia*; 18 marzo, *Africana*; 19 marzo, *Faust*; 21 marzo, *Macbeth*; 23 marzo, *Roberto il Diavolo*.

In 13 giorni 10 opere!!!

Alla Scala di questi miracoli non sarebbero capaci da farli neppure con 7 compagnie!—Addio, carissimo Schira!

[illegible]

◆

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT

"Douglas," "Tender and True," and "Leave me not, Douglas."

Sir,—As a good deal of confusion is apt to arise with regard to the three songs above named, permit me to state that the last mentioned is the only edition of Mr Peter Gardner's beautiful lines, "Douglas, Tender and True," the first verse of which runs as follows:—"Leave me not, grieve me not, Douglas, Douglas; Madly I love thee and madly I'll rue. Earth will be dreary and mirth itself weary. Abide with me, Douglas, tender and true." It is published by Simpson, 266, Regent Street, and the music is composed by your obedient servant,

EDWIN STANDRILL.

St Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, April 1867.

[Mr Standrill should be apprised that the aforegoing is an advertisement, and that advertisements are usually paid for.—A. S. S.]

◆

A MONS. CAMPBELL CLARKE.

MONSIEUR,—Nous sortons de l'Opéra où il nous a été donné d'assister à un des plus magnifiques succès qui aient jamais illustré cette scène glorieuse. La première représentation du nouveau chef-d'œuvre de Meyerbeer a eu lieu. Toutes nos prévisions ont été réalisées. Depuis la répétition solennelle de dimanche dernier il n'était pas possible de douter un seul instant de ce splendide résultat. LL. MM. l'Empereur et l'Impératrice honoraient de leur présence cette représentation qui a été une fête, un triomphe, une succession d'ovations sans fin. Les auteurs n'ont pas été nommés, mais la pièce finie au bruit de bravos retentissants, l'orchestre, après quelques moments de silence, a fait entendre l'admirable ritournelle qui précède l'air de Selika, cette ritournelle merveilleuse que le public venait de bisser avec frénésie, et le rideau s'est relevé. Le buste de Meyerbeer était sur la scène entouré de tous les artistes qui tendaient vers lui des couronnes d'or et de lauriers.

Le public l'a salué avec un enthousiasme indicible ce buste glorieux et jamais ovation ne fut, on peut le dire, plus émouvante et plus solennelle. Nous avons raconté la pièce mardi dernier; nous avons parlé rapidement de cette partition colossale que la postérité placera à côté de *Robert-le-Diable* et des *Huguenots*. Ce ne serait pas le moment d'entamer une analyse développée d'une œuvre de cette importance. Nous réservons ce travail pour les jours qui vont suivre. *L'Africaine* est un événement tel que nous en causerons longtemps avant le temps de commencer. Cet admirable opéra a reçu par avance l'accueil de la presse et le public et nous y reviendrons à notre aise. L'exécution a été des plus brillantes, Naudin charmant dans le rôle de Vasco, Faure qui chante d'une façon miraculeuse le rôle de Nelusko, Mme Sasse l'admirable et passionnée Zélika, Mlle. Battu, Belval, tous les artistes qui ont prêté leur concours à cette interprétation hors ligne recevront de notre part le tribut d'éloges auquel ils ont droit. Contentons-nous aujourd'hui de leur adresser toutes nos félicitations les plus vives et les plus sincères, ainsi qu'à l'habile directeur à qui nous devons la réalisation d'un si beau succès et de ces éclatantes et grandioses merveilles.—Vos serviteurs

LES DEUX AVEUGLES DE TOLÈDE.

[Has not this communication been delayed in transmission?—A. S. S.]

TO W. H. CLEMOW, Esq.

SIR,—The Dean of Gloucester some months ago started a proposition for the raising of 50,000*l.* for the restoration of the noble old cathedral of Gloucester. Repairs, etc., have been going on at the expense of the chapter for years, but this was to be a special and exhaustive effort. Mr Gilbert Scott was made architect of the undertaking, and he has embodied the results of a careful survey he made in a detailed report he has just presented to the dean and chapter. He proposes reparation and restoration, the estimated cost of which is 45,000*l.*—17,000*l.* for external, 22,000*l.* for internal works, and 4,000*l.* for incidental expenses. The estimate includes 1,000*l.* for gas-lighting. The whole spirit of his report centres in the one word "restore." "My maxim," he says, "is the limitation of the works of restoration in such a degree as to render them as conservative as possible of ancient work. I should earnestly desire not to renew a stone which is not so decayed as absolutely to demand it, and to decide all questions which occur with a leaning to conservation rather than to restoration or removal." He admits the need of adapting cathedrals and their services to the requirements of the day, and says the first question is how to deal with the choir in its relations to the nave. The normal relations of choir and nave are simply that the one is for those engaged in the celebration of the services, and the other for the congregation. But during the middle ages it became customary to sever the two by a close screen, and finally, the changes of the Reformation leaving an attenuated ecclesiastical staff, the result was that clergy and people were included in the choir. The spirit of the present day is raising the question whether it is consistent with zeal or common sense thus to waste two-thirds of the area of our greater churches. Two courses have been followed: at York and Worcester there is a separate service in the nave; at Durham and elsewhere an open screen enables the people in the nave to join in the service going on in the choir. If the new plan required the removal of an ancient screen, Mr Scott would object *in toto*; but as at Gloucester the ancient stone screen has given place to two generations of modern successors, he suggests the substitution of an open screen, strongly objecting, however, to any tampering with the historical arrangement of the choir and its stalls. Two pulpits should be provided—one for the choir and one for the nave. It would be possible to place the organ above the screen, as at Oberwesel on the Rhine, or to erect it beneath the arch of one of the transepts. Mr Scott gives in detail the list of the restorations. The stonework of the choir must be cleansed, the screens and many monuments and chapels restored, all ventilated, ironwork repaired, and so on. The reredos, one of the most gorgeous specimens of decorative painting in the country, should be untouched. If anything is done with reference to stained glass, he strongly recommends that the work shall be given to Mr. Hardman of Birmingham, some of whose windows in the north side of the nave are mentioned as the most successful restorations of fifteenth century glass he (Mr. Scott) has ever met with.—Your obedient Servant,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—Signor Mario did not particularly exert himself on Saturday evening. Why should he? It was Mdlle. Patti's first night, and Rosina was the heroine, without Count Almaviva being the hero of the night. But every one knows that Signor Mario, as Almaviva, is incomparable; and it was, perhaps, from a just consciousness that such Almavivas are rare that he on this occasion took such care of himself.

Signor Cotogni is not a very humorous Figaro—unless perpetual exhibition of the teeth be held to constitute humour. To his eternal grin no one seemed to reply by even the slightest smile. Nor are his merits as a singer such as to compensate for his deficiencies as a comic actor. In serious parts we have scarcely yet heard him.

Signor Ciampi, the Don Bartolo of the evening, possesses what is called "dry humour"—which is very like a contradiction of terms. He certainly strives to render the character of Bartolo amusing, and is certainly familiar with all the "business" of the part.

SHAVER SILVER.

TO HENRY JARRETT, Esq.

SIR,—When, after we have had no opera at all for more than half a year, two operas are set going at the same time, it is consistent on the part of the managers to appoint the same night for the production of their respective novelties. Thus, the revival of *Masaniello* at the Royal Italian Opera exactly coincided with that of *I Lombardi* at Her Majesty's Theatre. The second performance of *I Lombardi* at the one house took place simultaneously with the first of the *Marriage of Figaro* at the other. Finally, Signor Tasca was to have come out as Raoul in the Haymarket the same night that Mdlle. Adelina Patti made her first appearance as Rosina at Covent Garden—to the disadvantage evidently of the new Raoul. It is strange that neither manager will recognize either Wednesday or Friday as a possible operatic night.—Your obedient servant,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, Esq.

SIR,—If you have occasion to visit St. George's Hall, do not suffer yourself to be deprived of your hat at the entrance, by an individual who tells you that such is the regulation, and that no hats are permitted to be taken into the stalls. I was weak enough to believe him, and had to pay sixpence as the penalty of my credulity. Whereat I was sore disgusted, as I saw many hats (opera and otherwise), caps, Scotch bonnets, and head coverings of multiform kind duly installed, and escaping the fine wrung from your ill used contributor,

DRINKWATER HARD.

The Pump, Spring Gardens.

P.S.—Dr A. S. S. was good enough to remark, with regard to my last contribution, that I was "wrong as usual." This I take to be a high compliment, as I am generally, and therefore, usually right. The error on the occasion referred to, arose from the statement on the Crystal Palace programme, and not from any misconception of

D. H.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER'S CONCERT.—The evening concert of the young and eminent pianist, Miss Madeline Schiller, took place on Wednesday, at St. George's Hall. The attendance was large and fashionable. Miss Madeline Schiller fully sustained her high reputation as a classical performer in Beethoven's grand sonata in E flat major, for pianoforte and violin, in which she was ably assisted by Mr Henry Holmes; in Chopin's grand *polonaise* in E flat (encored); and Mendelssohn's grand trio in D minor (Op. 19) for piano, violin, and violoncello, in which she enjoyed the co-operation of Messrs. Holmes and Paque. As a fantasia player Miss Schiller no less distinguished herself in Thalberg's *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Signor Tito Mattei's "Grande Valse," winning loud and reiterated applause for all her efforts. Such talent as that of Miss Schiller's is rare, but the public have done full justice to the artist. In other respects the concert was entitled to notice. The singers were Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr Weiss, and Mr. Frank Standing. Mr John Thomas played a solo on the harp. The vocal successes of the evening were due to Mdlle. Liebhart in Abt's "Cuckoo Song" and Gounod's "Love hailed," both encored; to Miss Julia Elton, in Randegger's cradle song, "Peacefully slumber," accompanied by the composer with violoncello *obbligato*, also encored; to Mr. Frank Standing, a young artist with a fine baritone voice, in the popular "Non è ver"; to Mr. W. H. Cummings, in "Adelaide," accompanied by Miss Schiller; and to Mr Weiss in his "Village Blacksmith," of course encored. Messrs. Benedict, Ganz, Randegger, and Aguilar were the accompanists.

BASHI BAZOUK.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Liebig with his orchestra is giving a series of very successful concerts every evening in the Hôtel de Pologne.

NUREMBERG.—Herr Niemann has been singing here with great applause.

Google

Mr. Howard Glover's Concert.—Mr Howard Glover's benefit concert this year took place on Monday morning at St. James's Hall. There was a large and fashionable attendance. The numbers and elegance of the company are not to be wondered at. Mr Glover puts forth three especial claims to the consideration of the musical public—he is a professor of singing, he is a professor of the pianoforte, and he is a composer of standing and of acknowledged high merit. Moreover it is a matter of tradition that his concerts are most excellent of their kind, and that in them it is likely to hear all that is worth hearing in a concert-room throughout the season. On this occasion Mr. Glover's selection exhibited no degeneracy from former times. The vocalists and instrumentalists were as eminent, the pieces as numerous as ever. The singers were—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Rose Hersee, Mdlle Liebhart, Miss Webster, Miss Urquhart, Mdlle. Marie Gondi, Mdlle Drasdil, Miss Clara Vandeleur, Madame Weiss, Madame Sainton Dolby, Madame Emmeline Cole, Madame Laura Baxter, Madame Blanche de Landre, Madame Rudersdorff; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Reichardt, George Perren, Wilford Morgan, Farquharson, G. F. Jefferys, and Weiss; the instrumentalists—Miss Kathleen Ryan, Miss Ida Henry, Miss Matilda Baxter, and Mr Charles Hallé (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The pieces amounted to upwards of thirty, of which it is impossible to do more than name a few that were most eminently successful. We need hardly say that Mr Sims Reeves was the star of the concert. He sang Mr Howard Glover's charmingly poetical effusion to Shelley's words "I arise from dreams of thee," with infinite grace and feeling, and a perfection of voice and intonation that could not be surpassed. The applause which followed was equivalent to a redemand, but Mr Reeves only returned and bowed. In his second song, "The Requital," the encore was irresistible, and Mr Reeves was enforced to sing again. Encores were also accorded to Miss Edith Wynne, in Bishop's "Love has eyes," and to Mr Wilford Morgan in his own song "My sweetheart when a boy." Herr Reichardt sang his new song, "Tell me it is not so," which promises to attain as wide a popularity as "Thou art so near and yet so far." Benedict's "Carnaval de Venise" was brilliantly warbled by Miss Rose Hersee. Miss Louisa Pyne gave her most perfect voice and singing in Meyer Lutz's ballad "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze." Mdlle. Liebhart sang with much sweetness Wrighton's ballad "The Wishing Cap." Madame Sainton Dolby gave a classic reading of Mozart's "Addio," and Madame Rudersdorff an expressive delivery of Juliet's song "A sweet good night" by Mr Howard Glover. The instrumental performances were entitled to favourable notice. The piano was in the ascendant. Mr Charles Hallé played Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" in his finest manner. Miss Kathleen Ryan displayed admirable taste in Mr Howard Glover's "Baby's Song," and unmistakable brilliancy of finger in Mr Walter Macfarren's "Tarantella;" and the Misses Ida Henry and Matilda Baxter showed capital *ensemble* playing in Reinecke's fantasia on Schumann's *Manfred*. For the rest we must content ourselves with naming M. Sainton's splendid execution in his own fantasia on *Il Trovatore*, and Signor Piatti's equally splendid execution in his own piece for violoncello on *Marino Faliero*. The conductors were Messrs Benedict, G. B. Allen, Aguilar, and Howard Glover.

Herr Reichardt's Matinée Musicale.—The favourite tenor singer, Herr Reichardt, gave his *matinée* at Dudley House on Friday last by permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, under the patronage of some members of the Royal family and several distinguished nobles and members of the *haut ton*, many of whom were present. A selection from Mr Benedict's new cantata, *A Legend of St. Cecilia*, was the speciality of the *matinée*. Mr Ganz presided at the pianoforte, and the choruses were given by the members of his amateur choir. The solos were sung by Mdlle Enequist, Madame Patey Whytock, Herr Reichardt, and Mr Patey. Mdlle. Enequist sang the air "Praise the Lord," with telling voice and no lack of fervour; and in the concluding scene and *finale* "Bear him away" and "Those whom the Highest one befriends," as well as in the trio, with Herr Reichardt and Mr Patey, "Farewell! but for awhile," she was loudly applauded. Madame Patey Whytock, in the popular prayer "Father whose blessing," sang with her accustomed taste and feeling. Messrs. Cowen and Ganz played the march as a duet. The first part concluded with a performance on the Mustel organ by M. Lemmens, of two pieces of his own composition, both instrument and player pleasing universally. The second part commenced with a new song by Herr Reichardt, "Tell me it is not so." This song bids fair to rival the best of those graceful ballads of sentiment which have in so marked a manner gained the public ear, and which the composer has so popularised by his singing for years past in this country. Herr Reichardt also gave two other songs of his own—"Thine heart of mine," and "I long for the Violet of Spring"—with equal satisfaction and pleasure. Miss Louisa Pyne sang Signor Schira's melodious aria, "Sognai," with faultless taste and expression, and with Herr Reichardt, gave the duet "Chanson de Magali," from M. Gounod's *Mireille*. Mr. Patey delivered the song, "O Star of Eve," from *Tannhäuser*. Master Cowen, in Chopin's graceful ballad in A flat, was loudly applauded. Mr John Thomas no less pleased in his harp fantasia, "Pensive and joyous;" and Signor Pezze made his effect in a violoncello solo. The concert concluded with Niedermeyer's popular *villanelle*, "Pour les attraits." Messrs. Ganz and Hargitt were the accompanists.

BASHI BAZOUK.

Miss Adelaide Bliss's first concert took place at the Beethoven Rooms on Tuesday May 14th. The young lady possesses a powerful soprano voice, and it has been admirably cultivated. These qualifications she showed in Mercadante's cavatina "Or là sull' onda," "Qui la voce" (Bellini), and "The Lover and the Bird" (Guglielmo), the last being loudly encored. Hummel's trio Op. 12, opened the concert. It was well and evenly played by Miss Ellen Bliss, Mr Vivien, and Herr Schuberth. Molloy's song "Clochette," was capitally sung by Madame Sauerbrey. Rossini's "Largo al factotum" was given with immense spirit by Mr Leonard Walker. Miss Ellen Bliss played Mendelssohn's *Andante e Rondo Capriccioso* in a very creditable manner. Miss Berry Elden sang Cowen's "Lonely Spring" and "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze." Mr Renwick pleased much in Sullivan's song "A weary lot is thine fair maid" and Mr Frank Elmore sang Benedict's "Rock me to sleep" with taste and feeling. Herr Schuberth gave two solos on the violoncello, Herr Oberthür a solo on the harp, and played the harp accompaniment to his own song "Je voudrais être," sung by Madame Sauerbrey. Mr Henry Parker was the accompanist, and the rooms were very full.

Barnstaple.—The inhabitants of this town were gratified by two musical performances lately in the Town Hall under very distinguished patronage. The first performance on Monday was Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*, given with a complete orchestra and an efficient chorus, which went off with much *éclat*. The concert on the following evening was also well supported and fashionably attended. The artists engaged at both performances were Miss Banks, Miss Horn, Master Edwards, of Barnstaple, Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr Drayton, with a full orchestra and chorus. The overtures to *Oberon*, *Fidelio*, *Zauberflöte*, and *Italiana in Algeri* were efficiently given. Miss Banks sang "The Lover and his Bird" (encored), an Italian *cavatina*, &c., and joined in some concerted pieces with Miss Horn, Messrs. Cummings and Drayton. Mr. W. H. Cummings in "Draw the sword Scotland" was encored and in a new vocal duet by Mr J. P. Knight, with Miss Horn, "Where the roses grow" created a great sensation. The duet is one of the composer's happiest efforts and is written (the tenor part) expressly for Mr Cummings. It was sung by both artists with such effect, that an irresistible demand for its repetition was made by the audience. Master Edwards, son of a local professor, played two pieces by Weber and Sydney Smith with great brilliancy and applause. Some capital part-singing was also given by the local choir.—B. B.

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MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Longmans.—"Six Lectures on Harmony," by G. A. Macfarren.

M'Ewan (Hinckley).—"Thine Eyes" and "The Stream," madrigals for four voices; "Twilight," "Spring Time," and "The Cup of Joy," part-songs for four voices. By Joseph M'Ewan.

C. Jefferys.—"I've loved thee long"—words by J. Laggar; "She came and vanished like a dream"—words by J. P. Douglas. Music by J. W. Hencher.

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HERR LOUIS ENGEL has REMOVED from Grosvenor Street to [illegible], Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, three doors from Park Lane, where letters or engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Herr Goldberg's admired song "THE REPROACH" ("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire"), at Fräulein Marie's Matinée, May [illegible].

"MY QUEEN!"

BLUMENTHAL'S New Song, will be sung by Mr SIMS REEVES at Mr Henry Leslie's Benefit Concert, May [illegible]. Published in E (the original key), and also in D, price 4s. by

London: Lamborn Cock, Addison & Co. 63, New Bond Street.

THE PIANOFORTE, its Origin, Progress, and Construction. By Edward F. Rimbault, LL.D. Royal 4to, pp. [illegible], 30s.

"A work of learning and research." "Able and valuable."—*Daily News.*

"Perplexing by turning up some fragment of valuable information."—*Critic.*

London: Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, W.

THE WISHING CAP. Sung with splendid success by Mdlle. Liebhart at Mr Howard Glover's Grand Concert, May 13. "Madame Liebhart's sweet warbling in Wrighton's ballad 'The Wishing Cap.'"—See *Standard*, May 14, [illegible]. Poetry by Charles Mackay. 3s. free for [illegible] stamps.

London: Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street, W.

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THE TITANIA WALTZ, by D. Godfrey. The subjects from Weber's "Oberon" [illegible] skilfully worked up, with a result most pleasing—more so, even, than many of this popular writer's productions."—*City Press.* Post free for [illegible] stamps.

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VOL. 45—No. 21 SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867 Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

MDLLE. PAULINE LUCCA.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 25th,

"FRA DIAVOLO."

Zerlina, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; Lady Kobourg, Mdlle. [illegible]; Lord Kobourg, Signor Ciampi; Lorenzo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Giacomo, Signor Capponi; Beppo, Signor Tagliafico; and Fra Diavolo, Signor Gardoni.

Conductor . . . MR. COSTA.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS

Next Week there will be Five Performances:—

On MONDAY NEXT, May 27th, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Signori Cotogni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Mario.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 28th, "NORMA." After which the Two principal Acts of "MASANIELLO," including the celebrated Market Scene.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 30th, "FRA DIAVOLO."

On FRIDAY NEXT, May 31st, Mozart's Opera, "DON GIOVANNI."

On SATURDAY, June 1st (for the last time this season), "FAUST E MARGHERITA."

On MONDAY, June 3rd, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

On TUESDAY, June 4th, will be produced Verdi's last new Opera, entitled "DON CARLOS."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

TITIENS, DEMERIC-LABLACHE, SINICO, SANTLEY, GASSIER, FOLI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 25th, will be presented Mozart's Opera

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

Figaro, Signor Gassier; Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Foli; Susanna, Mdlle. Sinico; Cherubino, Madame Demeric-Lablache; La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens.

Conductor . . . Signor ARDITI.

"Les Huguenots."—Grand Extra Night.—Titiens, Mongini.

MONDAY NEXT, May 27th, Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Signori Mongini, Gassier, Santley, Agnesi, Lyall, Casaboni, Bossi, Manfredi, Foli, [illegible], [illegible], and Rokitansky; Mesdames Trebelli-Bettini, Sinico, Bauermeister, and Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

"Falstaff."

TUESDAY NEXT, May 28th, Nicolai's Opera, "FALSTAFF." Mesdames Titiens, Demeric-Lablache, and Sinico; Signori Rokitansky, Santley, Gassier, Bossi, Lyall, Hohler. Conductor, Signor Arditi. New Ballet Divertissement, "LES NYMPHES."

"Il Trovatore" (Only Time this Season).

(Subscription Night in lieu of Saturday, July 6.)

THURSDAY NEXT, May 30th, Verdi's Opera, "IL TROVATORE." Signori Mongini, Santley, Bossi, Agnesi, Casaboni; Mesdames Demeric-Lablache and Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

"Oberon." (First Time this Season).

SATURDAY, June 1st, Weber's Grand Romantic Opera, "OBERON." Sir Huon, Signor Mongini; Oberon, Signor Gardoni; Scherasmin, Mr. Santley; Babekan, [illegible]; [illegible], Signor Bossi; Fatima, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Puck, Madame Demeric-Lablache; [illegible], Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Rezia, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY, June 4th, First Appearance of Mdlle. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

POSTPONEMENT

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI'S CONCERT, announced to be given at the Beethoven Rooms, is unavoidably postponed, owing to a domestic bereavement.

MR. SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT CONCERT,

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MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 3rd,

Commencing at Eight o'clock.

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MISS LOUISA PYNE, MADAME PATEY WHYTOCK, MR. PATEY, AND MR. SIMS REEVES.

Instrumentalists:

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JUNE 24th.—MR. BENEDICT'S THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT at the St. James's Hall, under the immediate patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, His Serene Highness the Prince Teck and Her Royal Highness the Princess de Teck. Further particulars will be duly announced. Stalls, 1 guinea each, for which immediate application is solicited, at the principal Musicsellers and Libraries, and at Mr. Benedict's, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, Tuesday, June 11th, Hanover Square Rooms, at Eight o'clock. Miss Edith Wynne, Herr Leopold Auer, Herr Daubert. Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann. A Select Choir of 100 Voices, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Barnby. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 3s.; to be obtained from Miss Agnes Zimmermann, 12, Dorchester Place, N.W., and at the Rooms.

MR. HENRY BLAGROVE and Miss ELLICE JEWELL'S EVENING CONCERT, Tuesday next, May 28th, at Eight o'clock, at St. George's Hall. Vocalists—Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. [illegible]. Instrumentalists—Messrs. H. Blagrove, [illegible] Blagrove, Durrant, Aylward, and Miss Ellice Jewell. Stalls (reserved), [illegible]; Balcony (unreserved), 2s.; and Area Tickets, 1s. 6d. To be obtained of Miss Ellice Jewell, 2, Wigmore Street; Mr. H. Blagrove, 3, [illegible]; and at Lamborn Cock & Co.'s, Bond Street.

MR. HORTON C. ALLISON has the honour to announce that the THIRD and LAST of his THREE RECITALS of PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, on Wednesday Evening, May 29th, 1867. To commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. Mr. Allison will play a Selection from the works of W. S. Bennett, Arthur S. Sullivan, Chopin, Mendelssohn, [illegible], Schubert, Liszt, etc., and will be assisted by Miss Mabel Brent, Miss Emily Spiller, Dr. H. H. Allen, Herr Lehmeyer, and Herr Schuberth. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea, to be obtained of Mr. Horton C. Allison, 146, Marylebone Road, and of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent Street.

MADAME BABY BARRETT'S MATINEE MUSICALE, Monday, June 3rd, Three o'clock, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street. Madame Talbot Cherer, Mdlle. Angele, Madame Baby Barrett, Mr. [illegible], and Mr. Theodore Distin. Instrumentalists—Mr. J. [illegible], Clarionet, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. Charles Salaman, Miss Jessie Reid, Miss Kate Gordon, and Mr. [illegible]. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, of Madame Baby Barrett, 2, [illegible] Place, [illegible], Regent's Park, W.

MDLLE. ROSETTA ALEXANDRE'S (Pianist to the King of Prussia) FOURTH and LAST SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place at the Beethoven Rooms, on Thursday, May 30th, on which occasion she will be assisted by the following eminent artists. Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Mary [illegible], Mr. Lewis Thomas. Instrumentalists—Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Viola, Mr. Henry Holmes; Violoncello, Herr Schuberth. Conductor, Herr [illegible]. Tickets at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 5th of June, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. All information of Herr Lehmeyer, 37, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

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MR. CHARLES FOWLER'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, the Last Week in June, under the most Distinguished Patronage. Mdlle. Stabo (by permission of J. Mapleson, Esq.) will sing the vocal part of the novelty in composition—a Sonata Duo for the Piano and a Soprano Voice, by Mr. Fowler. Further particulars shortly. Tickets—One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea, at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

UNDER MOST DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

MISS KATE GORDON (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) begs to announce that her Evening Concerts this Season will take place at her residence, 35, St. George's Road, Warwick Square, on May 31st and June 28th. Tickets 10s. 6d. each; at Sams' Library; Ollivier's, Bond Street; and of Miss Gordon.

DUBLIN.—MR. GASKIN'S VOCAL CLASSES.

THE following popular New Songs and Duets will be practised by the Pupils of Mr. Gaskin's Vocal Classes during the present Season:—

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Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA"	*Henry Smart.*
Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	*Wilford Morgan.*
Canzonet, "'MID THE ROSE LEAVES"	*Wellington Guernsey.*
Ballad, "THE MAID OF MUNSTER"	*J. Gaskin.*
Ballad, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE"	*W. Allen Smith.*

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MR. ROBINS respectfully gives notice that this Sale will be continued during the whole of the ensuing week terminating on Saturday, June 1st, instead of *May 31st*, as previously announced.—5, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

TO CHOIRMASTERS.—WANTED a CHOIRMASTER, to instruct a Choir at CARMARTHEN, to take part in the Contests of the National Eisteddfod.

Further particulars may be obtained of the Rev. Latimer M. Jones, the Vicarage, Carmarthen, to whom applications, stating terms, must be sent on or before the 31st inst.

Carmarthen, 22nd May, 1867.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Professional Gentleman (Mr. Sophian Lacy, Arranger for the English Stage of "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella," etc.), known for many years as a Musical and Dramatic Composer, now lying helpless on a bed of sickness with all resources exhausted, respectfully and earnestly APPEALS to the Benevolent IN AID of his FAMILY and himself.—Further particulars may be known of Mr. T. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, Old Bond Street; and C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond Street; and by whom any Contributions will be most thankfully received.

MADAME MARIA FUMEO TAGIELSKA'S NEW COMPOSITIONS for the PIANOFORTE. Just Published:—"Ave Maria" de Gounod, at Schott & Co.'s; and "Une Pensée à la Pologne," at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; or at her residence, 4, South Crescent, Bedford Square. Each free by post 24 stamps.

MADAME FUMEO TAGIELSKA, Pianiste, has a few hours disengaged for Pianoforte and Part-singing Lessons, at Pupils' or at her residence, where terms may be obtained. Visits Bayswater, Brompton, and Highgate, &c.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, MR. CUMMINGS, and MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing BENEDICT'S new Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Mr. Philip's Concert, St. George's Hall, May 29th.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA'S Grand English Opera Company will perform during the ensuing fortnight at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth.

MISS KATE GORDON will play ASCHER'S Romance, "ALICE," BENEDICT'S "L'ECHO DU [illegible]," and WALLACE'S Galop, "THE CHASE," at Myddelton Hall, May 27th, and at her Evening Concert, June 28th.

MISS MARY WEBER will play MR. F. WEBER'S NOTTURNO in E flat, at the Composer's Morning Concert, St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 20th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT'S popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," May 29th, St. James's Hall.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing WALLACE'S "SONG OF MAY" at Mr. F. Weber's Morning Concert, St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 20th.

MR. R. SMITH'S celebrated Band will play HARTMANN'S Waltz, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the *Grand Flower Show*, Hall on Wednesday, May 29th.

MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing the part of Floris in the Selection from Mr. OBERTHÜR'S Opera, "FLORIS DE NAMUR," which will be performed at the Composer's Evening Concert, St. George's Hall, June 4th.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT will sing the new song, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE" (composed expressly for him by Mr. ALLEN SMITH), at all his concert engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on May 28th, at Mr. Gardner's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms; May 29th, at the Hanover Rooms; 30th, at Herr Ries' Concert, Hanover Square Rooms; and May [illegible], June 3rd and [illegible], at St. George's Hall; and at all his Engagements during the Season.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan gave 'My Sweetheart when a Boy' so exquisitely that it was recalled."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"Mr. Wilford Morgan (of whose very successful début at a Philharmonic Concert we lately had occasion to speak) sang a pretty song, composed by himself, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy,' displaying a voice and style which probably come nearer to Mr. Sims Reeves than any other English tenor of the day."—*Globe.*

"Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in his new song, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy.'"—*Morning Star.*

MR. THEODORE DISTIN will sing KLOSE'S new and successful song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 27th May.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Towcester, July 1st.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing [illegible] *Lied*, "THE [illegible] SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at St. George's Hall, May 31st and June 4th.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to supply Quartets, Cantatas, and Single [illegible] for Full or Small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Music Publishers, 244, Regent Street, or at Mr. A. G.'s residence, [illegible].

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) continues to impart instruction to Professional Pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.—Residence, 107, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. KING HALL (Solo Pianist and Accompanist (late of the Royal Academy of Music), receives Pupils at his residence, [illegible] Euston Road, N.W., where applications respecting Concerts, Soirées, etc., are respectfully requested to be addressed.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and MADAME MARTORELLI-GARCIA beg to announce their arrival in Town for the Season. Address, 5, Charles Street, Manchester Square; or to the care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has REMOVED from Grosvenor Street to 67, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, three doors from Park Lane, where letters on engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

HERR REICHARDT will sing Herr GOLDBERG'S new sacred song, "THE REPROACH" ("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire"), at Fräulein Martin's *Matinée*, May 30th.

HERR STEPAN will sing in the Selection from Mr. OBERTHÜR'S Opera, "FLORIS DE NAMUR," the part of [illegible], at the Composer's Evening Concert, St. George's Hall, June 4th. Herr Stepan sang the same part when the Opera was performed at the Ducal Court Theatre in Wiesbaden.

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MARITA. A Ballad. By the New Composer ROSALINE. Sung by Miss S. Pyne, and Miss Lucy Egerton (of the [illegible] Academy of Music). Price 3s.

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A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS,
MUSICAL DIRECTORS, LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS, & BANDMASTERS.

By F. J. FETIS

Chapel Master of His Majesty the King of the Belgians, Director of the Conservatory, Knight of the Legion of Honour, &c. Translated from the original

By WELLINGTON GUERNSEY

(Continued from p. [illegible]).

Chapter IX.

Of the Clarinet and its varieties

122 The clarinet was, for a length of time, a secondary instrument in an ordinary orchestra, its imperfect intonation presented an insuperable objection to its employment, particularly when it could only be used in its most favourable keys, viz. C and F.

Hence, doubtless, must be attributed the unimportant position it holds in ancient scores.

Within the last twenty years it has received considerable ameliorations, as far as relates to more perfect intonation and capability of execution, yet is it far from the much desired perfection. It has assumed great importance in an ordinary orchestra, and holds in a military band the rank which the violin does in a symphony.

123 The compass of the clarinet is considerable, embracing three octaves and a sixth, this compass is divided into two parts—the lower one, ranging from E below the ledger lines in the G clef to A above the second line of the same clef. The other, the upper one, which embraces above two octaves.

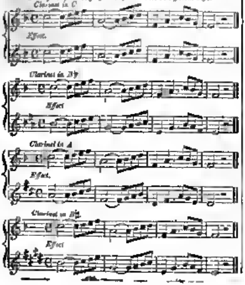
124 With the exception of the three lower notes, which are very penetrating, the tone is soft and sweet, the remainder are brilliant and crisp.

125. Trills may be made on the clarinet on every note up to the upper F♮.

126 The most favourable keys for the clarinet are those of C and F and its relative minors. However, having been considerably improved by the addition of new keys, it can, when required, be employed in several other keys.

The necessity of confining the clarinet to its most favourable keys, gave rise to the construction of others of different dimensions, the natural tones of which are a semitone—a tone—a tone and a semitone lower than the C clarinet. It follows, therefore, that these may be employed in the keys of C and F, the B♭ clarinet in the keys of B♭ and E♭, the A clarinet in the keys of A and D, the B♮ clarinet in the keys of D and E.

Examples of the employment of Clarinets in different keys.



The clarinet in B♮ is the least in use, its effects nevertheless is admirable. The tone of this instrument is heavy, but less than the clarinet in A.

127 The inconvenience arising from having to carry so many instruments for use, gave rise to the adoption of a changeable middle piece, which is called the *Ajouté*, and which is added to the B♭ clarinet. This piece lowers the instrument half-a tone, and serves to play in the keys of A and D, but this piece should not be allowed* for the piece in A, being longer than the other portions of the instrument destroys all proportions, and renders the intonation of most of the notes imperfect.

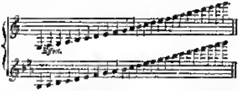
128. The inseparable inconvenience of the multiplicity of instruments necessary for performance in an orchestra where the pieces are written in different keys, is in the necessary substitution of one instrument for another, which not being warmed is frequently flat with the orchestra diapason, and only attains the pitch when it is to be replaced by another. A remedy for the removal of this is a manifest *desideratum*; and until the clarinet is rendered capable of playing in every key, the present inconvenience must be borne with patience.

129 The C clarinet was the one formerly used in military music, because most of the pieces were written in C or in F. Since then it has been replaced by the B♭ clarinet, and the parts are written in this key, or in the key of E♭.

In the present development of military music, the solo clarinet part is written in B♭, a first, a second, a third, and sometimes a fourth clarinet are all written in B♭.

130 When military music was written in C, there was a part for a small solo clarinet in F, which was a fourth higher than the clarinet in C—this was generally played by the bandmaster. Since clarinets in B♭ have replaced the others, the small clarinet is in E♭. This clarinet has the same compass as the others, the three last upper notes however demand so strong a compression of the lips that perfect production is almost an impossibility, so that no one writes above the G.

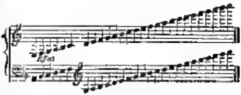
Scale of the small Clarinet in E flat.



131 The clarinet in E♭ alternates the passages usually with the solo clarinet in B♭. There are sometimes two clarinet parts in E♭.

132 There is a clarinet little employed it is true, though possessing unquestionable advantages—the *tenor clarinet* or *clarinet alto*. There are two kinds, the one a lower fifth to the C clarinet, the other a lower fifth to the B♭ clarinet. The compass of this instrument is the same as the ordinary clarinet. The alto clarinet in A sounds the lower octave of the small clarinet in A. The alto clarinet in E♭ also sounds the lower octave of the small clarinet in E♭.

Scale of the Alto Clarinet in F.



The last five notes being difficult to produce, the parts should not be written higher than E.

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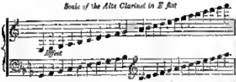
* It is not at all adopted in England.—Translator.

Scale of the Alto Clarinet in E flat.



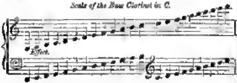
The alto clarinet is necessary for the completion of the clarinet family, and will doubtless be, at no distant period, included in the instrumentation of an ordinary orchestra.

134. There is another kind of alto clarinet in F, called *corno di bassetto*. In lieu of the hollow tube like the ordinary clarinet, the corno di bassetto has its termination pear shaped with a narrow opening. The sound of this instrument is of a heavy and melancholy character, which assimilates it somewhat to the corno inglese. It is the alto clarinet muted. Mozart has employed the corno de bassetto in his *Requiem*.

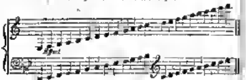
135. The family of the clarinet, incomplete for so long a period, not having any bass, has been increased for some years past by two instruments which have been called bass clarinet and contra-bass clarinet.

Basse clarinet in C and B flat, which sounds the lower octave of ordinary clarinets in C and B flat, the character of sound of these instruments is exactly that of the clarinet, but from a defect of proportion in the dimensions of the tube, which may be easily removed, the sound is wanting in fulness. Admirable effects are obtained by a combination of the bass clarinet with the ordinary clarinet and the alto clarinet.

Scale of the Bass Clarinet in C.

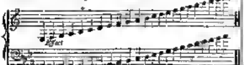


Scale of the Bass Clarinet in B flat.



136. The name of clarinet contra-basso has been given to an instrument which sounds the lower octave of the alto clarinet in E♭; it is the fifth of the bass clarinet. This instrument does not take the form of the clarinet. It is shaped like a bassoon, with the bell of the clarinet placed above. It is as a large crook placed like that of the bassoon, to which is adjusted a clarinet head. The bore is similar to that of the latter instrument, and the keys are disposed in the same way.

Scale of the Clarinet Contra-Basso.



Some of these instruments only descend to the E♭.

(To be continued.)

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

The opening night at Her Majesty's Theatre promised well. The opera was *Le Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, the distribution of characters in which, with one important and two unimportant exceptions, is certainly stronger and more generally efficient than at the other house. To name at once the exceptions, and to begin with the exception of most consequence—the Cherubino of Madame Demeric Lablache is in no sense comparable with the Cherubino of Mdlle Lucca. Mdlle Lucca's Cherubino [illegible] occasionally on the side of extravagance, and, indeed, is overacted throughout. But on the other hand there is a certain charm about it, as there is about every impersonation of Mdlle Lucca's, Cherubino more especially, which, as in some of the inimitable caricatures of [illegible], not only compels forgiveness, but stimulates interest. Now Madame Lablache overacts Cherubino just as much as Mdlle. Lucca—more, perhaps, on the whole—without exhibiting that charm which compels forgiveness and stimulates interest. Moreover, Mdlle Lucca, being a soprano, sings the two airs, "Non so più cosa son," and "Voi che sapete," in Mozart's own keys, while Mdme Lablache, being a contralto, does not and, for the matter of that, cannot. What is lost by the transposition of those beautiful songs to keys considerably lower in pitch, not merely of brightness in the vocal part, but of rich colouring in the accompaniments for the orchestra, need scarcely be insisted on. Waiving these special objections, however, Madame Lablache has none of the indispensable requisites for such a character as the amorous Page of Beaumarchais, Da Ponte, and Mozart. The unimportant exceptions are the Basilio of Mr Charles Lyall, and the Antonio of Signor Casaboni. Mr Lyall, it is true, might fairly be preferred to Signor Neri Baraldi, if he did not omit the air "In quegli anni," and thus reduce Basilio almost to musical insignificance. Signor Polonini's drunken Gardener, however, is, as we have said, a bit of genuine comedy, while the drunken Gardener of Signor Casaboni is a nonentity. In the remaining characters, excepting Marcellina, played by Madame Tagliafico, who may pair off with Madame Anese at Covent Garden, the advantage is greatly on the side of Her Majesty's Theatre. The Susanna of Mdlle Sinico is a real and sprightly bit of life, and, though the voice of this clever lady is not equal to the voice of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, her singing is marked by qualities which may be sought for in vain in the singing of her rival at the other house. The Countess of Mdlle Tietjens and the Count of Mr Santley are probably, at the time being, unequalled on the Italian stage. Mdlle Fricci could ill support a comparison with the first, and Signor Graziani as ill support a comparison with the last. It must be admitted that Mr Santley does not greatly shine as an actor, but Signor Graziani is even less gifted with histrionic talent, although, with most of his impersonations, he makes, in this respect, an emphatic exhibition of incapacity. To conclude, the Figaro of Signor Gassier is on the whole better than the Figaro of Mr [illegible]—as a genuine Italian operatic Figaro is nearly always better than a French one. The orchestra at both houses is admirable—that of Covent Garden, if we are forced to weigh their respective claims, being, for various reasons, entitled to the palm, and Mr Costa showing a more classical taste than Signor Arditi in adhering with closer reverence to the original score, restoring the *fandango*, the omission of which at Her Majesty's Theatre destroys the symmetry of the third *finale*, and giving the opera, not in two acts, but in four, according to the plan of Mozart. On the other hand, the chorus at Her Majesty's Theatre evinces a marked superiority over that of Covent Garden in *Figaro* as in every other opera. The singers at the old house are for the most part young, with strong fresh voices, while those at the other, however apt and experienced, are in the majority of [illegible] what, in the language of the Turf, is termed "aged." As far as the *mise en scène* is concerned, it would be hard to say at which house it is the least showy. Comparisons, under the circumstances, are unavoidable, and may be found the less out of place now, inasmuch as we have nothing to add to the descriptions of either *Figaro* which appeared in the *Saturday Review* at the end of last season. It is curious, though to real amateurs not surprising, that an opera composed by a German musician so far back as 1786 should, eighty years later, be a sort of test of capacity between the two great London Italian lyric theatres; and the more curious because, on account of the unusual number of responsible characters, it is one of the most difficult of all operas to present efficiently. Mozart, however, is evidently in the ascendant. Only the other night (Thursday) at Covent Garden, *Don Giovanni*, in consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, being withdrawn, *Le Nozze di Figaro* was readily accepted in lieu of it by a crowded house, which seemed to take consolation, in the delicious melodies that abound in every scene, for the disappointment of not hearing the most popular singer of the day in the most popular opera of all time.

What can have tempted Mr. Mapleson to revive such a work as *I Lombardi* it is not easy to guess. The earlier operas of Signor Verdi have little in them that is enduring. *Oberto** has first made a noise for a time, and some enthusiastic friends† of the composer proclaimed "a new Rossini." But the utter failure a year later of its immediate successor, *Un Giorno di Regno*, dissipated for a while the magnificent hopes that had been built upon the shadowy pretensions of *Oberto*. To speak truth, there was very little in either of them to justify great expectations. Nor can we believe that the third opera of the most popular representative of "Young Italy" will survive. Its composer is now in the plenitude of his fame, and yet no one ever hears of it. We allude to *Nabucodonosor*, first brought forward in 1842, the libretto of which was written by one Solera, who had in vain endeavoured to persuade the German Otto Nicolai (then in Italy), author of the opera known to frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre as *Falstaff*, to set it to music. It just suited young Verdi, however; and those who can remember *Nino*, at Her Majesty's Theatre (1846), and *Anato*, at the Royal Italian Opera (1850), must still have some echoes of the "sound and fury signifying nothing" in their mind's ear. To *Nabucodonosor—Nabucco—*succeeded *I Lombardi alla prima Crociata*, the libretto for which was concocted by this same Solera, from a poem by Grossi, who really ought to have a new edition now that the opera his pages inspired has been thought worthy of revival. *I Lombardi* met with an enormous success at the Scala, of Milan, where it was first represented in February, 1843; but we very much doubt whether a traveller disposed to spend a couple of years in visiting every considerable or inconsiderable Italian city (all Italian cities can boast a lyric theatre) would have the slightest chance of hearing it now. In Paris, four years later, it made a complete *fiasco*, at the Grand Opéra, where it was performed, with modifications and additions, under the name of *Jérusalem*. Duprez played the principal character; but it was of little avail; the last tones of a once noble voice were effectually silenced by *Jérusalem* and the "Tu mens, tu mens, tu mens!"—which, during a short space, was a byword in the streets of Paris, and which the great French tenor of the "*Ut de poitrine*" used to shriek rather than sing, so utterly exhausted was he by his previous exertions. The two attempts at gaining popularity for *I Lombardi* made by Mr. Lumley, the most enterprising operatic *impresario* of the century—in 1846, with Grisi, Mario, and Fornasari, and in 1850, with a new tenor, since, in spite of his beautiful voice, forgotten—were both failures. And no wonder. The book is as rambling, improbable, and absurd as anything of the sort could well be; and though even at that period Verdi was not infrequently visited with an original tune, sure to find its way to the street-organs, *I Lombardi*, with the exception of one or two pretty melodies, a chorus of Crusaders, and a prayer in unison almost throughout, then as now a favourite peculiarity of the composer, contains no more genuine music than *Nabucodonosor* and its predecessors—much less, in fact, than *Ernani*, Verdi's fifth opera, which, though by no means a great opera, was far superior to anything he had previously given to the world. Our morning contemporaries have been at such commendable pains to narrate as intelligibly as it was in their power the plot of *I Lombardi* that, supposing opera-loving readers have already mastered it in all its incoherent details, we shall be charitable enough to afflict them with no more than an outline. More utterly uninteresting personages than the two Lombard brothers Arvino and Pagano—Arvino the successful, Pagano the unsuccessful wooer of a certain Viclinda, as uninteresting as either of them—could not well be imagined. Pagano, at any rate, has some force of character. Disappointed of Viclinda, he stabs Arvino, and supposing the blow to be fatal, flies the country. The wound, however, not being mortal, Pagano, after a protracted exile, is allowed to return, and the good Arvino, with the approval of the no less excellent Viclinda, receives him with open arms. The reprobate, nevertheless, is reprobate still, and, in the prosecution of a plot to carry away Viclinda, murders his own father, the extenuating circumstance being that the blow was meant for his brother. Pagano would scorn to be a parricide, but to be a fratricide so that his purpose were effected (that of abducting his brother's wife), he would not so much mind. Learning the real nature of his crime, he retreats again, and, taking refuge in a wilderness in Palestine, repents, becomes hermit, vegetates in a cave, does great service to the Crusaders, and eventually rescues his brother's daughter, Giselda, from the harem of a certain Oronte, son of the Governor of Antioch. Giselda, however, having fallen in love with Oronte, thinks rather of converting her innamorato to the true faith than of leaving him. Her wish is accomplished somewhat later. Antioch being besieged and taken by Arvino, aided by Pagano, Oronte and Giselda escape together. Oronte, in the flight, is pursued and mortally wounded, but conducted by Pagano to his hermit's abode, he dies there a Christian—thanks to the united persuasions of his lover and the repentant parricide. Giselda is consoled by a vision which shows that, owing to her successful advocacy, Oronte has been admitted into Paradise. Pagano receives his death wound in the act of saving the life of his injured brother at the siege of Jerusalem.

When we repeat that *I Lombardi* contains an air for the tenor (Oronte)—"La mia letizia"—one or two spirited though by no means well-written choruses, short, abrupt, noisy, and generally in unison, a somewhat tortured prayer for Giselda, with occasional passages of less importance, we have said all that can justly be said in favour of the music in what is decidedly one of Verdi's worst operas, and one of the worst operas ever composed. The performance, however, at Her Majesty's Theatre—now that Signor Mongini has taken the place of Mr. Hohler in the part of Oronte, for the adequate representation of which the English tenor was scarcely competent—is generally so good, that, stupid as is the libretto, and empty as is the music for the most part, the thing is worth at least a hearing. Perhaps no more ungratefully laborious a part exists in the lyric drama than that of Giselda; but those who take pleasure in seeing how difficulties may be overcome by art and resolution combined can hardly do better than go and listen to Mdlle. Tietjens. The effect she makes out of her music is nothing short of wonderful. Not less remarkable is the indomitable perseverance and eminent ability with which Mr. Santley grapples with the music of that most detestable personage—repentant sinner though he be—Pagano. There is hardly a phrase in the whole that is really and in the genuine sense musical. But as Daedalus essayed the empty air with wings, and

Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor,

so do these true artists, struggling with the difficulties of *I Lombardi*, exemplify the Horatian rule that *nil mortalibus arduum est*. As much, indeed, may be said for Signor Mongini, who, nevertheless, at any rate has one melody to sing ("La mia letizia"). The other characters are extremely well supported. What can possibly be made out of Arvino is well made out by Signor Tasca, a tenor with a voice worth cultivating more assiduously; and the subordinate part of Pirro, Pagano's confidant, is admirably sustained by that very generally useful and efficient singer, Signor Gassier. Signor Tasca interpolates an exceedingly dull *scena* from *Giovanna d'Arco*—another opera by Verdi (his seventh*), written to a libretto for which the already-named Solera found materials in a pastoral poem by Dumesny, and produced, without success, at the Scala (Milan), in 1845; but, for the impression it creates, this *scena* might as well be omitted. The character of Viclinda could hardly meet with a more docile representative than Mdlle. Corsi. *I Lombardi* is effectively placed upon the stage; the costumes are for the most part appropriate, and the scenery of Mr. Telbin is picturesque. Nor is anything left undone that can possibly be done for the musical *ensemble* by Signor Arditi. Notwithstanding all this, it is useless to hope that so feeble a work can much longer hold its position.

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* *Oberto Conte di San Bonifacio*, produced in Italy (1840) with considerable renown.

† Merelli.

* *Ernani* was his fifth, and *I due Foscari* his sixth.

The return of Signor Mongini has greatly satisfied the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. His second appearance was in the *Trovatore*, about which inevitable revival, season after season, it is unnecessary to offer one word beyond the mere statement that never has the music of Manrico been declaimed with more splendid vigour than by the gentleman whose voice now stands pre-eminent among "robust tenors." Of course the Leonora was Mdlle. Tietjens, and the Conte di Luna Mr Santley. There was also a new Azucena—Mdlle. Eracleo—who is not likely to be heard again. We have had, too, one performance of the *Huguenots* with Mdlle Tietjens as Valentine, Signor Tasca as Raoul, Herr Rokitansky as Marcel, perhaps the best—if a splendid *basso profondo*, one of the deepest and richest in quality since the prime of Herr Formes, and a fair dramatic talent may count—now to be obtained, Mdlle. Sinico, to whom every possible character in the operatic repertory seems to come readily as the Queen, Signor Gassier as St. Bris, Mr Santley as Nevers, and another unknown lady, Mdlle. Martelli—*prima donna contralto assoluta* at the San Carlo Theatre, Lisbon, but not at all likely ever to support the same dignity at Her Majesty's Theatre, London—as Urbain the page. *Der Freischütz* has equally been played once, with Mdlle Tietjens as Agatha, Mdlle. Sinico as Annchen, Signor Gassier (why not Mr Santley?) as Caspar, and Signor Tasca (Signor Mongini being indisposed) as Max. This was by no means such a performance of Weber's masterpiece as we have been accustomed to at Her Majesty's Theatre. About the very recent revival of Otto Nicolai's *Falstaff* (on Thursday night) we shall speak in a future article. There are several changes in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*, each of which merits consideration apart.

Meanwhile, at Her Majesty's Theatre the re-appearance of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, and the advent of the new singer, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (from the Théâtre Lyrique) are anxiously looked forward to; while at the Royal Italian Opera the novelties anticipated with most interest are the new operas of Verdi and Gounod—*Don Carlos* and *Romeo et Juliette* (with Mdlle. Patti as Juliet, and Signor Mario as Romeo).

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

Dr Wylde has opened his new hall in Langham Place with brilliant success. Although, we believe, St. George's Hall was not built expressly for the New Philharmonic Concerts, it was built expressly for the New Philharmonic Society, which, in conjunction with the London Academy of Music, of which Dr Wylde is founder and "principal," does other things besides giving concerts. With so much on his hands, it was natural enough that the learned doctor should wish for a house of his own, and St George's Hall seems likely to answer this purpose thoroughly. A more "majestic consecration of the house" than the C minor symphony of Beethoven could hardly have been selected; although a still more immediately appropriate one perhaps would have been the same composer's grand overture in C major, Op. 124, *Die Weihe des Hauses*—composed in 1822* for the opening of the Josephstädter Theatre in Vienna, and dedicated to Prince Nicolas Galitzin. In place of this, however, Dr Wylde began his first concert with Weber's fiery *Euryanthe*, of which hereafter history may have to speak as the first orchestral piece ever heard in St. George's Hall.

The other overture was Beethoven's to the ballet called *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, composed more than twenty years before *Die Weihe des Hauses*. Fancy Beethoven writing music for a ballet! And yet the music has only to be heard—as Herr Manns has proved at the Crystal Palace—to compel a recognition of the fact that it is in the province of genius to impart dignity to anything with which it meddles. There were two concertos at this splendid "inauguration;" that of Mozart in A major, with clarinet as principal instrument, and Mendelssohn's No. 2 (in D) for pianoforte—both with orchestral accompaniments. When we have stated that Mr Lazarus took the clarinet part in Mozart's very graceful and melodious work, no one will doubt that it was most admirably executed. Composed in 1791, for a famous clarinet player, named Albert Stadler, immediately after *Die Zauberflöte* and *La Clemenza di Tito*, but for the *Kleine Freimaurer Cantate*, the *Requiem*, and some few minor pieces, this concerto might have been the great musician's "Swan's Song"—for Mozart died (December 5) little more than two months after it was finished. But we have already spoken both of the concerto, and of its performance by Mr Lazarus. Nor is it necessary to say more about Mdlle. Anna Mehlig in Mendelssohn's second concerto, than that her execution of that fine and difficult work was in every way as good, and as favourably received, as at the first concert of the old Philharmonic Society, which was spoken of at the time.

The vocal music at Dr Wylde's first concert was excellent in its kind. The noble voice of Mr Gye's Teutonic "first lady," Madame Maria Vilda, was heard to eminent advantage in the grand scene ("Si lo sento") from Spohr's *Faust*, an opera which may soon again come to light, in spite of its bad libretto, when M. Gounod has written himself out; and in the first air of *Lucrezia Borgia* ("Com' è bello") from Donizetti's terribly hackneyed opera of that name. On the other hand Mdlle. Enequist, in "Bel raggio," from Rossini's *Semiramide* and "Dove sono," from Mozart's *Figaro*, each in its school a model, gave further proofs of the natural gifts and honourable ambition that are rapidly winning way to general acknowledgment. Rarely has a concert-singer, not at the same time an opera singer, more steadily and surely advanced than this clever and promising young artist.

At Dr Wylde's second concert the symphony was Spohr's fourth (in F), *Die Weihe der Töne*, always an especial favourite with the New Philharmonic conductor, who also, in defiance of legitimate verbal equivalents, common sense, and the composer's own meaning, will persist in calling it "The *Power* of Sound." Perhaps Dr Wylde thinks, so long as the symphony is well played, as it invariably is under his direction, that it matters little by what name it goes. "A rose by any other—&c." The overtures were Mendelssohn's gloomy and magnificent *Hebrides* (or *Fingal's Cave*) and Rossini's brightly discursive *Semiramide*—the one as deeply poetical as the other is showily theatrical. There was this time but one concerto—that of Beethoven in C minor (No. 3), played by Herr Jaëll, one of the most energetic and brilliant pianists of the day, who, nevertheless, would have done more wisely in extemporising (or preparing) a cadence of his own than in interpolating in the first movement such a farrago as the cadence of Herr Dreyschock. Dreyschock, whom Heinrich Heine, so facetious about pianists of the [illegible] school, might have christened "Octavius," on account of his extraordinary predilection for "octaves," seems, by the way, to have delegated some of his wonderful command of this peculiar mechanical contrivance to the young American, Mr Harry Sanderson, who first astonished frequenters of the late Mr Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden, and afterwards played octaves in his own manner and on his own account, at a concert for his own benefit, in the Hanover Square Rooms.

The vocal pieces at the second concert, selected from Mozart, Rossini, and Donizetti, were contributed by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Ciampi—both from the Royal Italian Opera.

(*From an [illegible] source.*)

The programme of the third concert (on Wednesday) was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Anacreon)	Cherubini.
Cavatina "O m'abbandoni" (Nitocri), Miss Abbott	Mercadante.
Aria, "Voi che sapete" (Figaro), Mdlle. [illegible]	Mozart.
Symphony in C minor	Mendelssohn.
Aria, "[illegible]" (Faust), Mdlle. [illegible]	Gounod.
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.

PART II.

Concerto in G, pianoforte, Mr Charles Hallé	Beethoven.
Romance, "[illegible]" (Faust), Miss Abbott	Gounod.
March (Athalie)	Mendelssohn.

It is to be regretted that our two Philharmonic societies should present similar features in selections of instrumental pieces. The programme of Wednesday night commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, which had terminated the concert of the

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[*] Immediately before the *Choral Symphony* (Op. 125), together with which it was forwarded to the *Philharmonic Society* in London—for reasons previously stated.

Philharmonic Society on Monday and included Mendelssohn's first symphony, given at a concert of the other society a few weeks since. Such reiterations may signify little to those who only attend the concerts of one institution but many go to both, and to these a little more speciality to each would be desirable. The symphony of Mendelssohn, that marvellous production of a boy of fifteen was given with its original minuet and trio, not with the *scherzo* from the ottet, which the composer arranged for orchestra and inserted in the symphony when introduced at the Philharmonic concerts on the occasion of his first visit to this country. The performance of the symphony left something to desire. The wind instrument points (not to particularise invidiously) were defective in execution and balance of tone. The overtures were better. The most satisfactory instrumental performance of the evening was Mr Hallé's execution of Beethoven's concerto—a work equal in poetical grace and ideal beauty, if not in majesty and grandeur, to the concerto in E flat. Mr Hallé's performance of the concerto in G, with Beethoven's own cadenzas, from memory, was one of the many instances which this gentleman has so frequently given of his artistic elevation. The vocal music at these concerts always seems as though it were thrown in anyhow. Mercadante's *cavatina* is unworthy association with classical music, and requires more finished elaboration of style than Miss Abbot yet possesses. This young lady, a pupil of the London Academy of Music, has a mezzo-*soprano* voice of power quality and compass, and, with study, may occupy a position but she has much to acquire. She was more successful in the air from *Faust*. Mdlle. Lucca's singing of the air from *Figaro*, and of the "Jewel song" from *Faust*, is well-known. At the commencement of the latter there was a hitch with the orchestral accompaniments, which would have discomposed any singer of unsteadier nerve than Mdlle. Lucca. A fair start, however, having been agreed on, the song was given with the usual brilliancy, and followed by the customary encore. These extracts, however, of pieces from operas more or less depending on the situation to which they belong, are scarcely suited for the concert-room. Probably the reason for their introduction is the notion that they may be sung without rehearsal. We know not whether Mdlle. Lucca's song had undergone this preliminary (the omission of which would afford the only excuse for the confusion at the commencement); if not, it should be a caution to this artist not to place herself at the mercy of contingencies. Loud and prolonged applause marked the general appreciation of her powers, the more strongly evidenced under the circumstances. H. D. Y. L. R. L.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY

The Sacred Harmonic Society brought to an end a series of concerts, which since November last, has raised the institution higher and higher in the esteem of the musical public with a magnificent performance of Mr Costa's first, and as some people, whose opinion we are unable to share think his best oratorio—*Eli*. Best, or second best however it is an absolute truth that nothing in the shape of oratorio equal to either one or the other, admitting all just criticism, has been written by any known composer since Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Of this fact alone, Mr Costa though, doubtless too modest to regard his oratorios as absolute masterpieces to the school to which they aspire to belong may reasonably feel proud. In the course of twenty years (Mendelssohn died in 1847) he has produced the two most acceptable oratorios. We did not hesitate to point out to the best of our ability, what was wanting to *Eli* and what was wanting in *Naaman*—unquestionably an advance upon *Eli*, and an advance that, but for the peculiar character of the subject, would never for one instant have been doubted; but at the same time we were and are ready to admit those merits which place either oratorio in a position so far above ordinary work that the musician who composed them has a full right to the conviction that he has done something at least for his art. The flowing melodies, the clearness of the orchestral scoring and the masterly vocal writing were enough to show that the composer of *Eli* and *Naaman* had indisputable claims to consideration—claims not to be overlooked in any discussion of what ought and what ought not to be "oratorio." However, argue as we may and from what point of view we choose, *Eli* has taken its place. It was written for and produced at the Birmingham Festival in 1855; and here, in 1867 we have a performance of it, worthy all praise and received with all enthusiasm at the last concert of our greatest musical society—a society which may be said to have been nourished for twenty years upon Handel and for twenty years more upon Handel and Mendelssohn, with an occasional admixture of Mozart, Beethoven Spohr and Rossini. This was regal fare and yet those who have existed upon it all this time have been content to interchange it, on several occasions for Costa's *Eli* and Costa's *Naaman*; from which we can logically make but one deduction—that there is a very great deal of genuine merit in these oratorios.

Not to enter farther into a question that we cannot but regard as otherwise than already settled, with the exception of the first performance of *Eli* in 1855, at Birmingham, this, by the Sacred Harmonic Society, was the finest performance we remember of the same oratorio. The orchestra throughout, that orchestra which Mr Costa loves so well, which he conducts so well, and for which he has written so admirably, was perfect in every requisite. The choruses were almost without exception, splendidly delivered. Nearly all were applauded, and to several the densely thronged audience would cheerfully have listened again, but Mr. Costa, unwilling to accept for himself what he would readily have accepted for another composer resolutely turned a deaf ear. The solo singers were Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton Dolby, Messrs. Santley, Foli and Sims Reeves. With what vigorous energy Madame Rudersdorff gives the animated air "I will extol Thee," in the same key but not otherwise resembling "Rejoice greatly" (*Messiah*) we need not say. Mr Santley (Eli) who has chiefly grave recitatives and airs allotted to him sang superbly throughout—like the great artist he is, and that composer must be difficult who would not feel satisfaction in hearing his music thus delivered. As second bass Signor Foli (from Her Majesty's Theatre) surprised everybody by the manner in which he gave the music of the "Man of God." A noble voice, a clear enunciation, and uniform correctness marked his performance throughout. If we are not greatly mistaken, this American gentleman, one of the most competent and generally useful members of the company at Mr Mapleson's house is destined to occupy high rank as a singer in oratorio. The duet ("Lord, cause Thy face to shine") with Mr Santley in which the parts were reversed, Signor Foli undertaking that of Eli which is lower than the other and Mr Santley that of "the Man of God" was one of the marked effects of the evening. It is impossible to speak too highly of Madame Sainton Dolby's performance in this oratorio. Her Samuel is really perfect, and it is difficult to know whether most to admire her singing of the "Morning Prayer" or of the "Evening Prayer"—both beautiful but the latter perhaps carrying off the palm, on account of its dramatic expression. Each created the never-failing sensation.

The great solo display was, as usual, the battle-song of Saph the Philistine leader, which we can only suppose that Mr Costa wrote expressly for Mr Sims Reeves, so thoroughly is it fitted to display the capabilities of his unequalled voice and to call into exercise those qualities as a dramatic singer in which Mr Reeves is unrivalled. More magnificent declamatory singing than this could hardly be imagined. "Philistines, hark!" indeed, was the "hit" of the evening, and Mr Reeves further entitled himself to the consideration of the audience by his firm though courteous, refusal to accede to the unanimous demand for a repetition which it drew forth. Satisfied with his brilliant success he was content to leave a fair chance to those who had to follow him. It was a different matter when the four principal singers were called upon to repeat the beautiful unaccompanied quartet "We bless you in the name of the Lord" the subject of which is drawn from the impressive organ prelude to the oratorio. This was sung in the most faultless style and, being short and unexacting was heard again with evident satisfaction. At the end of the oratorio Mr Costa was enthusiastically applauded.

We should have stated that some parts of the oratorio were omitted, by which nothing was really gained, while something of symmetry was lost.

Herr Ferdinand Hiller.—This accomplished composer has been named an honorary member of the Berlin Tonkünstler-Verein. The number of honorary members has hitherto been always limited to two.

Munich.—Herr Johann Caspar Aiblinger Royal *Hof-Capellmeister*, died, on the 6th inst. at the age of eighty-eight. He was very favourably known for his sacred compositions.

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PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fourth Philharmonic Concert was the most important of the first half of the series, and the one which entailed weightiest responsibility on Mr. W. G. Cusins, the new conductor. This will readily be understood when it is stated that the whole of the second part of the programme was devoted to the Colossus of orchestral music—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. As this was the great composer's own bequeathal to the Philharmonic Society, in return for the sympathy exhibited towards him by certain of its members, it ought to be performed regularly at one concert (say the last) every year. The difficulty that stands in the way, however, is the final part, the setting of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*, which requires both chorus and solo singers; and this difficulty is enhanced by the fact that both the choral music and the solo and concerted music for the four voices which stand apart are extremely awkward to execute. It is unnecessary to enter into further particulars on this head. The Ninth Symphony, at first misunderstood even by King Frederick William III. of Prussia, to whom it was dedicated, and condemned by the majority even of musicians, is now, in its forty-fifth year, almost universally recognized as the masterpiece of masterpieces. The performance on the occasion under notice left something to desire, especially in the solo vocal parts; but, considered as a whole, was highly creditable to the young musician who has so gallantly taken up the conductor's stick, laid down, after eleven years' honourable possession, by no less eminent a musician than Professor Sterndale Bennett. The symphony was thoroughly enjoyed from beginning to end, and heartily applauded.

The first piece in the programme was also a "No. 9" (in B flat) belonging to the set of twelve which Haydn composed for Salomon's Subscription Concerts in London, and a vigorous "No. 9" in the bargain. There was only one overture, but that was Mendelssohn's inspiriting *Ruy Blas*, played with extraordinary animation.

The concerto was the third composed by Herr Molique for the violin. This was the first piece that introduced its composer, a master of the instrument, we need hardly say, to London—at the Philharmonic Concerts, about a quarter of a century since. The sensation created by the work and its performance is still remembered. Nevertheless, we very much doubt whether the concerto was ever played to greater perfection by the author himself than by Herr Ludwig Straus the other night. We cannot pay a higher compliment, and need only add that the orchestral accompaniments were remarkably well given, and that the concerto created a very marked impression, the applause being continued until Herr Straus came forward to acknowledge it.

The singers were Mesdames Rudersdorff and Patey Whytock, Messrs. Cummings and Patey. Madame Rudersdorff brought forward, for the first time, a not very interesting scena and air from Gluck's forgotten opera, *Lucio Vero*, the accompaniments to which had been ably scored for the orchestra, from a pianoforte copy, by Mr. Cusins. The four singers combined their voices in the capital quartet, "Honour and glory," from Mr. Costa's *Naaman*, which we have heard given with more effect; and in the solo and quartet parts of Beethoven's symphony, which we have also heard given with more effect.

At the fifth concert the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, which met with such favour when Herr Manns produced them at the Crystal Palace Concerts, not long since; Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*; Molique's violoncello concerto, played by Herr Grützmacher—a [illegible] that hitherto only known in England by repute; Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto (pianist, Herr Jaëll); Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*; and vocal music by Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Demeric Lablache, and Mr. Hohler (from Her Majesty's Theatre) were comprised in the programme. Of this we shall speak in our next.

Bristol.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The theatre was well attended on Monday evening, when *Il Trovatore* was given by the Opera Company. Madame Lancia, who again sang with excellent voice, was enthusiastically encored in the cavatina of the first act. An elaborate cadenza, introduced on her repetition of the piece, quite took the audience by surprise, and the applause was loud and prolonged. Miss Helen Clarion played the Gipsy; Mr. Parkinson, Manrico; and Mr. Durand the Count di Luna. All were recalled at the conclusion of the first act, and the whole performance gave entire satisfaction.

MR. HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

Mr. Charles Hallé has resumed his Pianoforte Recitals in St. James's Hall. This time Beethoven does not exclusively absorb the programmes, though at every "Recital," as a matter of course, the name of the greatest of all composers for the piano, as for the orchestra and string quartet, will appear at least once or twice. A most interesting feature in the plan of the series just commenced is the introduction of one of Schubert's solo sonatas at each "Recital." As Schubert wrote ten grand sonatas, besides the so-called "*Fantasia Sonata*," Op. 78, which is finer, perhaps, than any of them, it may be presumed that Mr. Hallé intends to introduce on certain occasions two, instead of only one, of these original and enchanting works. Another distinguishing and attractive trait is that at each "Recital" we are to have either one of the sonatas for pianoforte and violoncello of Beethoven, or one of those by Mendelssohn. But as Beethoven composed only five such sonatas, and Mendelssohn only two, we may presume that at the eighth "Recital," Mr. Hallé will favour his hearers with the air and variations in D of Mendelssohn, or at any rate with one of the three airs with variations, for the same combination of instruments, which Beethoven has left. Either will be good. No surer proof of Mr. Hallé's intention to render the execution of these last sonatas as perfect as possible could be adduced than the fact of his having engaged as his co-operator during the eight "Recitals" the incomparable violoncellist, Signor Piatti. The programme of the first "Recital" was extremely attractive. There was a sonata of Beethoven, No. 3, Op. 10 (in D), which Mr. Hallé has frequently played at the Monday Popular Concerts. This was followed by three numbers from John Sebastian Bach's renowned "48 *Preludes and Fugues*" in all the keys, major and minor—known in Germany as *Das wohltemperirte Clavier* ("The well tempered Clavier"), and in its way the most precious gift bequeathed to the art of music. The specimen of Schubert was the sonata in A minor, one of those which Robert Schumann pronounced "glorious," published as No. 1, though by no means "No. 1" in order of composition, seeing that it was written in 1825, three years before Schubert died (in his 32nd year). This sonata is original and beautiful from the opening to the termination; but, if one movement could be singled out from the rest as indubitably Schubert's own, it is the second—a lovely air with variations, which, though no one variation resembles another, are each as lovely as the air itself. The violoncello sonata of Beethoven included in this programme was naturally the first of the five—No. 1, Op. 5 (in F), composed in 1797, when Beethoven was 27 years old, for the celebrated French violoncellist, Duport, and dedicated to King Frederick William II., grandfather of the present King of Prussia. The last piece in the programme was a *Polonaise* in E flat, by Herr Stephen Heller, a composer about whom Schumann prognosticated favourably some 30 years ago, whom Mr. Hallé greatly esteems, but who has scarcely carried out the promise of his early youth. Nevertheless, as an occasional substitute for that of the somewhat overrated Polish Chopin, the music of Herr Heller is decidedly welcome.

There were no songs at this "Recital." At his second (yesterday afternoon) Mr. Hallé gave, among other things, another sonata by Schubert (in D—from the same set), the delicious sonata in F major of Mozart (No. 3—beginning in *three-four* time, and consisting of three movements), and the second of Beethoven's violoncello sonatas (Op. 5)—in G minor.

These "Recitals" are not only interesting to musicians and connoisseurs, but valuable to those amateurs who wish to become acquainted with the most perfect models of art. To young students they are as good as a "lesson" on the pianoforte; and we are glad to find that, by a certain modification in the charge for entry to certain parts of the hall, Mr. Hallé has thrown them open to a larger class than was hitherto able to profit by them. Good music is at present making way, and Mr. Hallé has played no unimportant part in the revolution that has for some years been slowly though surely progressing.

[illegible].—The temporary Theatre is now closed, and the new Theatre will be opened in October.

Brunswick.—Herr Wachtel has received a valuable brilliant ring from the Duke.

MONSIEUR AND MADAME SAINTON'S CONCERT.

(*From an old and venerable Contributor.*)

Among the more prominent items in the programme of this admirable and popular entertainment (which was given on Monday last, at St. James's Hall) were the quartet canon of Mr. Costa, "Ecco quel fiero istante," a most graceful piece of writing, replete with skilful and ingenious treatment; a new song from the pen of Madame Sainton, to which I shall further allude; the Quatuor Concertante of Maurer for four violins, played by Messrs. Hill, Holmes, Pollitzer, and Sainton; a new quartet by Mr. H. C. Deacon for four voices, welcome for its beauty and its usefulness to programme makers, who are frequently at a loss for want of a piece in this form; Thalberg's "Masaniello" *fantasia*, the most fantastic of his numerous compositions of the kind; and last and greatest the *Andante* and *Finale* from the Kreutzer Sonata, played by Madame Arabella Goddard and Monsieur Sainton. The eminent Frenchman has perhaps never played with more dignity and power, coupled with facile and graceful ease, than during this season; and this was abundantly shown on Monday last. Madame Sainton's contributions to the programme consisted of "Ah quel giorno" (*Semiramide*), Rossini, sung with great power and the well balanced phrasing and expression which are inseparable from all that clever lady's performances; "At her window," how one of the best and most popular songs of the lady who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Claribel"; "Io ti lascio" of Mozart, serving well to show the pathetic and sympathetic phase of Madame Sainton's genius; and "Out on the rocks," by the *cantatrice* herself, whose repertory, uniformly excellent as her singing, will be in no way impaired by this addition. The song is evidently the work of a well grounded and practised musician, and induces us to look with pleasure for more emanations from the same pen. The charmingly unaffected manner of Miss Edith Wynne was well shown in Mr. A. Sullivan's song, "Will he come." Mr. Weiss sang an excellent song of his own, "King Canute," which will be as popular as the "Village Blacksmith." Monsieur Jules Lefort sang with perfect taste "Le Vallon" of Gounod, the music of which is worthy of Lamartine's admirable words. Miss Louisa Pyne gave "I [illegible] per me," a concert piece jointly composed by MM. Benedict and De Beriot, in her own perfect manner. Signor Gustave Garcia showed that he is rapidly improving as a singer, in "Bella siccome un angelo." Miss Ada Jackson, a young lady of good promise, sang a song by Roeckel, utterly worthy of her attention; and Mr. George Perren exhibited his smooth and fluid style in "Pria che spunti" (*Il Matrimonio Segreto*) and a setting of "I arise from dreams of thee," by Mr. Salaman, which is not the last of the many attempts to illustrate those beautiful words with music. Mdlle. Enequist sang with wonderful verve and finesse two Swedish national songs, which are interesting specimens from a field almost unknown to English explorers. The splendid voice of Madame Vilda, the singing of Signor Bandini, who so [illegible] manages and emphasises the [illegible] separate registers of his voice, and the assimilated volubility of Signor Ciampi represented the operatic interest. And, lastly, a word of special commendation for Madame Arabella Goddard and her performance in the two movements of the Kreutzer Sonata. Her playing of that work is a household word with us now; and our liking for the composition and the playing increases with every hearing. Her playing of the "Masaniello" *fantasia* was an instance of the splendid execution of which she is mistress—peerless and alone. The room was filled with the brilliant audience which the talents and popularity of the concert-givers always draw together.

Thirsty How.

PESTH.—A five-act opera, *Zrinyi*, by Herr von Adelburg, will shortly be produced.—From the fact of Liszt's *Coronation Mass* being [illegible] out in Vienna, and of the Imperial Orchestra being informed that it will have to come here, it is concluded that the work will be executed by the orchestras of Vienna and Pesth together. There is a report that it is already decided the Abbé Composer shall conduct the work himself. From what has already oozed out respecting it, it would seem, though much more concisely treated than the *Gran Mass*, to be characterised by the breadth of its ideas, its [illegible] lucidity and its grand conception—at least so say the German papers. In a confidential letter to a friend—which that friend, however, has himself made public, [illegible] read it surreptitiously—Liszt designates the work as the essence of the dogmatic treatment first adopted in the *Gran Mass*.

"THE NOBLE MORINGER."

("*From the "Era."*)

Mr. Marcellus Higgs gave a very long but very interesting concert at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening last. His operetta, in two acts, and entitled *The Noble Moringer*, constituted the first part, and clearly entitled Mr. Higgs to be a composer of no mean talent. He is thoroughly conversant with orchestration, and nowhere throughout the operetta is there the least evidence of crudity or an imperfect command of the technicalities of his art. He has treated the romantic subject developed through the libretto in a congenial spirit, and, in a general sense, the work is a highly satisfactory evidence of his capacity as a composer in the difficult field of the musical drama. As a melodist, Mr. Higgs also appears to very considerable advantage, while his knowledge of combinations, both vocal and instrumental, is not to be questioned for a moment. Mr. Higgs's friends as a matter of course mustered in force and applauded his music to the echo; but upon its own simple merits the operetta may safely stand, for it is the work of a musician, and evidently wrought up with patient care. The overture is especially good, and for the execution of the work Mr. Higgs had gathered together a thoroughly efficient orchestra. The libretto, by "Amicus," is mostly well written, and is founded on Sir Walter Scott's translation of an old German ballad, extracted from a MS. Chronicle of Nicolaus Thomann, bearing the date 1533. "Amicus" has made certain alterations and additions, and to aid the composer has given a degree of prominence to the supernatural interest. It is, perhaps, for [illegible] that this result was taken, for some of the best passages in Mr. Higgs's work are those relating to the personages of the spirit world. The briefest sketch of the plot will suffice to show how well the theme is suited for musical treatment. The noble Moringer, a Bohemian Baron (Mr. J. G. Patey) sets out on a pilgrimage, leaving his wife the Lady Rosalie (Miss Louisa Pyne) in charge of his Esquire, the young Marstetten (Mr. W. H. Cummings). The Baron has [illegible] vowed to be absent seven years and a day, and takes his departure [illegible]. The result to be anticipated follows, and Marstetten and his master's spouse fall in love with each other. The [illegible] honestly express [illegible] people begin to talk, and the susceptible Rosalie, awaking to a sense of propriety, banishes the infatuating Esquire. That fond youth, however, with a perversity common to passionate natures, will not give up his pursuit of the mistaken Moringer's wife, and spreads a report that the absent knight is dead. Rumour (Mr. Lawler), sedulously [illegible] "a thousand mouthed [illegible]," assists in deceiving the credulous Bohemians, and the Moringer, dreaming in the Holy Land, becomes aware of his wife's intended marriage with Marstetten. No time is to be lost, and by the help of Trancea, the Goddess of Dreams (Miss Louisa Pyne), the Shade of St. Thomas (Mr. Lawler), and Morpheus (Mr. Carter) the pilgrim is landed in Bohemia just in time to prevent the intended bigamy. He discovers himself by dropping a ring in a loving cup, and so completely forgives Marstetten, who confesses his treachery and requests the Moringer to take his head in retaliation, that the Baron is not vindictive, and instead of decapitating Marstetten, presents him with his daughter the Lady Una (Madame Patey Whytock) for a wife. The Chamberlain delivers the moral, and the final chorus immediately follows. The last act contains a well written quartet, and the best chorus in the operetta, "Swiftly, [illegible]." One of the passages in the overture is heard in Trancea's solo "I'm summoned from the land of dreams," and another in the chorus "The moon hath left the Baron's bower." A humming chorus, "Sleep from the [illegible]," brightly accompanied with the [illegible], is introduced immediately before Marstetten vows his lady's life. A duet for the tenor and soprano, extremely well written, is included in this scene. The Chamberlain's solo, "Like the dawn of the [illegible]," [illegible] good [illegible] of Mr. Higgs's clever scoring. Miss Louisa Pyne, with her usual good effect, sang, a second time, the romance "I had a vision," and Mr. J. G. Patey was encored in the prayer "O blessed Saint." Mr. W. H. Cummings sang the air "O would that the Moringer [illegible] had [illegible]," with such vigour that a repetition became inevitable. Mr. G. T. Carter doubled as the Miller and Morpheus, and Mr. F. Walker sang the music of Morpheus. In consequence of the time occupied with the operetta, Mr. Higgs begged the indulgence of the audience for Miss Pyne, who was to have sung in the second part. Madame Patey Whytock sang Hullah's "The Storm." Mr. Cummings gave his own "Homeward bound." Mr. Edward Howell played a violoncello solo. Mdlle. Anna Mehlig performed Weber's "Concertstück," and a rather peculiar rendering of Herold's *Pré aux Clercs* overture terminated the concert at half past eleven.

FLORENCE.—Haydn's *Sieben Letzte Worte* was lately performed with such success that it had to be repeated shortly afterwards.

MEYERBEER'S *Africaine* has been given with great success in Strasburg and Berlin.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

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Programme.

GRAND SONATA, in G minor (Didone abbandonata) And ... Clementi.
SARABANDE, GAVOTTE, BOUREE, MENUET and GIGUE, from "Suite Française" in E major ... S. Bach.
FANTASIA SONATA in G, Op. 78 ... Schubert.
GRAND SONATA, Pianoforte and Violoncello, in A major, Op. 69 ... Beethoven.
NOVELLETTEN, Nos. 1 and 4, in F major and D major, from Op. 21 (first time) ... Schumann.

Pianoforte ... Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.
Violoncello ... Signor PIATTI.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

[Translations from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.]

ON SOME PASSAGES WHICH ARE PROBABLY CORRUPT IN THE WORKS OF BACH, MOZART AND BEETHOVEN. (1841.)

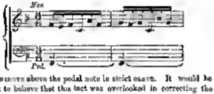
[N.B.—Many of the corrections suggested in this paper have been made in recent editions. In particular the emendation of the *Pastoral Symphony* turns out to be in accordance with the original manuscript, and has been adopted in the new edition of Breitkopf and Härtel. But the remarks are still full of interest as very characteristic of Schumann's critical sagacity, and his jealousy for the honour and accuracy of his favourite composers, as well as of his eagerness to give Mendelssohn every credit.—*Translator.*]

TO discuss *all* such passages, even were they known, would probably require whole folios. Surely the great masters, in their seats above, must often smile when they catch the sound of some of their works with all the faults which time and prescription, not to say gross care, have allowed to stand. I have for long intended to speak of some things in the published works of the three great composers mentioned above, and at the same time to request all musicians and lovers of music to test my corrections, and where possible, confirm them by reference to the original MSS. Though, in truth, the originals themselves must often be inaccurate. No composer can take his oath that his MS. is absolutely faultless. For nothing is more natural than that among the thousands of dancing dots which he has often to put down in the shortest span of time, a dozen or two should find their way to the wrong side of the lines; indeed composers have been known to write down the maddest harmonies.

Still, the original MS. must always remain the ultimate authority, and I trust that all who possess the autographs of the passages I am about to mention will be good enough to compare them with the printed text, and communicate the result to me. In some cases, indeed, the blunders are so obvious as not to require comparison with the originals.

They are to be found most frequently in the works of Sebastian Bach, particularly in the ancient* editions. It would be a meritorious operation, though certainly a tedious one, if some thoroughly competent person would undertake to collate all the printed works of Bach. A good beginning has already been made, though it is confined as yet to the compositions for Clavier.† To examine *The well tempered Clavier* alone, with reference to its numerous variations (many, no doubt, by Bach himself) would fill a volume.

I proceed to mention one or two cases of such errors. In the great organ Toccata and Fugue in F the two parts in the



manuals move above the pedal note in strict canon. It would be difficult to believe that this fact was overlooked in correcting the proofs, if it were not that the present edition contains a number of notes which the canon shows to be incorrect. Similar oversights appear by comparing the parallel passages in pages 4 and 5. These it is easy to correct; but there is another place in the same piece which is much harder to unravel. Every one remembers the great pedal solo in this Toccata. Well! a comparison with the parallel passage—where it occurs in the fourth below—shows that a swarm of errors have crept in. On page 4 two whole bars are wanting between the third and fourth bars, which are found in the corresponding passage on page 5 (line 6, bars two and three). Here the autograph alone can decide. If, as is probable, it is in possession of Herr Hauser of Vienna, I entreat him to make the comparison. No one will undervalue the wish to restore so extraordinary a work as this to its authentic form. To leave it as it is, is like leaving a rent in a picture, or a leaf missing in a favourite book.

Another remarkable case, which an inspection of the original MS. would equally decide, is to be found in the *Art of Fugue*. The whole of the fourteenth Fugue (four pages long) is a repetition of the tenth. (Compare page 30 of Peters' edition.) How can this have come about? Bach can hardly have written four pages identical note for note with another four in the same work! In Nägeli's score-edition, at any rate, the two fugues are printed alike, and it is only by recollecting the uniformity of both key and subject throughout the whole work that we can explain how the repetition can have remained so long unobserved.

But while one is enjoying Bach's harmonies, it is impossible to think of errors or anything else. And thus it happened that for years I had overlooked a misprint in a fugue of his with which I was very familiar until it was pointed out to me by a musician who has the eyes of a perfect eagle (Mendelssohn). The fugue in E minor on a truly wonderful subject, the opening of which in Haslinger's edition (No. 8) stands thus:—

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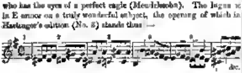
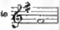
* Schumann's remarks were made before the publication of the new and admirable edition of Bach's organ works by Griepenkerl and Roitsch, and refer to the ancient editions of Peters, Simrock, &c.

† The allusion is to the then new edition of Peters—*Compositions pour le Pianoforte, sans et avec accompagnement, par Jean Sebastien Bach. Édition nouvelle* [illegible] *par F. C. Griepenkerl,* [illegible] *Leipzig, C. F. Peters*—which was commenced in 1838 or '39, and was a vast advance on any former publications. The task of a complete critical edition of Bach, however, was reserved for the *Bach-Gesellschaft* of Leipzig, by whom it has been since undertaken, and is being carried on in the most accurate and splendid manner.



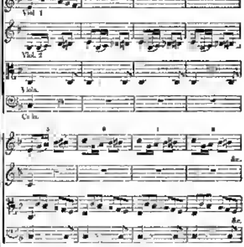
Add between the fourth and fifth bars the single note  and everything is at once made right. About this there can be no doubt.

I will now mention some cases which will probably be found more interesting than the above, of errors existing in works which are constantly being played and listened to without a shadow of suspicion. I must ask my readers to place the score before them, because it is impossible to form a correct judgment without careful examination, while to print the passage here would take up too much room.

The first place which I will challenge is in Mozart's G minor Symphony—a work of which every note is pure gold, and every movement a treasure; and yet it will hardly be believed that four whole bars have forced their way into the *Andante*, which, to my firm belief, have no business there. After bar 29 (not reckoning the quaver at the beginning) there is a passage of four bars, modulating from D♭ major to B♭ minor, and repeated in the next four bars with simpler instrumentation—a thing it is impossible for Mozart to have intended. In fact, it is obviously impossible on account of the connection of the thirty-second and thirty-third bars, which is both unlike Mozart and clumsy, and which cannot fail to strike any musician on the most casual hearing. The question is, Which of the two passages should be sacrificed—the first or the second? At first sight the decision would probably be in favour of retaining the first, on the ground of the artistic intention implied in the gradual entrance of the wind instruments, and their *crescendo* to the *forte*. But the other passage, the adoption of which would necessitate the removal of bars 29 to 32 (after which all the instruments join in the climax *forte*), strikes me as far easier in the flow of the parts, clearer and simpler, and at the same time not wanting in climax. The same redundant four bars are found at the recurrence of the passage in the second part, where it is necessary to expunge bars 48 to 50 from the double bar. How this mistake was introduced can only be seen from the original score, which is in the possession of Herr Hofrath André. The most feasible explanation is that the passage first stood as I propose that it should; that Mozart then re-instrumented it more fully and stuck it into the score; and lastly that he returned to his former mind, but forgot to erase the second version. It is very desirable that other musicians should state their views on this important passage, and, after coming to an agreement, should do all in their power to have the *Andante* so edited in future in the way already named. It would be a great boon if the publishers would enclose the redundant bars in parenthesis, and add a short remark stating the reasons for so doing. I am told that in the Conservatoire at Paris the four bars are always omitted, and Mendelssohn has long since expressed himself in favour of so doing.

I shall conclude by mentioning some places in Beethoven's Symphonies, which a single glance is almost enough to show are mere errors of the copyist. Of one of these I have spoken elsewhere.* It is at the close of the first movement of the B flat Symphony (No. 4), and consists in this, that the three bars *ff* (eight bars from the end) are obviously one too many. The oversight would easily arise from the exact similarity of the notes in all the parts.—Even Beethoven himself might have passed it over.

But that we should have listened quietly year after year to the following passage in the *Pastoral Symphony* (which indeed stands so in the score) is all but inexplicable, except on the recollection that the magic of Beethoven's music is so great as to take away the power of either hearing or reflecting. In the first movement, the printed 8vo score (page 35, beginning at the third bar) stands exactly as follows:—



Suppose now that in place of the sudden rests in the first violin we substitute nine 7 marks Surely this will sound both different and better! The justice of the change is confirmed by bar five of my extract, where the reverse has taken place, the violas having to do what before was given to the first violins. In fact, it must be so. Either the copyist has mistaken the small marks for rests, or some sprite has got into the music. Ries relates how furious Beethoven once became at a place in the *Eroica Symphony* which Ries (with the best intentions) had altered.* I believe that if Beethoven had ever really heard the *Pastoral Symphony* as published, it would have fared as badly with orchestra and conductor at this place as it did with Ries in the *Eroica*.

Enough for the present. I trust that the foregoing remarks will be taken into serious consideration by many of my readers.

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* The passage referred to is as follows: "11th Oct., 1846.—The Symphony was Beethoven's No. 4, the loveliness of which made that extraordinary effect that all Beethoven's do, though this is, perhaps, the finest of them all. After it was over I was reminded by a master of the art that the end of the first movement is obviously a *bar too long*. Compare the score, page 61, bars 2, 3 and 4. Owing to the exact similarity of these bars in all the parts, an error is quite possible on the part of the copyist, or even of the composer; and when once finished Beethoven probably never troubled himself further about a work. I beseech the possessor of the original MS. to look into the matter, if only for love.

* This is not exactly correct. The allusion is to the famous passage in the opening movement where Ries, at the first rehearsal, thought the horn player had come in a bar too soon, for which he was well abused by Beethoven, and narrowly escaped a box on the ears.

The best way of showing reverence for our great masters must surely be to endeavour to remove from their works all the blemishes with which errors or chance have disfigured them. With such a feeling alone have the above lines been written.

"DIE GESCHÖPFE DES PROMETHEUS."

"UP to the present time no one has been able to find the libretto of this ballet." With these words even A. W. Thayer, one of the most indefatigable and conscientious authors who have made Beethoven's works their study, is compelled to conclude in his *Verzeichniss der Werke Beethoven's*, published in 1865, what he has to tell us concerning the above production. We have thus been hitherto obliged to content ourselves exclusively with the scanty information afforded by the bills of the first performance found by L. von Sonnleithner. Last summer, however, I became the purchaser of an old book which contains a tolerably complete account of the Ballet in question. The title of this rare volume, a monography, in the Italian language, of the life and choreodramatic productions of Salvatore Viganò is: *Commentarii della Vita e delle Opere coreodrammatiche di Salvatore Viganò, etc. da Carlo Ritorni Reggiano* (*Milano*, 1838), grand octavo, pp. 413. On the last page of the book we are informed that only 506 copies were struck off altogether; five were printed on tinted paper (*in carta colorata*), two being intended for libraries, one for Viganò's heirs, and one each for the author and his collaborator, Sig. Cav. [illegible]. The remaining five hundred were numbered in succession. The copy in my possession bears the number 147. These facts satisfactorily account for the information which the book affords concerning the Ballet of *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* remaining practically unknown. The ballet-masters, the persons principally interested in the story, would be the less likely, when reading it, to think of Beethoven, as the Master's name is not mentioned even once by Ritorni; while musicians, on the other hand, supposing they happened to see the book, would probably have merely glanced at it, and then laid it aside, as not belonging to their department. It is, therefore, very likely that there now exist but very few copies of this monography, which is in many respects highly interesting. In it we find, at page 47, the following programme to Viganò's *Kleiner Prometheus*—as the Italians called the first act Ballet produced on the 28th March, 1801, in Vienna, with Beethoven's music, in contradistinction to the six-act (grand) *Prometheus* which Viganò brought out, in the year 1813, at Milan:—

Die Menschen des Prometheus, oder die Macht der Musik und des Tanzes. Pursued by the lightning-flashing wrath of heaven, Prometheus comes running out of the wood to his clay figures. He hastily places near their hearts the divine torch. While, after completing his work, he sits down exhausted upon a rock, the two statues, one male and the other female, are endowed with life and motion. Prometheus, recovering himself, contemplates them with ecstasy, and advances to greet them with paternal love. He sees how no awakening in them of feeling indicative of reason; on the contrary, they allow themselves to fall unconcernedly on the ground, and direct their course to a high tree (Was this intended to represent the oak which supplied the first human beings with their indispensable nourishment?). Prometheus has again recourse to persuasion and caresses, but his statues do not understand him, become wearied, and at last are about to depart, turning and turning round uneasily. The Titan, grieved at this, now tries threats. As these, however, are of no more avail than kindness, he grows enraged, and is on the point of destroying his handiwork. A higher inward voice, however, restrains him, and suddenly adopting a new plan, he takes hold of the two statues and drags them away with him.

The second act plays on Parnassus. Apollo, the Muses, the Graces, Bacchus and Pan, with their followers, Amphion, and Orion (the presence of the three last named, as they were human beings but of a later period, is certainly a bold anachronism) form a picturesque group. The choreographer here expressly forbids music and dancing (probably only during the tableau?). Prometheus introduces his children to the God, in order that the latter may enable them to practise art and science. At a sign from Apollo, Euterpe, supported by Amphion, begins to play. At the sound, the two beings give the first manifestations of reason and reflection. They recognize the beauty of Nature, and experience human emotion. Orion and Orpheus strengthen the harmony by their stringed instruments, and, at last, Apollo himself joins in. The statues move hither and thither, and, coming before Prometheus, recognize in him the object of their gratitude and love, fall at his feet, and passionately embrace each other. Hereupon, Terpsichore advances with the Graces, then come Bacchus with his Bacchantes, who execute an heroic dance, more appropriate, by the way, to the followers of Mars. The children of Prometheus can no longer resist the longing for fame, and, after snatching up some weapons, are about to take part in the dance. Melpomene, however, steps between them, and, to their affright, represents a tragic scene, by showing with her dagger how death puts an end to the life of man. In the midst of their alarm, the Muse turns to their Father, who also is dismayed, and reproaches him with having created the unhappy beings for such a [illegible]. She considers it, moreover, her duty to punish him with death, and stabs him with her dagger, while his loving children in vain endeavour to hold her back. Thalia interrupts the struggle with a joyous scene, holding her mask before the two weeping creatures. Pan, too, at the head of the Fauns, who execute a comic dance, recalls the lifeless Prometheus to existence. The whole concludes with festive dances.

That the last part of the action deserves to be designated as devoid of taste, if not ridiculous, needs no lengthy demonstration. Even Ritorni himself, who has, as a rule, only words of praise for Viganò, says:—

"This conclusion in no way corresponds with the serious nature of the subject, etc."

He adds, however, by way of excuse:—

"The work before us was probably meant only as a scenic divertimento (*tema d'occasione*), in which it was not wished to employ extensive scenery, machinery, etc."

To assign the proper place for each separate piece of Beethoven's music in the programme now given—as far as I know, *for the first time*—from Ritorni's book, is the less difficult, because most of the pieces are distinguished by marked character, and the less characteristic ones (such, for instance, as 13, 14, and 15), are to be included in the category of festive dances.

◆

SPEAKING of the time he passed in Vienna with the composer of *Der Freischütz*, Holtei says:—"What a powerful attraction the old Leopoldstadt Theatre, with Schuster, Korntheuer, Raimund, Sartori, Mesdames Ennöckl, Huber, Krones, etc., possessed for him, may easily be imagined. And how pleased were those with him because he was pleased! What never-to-be-forgotten evenings were passed in witnessing *Faust's Zaubermantel, Bürger in Wien, Aline, Fiaker als Marquis, Leopoldstag*, and all the other roaring farces, whatever their names, the like of which take place no longer, because—yes, because the old mighty humour is wanting above and below, on the stage as well as in the pit. If the Theatre had no charms for us, we used to drive out into the country, and enter some village public-house, always sure of obtaining wine, baked 'Händels,' and Spanish radishes. Without the latter Carl Maria could not get on. He was, however, most moderate in his eating, being led to adopt a system of abstinence partly by bodily infirmity and partly by the preponderance of intellect over matter in his nature. There were only two things of which he was so fond as to be ever hankering for them: Ice and—Spanish radishes. He used to classify matters as follows: 'First comes Heaven, then, according to my conviction, music ought to come, but, I cannot help it, first comes the radish; that takes precedence—then, and not till then, comes music, then love, and then every thing else.'—'But fame,' said my Wife, enquiringly, 'fame, Weber?'—'Not to be compared with Spanish radish!' he replied, so seriously, that anyone might have fancied he really meant what he said. It was in this that lay the secret of the power every joke of his exercised over his hearers; his jokes were not merely uttered without a smile, but bore the stamp of convincing truth. And, indeed, in what else should consist that which we call humour, than in this mixture of bitter folly and joking melancholy? Was it not this very humour which shortly before his journey to London, caused the poor fellow to say: 'I feel inclined to jump out of my skin whenever any one inquires, no matter in how friendly a manner, after the state of my health. As though he did not know it long before supposing he takes any interest in me, the ass! I used to reply regularly to this kind of question: How am I? O, very well, except that I am suffering from bronchitis, but that is of no consequence, my dear patron!'"

"THE ALFRED MELLON MEMORIAL FUND."

At a meeting held in the Hanover Square Rooms, Edward James, Esq., Q.C., M.P., in the chair, it was proposed by Jules Benedict, Esq., seconded by E. J. Fraser, Esq., and carried unanimously: "That in consideration of the eminent talent displayed by the late Mr. Alfred Mellon as one of the best and most popular of English orchestral conductors, this meeting is of opinion that a fitting memorial should be erected to his memory, and hereby pledges itself to use its utmost endeavours to carry out this object." Moved by Charles Salaman, Esq., seconded by Frederic Ledger, Esq.: "That this meeting resolve itself into a committee (with power to add to its number) for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to be devoted to the erection of a memorial to the memory of the late Mr. Alfred Mellon; that Jules Benedict, Esq., be requested to become treasurer, and E. W. Roma, Esq., sub treasurer; that C. G. Verrinder, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon., be requested to undertake the duty of honorary secretary, and that an account be opened at 'The Union Bank,' at 4, Argyle Place, Regent Street, W., in aid of the Alfred Mellon Memorial Fund."

FIRST LIST OF COMMITTEE.

Arditi, L., Esq.
Benedict, Jules, Esq. (*Treasurer*)
Child, George, Esq.
Coote, Charles, Esq.
Davison, J. W., Esq.
Fraser, E. J., Esq.
Godefroi, S. H., Esq.
Huggins, Henry, Esq.
James, Edward, Esq., Q.C., M.P.
Joy, John, Esq.
Ledger, Frederic, Esq.
Martin, G. W., Esq.
Mundell, W., Esq., Q.C.
Murray, Edward, Esq.
Nicholson, D., Esq.
Pawle, J. D., Esq.
Pittman, Josiah, Esq.
Reeves, J. Sims, Esq.
Richardson, Charles, Esq.
Roma, E. W., Esq. (*Sub-Treasurer*)
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Santley, Charles, Esq.
Sargood, Augustine, Esq.
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Taylor, E. J., Esq.
Toole, J. L., Esq.
Verrinder, C. G., Esq.
(Hon. Sec., &c., &c.)
Weiss, W. H., Esq.

Immediate subscriptions are respectfully solicited, and may be paid to any of the above-named gentlemen; "The Union Bank," 4, Argyle Place, Regent Street, W., to the credit of "The Alfred Mellon Memorial Fund;" or to the honorary secretary, C. G. Verrinder, Esq., 19 High Street, Manchester Square, W. N.B. —Many subscriptions have been already received, a list of which will be shortly announced.

[Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., publishers of the *Musical World*, will be happy to take charge of any subscriptions towards the same object from their country readers.]

MR. CHARLES FOWLER has arrived in town for the season, and has announced his Pianoforte Recital for the last week in June, at which he is to perform, in conjunction with Mdlle. Simias, his *sonata duo* for the piano and soprano voice. This is a novelty in musical composition.

MR. G. W. MARTIN'S prize glees, national part-songs, &c., will be given at Exeter Hall on Wednesday next, by his Prize Glee Choir, assisted by the ladies and gentlemen of the National Choral Society. Madame Arabella Goddard has been engaged as solo pianist.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The great Flower Show of the season takes place to-day. The Fireworks on Thursday evening were magnificent, and, notwithstanding the cold May weather, an immense success.

PARIS.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

SIR,—When I write to the editor of the *Musical World* I am at a loss to know to whom my communication is directed. At one time I fancy I am addressing Dishley Peters, Esq.; at another, Mr. Coventry Fish; or Paul Moss; or Butcher Baker or Baker Butcher; or, Butcher Baker Butcher; or Tidbury How; or Bashi Bazook; or I. Duff Short; or, S. P. Fable; or Stephen Round; or Shaver Silver; or Chicker Roores; or Flamborough Head (Bart.); or that facetious three-named gentleman—Hebrew, Christian and Sir—whose appellatives might be appropriately abbreviated into the title A. Double S. This last-named humourist has attempted to be funny at my expense. In my bitter epistle despatched from Paris, which appeared in Saturday's *Musical World*, it seems that the latter part has been lost, or it may be, feloniously put aside. Instead of sundry paragraphs, narrating items of Parisian news, there appeared two rows of asterisks, supplemented by a supposition and a hope from the pen of Mr. Abraham Sadoke Silent, otherwise, A. Double S., to the effect that I had gone to sleep while writing the letter, and praying that my slumbers might be long and refreshing. Thanking the learned Abraham for his wish, I must repudiate altogether his supposition, and, denying *in toto* that the asterisks are either substitutes or apologies, protest that I cannot see any wit in his remarks.

One of the items of the lost news that I sent you last week, was an account of the Musical and Literary *Soirée* of Madame Ernst, wife of the great violinist, which had been especially consecrated to the memory of her husband, and which was crowned with eminent success. In the selection were given two posthumous quartets of Ernst, and his last compositions, which were magnificently executed by MM. Joachim, Colblain, Mass and Jacquard. Joachim played the famous *Elégie*, creating a perfect "furore," and with Madame Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss), one of the *Pensées fugitives* of Ernst and Stephen Heller, which was received with hardly less enthusiasm. Madame Joachim sang a lied by Schubert, and a *chanson* by Ernst; and Madame Ernst recited, with thrilling effect, the "Pauvres Gens," of Victor Hugo, and the "Stances to Malibran," by Alfred de Musset. Joachim is just now in immense request at the French capital.

In one of my recent letters I mentioned to you something about a rival of M. Gounod's, who had written an opera on the subject of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. Well, this opera, which is entitled *Les Amants de Verone*, and the words and music of which have been written and composed by a man of fashion—a marquis, M. le Marquis d'Troy, who passes under the pseudonyme of Richard Yrvid,—was recently tried, at least, some fragments of it, in the little theatre at the house of M. Duprez, whose children and pupils sang the music. As a matter of course, everything was applauded and the author-composer warmly congratulated.

I perceive that that great pet of the English public, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, has been offending the whole of Austria and Germany. The celebrated Hungarian *prima donna* first quarrelled with M. Salvi, manager of the Viennese Theatre, on the score that he, M. Salvi, wanted to lower her terms. It is well known that M. Salvi is even a greater theatrical economist than he is a diplomatist. But the disagreement between Mdlle. de Murska and the director of the Viennese opera did not preclude her fulfilling an engagement elsewhere. It appears that the capricious songstress had contracted with the manager of the Hambourg Theatre to give a series of representations. She has failed in her agreement, and the result is that she is interdicted by the Committee of the German Dramatic Association—as *Contractbrüchig*, refractory towards the theatre of Hambourg—from appearing at any theatre in Fatherland. The young lady, therefore, must look to England, France, and Italy for her future support.

I am delighted to find that Madame Marietta Piccolomini has recovered from her long and dangerous illness, and is about to give some representations at the Pergola Theatre in Florence. She will make her first appearance as the heroine in Pacini's *Saffo*. These performances will be given exclusively for the benefit of unemployed workmen.

The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* announces that, by order of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, the Italian Opera of St. Petersburg will reopen on the 1st of September next. His Excellency

Count Borch, director of the Imperial Theatres, has been empowered to reorganise the company, orchestral, vocal, and terpsichorean.

I am sorry to say there is nothing new to tell you about the Parisian Operatic Theatres. *The Africaine* and *Don Carlos* hold their own at the Grand Opéra; *Roméo et Juliette* gains new friends and new opponents with every representation at the Théâtre-Lyrique; and the *Étoile du Nord* is promised incontinently at the Opéra Comique.

A young Spanish American pianist, by name Theresa Carreño, whose age is said to be only sixteen—every new female pianist is that age—has, if we believe the French journals, "come out strong," recently, at Erard's rooms. Vigour and energy are said to be her specialities, and power of finger her great desideratum. Her exuberant nature, it is said, is too powerful, and her expression too lofty for the interpretation of the music of the classic masters. Good! MONTAGUE SHOOT.

Paris, May 22nd.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Owing to the indisposition of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, there have been no novelties this week. *Faust e Margherita* was given on Monday, *Masaniello* on Tuesday, *L'Africaine* on Thursday. Last night *Don Giovanni* was promised, but another opera, we are informed, was substituted, Mdlle. Patti being still indisposed. To-night *Fra Diavolo*.]

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday night a new singer, Mdlle. Giaconi, made her appearance as Lucrezia Borgia and was well received. Signor Mongini (in splendid voice) was Gennaro, Signor Gassier the Duke, and Madame Trebelli Bettini, with a voice richer in quality and a method of singing more admirable than ever. Madame Trebelli was received, as she deserved, with enthusiasm. She next appeared as Urbain in a remarkably good performance of the *Huguenots* (Tuesday) and was received with equal manifestations of favour. This time Signor Mongini played Raoul, and created a genuine *furore* in the great duet with Valentine (Tietjens). On Thursday Signor Mongini appeared as Pollio in *Norma*—Norma, Mdlle. Tietjens, and Adalgisa, Mdlle. Sinico. Of these performances we shall speak at length. To night *Faust*, and Signor Gardoni's first appearance.

COMING THICK.—Yesterday there were three concerts of real importance besides others of real unimportance. The really important were Herr Pauer's Concert (at 3) in the Hanover Square Rooms, Mr Hallé's second "Recital" (at 3), in St. James's Hall, and Mr Henry Leslie's Choir (at 8—Director's night), in St. James's Hall. Dr Shoot attended the first, Mr Gadd the second, Dr Beard the third, and Mr Egg all three. So that we shall be furnished with full accounts next week.

CHELTENHAM.—Mr Ricardo Linter's "Recital" in the Montpellier Rotunda, last week, was attended by the rank and fashion of Cheltenham and the neighbourhood. The esteem in which this excellent professor is held contributed quite as much as his well known abilities as a pianist to such a gratifying result. Mr Linter played selections from the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c., as well as some original compositions of his own, confirming in all respects his audience in their high opinion of his talents. Mrs Linter assisted her husband by singing several pieces in the course of the evening. This lady possesses a most agreeable voice, and genuine feeling no less than artistic execution characterises her singing. The encore awarded to her in an Italian canzone was as hearty as it was well merited.

[illegible] INSTITUTION.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Miss Edith Herand read at this Institution to a crowded audience on Monday evening last. The president, Mr W. Lovell, jun., occupied the chair. The reading was from *Macbeth*, and Miss Herand gave an analyzed yet complete *résumé* of the play. She possesses all the qualities of a successful declaimer, now impressing by her power, now charming by her quiet grace. She held the audience captive to the end. The president, in thanking Miss Herand, stated that this was one of most successful entertainments ever given in the institution.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO DR GAUNTLETT.

SIR,—On Monday last the precocious boys, Le Jeune, made what may be considered their first appearance before a metropolitan audience. Till then they had exhibited their precocious gifts only to local or limited gatherings, but with such unvarying success that a more public display was merely a question of time; and the announcement of an invitation to musical London to hear them on the great Exeter Hall organ was accepted as a matter of course. How promptly and generally musical London responded to that invitation must have surprised even those best acquainted with the interest the boys have excited. Shortly after the proceedings commenced the area of the hall, the gallery, and a large portion of the orchestra were crammed with an enthusiastic and appreciative audience, whose reception of the small performers, when they were led on to the platform, was marked by almost affectionate warmth. No doubt the sight of two little fellows in knickerbockers climbing the heights of the orchestra towards the towering machine they had to put into harmonious action was, as well as novel and interesting, calculated to make the audience sensible of a paternal feeling which rendered still more hearty the figurative patting on the head they were predisposed to give. After hearing the boys play I am bound to express an opinion that no patting on the head, figurative or other, could be too hearty for their merits. Rumour has in no degree exaggerated the abilities they possess—abilities which are not only wonderful for their years, but which put to shame the acquirements even of men of mark. It must be remembered that the organ music the Le Jeunes play, and play from memory, is in great part nothing less than the preludes and fugues of Bach. Had they come before the public at their age with comparatively easy transcriptions, with works of the free school like those of Wély and Batiste, or with the more organic compositions of Hesse, Rinck, and André, they would not have failed to create a sensation. But, while mastering all these, they have gone far beyond, and are able to play Bach's most severe and most difficult works with a consummate ease and precision which are truly marvellous. The merit of this ability can only be estimated by inquiring how many organists ripe in years can play a fugue by Bach to the satisfaction of a critical audience. We hear a good many attempt the feat, because a greater or less familiarity with the immortal "forty-eight" is indispensable, but even a passable success is rarely attained. In most cases the fugue degenerates into a muddle of sounds, for the old Leipsic master is fiercely exacting, and if not rendered with intelligence becomes at once unintelligible. This was not the case on Monday night. In the hands of the childish players he was easy of comprehension, every device of the many devices in which he delighted coming out with a distinctness leaving nothing to be wished for. I confess that it is this ability to cope with the most subtle difficulty of the most difficult of fugues that impresses me in the greatest degree. The mental grasp of these boys must be as precociously strong as their fingers and feet are precociously agile. But in point of fact their executive powers are scarcely less remarkable. I listened carefully to the pedalling of Master Arthur Le Jeune throughout the fugue in G minor without detecting a single error, and the same precision was observable in the case of his brother. After this it is scarcely necessary to say that the manual work was got through with equal correctness, or that the touch of both the boys was as *legato* as the most exacting [illegible] could require. If ever the fiat of nature with regard to a man's career was made plain it is so in this case,—these Le Jeune boys are born musicians. As a matter of course their second performance excited less sensation, although it was in itself sufficiently remarkable. A movement from Hummel's grand *duo* in A flat being especially well done. A very interesting feature in the proceedings was the presentation to each boy of a set of Bach's organ works. This appropriate gift was appropriately handed over to them by Mr E. J. Hopkins (himself one of our cleverest organists), on behalf of the ladies and gentlemen who subscribed to it, and who wished thus to testify admiration for the boys' abilities, and a kindly interest in their welfare. It only remains to be hoped that the future of these promising children will be in keeping with the brilliant present, and that, in these case emphatically, in the case of each of them, the boy may prove to be "the father to the man."—I am Sir, with every wish to understand your theory about Gregorianism, your most grateful admirer, THADDEUS EGG.

King and Beard, May 24.

TO ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, Esq.

SIR,—The following are the opinions of some of the Paris papers on *Roméo et Juliette*, the latest work of the composer of *Faust* and *Mireille*:

"*Faust* will always be Gounod's greatest and most perfect work; the new opera, however, is a most worthy pendant to it, and must infallibly open for M. Gounod the doors of the Grand Opéra."—*Le Moniteur*.

"This work will assuredly be ranked as one of the most poetic conceptions of the present day."—*Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

"The grand breath of Shakspeare pervades the work."—*Le Ménestrel*.

"The score of *Roméo et Juliette* is a masterpiece, in the most comprehensive sense of the word; that is, a perfect work of its kind."—*La France Musicale*.

"*Roméo* is the modern opera *par excellence*. M. Gounod has found melodies in no way inferior, as regards originality and power, to those of *Faust*."—*Le Messager des Théâtres*.

"*Roméo et Juliette* will make the round of the world."—*La Presse Musicale*.

"Despite the merit of *Faust*, it is hard to say whether that work contains beauties equal to those in the last two acts of the new opera."—*Le Temps*.

"*Roméo* strikes me as far superior to *Faust*."—*L'Esprit Nouveau*.

"*Roméo et Juliette* is a complete success, such as does not often occur in the artistic world!"—*La Chronique Musicale*.

"*Roméo et Juliette* is a collection of misty phenomena. *Faust* will always be Gounod's magnum opus, on which his reputation will be exclusively based."—*L'Art Musical*.

"On any other stage than that of the Théâtre-Lyrique M. Gounod would not have met with a quarter of the success he has achieved."—*La Semaine Musicale*.

"To sum up, there is a great deal of emptiness, a great deal of monotony, great poverty of musical and dramatic inspiration, and a sensible deficiency of passion and originality in this long score, which, though certainly somewhat better than that of *Mireille*, appears little worthy of the noble Shakspearian subject."—*L'Opinion Nationale*.

"Grand, [illegible]."—*Le Siècle*.

"May difference of opinion," etc.—I am Sir, (enchanted with your *Cox and Box*) THOMAS NOON GADD.

[illegible] The Hermitage, May 22.

[From all which it is gatherable that *Roméo et Juliette* is pretty sure to be a "hit" at the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. Gye may rub his hands the one against the other—or rather his new operas, *Don Carlos* and *Roméo*. There's the rub. May both be winning rubbers!—A. S. S.]

[illegible].—(*From a Correspondent.*)—An excellent concert was given in the Assembly Rooms on the 9th, by Miss Webb, assisted by Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. J. Holman Andrews, Mrs. R. Blagrove, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. R. Blagrove, and Herr Padel. With such artists a good performance was certain. The programme was varied and well selected. Miss Webb, who sings with taste and feeling, was encored in "The beauty of my own heart." A similar compliment was paid to Miss Wynne in "The Ash Grove," and to Mr. W. H. Cummings in his own song, "[illegible]." Among the concerted pieces must be singled out Osborne's concertante duet on airs from *Faust*, brilliantly played by Mrs. J. Holman Andrews and Mrs. R. Blagrove. The vocal music was greatly applauded, Miss Webb taking part in "O memory" and "Parigi o cara." One of the gems of the evening was Balfe's trio, "Vorrei parlar," for three ladies' voices—Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Holman Andrews, and Miss Webb—charmingly rendered. We must not omit to notice Mr. R. Blagrove's artistic playing, nor that Herr Padel was an efficient conductor and accompanist.

PAYMENT OF MUSICIANS AT VIENNA.—The artists who recently performed at the Court Concert were all paid in gold. Herr Herbeck received 100 ducats for himself, together with a sum to be distributed as he should think fit among the other artists. Of this, the soloists, Mdlle. Artôt, Madame Dustmann, Herren Walter, Rokitansky, and Panzer received 50 ducats each; Herr Hellmesberger, 40; Herren Doppler and Lewy, 30 each; Herr [illegible], violoncellist, Herr Bock, harmony-player, and the two harpists, 12 each. The other members of the orchestra had five ducats each. A very flattering letter was addressed by Herr Herbeck to the members of the Männer-Gesangverein and of the Singverein.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE MUSICAL REPORTERS.—Verdi's *Don Carlos* at the R. I. O., and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, at H. M. T., are both announced for June 4. "Pleasant!" Happy the journal that can boast a staff of [illegible].

[illegible].—Our Lecture Hall has been occupied during the week by the Brousil Family, to whose attractive performances has been added Mr. A. G. Grant's "Patent Opticon," a series of finely executed views displayed by means of powerful lime lights. The Brousil Family now comprises four instrumentalists—Mdlle. Bertha, violin; Mdlle. Cecile, second violin and piano; Madame A. Grant, piano; and M. Alois, first violin and tenor. In this brilliant quartet it is not invidious to particularise Mdlle. Bertha, whose violin solos are perfect in their way. To a pure and silvery tone the young artist unites execution brilliant and correct. Mdlle. Brousil exercises a spell, indeed, over her hearers of rare potency. The entertainment is in every respect good.—H. S. O.

LEEDS NATIONAL EXHIBITION.—(*Communicated*).—The general council of vice-presidents, executive committee, and London committee of advice, met on Thursday at the London offices, to consider the prospects of the National Exhibition of Works of Art at Leeds in 1868, Earl Fitzwilliam, president. The progress of the Exhibition was stated by Mr. W. H. Denison, chairman of executive committee, to be satisfactory, and promises of support from private collections continued to be encouraging. Mr. Waring, chief commissioner, explained object of Exhibition in promoting works and artistic excellence, and impressed upon meeting the national importance of an Exhibition, not confined to Yorkshire, rich as that country was in works of art, but representing the treasures of art preserved in private galleries of the country. The interests of the Exhibition as a work of national importance were further promoted, and received warm assurances of support from noblemen and gentlemen who spoke on the occasion—viz., Earl Stanhope, Lord Feversham, Lord Wharncliffe, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Admiral Duncombe, Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mr. Kitson, chairman of the building committee, Mr. Baines, M.P., and Mr. Andrew Fairbairn, mayor of Leeds, who referred to the intention to make this Exhibition the opportunity of founding a permanent gallery of art. Among contributors were Duke of Devonshire, Duke of Wellington, Duke of Buccleuch, Archbishops of Canterbury and York, trustees of Earl of Carlisle, Lords Stanhope, Wharncliffe, Wenlock, Zetland, Galway, and Lyttelton, Messrs. G. Cornwall Legh, A. H. Layard, M.P., Alexander Baker, Philip Howard, &c.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Saville Stone invited his friends and patrons to a concert in the Exchange Hall a short time since, and was honoured with a full audience. The principal performers were amateurs and pupils of Mr. Saville Stone. One of the best performances was that of Mendelssohn's *Rondo brillante* by a young lady, and Mr. Archer's duet (in quartet) for four performers on two pianos, "La Concordia." Mr. Stone, too, played an effective solo for the pianoforte ("Nouvelle"), of his own composition; and Kucken's duet, "The Swallows," was so well sung by two young ladies that the audience insisted on their repeating it. The entire concert went off with *éclat*.

DRESDEN.—Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* has been revived with great success.—The Committee of the Tonkünstlerverein has published its report of the doings of the Society from April, 1866, to Easter, 1867. This report is highly gratifying. At the four public performances, no less than nine very important works were performed by the members for the first time: "Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin" (Op. 65), Kiel; a "Concerto Grosso," Handel; a Symphony, Wilhelm Friedrich Bach; "Suite in Canonform," J. O. Grimm; "Ciaconne for Violin and Pianoforte," Vitali (arranged by Herr David); Sonata, [illegible] (1795); Concerto for two Violins, Handel; Quintet, Hoffmann; and Suite for Violoncello Solo, Bach. Besides these four performances there were seventeen meetings for practice. The total number of works performed was 81, 33 being performed for the first time. Including 16 honorary and 8 foreign members, the Society numbers 154 ordinary and 74 extraordinary members.

BARCELONA.—A brilliant concert was lately given, by various members of the old "Cercle artistique" in honour of the memory of Meyerbeer. The bust of the celebrated composer, crowned with laurels, was placed on a pedestal between the piano and the organ. The programme consisted entirely of works by Meyerbeer and was composed as follows:—First Part.—March from *Le Prophète*; Invocation from *Robert le Diable*; Romance for baritone from *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* (*Dinorah*); "Marche aux Flambeaux"; Fantasia di Concerto for Violin on motives from *Robert le Diable*, Alard; and "Chorus of Monks," from the last act of the same opera. Second Part.—Sinfonia from *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* (*Dinorah*); Prayer from *Les Huguenots*; Fantasia on motives from *L'Africaine*; air for baritone from the same opera; and Fantasia, ditto. The concert was exceedingly successful and well attended.—The Sisters Marchisio have been greatly applauded in the opera of *Saffo*, at the Teatro di Santa Cruz, and Mdlle. Barbarina Marchisio has also made a deep impression in *La Cenerentola*.

THE EGGBODGER CONVERSATIONS.

No. II.

SCENE.—*Egg's Study in —— Street, London.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*Bodger, Egg, afterwards Shaver Silver, a good man and better Musician.*

BODGER (*in his shirt sleeves and eyeing a suspended dress coat*). "Thank goodness I'm out o' that. I never felt so stuped in all my life afore."

EGG. "Bodger, the dress coat is the noblest product of modern civilization, and its enlargement ——"

B. "Bosh! Is your port good?"

E. "Try it; and a cigar."

B. "You know I never smoke them things."

E. "Pardon me; a 'churchwarden,' of course." (*Rings for a churchwarden.*)

(*Interval, during which surrounding circumstances are made very comfortable.*)

E. "Singular, isn't it, Bodger, that in only two visits to the opera you should see two supernatural operas."

B. "With a very supernatural devil in each."

E. "Of course; a devil must be supernatural."

B. "I don't see it."

E. "I express myself with all deference on such a subject in the presence of an officer of the Church, but ——"

B. "Let the Church alone. It stands to reason that a natural devil is a devil as he is, a supernatural one as he bain't."

E. "Ah! then I'm not able to distinguish between the two."

B. "Nobody said you could, Egg. Decent 'baccy this o' yourn."

E. "Yes; and the port is not so bad. It's '47, my boy."

B. (*Winking sedately at the far corner of the room.*) "Wonderful crop o' grapes that year, to be sure."

E. (*Facetiously.*) "Well, don't drink it and doubt it."

B. "No. I'll drink it and doubt Mephistopheles instead."

E. "What's your objection to Mephistopheles?"

B. "Why, you see—(after you wi' that spill)—knowing that I was going to see *Faust*, I put a question or two to our curate about it. Cope said as how he knowed nothing o' the opera—(between you and me that's bosh)—but he'd send over a book by Gerty, or some such name, as would tell me all about the story."

E. "Which our dear Jenny read to you while you smoked and pondered."

B. "That she did, bless her heart; and I got the notion that Faust was a fool, and Mephistopheles a gentlemanly scoundrel."

E. "You were not far out there, Bodger."

B. "But at the opera Faust is the gentlemanly scoundrel, and t'other's the fool."

E. "I agree with you that the Covent Garden Faust is a gentleman."

B. "'Spite of his advancing years."

E. "Bodger, that's cruel. Let the poor scribe we hauled over the coals at Bullockton rest in peace."

B. "Wi' all my heart. But Mario is a fine fellow, you're right."

E. "Suppose we drink to him."

B. "Wi' all my heart again."

(*They drink to "Mario."*)

B. "Mind me, though, Faust is a scoundrel."

E. "You forget who tempts him."

B. "I'll be hanged if I do, or ever shall. What a charming little body is that Pauline Lucca! Suppose we drink to her?"

E. "With the greatest pleasure."

(*They drink "Pauline Lucca."*)

E. "Understand me, Bodger, I didn't mean Lucca."

B. "Who then?—that blundering posture-making mountebank in black and scarlet?"

E. "Posture making, I grant you—that's Petit's look out; but not blundering. Mephistopheles does his work pretty neatly."

B. "Neatly? good gracious! he shows his hand—or his hoof, if you like—all through."

E. "Bodger, allow me to congratulate you on your discernment."

B. "I've no objection, since you opera-going folks don't seem to have much o' that article."

E. "The fact is, Bodger, you are—in your rustic simplicity, far too realistic to be able to appreciate such a Mephistopheles as we saw."

B. "What's realistic?"

E. "Why, in this instance, you want Satan as he really is."

B. "To be sure I do. I'm for giving everybody his due."

E. "Then you would give Mephistopheles saucer eyes, cloven hoofs, and a tail?"

B. "Now you're talking nonsense, Egg. If I had my way there shouldn't be a smell o' brimstone about him. He should be a perfect gentleman. My stars! what a Mephistopheles Mario would be if he had the voice. Let's drink to Mario again."

B. "With much pleasure."

(*They drink "Mario" again.*)

B. "Let's empty another glass to Lucca while our hand's in."

E. "Agreed."

(*They empty another glass to "Lucca."*)

E. "Bodger, your reforming notions would turn the operatic world upside down."

B. "Then some things would tumble into their right places."

E. "Mario a Mephistopheles. Ha, ha!"

B. "Mephistopheles going about spitting fireworks at every turn. Ha, ha!"

(*They glare at each other defiantly.*)

E. "You will tell me next that Zamiel, in *Der Freischütz* to-night, was a caricature."

B. "I would ha' told you that last, if you had axed me."

E. "Upon my word, Bodger, this is too much. What possible objection can you make to him?"

B. "Only that he was no more like the real Zamiel than I be."

E. "In that case the resemblance may be close enough."

B. "Now you're getting out o' temper. Could the devil want more sense than to go throwing his arms about, when nobody's looking, like a windmill, and striking attitudes like the fellow in Richardson's show? Who played the part—a dancing master?"

E. (*angrily.*) "Don't sit there and talk rubbish. Whoever did it was guided by tradition."

B. (*warming up.*) "Tradition be hanged, better be guided by common sense."

E. "In the person of Benjamin Bodger, churchwarden of Bullockton."

B. "You might go further, and fare worse."

E. "I hate to hear a man speak so confidently about things of which he knows nothing."

B. "How do you know I know nothing?"

E. "I'm sure you don't, because——"

B. "Egg, you're a ——"

E. "I don't care, I'll——"

(*Enter Shaver Silver.*)

E. (*with forced calmness.*) "Ah! Silver, glad to see you. Mr Bodger, Mr Shaver Silver; Silver, my boy, Mr Bodger."

B. "Proud to make your acquaintance, sir."

SILVER. "Delighted, I am sure. But, Egg (*looking round*), where are the rest of the company?"

E. "There are no rest."

S. "Ah! I thought there were half a dozen at least, by the noise you made."

B. "Shouldn't wonder. Fact is, Mr Shaver, me and Egg was getting rather hot over operatic devils."

S. "Appropriately hot, I should say. May I know the matter in dispute most particularly?"

(*Bodger and Egg between them, and with much circumlocution, let him know the matter in dispute very particularly.*)

S. "Thanks. I see it all, and am bound to say, Mr Bodger, that you are wrong."

E. (*with savage joy.*) "Ha, ha!"

S. "Egg, be quiet, and let me settle it with Mr Bodger."

B. "Here's just argument. Go on, Mr Shaver, or Mr Silver, which is it?"

S. "Both. You see, Mr Bodger, the prevailing ideas of the Satanic character may really contain more than is generally imagined, or even suspected. Let me illustrate the case algebraically."

B. (*faintly.*) "Algebraically, yes."

S. "You know very well that $(x+y)^2 = x^2 + 2xy + y^2$. Now see, you not only get the square of the two original quantities, but you have a 2xy, the existence of which was utterly unsuspected. You follow me?"

B. (*more feebly*). "Yes sir, two xy."

S. "Now observe. You say the Satanic character should be shown in *Faust* as that of a bad hearted gentleman; in *Der Freischütz* as a mysterious embodiment of evil more felt than seen——."

B. "Mr Shaver Silver I drink your health; that's it to a T."

S. "But notice Mr Bodger that from these elements may be evolved a third, in point of fact that third is evolved, and thus we get the comic side of Diabolus, which is attractive because there is a wild revolutionary sort of idea about making him a mountebank."

E. (*maudlin*). "Mr Shaver, sir, I see it all, and you're a gentleman. Egg, shake hands. (*They shake hands.*) Now (*to Egg*) let's drink the health of a better man than you or me—Mr Silver Shaver!"

(*They drink to Mr Shaver Silver, who cheerfully joined in the toast. The healths of Ware and Lucca are then again proposed by Mr Bodger, and while these are being drunk the scene fortunately closes. "Bravos!" "Hurrahs!" and hiccoughs are heard from behind.*)

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VOL. 45—No 22 SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867 Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

MDLLE. PAULINE LUCCA—SIGNOR MARIO.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 1st (for the Last Time this Season)

"FAUST E MARGHERITA"

Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Mdlle. Morensi, M. Petit, Signori Cotogni, Tagliafico, Mario.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS

On MONDAY NEXT, June 3rd, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Signori Cotogni, Ciampi, Tagliafico, and Mario.

On TUESDAY NEXT, June 4th, will be produced, with New Scenery, Costumes, and Decorations, Verdi's last new Opera, entitled "DON CARLOS."

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 6th (for the second time in England), DON CARLOS.

On FRIDAY NEXT, June 7th (for the first and only time this season), "LA SONNAMBULA."

On SATURDAY, June 8th, "DON CARLOS."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

TITIENS, TREBELLI-BETTINI, DEMERIC LABLACHE, GASSIER, SANTLEY, BETTINI, ROSSI, MONGINI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 1st, will be presented (for the First Time this season) Weber's Grand Romantic Opera

"OBERON."

"Fidelio."

TUESDAY NEXT, June 4th (first time this season), Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO." Florestan, Signor [illegible]; Jacquino, Mr. Hohler; Pizarro, Mr Santley; Il Ministro, Signor Foli; Rocco, Herr Rokitansky; Marcellina, Mdlle. Sinico; and Leonora (Fidelio), by Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. To conclude with the New Ballet Divertissement, "LES NYMPHES." Mdlle. [illegible], Mdlle. [illegible] and M. Lauri, supported by the Corps de Ballet.

"Lucrezia Borgia."—Giacconi, Trebelli, Bettini, Mongini, Rossi, Santley.—Extra Night.

THURSDAY NEXT, June 6th (Extra Night), Donizetti's Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Mongini; Il Duca Alfonso, Mr Santley; Gubetta, Signor Rossi; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mme. Giacconi (her second appearance). Conductor, Signor Arditi. To which will be added the Ballet Divertissement, "LES NYMPHES."

"La Traviata."—First Appearance in this Country of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

SATURDAY, June 8th, Verdi's Opera "LA TRAVIATA." Violetta, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

MDLLE. TITIENS.—MDLLE. TITIENS will appear THIS EVENING (Saturday) as Rezia, in Weber's Opera, "OBERON;" and as Leonora (Fidelio) in Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO," on Tuesday next, the 4th of June.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.—MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON will make her FIRST APPEARANCE in THIS COUNTRY as VIOLETTA, in Verdi's Opera, "LA TRAVIATA," on SATURDAY, June the 8th.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO."—Verdi's successful Opera "LA FORZA DEL DESTINO," is in rehearsal and will shortly be performed for the first time in England.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MORNING PERFORMANCE.—"LES HUGUENOTS."—Notice.—The only Morning Performance which can be given this season will take place on Monday, June 17, on which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Mongini, Gassier, Santley, Rokitansky, Foli, Rossi, Trebelli-Bettini, Sinico, Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. Incidental Ballet. The Opera will commence at two o'clock. Pit tickets, [illegible]; Stalls, 15s.; Reserved Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s.; Private Boxes from half-a-guinea upwards. Box Office of the Theatre open daily. Tickets also at all Libraries and Musicsellers.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

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THE NEXT HALF TERM COMMENCES WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12. The day fixed for the RECEPTION OF NEW STUDENTS is MONDAY, JUNE 10, between 11 and 1 o'clock. The Fee for the Half-term is [illegible], for the Term, [illegible]

A. AUSTIN, Sec.

MR. SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT CONCERT,

ST JAMES'S HALL,

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, June 3rd,

Commencing at Eight o'clock.

Vocalists

MISS LOUISA PYNE, MADAME PATEY WHYTOCK, MR. PATEY, and MR. SIMS REEVES.

Instrumentalists

Pianoforte—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD and MR CHARLES HALLE.

Violoncello—SIGNOR PIATTI.

Conductors—Mr BENEDICT and Mr. LINDSAY SLOPER.

Stalls, [illegible]; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.; to be obtained at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith & Prowse, Cheapside; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

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THE PRINCE OF TECK.

MDLLE. SEDLATZEK'S MATINEE MUSICALE, THURSDAY, June 13th, 1867, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Miss Eyles, Mdlle. Sedlatzek, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Madame Rudersdorff; Herr Reichardt and Mr George Perren; [illegible] the Vocal Quartet Union. Pianoforte—Mdlle. Madeline Schiller and Mdlle. Sedlatzek. Harp—Mr J. Balsir Chatterton (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen). Violoncello—M. Paque. Clarionet—Mr Lazarus. Conductors—M. Emile Berger and Mr Lewis (M.R.M.). Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 5s. 6d. Tickets to be had of Mdlle. Sedlatzek, 24, Manchester Street, Manchester Square.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The GRAND FESTIVAL BENEFIT CONCERT, in aid of the RESTORATION FUND, under the special patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is appointed for WEDNESDAY, June 26.

Full particulars are duly announced. Season Ticket Holders will be privileged to attend this great performance.

Ticket Offices opened Wednesday next, at Twelve o'clock, but applications for Balcony Numbered Stalls, and for full programmes as soon as printed, may be at once registered at the Palace, and at Exeter Hall.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street.—Conductor, Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc. PROGRAMME of the PUBLIC REHEARSAL THIS DAY, June 1, at Half-past Two o'clock, and the Fourth Grand Evening Concert on Wednesday Evening, June 5, at Eight o'clock. Part I. Overture (Struensee), Meyerbeer; aria, "Hai già vinta" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Mozart—Signor [illegible]; scena drammatique for viola and orchestra, Spohr—viola, Mr Henry Holmes; polonaise (Das Freyschütz), Weber—Mdlle. [illegible]; duetto, "Dunque io son" (Il Barbiere), Rossini—Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Gassier; symphony, Mendelssohn (1st movement, introduction, allegro moderato; 2nd movement, scherzo; 3rd movement, adagio; 4th movement, allegro, finale, maestoso). Part II. Concerto in E flat (the Emperor) for pianoforte and orchestra, Beethoven—pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard; aria, [illegible] (Traviata), Verdi—Mdlle. [illegible]; aria, "Vieni, la mia vendetta" (Lucrezia), Donizetti—Signor Gassier; overture in G (first time of performance), [illegible]. Tickets for the Public Rehearsal, [illegible]; Stalls, 1s.; a few Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d. Tickets for the Evening Concert, [illegible]; Balcony, 5s.; [illegible]; first row Balcony and Area Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d. To be had at the office, St George's Hall, Langham Place; R. Olivier and Co.'s, 19, Old Bond Street; Hutchings and Romer's, 9, Conduit Street, Regent Street; Mr Austin's, St. James's Hall; Keith & Prowse's, 48, Cheapside.

W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN'S FIRST MORNING at the PIANOFORTE, St James's Hall, next Tuesday, at Three.

PART I.

Rondo "Pastorale" (Sonata di Bravura, Op. [illegible])	Hummel.
Song, "I would that my love"	Mendelssohn.
Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 29	Chopin.
New Song (first time), "Half-past Nine"	G. A. Macfarren.
[illegible] "Presto con moto," Op. [illegible]	Mendelssohn.
Song, "Rock me to sleep"	Benedict.
Grand Polonaise in E flat, Op. 21	Weber.

PART II.

[illegible] "Moonlight Sonata"	Beethoven.
Duet, "The merry Gipsies"	G. A. Macfarren.
Morceau de Salon, "La Sylphide"	Wallace.
[illegible] "[illegible] your fancying"	
[illegible] "Bonnie Scotland"	Brinley.

Vocalists—Miss [illegible] Henderson and Miss [illegible].

Stalls, a guinea each; may be obtained of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, Thursday, June 6th, Hanover Square Rooms, Eight o'clock. Miss Edith Wynne, Herr Leopold Auer, Herr [illegible]. Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann. A Select Choir of 200 Voices under the direction of Mr Joseph Barnby. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 3s., to be obtained from Miss Agnes Zimmermann, 13, Dorchester Place, N.W., and at the Rooms.

WHIT MONDAY.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, St James's Hall. Director, Mr JOHN BOOSEY.—The LAST CONCERT of the SEASON, Monday, June 10th. Vocalists—Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss [illegible] Walls, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr Cummings, Mr Montem Smith, Mr Wilbye Cooper, Mr [illegible], and Mr Weiss. [illegible], Signor [illegible]. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductors, Mr [illegible] and Mr J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 5s.; Family Tickets to admit Four, 15s.; Balcony, 3s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s. To be had of Mr Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 12.—Mr KUHE will give his GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT on Wednesday, June 12, at St James's Hall. Mesdames Titiens, Sinico, Liebhart and [illegible], Trebelli, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. MM. Gardoni, Tom Hohler, Reichardt, and [illegible], Gassier, Foli, and Herr Rokitansky; Signor Pandolfini and Mr Santley. Violin, Herr Leopold Auer; violoncello, Signor Piatti; harmonium, Herr L. Engel; harp, Mr [illegible]; pianoforte, Mr Kuhe. Conductors—MM. Arditi, [illegible], W. Ganz, and M. Benedict. Stalls, half a guinea; Balcony, 5s.; area, 3s.; gallery, 2s.; to be had of all the principal Musicsellers and Libraries; of Mr Austin's ticket office, St James's Hall; and Mr Kuhe, 11, Somerset Street, Portman Square, W.

JUNE 24th.—Mr BENEDICT'S THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT, at St James's Hall, under the immediate patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz, His Serene Highness the Prince de Teck and Her Royal Highness the Princess de Teck. All the arrangements will be complete and the full Programme will be published Monday, 10th June. Stalls, £1 1s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Back Balcony, 3s.; Upper Balcony, 2s.; for which immediate application is solicited at the principal Musicsellers and Libraries, and at Mr Benedict's, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MR JOHN THOMAS' GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, St James's Hall, Wednesday Evening, June 19th, at half-past Eight o'clock, when will be performed (for the first time in London) his new work "THE BRIDE OF NEATH VALLEY," by Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Full Orchestra, Band of Harps, and United Choirs. Mr John Thomas will perform his Harp Concerto in E flat, with orchestral accompaniments, and his Duet in E flat minor for two harps, with Mr J. Balsir Chatterton. Conductor, Mr Henry Leslie. Principal violin, Mons. Sainton. Sofa Stalls, £1 1s., to be had of Mr John Thomas, 53, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., and 1s., at the principal Music Warehouses, and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

APTOMMAS' HARP RECITALS, Tuesdays, June 18th, and July [illegible], at his residence, 13, Nottingham Place, Regent's Park, commencing at Three o'clock. He will play Weber's "Concertstück," Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," [illegible] Operatic Fantasias, and [illegible] "Tarantella," "Carnaval de Venise," Irish, Welsh, and Scottish Melodies. Tickets 10s. 6d. and 5s., at the usual places, and of Mr Aptommas.

MR. OBERTHÜR'S EVENING CONCERT, St. George's Hall, June 11th. Mdlle. Louisa van Noorden, Miss Linda, Miss [illegible] Jewell, Mdlle. [illegible], Mrs Abbott, Herr [illegible], [illegible] Cobham, Signor Regondi, [illegible]. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 2s., at the St George's Hall and Messrs Schott & Co.'s, 159, Regent Street.

MONSIEUR PAQUE begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place on Thursday, June 13th, at 24, Belgrave Square, by the kind permission of the Most Noble the Marchioness of Downshire. Tickets to be obtained at M. Paque's residence, 115, Great Portland Street, W.

POSTPONEMENT.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI'S CONCERT announced to be given at the Beethoven Rooms is unavoidably postponed, owing to a domestic bereavement.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr W. G. CUSINS.—NEXT CONCERT, Monday, June 3rd. Symphony, Jupiter (Mozart); No. 8, in F (Beethoven); Overture, Marmion (Sullivan); Oberon (Weber); Concerto, Pianoforte, Madme. Goddard (Benedict). Mdlle. Ulrich, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Gardoni. Stalls, 15s.—L. Cock, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

MADAME RABY BARRETT'S MATINEE MUSICALE, Monday, June 3rd, Three o'clock, Beethoven Rooms, 27, Harley Street. Madame [illegible], Mdlle. Angèle, Madame Raby Barrett, Mr [illegible] and Mr Theodore Distin. Instrumentalists—Mr J. Balsir Chatterton, Mr John Thomas, Mr Charles [illegible], Miss Jessie Reid, Miss Kate Gordon, and Mr Wilhelm Ganz. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, of Madame Raby Barrett, 9, Nottingham Place, York Gate, Regent's Park, W.

HERR SCHUBERTH'S FIRST VIOLONCELLO RECITAL (by desire) will take place at the Beethoven Rooms on Tuesday Next, June 4th, at Half-past Eight o'clock, on which occasion he will perform selections from the compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Goltermann, [illegible], Lindner, Mendelssohn, [illegible], B. Romberg, Schubert, Schumann, and C. Schuberth. Vocalists, Mademoiselle Liebhart, Mademoiselle [illegible] (pupil of Mademoiselle Liebhart), her first appearance in public. Pianoforte, Mademoiselle [illegible] Alexandre, Pianiste to the King of Prussia.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his EVENING CONCERT will take place on Wednesday Evening, the [illegible] of June, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. All information of Herr Lehmeyer, 31, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

No. 1, STRATTON STREET, PICCADILLY.

[By the kind Permission of Miss Burdett Coutts.]

MR CHARLES FOWLER'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, the Last Week in June, under the most Distinguished Patronage. Mdlle. Sinico (by permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.) will sing the vocal part of the [illegible] composition—a Sonata Duo for the Piano and a Soprano Voice, by Mr Fowler. Further particulars shortly. Tickets, One Guinea and Half-a-Guinea; at Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

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The business will be carried on at 87, Regent Street; 69, Dean Street, Soho; and 35, Poultry, under the style of

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.

MRS ABBOTT will sing Herr [illegible]'s admired song, "I WOULD I WERE," accompanied on the Harp by Mr [illegible], at the Composer's Concert, St. George's Hall, Tuesday Evening, June 4.

MADAME DESTE FINLAYSON has returned to Town for the Season. Communications for Opera, Concert, or Oratorio, to be addressed care of Messrs. Duncan Davison, & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MADAME MARIA FUMEO JAGIELSKA'S NEW COMPOSITIONS for the PIANOFORTE.—Just published:—"Ave Maria, de Gounod," at Schott & Co.'s; and "Une Pensée à Cologne," at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; or at her residence, 5, South Crescent, Bedford Square. Each free by post [illegible] stamps.

MADAME FUMEO JAGIELSKA, Pianist, has a few hours disengaged for the remaining [illegible] Season, at pupils' or her residence, 5, South Crescent, Bedford Square, where terms may be obtained. Visits Bayswater, Brompton, and Highgate Hill.

MISS ELENA ANGELE will sing Benedict's popular song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Mrs John Macfarren's "Morning at the Pianoforte," St James's Hall, Tuesday, June 4th.

MISS ROSE FRENSDORFF (Bayswater Academy of Music) will sing Benedict's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Horns Assembly Rooms, June 11th.

MISS LUCY EGERTON (Bayswater Academy of Music) will sing [illegible]'s new Ballad, "MARIA," at the Horns Assembly Rooms, June 14th.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The revival of Otto Nicolai's *Falstaff* is welcome on all accounts. When first produced, in 1864, it achieved a success that would safely have carried it through the next season, and, indeed, have warranted the manager in assigning to it an established place in his repertory. Though certainly not a genius, Nicolai was an agreeable composer; and his music, while nowhere revealing a marked degree of inventive power, or any unusual constructive ingenuity, is always natural, often flowing, as often graceful, and never dull. Its orchestral treatment, moreover, is in its way masterly; and altogether, as we said at the time, such an opera as *Falstaff*, in the present dearth, could hardly fail to meet with general acceptance. Herr Mosenthal, the German poet, who prepared the libretto of *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor* (the original title of the opera, when produced in Germany), served Nicolai well. In rejecting the first act of Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, compressing the other four acts into three, and omitting some of the subordinate personages, he made a fitting article for music, at the same time preserving all the more salient characteristics of the play. The principal situations of the comedy are to be found in the opera. The conspicuous figure in each act is the fat and amorous knight; and the catastrophe in each act is one of those misadventures that result from his stolen interviews with Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, the "merry wives," who are not less mischievous than merry. Then, as intermediate incidents, we have the loves of Anne Page and Master Fenton; the rivalry between Dr Caius and Slender, the disdained aspirants to the favour of Anne Page; the secret contrivances of the "merry wives" for the discomfiture of their corpulent suitor; the interview with Ford, who, disguised as Master Brook, pretends to aid Falstaff in his amour; a scene interpolated by Herr Mosenthal, for the sake of furnishing the hero with a drinking song; and the scene in the forest where, under the shade of Herne's Oak, Falstaff is inveigled by his treacherous mistresses to be tormented by tricked-up elves and fairies, until the unctuous knight eventually becomes aware that he has all along been made a fool of. But of the book, as of the music, enough has already been written to render further notice of either superfluous.

There are some important differences in the actual "cast" of *Falstaff* compared with that of 1864. The illness which terminated in the death of Signor Giuglini was the chief reason of the opera being laid aside after its first success. His part was the love-sick Fenton; and few can have forgotten his singing of the air in the second act, and of the charming duet that follows with Anne Page—then represented by Mdlle. Vitali. Now, in place of Giuglini, we have Mr Hohler; and in place of Madame Vitali, Mdlle. Sinico—the last, it may at once be said, in every respect an improvement. A modest part was never played with more natural grace, nor unpretending music more prettily sung than in this instance by the clever and versatile lady we have named. Nor can we withhold the praise that is the just due of Signor Giuglini's successor. If we were to say that Mr Hohler is already a Giuglini, the first to protest would, in all probability, be Mr Hohler himself. At the same time it is pleasant to observe, and as pleasant to record, a sensible progress in the English tenor. Both his airs are well given; that in the second act ("Nel boschetto [illegible]") more especially; and it was in this last that poor Giuglini was wont particularly to shine. Not less commendable is Mr Hohler's singing in the love-duet ("Sempre in dubbio"); but with such an Anne Page to address as Mdlle. Sinico any Fenton would be earnest. A still more important novelty in the cast is Herr Rokitansky, in lieu of Signor Marcello Junca, as Falstaff. To act Falstaff is, we imagine, in the power of no living dramatic singer, unless, indeed, we except Signor Ronconi, the necessary materials of whose costume, however, would probably exceed the weight of his person proper—an inconvenience not to be left out of account. Herr Rokitansky boasts no pretensions of the kind; but he has a splendid low bass voice, which enables him to do more with the music than Signor Junca, who, on the other hand, did more with the character as a mere histrionic impersonation. Herr Rokitansky's most successful display is in the duet with the supposititious Master Brook ("Sicura è la vittoria"). The drinking song, with its odd changes of measure (copied from Marschner), lies less easily for his voice. Another novelty of some consequence is Madame Demeric-Lablache in lieu of Mdlle. Bettelheim, in the character of Mrs. Page—a change, on the whole, we are inclined to think not greatly for the worse. The remaining chief parts are happily as before. A more genuine bit of quiet and refined comedy than the Mrs. Ford of Mdlle. Tietjens has rarely been witnessed, nor a more spirited delineation of the suspicious husband (Ford) than that of Mr. Santley. That both sing their music to perfection our opera-loving readers need hardly be reminded. Signor Gassier was the original Mr. Page in 1864; and it would be difficult to find a better. The little parts of Slender and Dr Caius are now far more ably represented by Mr C. Lyall and Signor Bossi than they were formerly by Signors Manfredi and Mazetti. The former is a really jovial and original impersonation, while both, in a musical sense, are beyond reproach. Mdlle. Tietjens, as before, introduces a brilliant rondo by Signor Arditi at the end, instead of the original *finale*—a proceeding the questionable taste of which is condoned by the effect it produces. The orchestra and chorus, under Signor Arditi, leave nothing to wish; the ballet in the last scene, comprising the evolutions of the sprites who torment the victimised Sir John, is extremely lively and well grouped; and the scene itself, a moonlight in Windsor Forest, with Herne's Oak as the prominent object, is one of the most striking and pretty for which we are indebted to the always ready and always picturesque fancy of Mr Telbin. The orchestra, by the way, has a capital overture through which to exhibit its general efficiency; while the violin accompaniment in the duet between Fenton and Anne Page shows to eminent advantage the ability of its leading player—Mr Carrodus. To conclude, *Falstaff*, which pleased in 1864, has pleased again in 1867, and is likely to please for years to come.

One performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* brought forward, in the character of the heroine, Mdlle. Giacconi, a lady who at Genoa and elsewhere has maintained a high position. All that a single experience justifies us in saying is that Mdlle. Giacconi has an agreeable, if not a powerful voice, is a cultivated singer and an actress of intelligence. A Pasta, a Malibran, a Grisi, a Jenny Lind, a Tietjens, a Patti, or a Lucca does not crop up every day, and Mr Mapleson is to be commended for seeking out new talent and bringing it before his supporters. Mdlle. Giacconi was received with hearty kindness by the audience, and will be heard again with pleasure. The other principal characters were sustained by Signor Gassier, whose Alphonso needs no description; Signor Mongini (Gennaro); and Madame Trebelli-Bettini (Maffeo Orsini). Signor Mongini had almost entirely recovered from his indisposition, and his wonderfully accurate delivery of the interpolated air from *Don Sebastian*, another opera by Donizetti, created the same extraordinary sensation as last year, and now, as then, the air was unanimously called for again. The heroine of the evening was Madame Trebelli-Bettini, whose first appearance it was, and whose rich and mellow contralto caused a thrill of satisfaction in the house when its first tones were heard in the gloomy romance, "Nella fatal di Rimini" (*prologue*). In the drinking-song, "Il segreto per esser felice," first made famous by Alboni at the Royal Italian Opera, in 1847, Madame Trebelli-Bettini's racy and animated singing created the accustomed sensation. She introduced the famous Alboni prolonged "shake" at the return to the theme, and, in short, gave the whole as no other singer but Alboni herself ever gave it before her. Of course she was compelled to repeat the last verse. The co-operation of this popular lady and of Signor Mongini, now in full possession of his splendid means, imparted additional interest to the second performance of the *Huguenots*, in which she played Urbano in lieu of Madame Lablache, and he Raoul in lieu of Signor Tasca. The sparkling air "No, no, no," which Meyerbeer composed expressly for Alboni when the *Huguenots* first came out at Covent Garden (1848), was sung with wonderful brilliancy by her legitimate successor, and with the result that never fails to attend it under such circumstances—a general encore. Signor Mongini has rarely appeared to more advantage. His magnificent voice is well suited to this magnificent music. He sang finely throughout, and sang moreover as if in love with his task. The ebullitions of superabundant energy that are apt to startle his hearers at times, and in some degree mar their satisfaction, are still occasionally evident; but they seem to form a part of Signor Mongini's idiosyncracy; and it is doubtful if he can ever entirely suppress them. Greater faults, however, might fairly be overlooked where there are such rare qualities, and where there is so much unreservedly to praise. The Valentine was, of course, Mdlle. Tietjens—her first part in London, and, Medea and Fidelio excepted, perhaps her greatest. Mdlle. Sinico was the Queen; Mr. Santley, Nevers; Signor Gassier, St. Bris; and Herr Rokitansky, Marcel, as before. Since Herr Formes there has been no such Marcel as Herr Rokitansky. It is worth attending a performance of the *Huguenots* at Her Majesty's Theatre if only to hear the "Rataplan" by the chorus. Nothing could possibly be better, and no wonder that the audience should insist upon its being repeated.

One performance of *Der Freischütz*, with Mdlle. Tietjens and Sinico (Agatha and Annchen), Signor Casaboni, in lieu of Mr. Santley (Caspar), Signor Tasca (Max), and Signor Foli, whose rich voice gives weight to the small part of the Hermit; one performance of the not to be avoided *Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Tietjens (Leonora), Mdlle. [illegible], who undertook the part of Azucena at a few hours' notice, and in spite of extreme nervousness acquitted herself well, Signor Mongini (Manrico), and Mr. Santley (Conte di Luna); and one of *Norma*, with Mdlle. Tietjens (Norma), Mdlle. Sinico (Adalgisa), Signor Mongini (Pollio), and Herr Rokitansky (Oroveso) have also taken place; but to find a single new sentence to dedicate to these very familiar works, unless the principal characters were all in fresh and untried hands, would surpass any inventive ingenuity to which we can pretend. Enough that their power of entertaining seems to be wholly unimpaired.

The operas for the present week have been the *Huguenots* (Monday), *Falstaff* (Tuesday), and *Il Trovatore* (Thursday); *Oberon*—first time—to-night. Meanwhile *La Forza del Destino*, Verdi's last opera but one, is in rehearsal; and Mdlle. Nilsson, the much talked-of Swedish singer, is announced to make her first appearance next week.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Mr. Charles Gardner, a pianist and composer of known talent, gave his annual morning concert at the above rooms on Monday last, which were filled to overflowing by a fashionable audience. Mr. Gardner's share of the programme was restricted to Schubert's "Rondo brillant," Op. 70, for pianoforte and violin, played with Herr Deichmann; Bach's "Sarabande, Gavotte, and Musette;" W. S. Bennett's "Toccata;" with Mr. W. G. Cusins, Schumann's duet for the pianoforte, Op. 46; and two solos of his own composition, "Deux Morceaux Characteristiques" and *étude de concert* "[illegible]." Mr. Gardner has a firm finger, an excellent touch and method, with much brilliancy and feeling. He was applauded in all his performances. Herr Deichmann played Vieuxtemps' "Fantasia Caprice" for the violin, with great brilliancy. Miss Edith Wynne gave with fresh [illegible] a new MS. sacred song, the composition of Mr. Gardner, "Teach me to pray." We trust that our information is not true, and that we are not going to lose this firmly-established favourite of the public by her being transplanted to America. We know indeed that offers have been made to her to visit Yankee-land, but cannot think them tempting enough. Mdlle. Drasdil and Miss Susan Galton sang songs by Randegger, Benedict, and Donizetti; whilst Messrs. Fielding, Walker, [illegible], Carter, and Morgan, who gave his ballad of "My Sweetheart's when a Boy," varied the concert by some part-singing. Mr. Walter Macfarren and Herr Lehmeyer officiated as accompanists.

[illegible]

Dublin.—Mdlle. Liebhart, the favourite *prima donna* from the Royal Italian Opera, and whose singing at the Philharmonic Concerts gave so much satisfaction, attended Mr. Gaskin's *matinée musicale* on Saturday, for the purpose of witnessing the system of teaching sight-singing which enables pupils to overcome the greatest difficulties with ease. The programme included exercises in vocal music, intonation, and solfaing the scales, major and minor. Mr. Gaskin explained the principles upon which he taught vocal music, and in some pieces fully tested the capabilities of his pupils. Part Solfeggi, by [illegible], and [illegible], were [illegible] effectively gone through, and the songs, "Mid the [illegible] of love" and "The Lover and the Bird," composed for Mdlle. Liebhart, were loudly applauded. Mdlle. Liebhart then kindly sang [illegible]. When leaving Mdlle. Liebhart expressed the pleasure she felt, and highly approved of Mr. Gaskin's method of teaching. The visitors also complimented Mr. Gaskin on the proficiency of those who received vocal instruction from him.—*Dublin Irish Times.*

Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.—Mr. Walter Macfarren gave his first *matinée* for the season on Saturday, which attracted a large crowd of his friends and pupils. Mr. Macfarren, ignoring singers, was assisted by M. Sainton and Signor Piatti in the instrumental department. Most concert givers incline to the belief that singing is an attractive element in a programme; nay, some have dared to suppose that vocal music is more generally liked than instrumental. But Mr. Macfarren only teaches the pianoforte and plays, and why should he bore his pupils with songs which he neither composes nor sings? Mr. Macfarren's *matinée* is, in fact, a "Pianoforte Recital." In six pieces three were of his own composition, and he played in all. This gentleman's playing is comprehensive and various. His taste leans to the severe and classic style, but, like a true philosopher, he has rejected nothing, gathering knowledge from every lofty accessible source, and this is the secret which makes his playing so acceptable to the critical ear and refined taste of the connoisseur. The first piece given was Schumann's trio in D major, executed by Messrs. Sainton and Piatti. The execution was most admirable. The well-known and splendid trio in A, Op. 26, of Mr. Sterndale Bennett, was far more prized and at least as finely performed. Mr. Macfarren, with Signor Piatti, gave his own sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, and Mozart's sonata, in E minor, for pianoforte and violin with M. Sainton, which most delightful work was excellently played and received with loud applause. Mr. Macfarren gave a new *berceuse* of his own composition entitled "Golden Slumbers," his second "Tarantella," and a new "Valse de Concert," which was unanimously encored. All were played in Mr. Macfarren's best manner and afforded the greatest satisfaction. [illegible]

Beethoven Rooms.—Herr and Madame Sauerbrey gave a concert on Friday evening at the above rooms. Both are well known in the musical world. The lady as possessing a contralto voice of excellent quality, which she uses like a true artist, and the gentleman a pianist and professor of no inconsiderable ability. Madame Sauerbrey sang Mozart's "Non più di fiori" (*La Clemenza di Tito*), two songs composed by her husband—"Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" and a German song "Die blauen Frühlingsaugen," and Randegger's popular canzone "Ben è ridicolo," the last being encored; in the laughing trio "I'm not the Queen," from Balfe's *Rose of Castile*, she was assisted by Mdlle. Liebhart and Mr. Frank Elmore, and the singing of the three was excellent. The *ensemble* singing of Mdlle. Liebhart and Madame Sauerbrey in Mendelssohn's duet "Ich wollt' meine Lieb," was remarkable. Herr Sauerbrey played Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 24, for violin and pianoforte, in conjunction with M. Vivien, a young and clever Belgian violinist, and a solo of his own composition, "The River Nymph," which pleased very much. Miss Lizzie Gibbs, pupil of Herr Sauerbrey, played Benedict's fantasia, "Erin," with capital effect. Mdlle. Liebhart gave, for the first time, an elegant and expressive *melodia*, "Amo te solo," by Signor Traventi, accompanied by the composer, with great success. Mr. Frank Elmore sang his own ballad "The Woodman's Song," and Herr Reichardt's *lied*, "Thou art so near," with admirable voice and taste. It will be Mr. Elmore's own fault if he does not become one of our most favourite English tenors. Mr. T. H. Wright, the harpist, played several solos in the most brilliant manner, and M. Vivien a solo on the violin, in which he received loud applause. Signor Traventi and Herr Sauerbrey officiated as conductors. The rooms were fully and fashionably attended.—[illegible]

Assembly Rooms, Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood.—Mr. Frank Elmore, the popular tenor, gave his second annual concert at the above rooms on Monday evening, when despite the inclemency of the night, a crowded assemblage of his patrons and pupils attended. With Mr. Elmore were associated Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Lucy Franklein, Miss Palmer, Madame Weiss, Messrs. Lewis Thomas and Weiss as vocalists; Messrs. Bellen Harrison and Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Messrs. Cheshire and J. Balsir Chatterton (harp), instrumentalists, with Messrs. Ganz, G. B. Allen and Randegger as conductors. Miss E. Wynne sang a new ballad by Mr. Elmore (encored), "Mither, blame me not," and Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and with Mr. Elmore "We wandered in dreams." Miss Palmer gave abundant expression to Lady Dufferin's Irish ballad "Terence's Farewell," but no more than was required. Mdlle. Leibhart would have gratified the composer himself in "Love hailed a little maid" (encored), and Mr. Allen's "Goat Bells" was a great success. Miss Lucy Franklein also received genuine applause in her songs. Mr. Elmore sang Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," gaining a loud encore, and Reichardt's "Thou art so near," whilst Madame Weiss in a [illegible] and charming little song composed by Mr. Elmore, "The crocus to the snow-drop," made quite a hit. Mr. Lewis Thomas sang Randegger's *aria* "Innamorate d'una stella" accompanied by the composer, and Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer" with powerful effect. Mr. Weiss gained an encore in his new song "The star that lighteth [illegible] home." Several harp and pianoforte solos and duets were given by Messrs. Bellen Harrison, Ganz, Cheshire, Balsir Chatterton and Tito Mattei, with more or less *éclat*.

[illegible]

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

At the concert of Wednesday last, at Exeter Hall, the efforts of this society were strictly confined to the compositions of its founder and conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin. That the glees and four-part songs of this gentleman display a certain amount of ability must be candidly admitted, and that the *Post* has probably good authority for stating that "no composer since the days of Dr. Callcott has obtained so many prizes as Mr. Martin," may also pass without dispute; but a question can be fairly raised whether the (defunct) "critic" was not somewhat hyperbolical in his prophecy that "the series of works will hand down Mr. Martin's name and fame to future generations," and "that they are permanent contributions to the music of England." If on the one hand Mr. Martin cannot be accused of direct plagiarism, it may be said on the other side that he does not sin against conventional forms or give offence by excess of originality, while his works, if not distinguished by absolute genius, are always more or less pleasing and command the attention and applause of their hearers. The effect on this occasion would not have been impaired by somewhat better singing, not only on the part of the ladies and gentlemen who constitute the chorus, but also by the principals, who in more than one instance showed a resultant want of rehearsal, "time" being frequently conspicuous by its absence (or rather irregularity), while "tune" was no less at fault, the result being an occasional discord the reverse of agreeable. All this, however, was more than compensated by the magnificent pianoforte playing of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose two solos, "The Harmonious Blacksmith" of Handel and Thalberg's fantasia *Masaniello*, roused the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely witnessed at Exeter Hall. So persistent and prolonged was the applause that all Mr. Martin's endeavours to proceed with the next piece were fruitless, and the Handel solo was repeated with (if possible) greater effect. A vigorous effort was also made to encore the Thalberg fantasia, but this was judiciously resisted by the accomplished pianist. To any one word as to the playing would be superfluous, for Madame Goddard has long since been acknowledged as the first of living pianists, and further eulogy would be something like attempting to "gild refined gold, or paint the lily." To any one who has not only fathomed the meaning but also gone far towards familiarising the public with the masterpieces of the greatest composers, pieces like these are mere child's play, although they demand an amount of executive power possessed by very few players, and that Madame Goddard should have succeeded in delighting her hearers will be readily understood. Mr. Leigh Wilson was encored in Macfarren's "My own, my guiding star," and a violin solo was played by Mons. A. Vivien, of the Concerts Pasdeloup (not *loup* as in the bills), Paris. The hall was well filled. DRINKWATER HARD.

[Mr. Hard, as usual, is floundering about in a stagnant pond of error. The *Times* never said anything about the prizes of Mr. Martin. Nor, happily, is Mr. Shaver Silver defunct. Mr. Hard should mind, if not his P's, at least his Q's.—A. S. S.]

MISS CECILE FERNANDEZ' CONCERT.—This event took place at St. George's Hall on Monday evening. Miss Cecil (or Cecile) Fernandes (or Fernandez) made on this occasion her first appeal to a British public. She is a young pianist—a very young pianist—and is a pupil of that distinguished professor Mrs. Anderson, on whose teaching indeed she reflects infinite credit. Miss Fernandes played a grand duo of Osborne's from *Les Huguenots* with Signor Tito Mattei, Benedict's popular fantasia on Irish airs, Weber's "La Gaieté," and Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, in all of which she was applauded and gave great satisfaction. Mr. John Thomas played Parish Alvars' "Grand Etude" for the harp in imitation of a mandoline with eminent success. Madame Berger Lascelles had a good opportunity in "Di tanti palpiti" to show her voice and style. She added a song by her husband, "It seems so long ago," and "Call me pet names," by A. de Foe, which she gave with the utmost naïveté and effect. Madame Rudersdorff and Mdlle. Drasdil in the duet "Serbami Ognor," from *Semiramide*, [illegible] applause, as did also Miss Rose Hersee and Signor Caravoglia in a duet from Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare*. The latter also sang "Largo al Factotum." Mr. Jules Lefort, in an air from Bordese's *Saul*—"David chantant devant Saül,"—sang with his usual artistic feeling and effect. Other songs by Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Blanche Reeves, Messrs. Trelawny Cobham and G. B. Welch, and a violin solo by Herr [illegible], added to the attractions of the programme. Messrs. Benedict, Francesco Berger, and C. J. Hargitt were accompanists.

LLEW LLWYVO'S NORTH WALES TOUR.—We learn from the North Wales papers that Mr. Llwyvo Lewis (Llew Llwyvo) gave a series of "Farewell Concerts" in North Wales recently, on the occasion of his removal to Newport, as editor of *Y Gloriau*. For his concerts Mr. Lewis had secured the services of Madame Talbot Cherer (late Miss Eliza Hughes), Miss Llwyvo Lewis, Miss M. A. Beynon, of Newport, and several local singers. At Conway, Madame Cherer was hoarse, but succeeded in procuring a substitute in Madame Baby Barrett, of London. Madame Barrett is a soprano of merit, and her audience would be glad to welcome her often to "Wild Wales." The *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* speaks in high terms of Miss Llwyvo Lewis, "who," as Judge Wilkins said at Rhyl, "sang too well at the Chester Eisteddfod to win the scholarship." We are glad to find that Miss Beynon, of this town, won golden opinions during the tour for her clever manipulations on the pianoforte. We are glad also to learn that Llew Llwyvo fully maintained his reputation as the only professional baritone in the principality.—*Star of Gwent*.

MISS ELLICE JEWELL AND MR. HENRY BLAGROVE'S EVENING CONCERT took place in St. George's Hall on Tuesday last, and was well attended. Miss Ellice Jewell is a pianist of genuine talent, and one who has studied under the best masters in Germany and England. The concert commenced with Sterndale Bennett's chamber trio, Op. 26, for piano, violin and violoncello, capitally played by Miss E. Jewell, Messrs. Blagrove and Aylward, a noble work, worthy a place beside the acknowledged masterpieces of the greatest writers. Miss E. Jewell performed Beethoven's sonata (*quasi-fantasia*) No. 2, Op. 27, which she executed with neatness and a certain quietude of grace pleasing in the extreme to all listeners of this style of music. She also played a fairy caprice by Mr. W. C. Macfarren, and with Mr. Blagrove, Mayseder's favourite *duo concertante* on airs from *Semiramide*, which was executed with unusual fire and precision, eliciting loud and unqualified praise. Mr. H. Blagrove in addition executed with finish Vieuxtemps' solo for the violin, *Andante and Rondo*, Op. 25; but perhaps *the* performance of the concert was Mendelssohn's famous stringed quartet, No. 7, Op. 81, by Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove and Aylward, in which the playing of the "four" was masterly and beautiful throughout. Miss Anna Jewell sang Mozart's "Vedrai carino," a new song, "The night is closing round," Schubert's "Marie," and with Mr. W. H. Cummings a duet by Mr. Lodge Ellerton, from *Paradise Lost*, most efficiently and effectively, and was much applauded, as was also Miss Julia Elton in a song by Signor Randegger, and Mr. [illegible] in a song by Mr. Sullivan. Mr. W. H. Cummings gave Guglielmo's serenade, "Sing me that song again," with much effect. Messrs. Wm. Dorrell, Chambers, and Aylward were the accompanists.

BASHI BAZOUK.

ACCOUCHEMENT OF THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.—The Mayor of Dudley received a letter from Earl Dudley on Sunday informing him of the birth of a son and heir. Upon receipt of letter the bells of St. Thomas's Church commenced a peal and continued all day during the intervals between services. The following is the letter:—"Dear Mr. Mayor,—The interests of my family are too closely bound up with those of the town of Dudley, and the borough has given both Lady Dudley and myself too many flattering assurances of the kindly interest it takes in the fortunes of my house, for me to doubt that any event which greatly affects them will be received with a corresponding feeling to the great happiness it conveys; and it is therefore with the utmost pride that I make known to you, amongst the very first, the pleasing intelligence of Lady Dudley's safe confinement and the birth of a son and heir this morning at a little after one o'clock. To this I must add, with great thankfulness, that both mother and child are going on favourably, and I am, dear Mr. Mayor, yours truly, DUDLEY.—Dudley House, Park Lane, May 25th, 1867."

MISS ANNETTA THOMSON and Miss Estelle Sodenham open the Marylebone Theatre on Whit Monday. The pieces to be produced will be musical drama, operetta, farce, comedietta and burlesque.

LONDON GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—This admirable band of vocalists gave the last but one of the present series of afternoon concerts on Thursday afternoon at St. James's Hall, in presence of a large and distinguished audience. The programme was varied and interesting, containing, amongst other things, Hatton's fine glee, "O thou whose beams;" W. H. Cummings's "Oh! the summer night;" Dr. Cooke's "As now the shades;" Horsley's "Sweet Contentment;" Nicholson's old madrigal (1600), "Spring comes again;" and Morley's "Now is the month of Maying," which under the guidance of Mr. Land were given with that perfect mastery of voice, expression, and colouring which has rendered the performances of the "Union" so attractive to all lovers of the Old English style of music. Several ancient English ballads were sung by Miss J. Wells, Miss Eyles, Messrs. Baxter, Coates, Wilbye, and C. Henry, which were applauded to the echo. Mr. W. H. Holmes, the eminent pianoforte player and professor, varied the entertainment by a very brilliant performance of his "Recollections of Mendelssohn" on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

BASHI BAZOUK.

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PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

The Philharmonic Society is now in its fifty-fifth year—the oldest existing musical institution of the kind in England. Its first concert was held in the late Argyll Rooms, in 1813. The origin of the society was very much like that of the Paris Société des Concerts at the Conservatoire. The best musicians clubbed together for the love of their art, moved principally by a desire to hear the symphonies and overtures of the great masters efficiently performed. It was agreed, in order to avert professional jealousies, that each concert should be conducted by a different professor. Conducting then was not what it is now. The conductor sat at the pianoforte, and occasionally played from the score of the work in hand. The duty of beating time devolved not upon him, but upon the leader, or first violin (*chef d'attaque* as the French style it), and this was accomplished, of course, with his fiddle-stick. The bâton was not then known. Here then were at once two absurdities—the fact of having two conductors, which was virtually the case, and the change both of leader and conductor at each successive concert. Nevertheless the first union in a single body of the most expert orchestral players the country could boast produced so great an effect that there was little inclination to pick holes in the general scheme. The concert of Monday, March 8, 1813, was a triumphant success. It began with Cherubini's Overture to *Anacreon*, included a string quartet, a serenade for wind instruments by Mozart, a *chaconne* by Jomelli, a march by Haydn, a string quintet by Boccherini, a vocal quartet by Sacchini, a chorus from Mozart's opera *Idomeneo*, and symphonies by Beethoven (the first of the "Nine") and Haydn. So long a concert would not be tolerated now; but it put every one in raptures at the time, and the Philharmonic was established from that night. Its history since has often been told. There were eight concerts in the first season (Mr. Salomon—Haydn's Salomon—presided at the first), and, with the exception of a brief period, some few years ago, when the number of concerts were reduced to six, there have been eight annually ever since. There are eight now, and it is to be hoped there may be eight every year so long as the Philharmonic Society (not long, many think) is destined to endure. It has done a world of good for music, although its influence has been exercised chiefly upon a limited circle of amateurs. But this very limited circle has exercised an influence outside; and so the time has come that the Philharmonic Society is rather a venerated institution than a necessity. It has got rid of its old bad habits; but, unfortunately, it has not maintained its position as the foremost society in England for the performance of orchestral music.

Spohr was among the first illustrious foreigners who animadverted upon the strange method of conducting adopted at the Philharmonic. In a letter dated "*London*, 1821," he says:—"The manner of conducting at the theatres and concerts here is the most preposterous that can be imagined."—(*Selbst Biographie*.) And he was quite right. Spohr, however, did much to improve the state of things, as did Weber after Spohr, and most of all Mendelssohn after Weber. Experiments were successively tried with Herr Moscheles and the late Sir Henry Bishop, each of whom in turn was appointed conductor of a series of concerts; but neither answered the purpose. The Gordian knot was ultimately severed by Mr. Costa, who accepted the post of Philharmonic conductor in 1846, and held it from that year till 1854—when, for reasons that have never been made public, he resigned it. Mr. Costa was succeeded, in 1855, by Herr Richard Wagner, the Musician of the "*Zukunft*," the prime favourite of his Majesty of Bavaria, and one of the greatest musical charlatans that ever existed. All Mr. Costa had done for the Philharmonic orchestra was undone by Herr Wagner, who conducted the symphonies of Beethoven without book, and had "readings" of his own which no one else could understand. One season of Wagner was enough; a second would have virtually swamped the Philharmonic, and that distinguished adventurer was not re-engaged. The place was now offered to and accepted by Mr. Sterndale Bennett, afterwards Professor Sterndale Bennett (Cambridge Professor of Music), and subsequently Dr. Sterndale Bennett. Professor Bennett held the position for eleven years, brought the Philharmonic back to its old state of discipline (which had been sadly disturbed by Herr Wagner), and when deprived of the flower of his orchestra through an imperious edict of Mr. Gye—who just then, having instituted his Monday performances* at the Royal Italian Opera, would no longer concede the privilege accorded time out of mind to these classical concerts, no matter by what manager or no matter what institution—made a new orchestra for himself, which is at present, it can hardly be denied, a formidable rival to the old one.

Professor Bennett held the bâton of the Philharmonic for eleven years—till the end of the season 1866, in short—and then resigned it. Why Mr. W. G. Cusins should have been appointed to fill the place left vacant by so eminent a man it is impossible for any one uninitiated in the arcana of the Philharmonic to guess. Had the question of choice been put to those of the outside world who take an interest in the proceedings of the society it is more than probable that the name of Mr. Cusins would not have occurred to a single person. Mr. Costa out of the arena, there was the late Mr. Alfred Mellon; there were also Mr. Benedict, Mr. Hallé, Signor Arditi, and last, not least, Mr. Manns, of the Crystal Palace, under whose direction the finest orchestral performances in England, if not in Europe, are to be heard. But the Philharmonic directors selected Mr. Cusins. The *Times* assures us that it had been resolved to offer the Philharmonic "bâton" to an English man, and that, Mr. Mellon, in consequence of his engagement with the (late) Musical Society of London, being ineligible, Mr. Cusins was appointed. But why, it may fairly be asked, Mr. Cusins? What has Mr. Cusins done to entitle him to such a distinction? It is easy to understand that if an English musician like Dr. Bennett had been disposed to undertake the duties of Philharmonic conductor, his claim would have superseded that of any other candidate, native or foreign. But, in the absence of Dr. Bennett, the best English musician, the place ought surely to have been offered to the best English conductor. Even had Mr. Mellon died before instead of after the question was submitted to the Philharmonic directors, the appointment of Mr. Cusins would have caused no less surprise to those without the temple. Those within, like the priests described by Iamblichus in his account of the Eleusinian mysteries, of course knew well enough what they were about. Unless Mr. Cusins turns out to be another Mendelssohn, or at least another Mellon, as conductor, this step will be likely to hurry rather than to arrest the catastrophe which so many believe to be impending. One would have thought that the best chance of averting it lay in the appointment of a first rate conductor on the retirement of Dr. Bennett. This chance, however, the directors have thrown away.

What we have said is by no means, be it understood, intended in disparagement of Mr. Cusins. He may turn out—who knows?—as good a conductor as any we have named. He is known in the musical world as a thorough musician, accomplished in many ways; and all who wish well to the society will hope that he may prove equal to the responsible task he has undertaken. Five concerts have been given; but it will require as many seasons to show whether Mr. Cusins is absolutely the right man in the right place. He has to go through the principal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, and to persuade the subscribers not only that he is well acquainted with them, but that he is able, with one rehearsal (all that the Philharmonic laws provide for), to ensure a sufficient performance of whatever happens to be set down for him by the directors. Up to the present moment the new conductor may be congratulated on a fair success. Symphonies by four of the masters just named have been played, as well as one by Schumann (in D minor), for the most part vigorously enough, but without a shadow of refinement. Among these symphonies was the No. 9 of Beethoven, the Choral Symphony, a more generally satisfactory performance of which has certainly been heard. At the same time it is only just to state that the fifth concert (on Monday week) exhibited a marked improvement. As this was a good average specimen of the entertainment to which for more than half a century the Philharmonic Society has accustomed its subscribers, what remains to be said may as well apply to it as to any of its predecessors. The programme comprised the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven and the two movements (*Allegro moderato* and *Andante con moto*) from

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* The Philharmonic Concerts have been held on Mondays from the earliest date.

Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor. The symphony of Beethoven was given in a manner less open to criticism than any other work of the kind that has been heard at the Philharmonic Concerts this season; parts, indeed, were admirably played. Still better, in some respects, were the movements from Schubert's symphony—a work which, had it been happily completed in the same strain, would indubitably have ranked among the master-pieces of instrumental music. The *Allegro* was taken too slow, and the *Andante* too fast; but beyond this we have not one objection to offer. The *chef d'oeuvre* of orchestral performance seems now to be confined exclusively to the Crystal Palace, where, not long since, under Herr Manns, those delicious fragments of Schubert were first introduced to an English public. At the same time we have not lately heard so near an approach to it at the Philharmonic Concerts, which, when *chef d'oeuvre* was not dreamt of, were regarded in England as the *ne plus ultra*. For this we have to thank Mr Cusins. There were two concertos at the fifth concert. The first, the driest, if not the least ingenious, of all concertos—that in D, for violoncello, composed by Herr Molique expressly for Signor Piatti—was played by Herr Grützmacher (violoncellist to the "King" of Saxony) in such a manner as could have left no doubt in the minds of his hearers that Signor Piatti was the greatest violoncellist in the world. Herr Grützmacher is clever beyond a question; but he is not a Piatti—far from it. The other concerto was the very familiar No. 1 (in G minor) of Mendelssohn, which has seldom been dashed off with easier assurance, and as seldom with less absolute refinement, than by Herr Alfred Jaell, one of those pianists from abroad of whom it would not be very difficult to find a more or less honourable specimen in almost any considerable German town as far as the uttermost frontier of "Vaterland" may now be presumed to extend. Herr Jaell played the first movement best. The *Andante* was heavy in tone, and exaggerated in expression. The *Finale* was begun with great fire and brilliancy, but towards the end became so much too quick that Abbé Liszt himself would have failed to make the passages distinct; and Abbé Liszt's fingers are even more lissom than the fingers of Herr Jaell. The vocal music was contributed by Mdlle. Sinico, Mdme Demeric Lablache, and Mr Tom Hohler. Mdme Lablache sang "Vedrai carino" a minor third too low. The effect of such a transposition, from bright to sombre, may be imagined. Mr Hohler gave "La mia Letizia" (*I Lombardi*) in the lachrymose manner to which he has accustomed us at Her Majesty's Theatre; and Mdlle. Sinico received a well-merited encore for her animated and charming delivery of the "polacca" in the second act of *Der Freischütz*. About the lengthy duet from *La Gazza Ladra* it is charitable, at least, to say nothing.

The concert terminated with a very fine performance of Cherubini's brilliant overture to *Anacreon*—a prodigy in its day, and a pleasant thing to listen to even now. At the next, we are promised a new overture entitled *Marmion*, by Arthur S. Sullivan, and Mr Benedict's pianoforte concerto in E flat, to be performed by Mdme. Arabella Goddard. Z.

[What the *Times* says is neither more nor less than the truth. It was unanimously resolved by the directors to appoint an English conductor. Further than this, Mr Mellon was not only conductor to the Musical Society of London, but bound by a yearly engagement to Mr Gye, manager of the Royal Italian Opera, without whose consent he could not have accepted the post of conductor at the Philharmonic, and who would decidedly *not* have given that consent. We agree that the place should have been offered to the next "best" English conductor after Mr Mellon. But the question is—who was that English conductor? Supposing that Mr Cusins should prove that in choosing him the Philharmonic directors have chosen the very man that was wanted? Who knows?—A. S. S.]

THE LATE SIR HENRY BISHOP'S MSS. SCORES.—These were among the most interesting objects at the sale (which terminates to-day), of the late Mr M'Kinlay's effects. *Happy Thought*:—They ought to be purchased by the nation, and deposited in the British Museum.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert (Hanover Square Rooms) began with the fragments of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, which some time ago created so deep an impression when introduced at the Crystal Palace by Herr Manns. They were extremely well played, as was also the *Pastoral Symphony* of Beethoven, the first two movements especially. Schubert's music was universally admired; and, indeed, had this not been the case, the Philharmonic audience would incur the risk of being no longer esteemed an audience of connoisseurs. It was not at a performance of the Philharmonic Society, but at a trial, that the same composer's magnificent symphony in C (No. 7), introduced at the suggestion of Mendelssohn, who himself held the conductor's stick, met with so scurvy a reception. The subscribers and the general public were never allowed a chance of hearing it. Now, however, nearly a quarter of a century later, that wonderful work is rated as it deserves, and the unknown fragments from another were listened to with close attention, and received with every sign of favour.

There were two concertos on the occasion—one by Molique for violoncello, and one by Mendelssohn for pianoforte. The violoncellist was Herr Grützmacher, from Dresden, a really fine player, with a powerful tone and dexterous manipulation. Herr Grützmacher, in short, is a thorough master of his instrument, and though, if we are not mistaken, he took certain liberties with the work he had in hand, his playing was laudable and effective from beginning to end, and he was honoured with loud and very general applause. Molique's concerto was composed expressly for Signor Piatti, whose marvellous execution of it, and the enthusiasm it raised on several occasions, will not have been forgotten, and who entertained sufficient reverence for the genuine master who had written it to play it exactly as written. The pianist was Herr Alfred Jaell, whose performance of Mendelssohn's most popular, if not best, concerto was spirited and brilliant from end to end. He too achieved a real success, and was unanimously called back after quitting the orchestra. Herr Jaell plays the first part of the last movement of the concerto as fast as possible, and the last part faster than possible. *Wie* ——, &c.

The singers were Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Demeric Lablache, and Mr Hohler—all from Her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Lablache gave "Vedrai carino" in A, instead of C, which did not enhance its effect. Mr Hohler sang "La mia letizia" (*I Lombardi*) as well as he has ever sung it in our hearing; and Mdlle. Sinico was called upon to repeat the brilliant and animated polacca which is allotted to Annchen in the second act of *Der Freischütz*, and which she has rarely sung more charmingly. The two ladies joined in the duet of the prison scene from *La Gazza Ladra*. The concert ended with a very brilliant performance of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon*, which, independently of its intrinsic merits, must always possess a certain interest as having been the first piece ever played at a Philharmonic concert—in 1813, at the late Argyll Rooms.

Mr W. G. Cusins, the new conductor, shows progress at each successive performance and may fairly be said to have established his position.

At the sixth concert (on Monday next), besides Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony, Beethoven's No. 8 (in F), and the overture to *Oberon*, the programme contains a new MS. overture called *Marmion*, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society by Mr Arthur S. Sullivan, and Mr Benedict's new pianoforte concerto in E flat, to be played by Madame Arabella Goddard. The singers are Mdlle. Ubrich, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, and Signor Gardoni.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Mr Mapleson announces that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, for the last two or three years chief attraction of the Théâtre-Lyrique, will make her first appearance in England on Saturday, the 8th of June. While Mdlle. Nilsson has a pure soprano of very extensive compass and remarkably pleasing quality, she enhances the natural effect of personal beauty by all the graces of a winning manner, and by all the attraction of intelligent vivacity. If her voice proves to be sufficiently powerful for Her Majesty's Theatre her success is assured.—*Daily Telegraph*.

WIMBORNE.—A great choral festival has just been held at the famous minster at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. Thirteen parish choirs, numbering 384 voices, took part in the festival.

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GRAND SONATA, in A major, Op. 120 — — — —	Schubert.
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"THE ALFRED MELLON MEMORIAL FUND."

At a Meeting held in the Hanover Square Rooms,
EDWARD JAMES, Esq., Q.C., M.P., in the Chair,

IT was proposed by JULES BENEDICT, Esq., seconded by [illegible], Esq., and carried unanimously:—"That in consideration of the eminent talent displayed by the late Mr. ALFRED MELLON as one of the best and most popular of English Orchestra Conductors, this Meeting is of opinion that a lasting Memorial should be erected to his memory, and hereby pledges itself to use its utmost endeavours to carry out this object."

Moved by CHARLES SALAMAN, Esq.; *Seconded by* [illegible], Esq.,

"That this Meeting resolve itself into a Committee, with power to add to its number, for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to be devoted to the erection of a Memorial to the memory of the late Mr. ALFRED MELLON; that JULES BENEDICT, Esq., be requested to become Treasurer, and E. W. ROWE, Esq., Sub-Treasurer; that C. G. VERRINDER, Esq., Mus. Bac. Oxon., be requested to undertake the duty of Honorary Secretary; and that an account be opened at 'The Union Bank,' 4, Argyle Place, Regent Street, W., in aid of the ALFRED MELLON MEMORIAL FUND."

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The Honorary Secretary, C. G. VERRINDER, Esq., 19, High Street, Manchester Square, W.

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[Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., publishers of the *Musical World*, will be happy to take charge of any subscription towards the same object from their country readers.]

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DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., at his residence, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., GEORGE RICHARD [illegible], in the 70th year of his age.

On Tuesday, the 28th ult., in Liverpool, aged 70, three days after his arrival from New York, WILLIAM F. BROUGH, uncle to the Brothers Brough, and long a favourite bass singer at the Haymarket and Theatre Royal, Dublin.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

[Translations from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.]

ERNST.

(*January* 14, 1840.)

BERLIOZ'S prediction that Ernst, like Paganini, would some day make the world talk about him, is beginning to be fulfilled. I have heard nearly all the great violin players of modern times, from Lipinski down to Prume. Each had his devoted adherents. Some believed in Lipinski; there was something strikingly imposing in his style, and it was only necessary to hear two or three of his grand notes. Some again were enthusiastic for Vieuxtemps, the most genial of the recent artists, who has already reached so high a point, that it is difficult to speculate on his future career without some inward trepidation. Ole Bull was an enigma, and a melancholy one, too, impossible to solve—at any rate he had plenty of opponents. In the same way all the players—De Beriot, C. Müller, Molique, David, Prume—have each their special friends among the public and their champions in the press. But Ernst, like Paganini, is so familiar with all schools, that he can penetrate the most opposite individualities; and is thus able to satisfy all parties and make them his allies. In power of improvisation also, the most charming talent in a player, he approaches Paganini, which may in some degree be the consequence of his intimate early association with that master.

Ernst is a native of Brünn, from which place he came when very young to the Conservatorium at Vienna. He shortly after became acquainted with Paganini, and in 1830 made his first visit to the Rhine, when Paganini was also there. His extraordinary gift of execution, though obviously deriving a good deal from that artist, made at once a sensation. With all the audacity of youth he gave his concerts at the very same places at which Paganini had just before been playing. I remember with delight some of these concerts, where, like an Apollo, he drew the train of the Heidelberg muses after him from the neighbouring Rhine towns. At that time his name was well known. After this nothing was heard of him for a while; he had gone to Paris, where it takes time even to get a hearing. Incessant practice improved him; the Paganini element gradually vanished; and within the last year or two his name has again come up, and is now mentioned in Paris in company with the best. His old desire, once more to visit his native country, and exhibit his successful skill to his own town, lately returned upon him. After a journey in Holland last winter, where, in the course of a few months, he gave from sixty to seventy concerts, and a short stay in Paris, he came straight to

Germany. Like a true artist he had faith in his art and disdained to announce his coming. He appeared first in Hanover (engaged by Marschner) and then in Hamburg and the neighbouring places. We have now heard him in Leipzig almost without being prepared for it. The room was not over full, but the audience might have been double its real number, so loud was the applause. The most brilliant and splendid display of the evening was the set of variations by Mayseder, which in a very charming manner he interspersed with some of his own, ending with a cadence such as one hears from Paganini only, when with humorous audacity he gives full play to all the magic of his bow. The applause it provoked exceeded the usual measure of enthusiasm in North Germany, and had there been bouquets at hand, they would doubtless have been flung in showers. This is in store for him next time, even though, most modest and retiring of men as he is, he should desire to avoid it. We shall have one more opportunity of hearing him on Monday next. On that occasion if he will only play his "Carnaval de Venise," we shall hope to say something more about him, believing that the great Italian magician on leaving the world of art, confided to Ernst the mysteries of his method, for the study of the mature artist, the emulation of the student, and the delight of all.

MOZART AND HAYDN IN LONDON.*

It is the characteristic sign of music at the present time that the literature connected with this beautiful art prospers and bears abundant fruit, while Polyhymnia has entrusted her god-like mission of creating and producing imperishable works to a smaller number of composers than was formerly the case. Now-a-days, the number of artists is legion; the Conservatories send forth a large multitude every year; in all directions are places created for musical directors of merit; choruses and orchestras are everywhere being established, while those already existing continue to be improved in a surprising manner; the principal posts are increased in number and endowed with funds which enable the artists who hold them to devote their lives almost uninterruptedly—as they must do—to the cultivation of their genius. Despite of all this, the majority of the compositions produced are of such a kind that, though we can recognise in them talent, labour, devotion and high feeling, we cannot concede to them the probability of their surviving the Present—the probability of their being entered in the book of history in letters of gold shining over the Future. On the other hand, we are surprised, at short intervals, by works, of greater or less extent, in the domain of musical literature, offering us new subjects treated with such happy perspicuity and genuine earnestness that we can prophesy for these books a long and prosperous existence.

The domain of biography—a land that some time since was certainly very much neglected by the scientific disciples of our art—is at present traversed by numerous expeditions conducted by the missionaries of knowledge. These expeditions do not, it is true, endanger the life of those who undertake them, but the literary honour and reputation of such individuals are staked on the venture. It is not everyone who brings home a wreath of laurels. With the fame-crowned names, such as the name of Otto Jahn, are joined many of high merit—we may cite, at hazard, Chrysander, Von Köchel, Von Dommer, Von Weber, Dr Kreissle, and Bitter—not to mention those who represent with distinction the Press in musical and political periodicals; but there are also attempts of which the sorry result relegate, with shame and disgrace, many who entered sure of victory on the path, from out the community of heroes and *equites* to the mass of nameless insignificance, where they may console themselves as they best can, or where the insatiable monster Oblivion swallows, never to bring them up again.

We reckon biographies among the most meritorious productions of writers on musical matters. A *good* biography—and it is only of such that we treat in this paper and in the present instance—does not merely give a sketch of the life of its hero, the incidents in which are frequently not of such importance as the masses believe (they much more frequently exercise an injurious than a beneficial influence), but it teaches us the course of development pursued by its subject for the benefit of professors and learners. It fixes in a practical light for the benefit of practical artists all he produced. It renders us acquainted, for the benefit especially of those who get up concerts, with all his compositions. It contains a practically and theoretically evolved estimate from a musico-historical, theoretical, and aesthetical point of view, for the benefit of the encyclopedia of music; and lastly, it offers all those who from all directions have humbly gathered, with loving veneration, around the picture formed by fancy of the Master, his figure in *effigie* so that they can mentally embrace and call it their own.

It follows from what has been said that it is no easy task to produce a *good* biography. Such a work—and we possess a model in Jahn's *Mozart*, after which we assign the next place to Chrysander's *Handel*—requires an exceedingly conscientious and wearisome preparation of the subject matter, combined with the labour of overcoming innumerable practical difficulties, and presupposes a universal proficiency in musical matters, such as only the heroes among the adepts can make their own. Apart from the great material foundations, the hard ringing cash, as capital, that must be provided for such works, there are inward reasons why every one cannot undertake them. It is therefore certainly more meritorious for an author, having regard to material possibilities and his own position, to adopt a smaller size, and cultivate carefully a limited field, than to endeavour to fill up a large frame with a small picture. In so far as a theme distinctly marked out can be treated more thoroughly and plastically, in the first place presenting itself as it were alive to our eyes, and—secondly, of necessity shedding, with its intensified light, brightness in all directions beyond its own boundaries, such a monography may possess merits of its own which, as a preparation for larger works, or works partially founded on it, can only be productive of beneficial results, and must be joyously welcomed.

We have now reached the ground we must take up, if we would rightly estimate the present work of Herr Pohl.

It is remarkable that, just as Jahn's preparatory labours for a biography of Beethoven led to the biography of Mozart, Herr Pohl's book owes its origin to researches respecting the visit Haydn paid sixteen years later to London. As naturally much of the matter involved referred to the years 1764-65, the time of Mozart's visit, the author promises to give us in the Second Part, *Haydn in London*, a comprehensive view of matters in the English capital during the second half of the last century. This work, therefore, will have to be considered as a continuation of the history of London musical life, as given by Chrysander in his *Handel*, and the merit of having written, without patronage or encouragement, but merely from their own scientific impulses, the musical history of London for a century and a half will belong to two German scholars.

As we have before hinted, the author has not been contented with following the Mozarts (father, son, and daughter) step by step—a task which in many respects must have appeared unintelligible and needing a commentary—but gives an animated picture of London in the years mentioned—introducing the personages of the period with their own words, so that we fancy we are treading the same ground as Mozart, and, for the first time, clearly understand all that happened to him.

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* *Mozart and Haydn in London. First Part: Mozart in London.* C. F. Pohl. Vienna: C. Gerold, jun.—From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung.*

As the special sources of his information Herr Pohl enumerates A B C Dario—whose name extends one degree further in the alphabet than that of A. B. C. Marx—Walpole's *Letters*, the *Memoirs* of Mrs. Delany, the treasures in the British Museum founded by Sloane,* and the well known libraries of Vienna and Salzburg. In the course of his task he cannot refrain, by the way, from reproaching certain well known authors with superficiality and inexactitude, of which faults he proves them guilty. He, moreover, returns especial thanks firstly to O. Jahn, and then to a number of persons who willingly lent him their aid in England—among them being Sir George Smart, since dead, in whose house Carl Maria von Weber breathed his last—and others who assisted him with no less alacrity in Germany. Finally, he expresses "before the world the most profound gratitude to his friend, Dr Franz Wagner, who honourably shared with him all the joys and miseries of the book."

Whoever takes an interest in learning what kind of a place London was, as a capital containing more than a million and a half of inhabitants, exactly a century ago, should obtain this book, the first half of which, consisting of about ninety clearly but closely printed pages, offers us a picture, exact in all its details and lucid in its arrangement, of the doings even then so grandiose, and yet in other respects striking us frequently as so petty, of a population the number of which, even at that period, has not yet been attained by any other European capital.

Whoever wishes to follow as nearly as possible Mozart in his way through life will find no small amount of interesting matter in the second half, to which is appended a large number of notes, of important encyclopædic value. We will shortly state what happened to Mozart in England, and how far events advanced and affected him.

On the 10th April, 1764, the father and the two children left Calais, and after a costly journey—for they had to hire a vessel expressly from Calais to Dover in order not to be delayed too long—arrived in London so quickly, considering the period, that they were able to play at Court by the 27th. How greatly the children pleased George III—who, in consequence of something said by Handel, considered it his musical mission to cultivate Handel's works—and his wife, Charlotte, previously Princess of Mecklenburg, is proved by the fact of their playing twice more at Court. An artist was immediately ready to introduce the young and "real prodigy of Nature" into his programme. The prudent father, however, was sharp enough, if not to refuse the boy's co-operation, at any rate to defer it for a time, as it would necessarily diminish the profits of his own concert. This took place, on the 5th June, in Spring Gardens, and brought in so large a sum that a remittance could be sent home. On the 29th, Wolfgang, played at Ranelagh, in a concert given for a charitable purpose, as the rich English were fond of being benevolent at the expense of artists. After a little trip, of which Tunbridge Wells was the goal, the father fell ill, and the family were, in consequence, obliged to move to Chelsea, where Mozart wrote his first Symphonies. Though Mozart, as organist, pianist, and composer of Symphonies and Sonatas, as well as by his extempore playing, had created an unexampled sensation, and though the *Public Advertiser* called him "the most extraordinary Prodigy and most amazing Genius that has appeared in any Age," the pinnacle of his success was passed after a stay of only eight months in London, and the continuation of the story appears to us as mournful and pitiful as the shortsighted obstinacy of his father, who, without obtaining material or other advantages, could not decide on leaving but kept putting off his departure, is utterly inexplicable.

At length, on the 21st February, 1765, there was a second concert of Leopold's children. This was given in the little Haymarket Theatre. It was only after great trouble in disposing of the requisite number of tickets, and after the public had been repeatedly invited to come, when and how they chose, to make the acquaintance of the children at their own house, that a third concert took place, on the 13th May, in Hickford's Rooms, but under such circumstances that we cannot refrain from indulging in the most disagreeable reflections. On this occasion, the children performed together on two grand pianos. The decreasing interest evinced by the public, an interest weakened still more by political troubles, caused the father to lower his pretensions again, and invite everyone to come any day from 12 to 3 o'clock, and, for a trifling sum, hear the children, it being especially announced, as something new, that the latter would play together upon the same piano, with a handkerchief spread over the notes so that they could not see them.

Despite the father's adroitness, despite the abnormal performances of the children, and their personal attractiveness, despite the real novelty of what they did, they were forgotten! At length their father decided on leaving a capital, the surging life of which resembles a sea, from out whose depths treasures may be raised, but whose waves pitilessly drag down the unskilful pilot into his cold grave. The last days of their visit were devoted to seeing once more all the sights of London, among other places they directed their steps to the British Museum. There Mozart was paid the last mark of respect, being requested to present some of his compositions to be preserved in the library. He wrote expressly a four part chorus to the words "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," his first and only composition to an English text. It is now preserved as a precious relic in that capital which he left, on the 1st August, 1765, without receiving any recognition of that appreciation that even then was his due. A highly interesting addition to the book is a facsimile of this autograph.

ALBERT HAHN.*

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.—To-day Madame Arabella Goddard rehearses the concerto in E flat of Mr Benedict, at the Hanover Square Rooms, for the sixth concert of the old Philharmonic Society on Monday night; and at St. George's Hall, Beethoven's concerto in the same key for the fourth concert of the New Philharmonic on Wednesday. Dr Wylde's rehearsal is, of course, the usual public one.

ELI.—The following pieces were omitted from the recent performance of Mr Costa's *Eli* by the Sacred Harmonic Society:—Recitative and chorus, "Woe unto us;" semi-chorus, "Bless ye the Lord;" recitative, "Watchman! watchman!" recitative, "I wait for the Lord;" and recitative, "The Lord said." Nothing was gained by their omission.

MDLLE GIACCONI and Mdlle. Martelli having failed to impress the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre with a proper sense of their worth, have taken their departure. Happily Mdlle. Nilsson and Mdlle de Murska are to come.

MESSRS NOVELLO have purchased the business carried on by Messrs. Ewer & Co., proprietors of the principal compositions of Mendelssohn. The firm will be known in future as that of Novello, Ewer & Co.

MDLLE. NILSSON, will arrive in London to-morrow, and make her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre on the 8th inst., in the *Traviata*.

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* The German writer means probably Sir Hans Sloane's Museum.—TRANSLATOR.

* The tone of reproach adopted by Herr Albert Hahn when speaking of England, is certainly justified by the munificent treatment Mozart met with in his own country! Some twenty years subsequently the great Master was actually appointed *Capellmeister* in the place of Gluck, at the Imperial Court of Vienna, with the magnificent salary of—800 florins, about £80! "Vuesa la paja en el ojo ageno, y no la viga de lagar en el nuestro," is not a bad proverb, Herr Albert Hahn.—TRANSLATOR.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Monday night Mdlle. Adelina Patti, having recovered from her indisposition, re-appeared in her favourite part of Rosina, and was welcomed by the genuine heartiness that never fails to greet her. The "Una voce," and the duet with Figaro in Act I, the bolero of Verdi in the Lesson scene, and the English ballad of "Home, sweet home," which Mdlle. Patti is now accustomed to introduce when (which is invariably the case) called upon for another song, and which she warbles so delightfully, were received with the accustomed enthusiasm. Signor Mario was Almaviva; Signor Cotogni, Figaro; Signor Ciampi, Bartolo; and Signor Tagliafico, Basilio. M. Sainton presided at the orchestra. The house was crowded.

On Tuesday *Norma* with Madame Maria Vilda followed by two acts of *Masaniello*, Signor Fancelli playing Masaniello in place of Signor Naudin. On Thursday *Faust e Margherita*. Of *Don Giovanni*, announced for last night, we shall speak in our next.

To-night *Faust*, on Monday next *Lucia* (second time), and on Tuesday *Don Carlos*.

Pianofortes at the Paris Exhibition.—The gold medal has been awarded to Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons for the pianofortes sent by them to the Paris Exhibition. These fine instruments were noticed by us some weeks since, after an inspection of them at the manufactory; and the opinion which we then expressed of their high and exceptional merits has now been endorsed by the judgment of the Paris jury.—*Daily News*, May 25.

French Plays.—Mr. Mitchell has announced a series of French plays at St. James's Theatre. It is six years since French drama was represented in London, and then in the "Lyceum" Theatre attached to the Haymarket Opera. The *locale* is now transferred to the house wont to be irradiated by the genius of Rachel. It is under the management of her brother, Raphael Felix, that the present series of performances is to be given. The principal artists are Mdlle. Deschamps and M. Ravel, from which we gather that the pieces played will be chiefly selected from the *répertoire* of the Palais Royal. M. Ravel was here in 1852 and 1853, and his assumptions will not be forgotten. That M. Ravel's talent goes further than that of a mere *comique* was proved in the piece called *L'Etourneau*, which, beginning in broad farce, culminated in almost tragic force. Among the plays announced are *Les Pattes de Mouche* and *Nos Intimes* by Sardou, Augier's *Fils de Giboyer*, in which Got, of the Théâtre Français, created so striking a character, and Girardin's *Supplice d'une Femme*. The season to commence on the 24th June is to last till the 20th July, and there will be performances every evening, Monday, Wednesday and Friday being subscription nights. We hope the venture will be successful. In any case, the public will have reason to be grateful to Mr. Mitchell for again attempting to introduce the French drama untranslated.

Miss Laura Harris has been singing with great success at Troyes, Elbeuf, and Saint-Quentin. In all these places her especial success was in that great air of the "Queen of Night" from *Il Flauto Magico* (*Zauberflöte*), when her audience would always have it repeated. On the 1st and 2nd of June Miss Laura Harris is announced to sing at Rouen in two grand concerts. Signor Sivori and the brothers Guelar are also announced for the same concerts.

Royal Academy of Music.—Programme of pianoforte music performed by Mr. W. H. Holmes to the students, Tuesday, May 28th, 1867, during the general orchestral and choral rehearsal between two and four o'clock:—New concerto, with full orchestral accompaniments, Op. 89, J. Benedict (Mr. Benedict having most kindly lent the parts for this occasion); Sonata, John Christian Bach (youngest son of Seb. Bach); Chaconne, Handel; Variations in F minor, Haydn; Suite de Pièces, S. Bennett; Romance, Mozart; Pezzo di Bravura, Potter; Duet, two pianofortes (Mr. W. H. Holmes and Mr. Marshall Hall Bell), Hummel; Variations in E flat, Beethoven.

M. Leon Escudier, the enterprising music publisher, editor and proprietor of the Parisian journal, *L'Art Musical*, and owner of all Signor Verdi's most valuable copyrights, has come to London to be present at the first performance of *Don Carlos*, at the Royal Italian Opera.

Crystal Palace.—At the fourth grand Opera Concert (this day), the singers are from Covent Garden. Among the foremost attractions will be "Let the bright Seraphim" (trumpet, Mr. Harper), and "Home, sweet home," sung by Mdlle. Adelina Patti. Signor Bottesini will play a *fantasia* on the double-bass. Mr. Manns is the conductor.

The late Mr. Metzler.—Our obituary this day contains the announcement of the death of Mr. Metzler, of Great Marlborough Street, one of the oldest music-publishers and musical instrument sellers in London, having succeeded his father, who established the business in 37, Wardour Street, more than half a century ago, and who came originally from Germany. Mr. Metzler was a man of the kindest and noblest disposition, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who required it in the musical profession or trade. His death is regretted by many, leaving a void that will not easily be filled up. By his demise a vacancy occurs amongst the directors of St. James's Hall, Mr. Metzler having been one of the largest and original shareholders of the company. He will be interred this day in Kensal Green Cemetery.—B. B.

The Music Plates and Copyrights of Messrs. T. D'Almaine and Co.—The sale of this valuable property by Mr. Robins, of Waterloo Place, extending over a period of eleven days, terminates this day (Saturday). Considering the immense stock thus brought into the market, the competition has been remarkably brisk, and the prices realized for some of the lots are said to be unprecedented. The following are among the most noticeable.

Lots	Compositions.	Purchasers.	£	s	d
297	Aladdin's Lamp	Brewer	57	0	0
643	Beautiful Blue Violets	Brewer	42	0	0
674	The Bloom is on the Rye	Hutchings and Romer	202	0	0
675	The bloom is on the Cherry Tree	Brewer	84	0	0
720	Fairy Queen	Cocks	35	0	0
770	Parry's Scotch Melodies	E. Williams	27	10	0
1019	Henry's Pianoforte Tutor	Metzler	401	10	0
1095	Cornet Tutors	Hutchings and Romer	162	0	0
1110	Down where the blue bells grew	Cocks	75	0	0
1112	Draw the sword, Scotland	Brewer	29	10	0
1103	Arnold's Cathedral Services	Novello	91	11	0
1105	Hatton's Songs	Brewer	150	10	0
1150	Heaven is my home	Cocks	63	0	0
1108	Ditto arranged as a duet	E. Williams	54	0	0
1152	He wipes the tear from every eye	Brewer	310	0	0
1599	Ditto arranged as a duet	E. Williams	42	0	0
1158	I'll hang my harp on a willow tree	E. Williams	190	0	0
1120	Kathleen Mavourneen Song	Hutchings and Romer	532	0	0
0106	Loder's Instructions for Violin	Hutchings and Romer	50	10	0
2009	Kuhe's arrangement of "The bloom is on the rye"	Ashdown and Parry	64	0	0
1010	Kuhe's arrangement of "Kathleen Mavourneen"	Ashdown and Parry	67	10	0
2066	Les Jolis Oiseaux Quadrilles	J. Williams	160	0	0
And lots No. 3023 to 3058 arrangements of "I'll hang my harp," "Kathleen Mavourneen" and other popular songs by Brinley Richards, for Pianoforte			612	5	0

The name and good will of the old firm of D'Almaine has been purchased by, and will be kept up by Mr. Joseph Emery (so long associated with the house) as a Pianoforte Manufacturer at the factory, Notting Hill.

Mr. Joseph Sturgess, the librarian of the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society, has been presented with a handsome testimonial (a slight recognition of his services) in the shape of a handsome timepiece with the following inscription on a silver plate in front:—"Presented to Joseph Sturgess by the members of the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society, in recognition of his services as honorary librarian. May 27th, 1867."

Brighton.—The Philharmonic Society has given its last subscription concert of the present season. There was a large and fashionable audience. The principal piece was Sterndale Bennett's pastoral *The May Queen*, this being the first time we believe in which the composition was submitted to a Brighton public. Beethoven's symphony No. 1 and Meyerbeer's song of "Ye Maidens in Springtime," from *Dinorah*, were amongst the most noticeable of the other selections. Fraulein Mey was encored in the solo song "Say Pretty Bird of the Greenwood Tree," substituting "Una Voce." Mr. W. Devin presided at the piano, and Mr. C. T. West was the conductor. The concert was a great success, and the society may be congratulated on the results of its first year's operations.

BERLIN.—The ninth and last Sinfonie Soirée of the Royal Band, for this season, was especially interesting from the fact that exactly five-and-twenty years have elapsed since these concerts were established in their present form. The hall was festively decked out, and, after the March from Beethoven's *Ruinen von Athen*, Madame Zachmann spoke an eloquent prologue by Dr Emil Taubert. Then came "25 Variations on an original Theme," by the worthy conductor, Herr W. Taubert; G major Symphony, by Haydn; Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, by Mozart, played by Herr Taubert; and to conclude, Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven. After the concert there was a joyous banquet in the Arnim Hotel, the Intendant-General Herr von Hülsen being in the chair. The foundation of the Sinfonie Soirées of the Royal Band for the relief of the widows and orphans of the members, dates really from the year 1800. The Soirées varied, at first, in number and were given at irregular intervals, till in 1842 they were newly organized and their number fixed at nine or ten every year. Since that time 228 Soirées have been given: 9 under the conductorship of Herr Henning, 9 under that of Mendelssohn, 1 under that of Herr Dorn, and 209 under that of Herr Taubert. At the end of 1866 the funds in hand amounted to 151,156 thalers. It may also be mentioned that, on the occasion of the above Jubilee Concert, Herr Taubert received a valuable snuff-box with a flattering letter from Queen Augusta, while a complimentary grant of 2000 thalers was voted him out of the funds of the Society.

THE CLASSICS OF THE PIANOFORTE.—An entertainment under the above title was given at The Woodlands, Maida Vale, the residence of Mr Alfred Gilbert, the well-known professor of the pianoforte, on Wednesday evening. This was the third concert, we believe, dedicated by Mr Gilbert to illustration from the pianoforte works of ancient and modern composers. On this occasion the selection comprised Beethoven's Grand Trio, Op. 97, in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; the same composer's Sonata for pianoforte and violin, in G, Op. 30, No. 3; Mendelssohn's Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, in D minor, Op. 49; and Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. These pieces were interspersed somewhat copiously by vocal performances. Mr Gilbert was assisted by Mr Henry Holmes as violinist and Mr Aylward as violoncellist. Beethoven's Trio was perhaps the crowning performance of the concert—at all events it was best liked by the audience. The singers were Madame Gilbert and Miss Fosbroke. Mr J. Parry Cole accompanied the vocal music.

THE MISSES GOTTSCHALK'S SOIRÉE MUSICALE.—The *soirée* of these three artists who rejoice in the name of Gottschalk took place on Thursday evening at the Beethoven Rooms, and was well attended. Two of the Misses Gottschalk are pianists, and one, Miss Blanche, a vocalist. They were assisted by Madame Patey Whytock, Mr Wm. Harrison, Mr Frank Elmore and Mr J. B. Welsh, as vocalists, with Herr Jansa (violinist), Herr Liddel (violoncellist), as instrumentalists. Miss Clara Gottschalk joins to her talent as a player that of a composer, and introduced studies composition of her own, which are by no means without merit. A pleasing sentimental ballad, "Love thee long," remarkably well interpreted by Mr W. Harrison, was loudly applauded, as was also a part song, "Wake thee my dear," which exhibited a decided capacity for harmony. Two instrumental solos, one composed by herself, the other an arrangement of the "National Anthem" by a relation, Mons. L. M. Gottschalk, well known in the United States as a popular pianist and composer, served to display Miss Clara's pianism powers to great advantage. The latter was still further tested in a trio by Hummel for piano, violin and violoncello, in conjunction with Messrs. Jansa and Liddel. Miss Blanche Gottschalk sang a "Serenade" by Adolph Abram, and with Mr J. B. Welsh, a young and promising baritone, the grand duet from *Sonnambula*, "Se la mia." The same lady also gave the air of Gilda, "Caro nome," from *Rigoletto*. Two duets for piano, one by Reinecke and Lysberg, were played by Miss Gottschalk and Miss Clara Gottschalk, and pleased universally, as did the Osborne and De Beriot's duet on *Guillaume Tell*, for piano and violoncello by Miss Gottschalk and Herr Liddel. Mr Frank Elmore sang some of his own compositions and Mr J. B. Welsh made a bold effort to compass the vocal and dramatic requirements in the celebrated song, "Madamina," from *Don Giovanni*. Mr Francesco Berger conducted.

BASIL [illegible]

ROCHESTER.—The officers of the Royal Marines L. I. recently gave a dramatic performance here at the Lyceum Theatre. The entertainment comprised the farces *Ici on Parle Français*, *Ill Treated Il Trovatore*, and *A Fish out of Water*. From among the *corps dramatique* I may particularise Lieut. Morant, whose Azucena in the burlesque, evinced singular ability. The house was crowded, General Murray and his staff occupying a prominent position in the house.—R. S. G.

BRUNSWICK.—The popular ballad composer, Franz Abt, celebrated on the 14th of May his twenty-fifth anniversary—or, to speak as the Germans do, *the twenty-five years' jubilee of his debut*—in the musical career by the song, "Wenn die Schwalben heimwärts ziehn" ("When the swallows hasten home"), which has become popular everywhere, and was the origin of his reputation. A grand concert was organised in his honour by a special committee.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The speciality of the third concert—Tuesday evening, May 21st—was the number of encores, and giving them will show, as well as any amount of criticism, the excellence of the performance. Miss Edith Wynne was encored in "Tell me, my heart" and "The Lover's Whisper;" Miss Louisa Pyne in "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," and "Oh dear what can the matter be;" Mdlle Liebhart in "Within a mile of Edinboro' town," and "Come, lassie and lad;" and Madame Sainton-Dolby in Claribel's new song, "Strangers yet." Songs which were not encored, but which deserved to be as much as some quoted above, were given by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Banks, Mr Weiss, Mr Montem Smith, and Mr Wilson. Also the Misses Wells sang some duets to perfection, and as many glees and part songs were given with admirable effect. Miss Madeline Schiller, one of our most brilliant young pianists, played Benedict's "Albion" fantasia, and Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland," with immense effect and was applauded to the echo. The concert was, in all respects, admirable and Mr John Boosey must by this time be highly contented with his latest "Happy Thought," the Ballad Concerts.

MADAME ARDITI'S MATINÉE D'INVITATION, given at 78, Harley Street, by permission of Mrs. Wood, on Friday the 17th inst., was a very fashionable affair, and eminently successful. The programme was as choice (fashionably speaking) as the lady's own taste is known to be most excellent. The singers were Madame Arditi, Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Demeric-Lablache, Madame Trebelli, Mdlle. Bauquist, Messrs. Tom Hohler, Santley, Bettini and Rokitansky; instrumentalists—Mdlle. Emilie Arditi (violin), Signors Tito Mattei and Li Calsi (pianoforte). Madame Arditi is not generally known to be a vocalist, but that she is a real vocalist was proved beyond all difference by her singing of a new ballad composed by Signor Arditi, "A kiss for your thoughts," which pleased infinitely both on its own account and its being so pleasingly rendered, and was unanimously encored. Another new song by Signor Arditi, "Let me love thee," sung by Mr Santley, also gained a loud and decided encore. The other performances which claim especial notice were Beethoven's Romance for the violin, Op. 50, played with brilliant effect by Mdlle. Emilie Arditi; Nicolai's duet, "Di [illegible]," sung by Madame Trebelli and Signor Bettini; and Arditi's valse, "L'Estasi," by Mdlle. Sinico.

SIGNOR AGNESI, the accomplished baritone-bass, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, has been singing with decided success at the Italian Opera, Paris, during the latter part of the season. His benefit took place on Saturday, when he played Assur in *Semiramide*. Mdlle. Zeiss performed Arsace, and Madame Tabacchi made her *début* on the occasion as the Babylonian Queen.

WHITBY.—The Choral Society gave a concert in the Congress Hall, on Monday evening the 20th ult., under the directorship of Mr Bradley, who also officiated as pianist and conductor. Mr David Lambert sang Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer," and was loudly encored, when he substituted the Irish song "Not myself at all." He also was encored in "The Bellringer." Miss Annie Penman, the soprano, sang three songs, and was encored in "Voi che sapete." Miss Lottie Bradley's beautiful voice and good taste were apparent in the song, "Sing me the songs you used to sing." The choruses were performed with much steadiness and precision by the members of the Choral Society, who were ably piloted by Mr Bradley, as conductor. Mr E. R. Bradley presided most efficiently at the harmonium.

MEININGEN.—The meeting of the Tonkünstler Versammlung for the present year will be held in this town towards the end of August.

MUNICH.—The Abbé Liszt's oratorio, *Die Heilige Elisabeth*, was performed here on the 10th ult., under the direction of Herr von Bülow.

AMSTERDAM.—At the 10th concert given by the Society for the Advancement of Music the programme contained among other pieces: Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Scherzo from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Intermezzo, Verhulst; Duet from *Les Dragons de Villars*; and the Overture to *Oberon*.

ST PETERSBURG.—As a mark of her appreciation of those works of his that have been played here, the Grand Duchess Helena has sent Mr Litolff a magnificent ring in brilliants.

KONIGSBERG.—The New Vocal Association, under the direction of Herr Hamma, recently gave a successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Reinecke's new opera, *König Manfred*, will be produced some time during the present month.

LEIPSIC.—The fiftieth performance of *L'Africaine* took place on the 3rd ult. The opera was first performed here on the 18th February, 1866.

Madame Puzzi, the eminent vocal professor, gave her annual morning concert at St. George's Hall on Monday last, when the programme presented a miscellaneous selection of a similar kind to the same lady's concerts of many years past. The pieces and the performers were mostly well known, the principal feature of the concert being Mr Benedict's cantata, *The Legend of St Cecilia*, under the composer's direction, which, on the whole, was exceedingly well done, and created a powerful impression even on aristocratic sympathies. The solos were given by Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr Hohler and Mr Weiss, the chorus by Mr Ganz's amateur choir, and in lieu of an orchestra, the accompaniments rendered by pianoforte, harmonium and harp, respectively sustained by Mr Ganz (assisted by Signor Pinsuti), Mr Archer, and Mr John Thomas. In the miscellaneous portion of the concert several instrumental solos were included, among which may be specified a "Study" for the harp, "Il Mandolino," brilliantly played by Mr John Thomas; a fantasia on *Norma* for the pianoforte tremendously executed by Signor Mattei, and a violoncello solo, by M. Paque. Among the vocal performances which seemed to please most we may point to Mr Trelawny Cobham's "Alice, where art thou?" Mdlle. Liebhart's air from *Der Freischütz*, "Kommt ein schlanker"; Signor Arditi's valse "L'Estasi," sung by Mdlle. Sinico; and a new canzonetta by Hilda, "Il sospiro," given by Mr Tom Hohler. Considering that the programme was constructed with an eye to the aristocratic tastes of Madame Puzzi's distinguished patrons, nothing could possibly be more judicious and politic. The introduction of Mr Benedict's cantata was doubtless a slight act of condescension to her own musical predilections. The hall was crowded in every part, the inevitable consequence when Madame Puzzi gives her annual benefit.

Norwich.—Owing to the lease of the Theatre expiring, and its changing hands, the Opera Company were compelled to close on Wednesday evening. Therefore the promised production of *Fidelio* was not realized. It is gratifying to know that the principals have financially fared pretty well, but not commensurately with the claims which so excellent a company had upon the lovers of operatic music. This may, in some respects, be owing to the present disgraceful state of the theatre. On Wednesday Messrs. G. D. Loveday and Oliver Summers, the managers, had a benefit. Lord and Lady Stafford, in addition to their patronage, gave their presence, and there was a capital dress circle. *Maritana* was repeated, and Madame Haigh Dyer and Mr. Bowler maintained their well-earned fame, while Mr Aynsley Cooke as Don José de Santarem received quite an ovation at the close of the performance. The opera was followed by a concert, in which Miss Long sang "Cherry ripe," Mr D. Loveday a violin solo on *Lucrezia Borgia*, Mr Brookhouse Bowler sang "Come into the garden, Maud" (encored), Madame Haigh Dyer sang "She wore a wreath of roses," and "The Minstrel Boy," and Mr Aynsley Cooke gave the "Bellringer," "Simon the Cellarer," and "The Lads of the Village." The farce *Whitebait at Greenwich*, concluded the evening's entertainment.—*Norwich Paper*.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Chappell & Co.—"Une Pensée à la Pologne," par Madame M. Fumas Jagielska.
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Ashdown & Parry.—"Memories of Home," Romance; "L'Arc-en-Ciel," Morceau élégant; "Fra Diavolo," Fantasia Brillante; "Eloquence," Melody;—composed for the Pianoforte by Sydney Smith. "The [illegible] Maiden," Song, by Henry Smart. "The Rose" (an English version of the popular valse, "La Rosa"), by Louis Engel.
Boosey (Regent Street).—"Music in its Art-Mysteries," by Henry Wylde, Mus. Doc., Gresham Professor.

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"Medea."—Mdlle Titiens.—Benefit of Signor Mongini.

TUESDAY NEXT, July 30th, will be presented Cherubini's Grand Opera, "MEDEA." Jason, Signor Mongini (his first appearance in that character); Creonte, Mr Santley; Neris, Mdlle Sinico; Dirce, Mdlle Baurmeister; [illegible], Mdlle Mariol; Clyte, Madame Tagliafico; and Medea, by Mdlle Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

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MADAME TREBELLI-BETTINI'S BENEFIT.—MONDAY NEXT, JULY 29th. (See other advertisement.)

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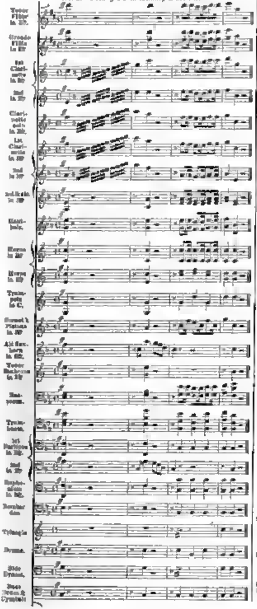
Tenor Flûte in E♭.
Grande Flûte in E♭
1st Clarinette in B♭
2nd in B♭
Clarinette solo in B♭.
1st Clarinette in B♭
2nd in B♭
3rd & 4th in B♭
Hautbois.
Horns in E♭
Horns in E♭
Trumpets in C.
Cornet à Pistons in B♭
Alt Saxhorn in E♭.
Tenor Saxhorns in B♭
Bassoons.
Trombones.
1st Baritones in B♭.
2nd in B♭
Euphonium in B♭.
Bombardon.
Triangle.
Drums.
Side Drums.
Bass Drum & Cymbals.
f

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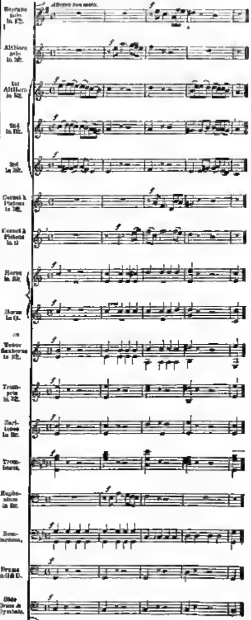
Allegro non molto.
Soprano solo in E♭.
Althorn solo in E♭.
1st Althorn in E♭.
2nd in E♭.
3rd in E♭.
Cornet à Pistons in B♭.
Cornet à Pistons in B
Horns in E♭.
Horns in C.
or Tenor Saxhorns in B♭.
Trumpets in E♭.
Baritones in B♭.
Trombones.
Euphonium in B♭.
Bombardons.
Drums in B♭ & D.
Side Drum & Cymbals.
f

(To be continued.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The five extra performances at "reduced prices," which began on Monday with *Don Giovanni*, came to an end on Saturday with the *Trovatore*. Cherubini's *Medea* was given on Tuesday, the *Traviata* on Wednesday, an act from *Martha*, with the whole of *Norma*, on Thursday. The theatre has been crowded night after night; and, although a new entrance was made into the pit by abolishing the central private box, numbers of amateurs, sooner than be denied the privilege altogether, were on almost every occasion content to hear without seeing the performance from the lobbies. That the ever increasing popularity of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, the rising star at Her Majesty's Theatre, had no little influence in attracting the crowds which, evening after evening, besieged the doors is undoubted; but, on the other hand, the performances were just as uniformly good as though there had been no question whatever of reduced prices. On Saturday night the audience, in spite of the discomfort inseparable from over crowding, were uncommonly enthusiastic. Besides applauding, more or less clamorously, each successive piece, they compelled Mr. Santley to repeat "Il balen del suo sorriso"—a singularly amiable effusion to come from the lips of so unamiable a villain as the Conte di Luna. Signor Mongini was equally forced to repeat "Ah! si ben mio"—a mild prelude to the fiery "Di quella pira;" and a similar tax was levied on the "Miserere" of the Prison scene, in which the chorus shared the honours with the same gentleman and Mdlle. Tietjens. Madame Demeric Lablache played Azucena, Signor Bossi, Ferrando; there were more "calls" for the principal singers than we can easily remember; and after the opera the National Anthem was performed, Mdlle. Tietjens singing the solos with the emphatic expression to which she has accustomed her hearers on such occasions.

Referring to the prospectus, we find that, while subscribers have had little reason to complain that the attractions, especially in the latter half of the season, were not sufficiently varied, two or three important pledges have remained unfulfilled. In the list of "absolute first ladies" occurs the name of Mdlle. Ulrich, from the opera at Hanover, an accomplished singer, as was proved last year at the Philharmonic Concerts and elsewhere; while, further on, we meet with that of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, who, in 1865, rendered much the same service to Her Majesty's Theatre as was this year rendered by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson—stemming the tide of ill fortune and bringing the season to a prosperous close. Of what operas the public may have been deprived through the non-appearance of Mdlle. Ulrich we are unable to guess, inasmuch as her name is not mentioned in any of the full "casts" set forth in the preliminary document referred to; but the defalcation of that very general favourite, Mdlle. de Murska, robbed them of several that were positively promised, and among others of Rossini's long shelved *Donna del Lago*, M. Gounod's *Mirella*, Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, and Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The *Sonnambula* was cheerfully dispensed with, having been terribly hackneyed of late years; but one or all of the first three would have found a hearty and unanimous welcome. In another part, for which Mdlle. de Murska was put down—Donna Elvira—she was replaced by Mdlle. Nilsson, and no one complained. Then—to pursue the critical vein—Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, with the restoration of the great scene of the Storm and death of Gessler, and new scenery by Mr. Telbin, a revival of Spontini's *Vestale*, which would be a curiosity if nothing else, and Rossini's *Semiramide*, were all promised; but not one was actually produced. Lastly—and this in mere protest—Mr. Mapleson has of recent years distinguished every season by the revival of some undeservedly neglected master work—as honourable instances of which may be specified *Oberon*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fidelio*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Medea* (Cherubini's), *Il Seraglio*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The season just terminated has not been marked by one revival of this kind; nor has there been a single performance of Mozart's *Seraglio* or of Gluck's *Iphigenia*, both of which last year won golden opinions for the theatre; while the solitary representation of Cherubini's sublime *Medea* was postponed until the very end, and played during the series of "extra performances at reduced prices." Her Majesty's Theatre has earned a reputation for classical revivals which is worth maintaining, and which, with a classical singer like Mdlle. Tietjens, a painter like Mr. Telbin, a chorus unsurpassed in Europe, and a fine orchestra with such a chief as the indefatigable Signor Arditi to direct it, there can be little difficulty in maintaining. But the classical works should be given earlier in the season, before "Fashion" takes the lead, and "Una voce" for the first lady, or "Il Balen" for the first baritone, is held higher in esteem than the finest overture, concerted piece, or *finale* in existence.

The theatre opened on Saturday, April 27th, with *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which had been revived with marked success late in the previous year. The parts of the Count and Countess could not possibly have been better filled than by Mr. Santley and Mdlle. Tietjens; while a more sprightly Susanna than Mdlle. Sinico, or a more bustling Figaro than Signor Gassier, might in vain be sought for. Madame Demeric Lablache, who, being a contralto, was unable to sing the music of Cherubino as it should be sung, scarcely made amends for the deficiency by over acting the character. But Madame Trebelli-Bettini had not arrived; and though she, being also a contralto, transposes the songs, she sings them with an expression so unaffected that they charm almost as much as if they were sung in Mozart's own keys. Nevertheless, the season could hardly have begun more brilliantly than with this, on the whole, very excellent performance of one of the greatest masterpieces of the greatest of dramatic composers. The revival of one of Signor Verdi's earlier works—*I Lombardi alla prima Crociata* (his fourth opera)—which had not been heard since 1850, merely served to show that, with regard to it, the interval of 16 years might have been indefinitely extended and nothing lost. All the pains bestowed upon its preparation amounted to labour in vain; and all the talent engaged in its performance was talent misapplied. The opera was at once recognized as worthless and effete. We pitied the singers,—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr. Hohler (afterwards Signor Mongini), Signori Tasca and Gassier, Mr. Santley, &c.—whose zealous efforts were worthy a better cause; and we pitied Signor Arditi, his chorus, and orchestra, whose strenuous exertions were simply to no purpose. Take away the tenor air, "La mia letizia," which a century hence, when Verdi is forgotten, may still exist, as a national melody (source uncertain), and what remains to *I Lombardi?* Absolutely nothing. To this revival succeeded the *Huguenots*, in which one of Mr. Mapleson's new singers, Mdlle. Martelli, appeared as Urbain, only to disappear and be no more heard of. Again we have to remark that Madame Trebelli-Bettini had not yet arrived, remembering at the same time that Meyerbeer originally composed the music of his page for a soprano voice, just as Mozart did his. Signor Mongini also not having arrived, we had a mediocre Raoul in Signor Tasca, whose voice is his sole recommendation. Of Mdlles. Tietjens and Sinico, Mr. Santley, Signor Gassier, Herr Rokitansky, and the rest, we need say nothing. To warrant a new criticism on a performance of the *Huguenots*, every part in the opera should be assigned to a new singer. Nevertheless, a kind of fresh sensation was produced by the execution of the Soldiers' chorus, "Rataplan"—thanks to the young and robust voices which Mr. Mapleson has been able to collect from all parts of the Continent. *Nil mortalibus arduum est*; even a body of choristers may be found for the seeking. True they have to learn the repertory of the theatre to which they become attached; but that, after all, is but a question of time, and of labour in proportion. Signor Mongini arrived for the fourth performance of *I Lombardi*; but as his splendid voice, owing to recent indisposition, was by no means in its normal condition of vigour, the part of Oronte should not have been taken from Mr. Hohler, who had sustained it creditably three times in succession—thereby rendering one of those solid services to the theatre not often willingly rendered by singers aiming at the highest honours. To the first performance of the eternal *Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Tietjens and Mr. Santley in their accustomed parts, we only refer in consequence of its having been the occasion of bringing forward, in Mdlle. Emcke, another new contralto, who, as Azucena, in spite of overpowering nervousness, exhibited a pleasing voice, combined with an extremely prepossessing manner; and further because Signor Mongini, having regained full possession of his magnificent means, the declamatory music of Manrico was never more magnificently declaimed. Nor is it requisite to say more about *Der Freischütz* than that the masterpiece of Weber was produced immediately afterwards with Signor Tasca in the part of Max, who again showed that to possess a fine voice is of little consequence unless accompanied with the knowledge of how to use it, and that, for reasons unexplained, Signor Gassier replaced Mr. Santley as Caspar. Mdlles. Tietjens and Sinico were, as usual, the Agatha and Anna; Signor Foli, the American bass, giving unaccustomed weight, with his noble voice and correct enunciation, to the subordinate part of the Hermit. The revival of Otto Nicolai's *Falstaff*, which had created so favourable an impression in 1864, was hardly attended with the anticipated results. There were some changes in the caste. For example,—Mr. Hohler played Fenton in place of Signor Giuglini, now no more; Mdlle. Sinico played Ann Page, in lieu of Mdlle. Vitali; Madame Demeric-Lablache took Mrs. Page, formerly represented by Mdlle. Bettelheim; and Herr Rokitansky was Falstaff, *vice* M. Marcello Junca. On the whole, it must be allowed the changes were not advantageous, except in the instance of Ann Page, which was incontestably for the better. But such considerations apart, the truth is that Nicolai's music, though everywhere smooth, correct, and in its way characteristically appropriate, is destitute of fancy and originality. Nothing more un-Shakesperian could be imagined. And thus, despite the genuine comedy of Mdlle Tietjens, as Mrs Ford, the not less genuine singing of Mr Santley, as Mr Ford, and the perfect manner in which the characters of Mr Page, Master Slender, and Dr Caius, were represented by Signor Gassier, Mr C Lyall (a real acquisition to the company), and Signor Bossi—to say nothing of the picturesque scenery of Mr Telbin, and the remarkable efficiency of orchestra and chorus—*Falstaff* fell dead, and is not likely to revive until an *actor*, as well as singer, can be discovered able to give something like reality to the personage of the inevitably corpulent knight. Such was by no means M. Junca, and such even still less is Herr Rokitansky.

Lucrezia Borgia brought forward a new tragic soprano in Mdlle Giacconi, who merely obtained a success of tolerance. The occasion, however, was also that of the first appearance of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who, foremost among living contraltos, is now in the part of Maffeo Orsini to which Alboni was first to give the conspicuous prominence it has ever since retained without a competitor. Signor Mongini was Gennaro, hardly a character well suited to him, and Signor Gassier Duke Alphonso. In subsequent representations of the *Huguenots* Madame Trebelli again took possession of Urbain, a part which she has long since made her own, and thus materially enhanced the general effect. Signor Mongini, moreover, was the Raoul de Nangis (*vice* Signor Tasca), and Meyerbeer's splendid historical opera was thenceforth listened to with unqualified satisfaction. About Weber's *Oberon*, which came next in order—with Mdlle. Tietjens as Reiza (or Rezia, whichever may be the correct orthography), Signor Mongini as Sir Huon, Madame Trebelli as Fatima, Signor Bettini as Oberon, Mr Santley as Sherasmin, Madame Demeric Lablache as Puck, Mdlle. Baumeister as the Mermaid, and Signor Gassier as Babekan—we have not a word to offer beyond one of general commendation, justly due to a generally fine performance, a performance which as much as that of any of the classical revivals has redounded to the credit of Signor Arditi. A sentence must record that the opera next produced was *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdlle Sinico, Mr. Hohler and Signor Gassier, as Lucia, Edgardo and Enrico. The versatility of Mdlle. Sinico is a phenomenon. Up to this period "business," to employ the conventional phrase, had been anything rather than flourishing. While everything was applauded and many things were deservedly well spoken of, nothing succeeded in achieving that which is indispensable to the successful carrying on of a theatrical speculation. Nothing brought money to the house. Gloomy indeed, were the forebodings, when, suddenly there came forward another new singer, whose name had certainly been bruited in musical circles here, but, for the most part, only as that of a subsidiary star at the Paris Théâtre Lyrique, where Madame Miolan Carvalho shines serenely omnipotent. Some one, fresh from Paris, would relate how he had heard a young Swede, called Christine Nilsson, sing the music of the Queen of Night, in M. Carvalho's new arrangement of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, as he had never heard it sung before. Some one else would tell how he had seen the same young Swede in a French adaptation of Verdi's *Traviata*, while a third had witnessed, with no less satisfaction, her performance of Lady Henriette, in Flotow's *Martha*. But little attention was paid at the time to these flying reports, and last year the immediate subject of them was actually in London unnoticed and unknown. Meanwhile, however, the co-operation of Mdlle. Nilsson had already been secured for Her Majesty's Theatre by Mr Jarrett, the director's most able, zealous and diligent officer; and on the 10th of June last, she made her first appearance—with what success we all remember—as Violetta, in the *Traviata*. We have no intention at present to enter into a new discussion about the artist's claims to consideration of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, who took operatic London by storm on the evening of her debut, and has maintained her hold on the public ever since, in successive performances of Violetta, Margaret (*Faust*—her second part), Martha, Donna Elvira, and, last not least, Astrifiammante ("Queen of Night"). That from the evening of her appearance things took a different turn at Her Majesty's Theatre, and that a season which threatened ominously has ended brilliantly chiefly through the attraction of this new-comer, are facts too generally known to be insisted on. Whether the renown already won by Mdlle Nilsson will increase with the widening of her repertory time alone can decide. Meanwhile we may proceed with what little remains to be added to our general survey of the season.

With Mdlle Nilsson in the *Traviata* were associated Signor Mongini, Signor Gardoni and still later in the season Mr Hohler, as Alfredo; Signor Pandolfini, a new comer who has come too late, and Mr Santley at various periods, as the elder Germont; Mdlle. Baumeister, Signors Bossi and Foli in the other characters. In *Faust* her partners were Signor Gardoni, an admirable Faust; Signor Pandolfini, a lugubrious caricature of Mephistopheles; and Mr Santley, the best Valentine on the stage. In *Martha* she was supported by Signor Mongini as Lionel, Mr Santley as Plunket, and Madame Trebelli Bettini as Nancy—about as efficient a distribution of characters as could be desired. Of *Don Giovanni*, with the admirable new scenery by Mr. Telbin, we have so recently spoken that not another word is required. Enough that Mdlle. Nilsson's impersonation of Elvira gains with each performance, and, in spite of the occasional liberties she takes with "[illegible]" is on the whole the most original and fascinating that has been witnessed by the present generation of play goers. About the few representations of Beethoven's *Fidelio*—with Mdlle Tietjens still a Leonora without peer, Mr Santley as Pizarro, Herr Rokitansky as Rocco, Mdlle. Sinico as Marcellina, Mr Hohler as Jaquino and Signor Tasca, happily afterwards replaced by Signor Gardoni, as Florestan—we shall not say one word; nor have we anything to add to the detailed account so recently given in these columns of the production, for the first time in England, of Signor Verdi's last opera but one, *La Forza del Destino*, the general performance of which was not only creditable to the chief performers—Mdlles. Tietjens and Baumeister, Madame Trebelli, Herr Rokitansky, Messrs. Hohler and Santley, Signors Gassier, Foli, Bossi, and Mongini—but to Mr Telbin, the "scenic artist," Signor [illegible], the stage manager, Signor Arditi, his chorus, his orchestra, and all concerned. Whether the *Forza del Destino* will live is, we think, open to question; but that every chance was afforded it at Her Majesty's Theatre it is only simple justice to admit. *Il Flauto Magico*, perhaps, notwithstanding its mystic libretto, the most enchanting of the operas of Mozart, must always be welcome with such a Tamino as Signor Gardoni, such a superlatively musical Papageno as Mr. Santley, such a deep toned Sarastro as Herr Rokitansky, a Monostatos as full of genuine humour as Mr. C. Lyall, a "First Priest" like Signor Foli, and a Pamina like Mdlle. Tietjens—the first who has represented the true German Pamina on the Anglo-Italian boards. And when we add that, in the great airs of the Queen of Night, although she slightly alters the first and transposes the second a whole tone lower, Mdlle. Nilsson fully justifies the raptures of her Parisian encomiasts, the interest excited by *Il Flauto Magico*, in all other respects well cared for, may readily be understood.

The one performance of Cherubini's *Medea*, though unaccountably postponed to the last moment, was, to musicians, the most welcome of the season. The music of this opera yields to nothing in art, and fully justifies Beethoven's opinion of Cherubini's pre-eminence as a dramatic composer. But into this subject we have entered already more than once. All we need say now is that the one performance of *Medea* was the finest yet heard at Her Majesty's Theatre. Mdlle. Tietjens has only to appear on the Colchian Priestess to show herself in a certain and that the loftiest department of the lyric drama, not merely unsurpassed, but unapproached. Never was she grander than on this occasion. She had now, moreover, to consort with here a very different kind of Jason from the Jason of 1865 and 1866. All that Signor Mongini has done since his first appearance among us (in 1859) is as nothing compared with his noble and thoroughly artistic performance as Medea's fickle husband. It was perfect from beginning to end. Not only was the music admirably sung, but the character was represented with true dramatic power. That Signor Mongini had never seen *Medea* (and Cherubini also was an Italian) till made acquainted with it in England this season, though not very creditable to his research, at least shows him possessed of a facility of study beyond the common, and of a quickness really remarkable in accommodating himself to a style of music altogether foreign to his habits. Let him have the full credit which is his due. The Creonte of Mr. Santley and the Neris of Mdlle. Sinico are, we need hardly add, performances beyond reproach. Besides these, however, we have now in the Dirce of Mdlle. Baumeister for the first time, a Dirce able successfully to grapple with the very trying air assigned in the opening scene to that comparatively subordinate character. The chorus and orchestra in their execution of the parts allotted to them in this richly varied and magnificent score were beyond praise; and indeed if the reward of merit was ever fairly earned by a conductor it is by Signor Arditi, for the manner in which he has prepared for public performance the grandest work of one of the most illustrious of his compatriots—the man whom Robert Schumann, somewhat oddly, but not altogether without a glimmering of meaning, likened to Dante.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Madame Pauli-Markowitz brought her engagement to a close at the Imperial Operahouse by appearing as Catharine in *L'Etoile du Nord* (Germanice *Der Nordstern*), in which she was much applauded. Another lady, Mdme. Pelli Sikore, from Breslau, sang the following evening the part of Elvira in Verdi's *Ernani*, but with quite a different result. She is good-looking, and that is all. She possesses neither voice, vocal training, nor histrionic power.—The Hellmesberger affair with the Conservatory has reached its climax, and will probably be attended with future benefit to the Institution. Owing to the tact of three of the directors, Prince Czartoryski, Herren Dumba and Türk, Herr Hellmesberger will still continue artistic director of the Conservatory, of course on the understanding that Herr Dessoff continues professor of composition.—Mdme. Schubarth-Fliem has appeared successfully in Suppé's *Schöne Galathea* and Offenbach's *Schwätzerin von Saragossa*, at the Carltheater.—During his stay in the East, Professor Sulzer, the composer of *Johanna von Neapel*, enjoyed the rare privilege of playing before Abdul Aziz. He was advised to select, on the occasion, one of the Sultan's compositions. At length, amid great ceremony, the concert began. The programme comprised several non-sultanic works. Abdul Aziz felt highly pleased when the turn of his own composition—consisting of a few simple bars—arrived. But his features soon grew clouded, and he informed his minister that the composer, who, in accordance with orders received, wore an orthodox turban on his head at the piano, had begun the production altogether incorrectly. The explanation was this. Professor Sulzer, thinking to pay the Sultan a compliment, had used the Sultan's composition as a motivo for some lively variations. It appears this little piece of musical attention was not particularly to the taste of the Grand Turk.

THE MORAY MINSTRELS PHOTOGRAPHED.—The Moray Amateur Minstrels have been recently photographed for an album collection by Mr Barraud, of 244 Regent Street, in most admirable style, from the leader, the Hon. Seymour Egerton, down to the drummer of the band, Colonel [illegible]. We were shown his most [illegible] card—on Monday last—the ascent of that distinguished [illegible] to perfection. His Grace of Leinster (Ireland's only Duke) (the president of the Moray Minstrels) to Mr Barraud's most celebrated atelier, tripping along as bright as a bee and light as a fairy, though over eighty summers have graced his respected brow. The likeness of His Grace is first rate, and will be sought for with avidity by his many admirers both in England and the sister isle. It being the only photograph, we believe, that he ever sat for, makes it doubly interesting.—D. H.

MUSIC AT WEIMAR.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The operatic season is over, and the artists are reposing from their labours. The holidays of the orchestra, however, have not been of long duration, for the members of that body were ordered to co-operate at the Meininger Musical Festival, and they have also to perform at the Wartburg Jubilee, when the Abbé Franz Liszt's *Elisabeth* will be executed under the personal direction of the composer.—The only novelty in the way of opera lately was M. Aimé Maillart's romantic opera of *Lara*. It was not particularly successful, and is not likely to hold a permanent place in the repertory.—There were grand doings on the 2nd June, to celebrate the "Golden Jubilee," as it is termed, of Professor Johann Gottlob Töpfer's official career. This celebrated writer on the theory of the organ, and famous organist, was born on the 4th December, 1791, at Niederrossla, near Weimar. The King of Prussia, Wilhelm I., conferred upon him the Order of the Crown; Queen Augusta of Prussia, a former pupil of his, made a valuable present to the Töpfer Fund established for assisting poor and talented organists in Weimar and Eisenach to pursue their studies on the organ; the Grand Duchess Sophie of Weimar consented to become the patroness of the Fund, and promised a considerable yearly addition to it; his Royal Highness the Grand-Duke Carl Alexander presented with his own hand the Knight's Cross, first division, of the Weimar Order of the Falcon to the respected hero of the Festival; the corporation of Weimar presented him with the freedom of their city; the church authorities raised his salary as organist; and the University of Jena bestowed the honorary diploma of Doctor on him for his having been the first to propound a scientific theory on organ-building. The various teachers in the Duchy offered him a magnificent Album, containing an account of all the principal forms of the organ. They made him, also, a valuable present. Herr Kühn, a bookseller, gave him a similar work, only of smaller dimensions. At the ceremony in the Seminary, Herr Mohnhaupt delivered a most successful speech in honour of the veteran musician, while the teachers and pupils offered him a number of handsome presents. At a grand repast that took place afterwards, Herr Töpfer was almost overwhelmed by an avalanche of complimentary toasts. The proceedings were brought to a close the next day, by a grand concert of sacred music, under the direction of Herr Müller Hartung. It was expected that Herr Töpfer would have delighted his hearers by extemporising, for he is noted as an extempore performer, but contented himself with playing the organ part in his cantata, *Die* [illegible]. The choruses were brilliantly sung by the members of the Singakademie, who gave, also, Liszt's "Vaterunser," and Christopher Bach's Motet, "Ich lasse dich nicht." The solos were confided to Mad. Wettig Wassenborn, Dr. Dittenberger, Herren Zeck and Thiene. The last named gentleman sang, moreover, Mendelssohn's air, "So ihr mich von Herzen sucht." The organ part in Liszt's "Vaterunser," as well as in the immortal "Hallelujah" from Handel's *Messiah*, which Herr Töpfer had arranged for a chorus of male voices and concertante organ, was played by Herr Gottschalg, who performed, in addition, Herr Töpfer's most difficult organ composition, an unpublished Concert Fantasia on the choral "Mache dich, mein Geist, bereit." Herr Werner, another pupil of Herr Töpfer's, performed the Concert-Fantasia, highly interesting from a contrapuntal point of view, "Was mein Gott will g'scheh allzeit."

MUNICH.—The long pending question concerning the School of Music is at length decided. The King has sanctioned the foundation of such an Institution, with a grant for the purpose from the Royal privy purse. It is to be under the management of the Royal Intendancy of Music, and the artistic direction is to be confided to Dr. Hans von Bulow. At some future period the school may be declared a State Establishment.

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, first violoncellist at the Royal Operahouse, has been decorated by the Grand-Duke of Hesse with the Gold Medal of Merit for Art and Science.—On the 2nd ult., Madame Bürde-Ney sang the part of Fidelio for the 100th time here, besides singing it twenty times elsewhere. No other singer in Germany has sung it so often.—*Der Freischütz* will be performed—with new dresses, scenery and decorations—for the 500th time in this capital, on the 18th December, Weber's birthday.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

This institution gave a public concert on Wednesday afternoon, the 24th ult., in the Queen's Concert Rooms, which attracted a large assemblage of the friends and patrons of the establishment, the present students, former students, and professors, as well as the chief musical notabilities at the time being in the metropolis. The solo and orchestral performers and chorus were composed of present and former students, and professors connected with the institution. The vice principal, Mr Otto Goldschmidt, was the conductor, and M. Sainton the leader of the orchestra. The concert commenced with Mozart's overture to *Il Flauto Magico*, followed by the introduction and trios. The overture was well and effectively performed by the orchestra. The vocal parts were sung by the Misses Lanham, R. Jewell, Greenaway, Ryall, Wallis, and Cooper, with Mr Kelleher (scholar). The first movement of Dr Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto, in F minor, was executed by Mr Townsend in a manner that must have gratified even the learned Doctor who was present, and who attentively listened to the performance. Mr Townsend was loudly and deservedly applauded. Miss Christian (Westmoreland scholar) sang the last movement of Marcello's Psalm viii, with the aria "O di che lode," with much expression. Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in E minor, for the pianoforte, was played by Miss Buer (Potter scholar), and received most favourably. This young lady possesses very fluent execution. Miss Marion Severn, in an aria from Vaccaj's long forgotten opera, *Giulietta e Romeo*, "Ah, se tu dormi," with harp *obbligato*, well played by Mr Cheshire, was much liked. The second and third movements of one of Mozart's pianoforte concertos was attempted by Miss Kinkel and Miss Lester. Among the compositions contributed by the students was a sacred ballad in the modern style, by Mr Deane, student. It received every justice from Miss R. Jewell, who gave it with unaffected expression and feeling. A movement from a pianoforte sonata by Mr Shakespeare (King's scholar) was played by the author; as a composition it has many points of interest, and holds out the the promise of future excellence, when experience and study have given the composer greater freedom of expressing his ideas. Another feature of the concert calls for unqualified praise both to master and scholar—we allude to Mr Hallett's performance, on the clarionet, of Weber's concertino in C minor. Mr Hallett is a pupil of Mr Lazarus, and is not unlikely to walk in the footsteps of his celebrated master. His tone and execution are nearly all that can be desired, and his success was more than ordinary even where so much had been expected. An overture, in C major, by Mr Alwyn (student), displayed much talent and some originality. It is cleverly instrumented, and the young composer has evidently made Haydn his model in style and character.

The second part of the concert consisted exclusively of Handel's setting of Dryden's *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day*. This ode was written by Dryden for St. Cecilia's Day, November 22nd, 1687, and was set to music by an Italian composer, G. B. Draghi. Handel composed music for it in the autumn of 1739, which was performed for the first time on St. Cecilia's Day in the same year. Mozart added additional accompaniments to it, as he did also to the earlier work, *Alexander's Feast*. The *Ode to St. Cecilia* forms one of the four works of Handel, augmented as to the instruments by Mozart in a similar manner for public performance, in fulfilment of a commission he received from a circle of noblemen at Vienna, among whom was Baron Swieten, and under whose auspices they were performed, viz.:—*Acis and Galatea* (1788), *The Messiah* (1789), *Alexander's Feast*, and the *Ode to St. Cecilia's Day* (1790). The MS. score of this ode, in Mozart's handwriting, is now in the Royal library at Berlin, and from that copy the orchestral arrangement used on the present occasion is derived, with such slight modification as seem to bring it more in accordance with Handel's original score at Buckingham Palace, and the copy in M. Schoelcher's possession. The overture has all the characteristics of the great composer. The fugue in the *Allegro* was given with capital effect. The following ladies particularly distinguished themselves:—Miss R. Jewell, Miss Ryall, Miss Lanham, and Miss De Chastelaine. The last named singer has a fine soprano voice, and was encored in the difficult air, "As from the power of sacred lays," with Mr T. Harper's trumpet *obbligato*. The noble chorus which follows was also encored. Mr Kelleher has a good capable tenor voice, which, with attention and study, will enable him to take a high position. He sang with considerable skill, and received much applause. Mr Aylward played the violoncello *obbligato* to the air "What passion cannot music raise and quell;" Mr Svendsen the flute *obbligato* to "The soft complaining flute;" and Mr Westley Richards the organ *obbligato* to "But oh! what art can teach."

To conclude, the concert was one of the most successful given by the Academy for a long time, and, I trust, the preliminary to many more of a similar character. At the conclusion of the concert the prize medals and prizes were distributed to the successful students as follows:—

Female Department.—Silver medal, Miss Eleanor Sheppard; bronze do., Miss Louisa Volkins; bronze do., Miss Linda Scates; books, Miss Catherine Cullenford; do., Miss Dowling. *Honourable mention.*—Misses Emma de Chastelaine, Rebecca Jewell, and Fanny Lanham.

Male Department.—Silver medal, Mr Stephen Kemp; bronze do., Mr Malcolm Heywood; books, Mr J. Jackson and Mr Thomas Pettit. *Honourable mention.*—Messrs. William Alwyn, William Shakespeare, William Townsend, William Lower, Claudius Coukley, and Edward Wm. Wood.

Bashi Bazook.

TESTIMONIAL TO SIGNOR BEVIGNANI.

(*From an occasional Correspondent.*)

On Saturday last, the 3rd inst., a magnificent testimonial was presented to Signor Bevignani in the committee room of Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Mario, who had undertaken its presentation, was unavoidably absent, but, in a letter addressed to Mr Mapleson, he begged this gentleman to act as his substitute on the occasion. All the principal artists and the leading members of the band and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre were present. Mr Mapleson said that it afforded him great pleasure in being deputed to perform such an agreeable office. The testimonial had been subscribed to by all the ladies and gentlemen present, thereby proving the sincere estimation in which Signor Bevignani was held by his colleagues. Mr Mapleson added also a few words on his own behalf by way of endorsement to the sentiments of the subscribers. During the last provincial tour of Mr Mapleson's Opera Company, Signor Bevignani undertook at the shortest notice the entire direction of the music in such large cities as Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. &c., where the public attending the performances of Italian operas are exacting and severe, and although quite new to his arduous duties, he succeeded in bringing out eleven different operas of importance in as many consecutive nights with a completeness of *ensemble* which gave the greatest satisfaction to both artists and public, and which was duly commended at the time by the leading press of the above named cities. Mr Mapleson further added that this testimonial was in no way to be construed as any demonstration against his friend Signor Arditi, but merely as a spontaneous tribute to genius. (Cheers.) Signor Bevignani replied (in French) with great emotion to the effect that he felt quite overcome by this unexpected offering on the part of so many distinguished artists, that on all occasions he felt it incumbent on him to perform his duties to the best of his abilities, but that now more than ever he would strive to be worthy of the great compliment paid him.

The bâton (which has been designed by the eminent firm of Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, and which is a magnificent specimen of artistic workmanship) is of ivory surmounted by a gold and jewelled point. The base is of pure and massive gold, containing emblematic devices of music surrounded by upwards of sixty rubies, with wreaths and lyres of green enamel, &c. &c. Together with the bâton, an ivory scroll with the following illuminated inscription on parchment was presented to Signor Bevignani:—"July, 1867. This testimonial, with a gold and jewelled ivory bâton, was presented to Signor Bevignani by Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Mario, and other principal artists, also by the Members of the Band and Chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, as a mark of great admiration and esteem for the talent displayed and the personal qualities evinced as Director of the Music during the opera and concert tour 1866 and 1867."

Milan.—Signor Giuseppe Zaffira has just translated into Italian the libretto of *La* [illegible], which will be represented next winter at Warsaw, with Mdlle. Artôt in the principal female part.

Madrid.—A lyrical trifle, entitled *Apolo en Crisis*, has been successfully produced at the Circo de Paul. The libretto is by Don Emilio [illegible], and the music by Don Lorenzo Carcar.

Malaga.—The management of the Teatro del Principe Alfonso promises its subscribers a first-rate Italian operatic company for next season.

MADLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

(*From the "Saturday Review," June 15.*)

Just twenty years ago a "star from the North" came to throw some rays of consoling light upon the, at that time, gloomy fortunes of Mr Lumley. Opera goers thought it was "all over" with the director and proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre and were about to chant his "Requiescat." But on a certain 4th of May Jenny Lind appeared, and in an instant matters changed. "One glance"—said Robert Schumann in 1836, announcing the appearance of an unknown work by Schubert—"one glance [illegible] *und die Welt glänzt wieder frisch.*" With even more propriety might Mr Lumley have uttered the same words in 1847, after the first few notes had issued from the throat of the "Swedish Nightingale," whose triumph enabled him for a period not only to make head against the formidable opposition instituted that same year at Covent Garden, but to rule the rival speculators and put their success to [illegible] a shift.

Now, in the present year, up to this moment, the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre have looked anything but bright. The old operas, even with Madlle. Tietjens as *prima donna*, have failed to "draw." One or two new singers, from whom more or less was expected, have afforded scant satisfaction. Signor Mongini, Mr Santley, and Madame Trebelli Bettini, the first with his magnificent voice, the others with their admirable singing, have been unable to stem the tide of ill-luck. The reproduction of Verdi's lugubrious *I Lombardi* only served to show that it had not been shelved without reason. The livelier *Falstaff*, which pleased so greatly three years since, and promised to become a stock-piece in the repertory, was scarcely more fruitful. True, the cast of Nicolai's opera was inferior to that of 1864, when Giuglini played Fenton, M. Marcello Junca Falstaff, and Madlle. Bettelheim Mrs Page—parts now represented with far less efficiency by Mr Tom Hohler, Herr Rokitansky, and Madame Demeric-Lablache. No matter what the cause, however, *Falstaff* did little for the theatre. The *Huguenots* itself appeared to have lost its charm; even Mozart's incomparable *Figaro*, strongly cast, was powerless for good; nothing, in short, would take. At the moment, too, when Madlle. Tietjens was about to show (to her honour) how much more at home she is in Beethoven's *Fidelio* than in certain Italian Opera parts in which she so curiously delights, [illegible] a temporary loss of voice shut her out from the arena. *Fidelio* was postponed, and matters looked worse than ever. One ray of hope was shed by the effulgent glare of Weber's *Oberon*, which attracted an immense audience; but, owing, it may be presumed, to the indisposition of Madlle. Tietjens, an indisposition possibly aggravated by her zealous exertions on the night of that single performance, *Oberon* was not repeated. There was still a fine company; there was still Signor Arditi with his orchestra, and still a chorus unmatched in Europe; but all was to little purpose. The old cloud again hung lowering over Her Majesty's Theatre, shrouding the future in darkness. Nothing would attract the public. Everybody went to hear Patti or Lucca at the Royal Italian Opera, while the venerable portals of the older house were swinging on their hinges apparently only to let in the wind, like the doors of Cenci's castle in Shelley's tragedy—or at all events to admit privileged visitors, which, if not an equivalent for wind, is at least but an equivalent for smoke. However, just as the crisis seemed inevitable, the 10th of June arrived, and with the 10th of June a complete reaction. A fair apparition, in the shape of another "Swedish Nightingale," turned everything topsy-turvy, as if by magic. Madlle. Christine Nilsson had been announced from the beginning in the prospectus, but very little attention was paid to the fact. Madlle. Ilma de Murska had also been announced in the prospectus, but no Madlle. Ilma de Murska made a sign. Th[illegible] out, nevertheless, with the old and worn [illegible]; when the name of Madlle. Nilsson was seen advertised in the bills of the day, operatic London awoke; the habitual frequenters rushed to the box office; the privileged visitors were scattered like chaff; there was no more wind, no more smoke; the cloud was dispersed, and on the eventful evening the house was crammed to the roof by an audience for all the world like that which, so many years back, under similar circumstances, had assembled to greet the original "Swedish Nightingale." Christine Nilsson appeared, and though the opera was that naughty *Traviata*, it was all the same. She came, she sang, she conquered.

The history of Madlle. Nilsson, in so far as it concerns the public, may be briefly told. She came out not long since at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris as the heroine in a French version of this same *Traviata*, and, as the representative of Violetta, obtained an undisputed success, although one of her most enthusiastic partisans (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) was compelled to say that "le rôle de courtisane est [illegible] qui lui [illegible] doute [illegible] Nilsson [illegible] le naturel et la *fraîcheur* [illegible]" It [illegible] was but [illegible] no one who had witnessed the performances of Madlle. Nilsson felt disposed to question the truth of it. It is not, however, to the *Traviata*, nor to M. Flotow's *Martha*, in which she also appeared as Lady Henrietta, with signal success, that the interesting young Swede owes her Parisian reputation, but to a part alike in a musical and dramatic sense of a very different character from either. One of the various undertakings of M. Carvalho, manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, who has for some time been in the habit of bringing out French versions of German operas (with which, by the way, no end of liberties are taken by his adapters), was the production of *Die Zauberflöte* under the title of *La Flûte Enchantée*. The part of Astrafiammante, "Queen of Night," was entrusted to Madlle. Nilsson, and her execution of the two celebrated airs, unexampled for difficulty, showed her to be mistress of an exceptional range and power of voice which, strong as was the impression she had already created, took musical Paris by surprise. That the long run of Mozart's fantastic opera at the Théâtre Lyrique was chiefly due to the singing of Madlle. Nilsson is undoubted. "Ce fut une révélation"—wrote an influential critic at the time—"cette voix splendide, virginale, juste, flexible, égale en sa rare étendue, *modulant, trillant à des hauteurs inaccessibles*." Indeed, French amateurs almost unanimously hailed "a phenomenon;" and although we are not quite able to understand what "modulant et trillant à des hauteurs inaccessibles" may precisely signify, inasmuch as we never heard of modulating, or trilling, or performing any other feat, at heights that are "inaccessible," we are quite prepared to share the enthusiasm of the critic whose flowery sentence we have quoted. Christine Nilsson became the talk of Paris, and the words applied by an Austrian dignitary to the celebrated Madame Lange, for whom Mozart composed the airs in question—"Sie singt Sterne"—which the *feuilletonistes* freely translated "Les étoiles lui sortent de la bouche," were as freely applied to her. The "Queen of Night," as exhibited under the features of "cette vierge du Nord," became the rage; the Sun of Italy for a time looked pale before the Polar Star; and the singing of Madlle. Nilsson made even the music of Mozart popular with the pleasure-loving sons and daughters of Lutetia.

It is only natural that a reputation so brilliant, although almost literally achieved in one night and by a single performance—for it was the second and most difficult of Astrafiammante's airs that made the "hit"—should have roused the attention of our English managers; and it was simply a question at which of our Italian Opera-houses Madlle. Nilsson should be offered the opportunity of revealing herself to London. With two young "absolute first ladies" of the highest pretensions, Mr Gye thought probably he had enough on his hands; and so the chance has fallen to Mr Mapleson, who, in the uncertainty that seems to attend the proceedings of Madlle. Ilma de Murska, stood greatly in need of something of the kind. And now that she has come forth under his auspices he has as good cause as had Mr Lumley himself, twenty years ago, to exclaim with Schumann—"Ein Blick . . . und die Welt glänzt wieder frisch." Madlle. Nilsson has played twice to houses crowded to the roof, and is to play a third time this evening, happily in another opera. We wish she had made her *début* in any part but that of Dumas the younger's phthisically sentimental heroine. She cannot, or at least does not, act the character; and no one will think the worse of her on that account. But to atone for the absence of a dramatic filling up, she sings the music—which here and there contains some of the most melodious and touching that Signor Verdi has composed—in a manner very little short of perfection. Madlle. Nilsson has many qualities to attract. Her appearance is greatly in her favour; and no sooner was she seen and recognized than a murmur, like a foreboding of success, went audibly through the house. Pale, fair-haired, a little above the medium height, slender in frame, composed and graceful in bearing, she had won general sympathy before she opened her lips. The first sentence Violetta has to utter in her part of the drinking duet with Alfredo ("Libiamo, libiamo") confirmed the good impression and discovered a pure soprano, the mere freshness of whose tones would alone have commanded a charm, and at the same time not less bright and penetrating than youthful and [illegible]. As the opera proceeded the exceptional attributes of this rare voice, as extended in compass as it is beautiful in quality, were one by one revealed; and the air and quick movement—or, to apply a conventional term, the "cabaletta"—which bring the opening act to an end, the first in the minor key ("Ah fors è lui che l'anima") given with heartfelt expression, the last ("Sempre libera") in the more cheerful and animated major, with a brisk brilliancy and characteristic individuality beyond praise, set the seal upon a triumph as genuine as it was unhoped-for. If music, [illegible], as some philosophers hold, is the best remedy for melancholy—*musica medicina mentis*—one would imagine that so accomplished a mistress as Violetta here showed herself might be her own doctor and effect her own cure. The impression produced by this display was unequivocal, and Madlle. Nilsson had already established her position in the opinion of all who heard her as a singer of the first rank.

We shall not attempt to follow the new comer step by step through the entire performance, because we feel convinced that she will find more favourable opportunities for the exhibition, not merely of her natural gifts, but of her artistic acquirements than are presented in any part of *La Traviata*, which, we confess, in spite of the admirably dramatic and well-conducted *finale* to the second act, and a vast deal of pretty and elegant music, is an opera we should like to see banished now and for ever from the stage. Every character in the drama, with a single exception, is more or less contemptible, while that single exception, the elder Germont, Alfredo's father, is unhappily an unmitigated bore. Madlle. Nilsson has been greatly lauded by one or two of our contemporaries for dispensing with all the little bits of by-play which let us into the secret of Violetta's incurable malady and with other [illegible] indications; but this only means that she does not play the character as the author intended it, as Madame Doche used to play it in the French drama and Madlle. Piccolomini in the Italian operatic version; so that we are half left to believe that consumption has nothing to do with the matter and that Violetta dies purely out of love like a maid forsaken and distraught. The wisest resolution in our opinion that Madlle. Nilsson could possibly adopt would be to abandon such parts altogether and confine herself to a healthier repertory.

In conclusion, let us not be over sanguine. Madlle. Nilsson has been compared with Jenny Lind. They are both Swedes, no doubt; but it is necessary to bear in mind that Jenny Lind's range of characters was varied and extensive—Italian, German and French opera being equally within her grasp. Should Madlle. Nilsson prove equally versatile, it will be well for the art she professes, and even now, it must be admitted, adorns. Time, however, alone can show. The high estimate of her capacity entertained abroad may be gathered from the fact that she is engaged at the Grand Opéra in Paris to play the part of Ophelia in M. Ambroise Thomas's forthcoming opera of *Hamlet*. We can much more readily picture to ourselves an ideal Ophelia in Madlle. Nilsson than a musical *Hamlet* from M. Thomas; but the distinction conferred thus early on the young artist is none the less. On the other hand one thing is pretty certain—Madame Miolan Carvalho will be glad to see her most formidable rival removed from the Théâtre Lyrique to another establishment.

Meanwhile Madlle. Nilsson's second part in London is Margaret, in *Faust*. She, too, was "unfortunate"—but with a difference.

GREGORIANS *VERSUS* ANGLICANS.*

SIR,—Your calm and kindly waving of the olive branch between the partisans of our two great chant styles makes me long for your permission to add to the words of peace.

I desire to be as "mildly philosophic" as yourself, and so shall try and raise me up aloft above the jarring likes and dislikes of this lower world. As I look down from my height I see a strange sight. I see a large and widely extended body of earnest priests who persist in holding with passionate partiality a style of musical utterance pronounced by musicians in general offensive to the trained ear and at variance with the laws of melodic progression. How shall we account for this? "Oh," says Mr. A., "it is only because they are Romish." Why my good friend, you have unfortunately stumbled across a fact that only increases the strangeness of our present position—namely, that not only do these musician-condemned tones find advocates now, but that, instead of dying out before the progress of art as they ought to have done, they have not lacked advocates for centuries past." Then says Mr. B., "It is simply party feeling that keeps them alive." Well, no doubt, party feeling must do something towards swelling the number of the Gregorian's advocates, but this is not allowing much after all; for in these threadbare days of second-hand thought, when "So-and-So does or says so-and-so," is the grand argument of half the world, what custom or opinion is there whose advocates are not increased by party feeling? And be it remembered that even parties act for purposes following impulse leading, and no leaders would clog a movement by tying round its neck things reasonless and indefensible.

So here we are again at the same question—Why should earnest priests advocate a form of musical utterance in the very teeth of musicians' denunciation? Let us see if we are able to hit across a reason for them. We may begin however by the suggestion that we must look for our reason not altogether upon musical ground. If it be not too much of the *argumentum ad hominem* to be courteous, we will refer to the general musical tastes of the Gregorian advocate as well in proof that something besides music at least must help him to his partiality. Doubtless some of our *younger* musicians of name and note seem to have acquired a relish for the queer grim old tales just as the salt olive is grateful to the wine-jaded palate; there is often a strange fascination to quick and lively minds in the odd and out-of-the-way. Even the mind of a Benedict was not proof against this fascination, if the story be true that *The Lily of Killarney* was the result of the [illegible] of a weird Irish "howl." But we may leave these abnormal likings of musicians out of the question, and plainly assert that the yearnings for "Pilgrims of the night" hymn tunes and "See our oars" part-songs, so generally prevalent among the advocates of the Gregorian, clearly prove that their love for the old chant comes not of deep musical susceptibilities. From what then comes it? Haply from this—a feeling that, in their judgment, it can carry the sacred words intrusted to it more positively, more directly, more intensely, than can its more musically correct rival.

Now a word or two in explanation. This must we consider, that sounds which are vehicles of thought to the mind of man rise in almost insensible steps from mere words to rouse a thousand hued suggestions in the chords of a symphony. The dry words of common talk slide into the orator's fuller and less rapidly varying tones; these into the still more equable tone of delivery of epic poetry. Throw out the delicate terminal inflections of speech, and we reach the monotone; and change of tone in melodic progression, and we have recitative; measure it—we have the air. Small step to tint it with the hues of instrumental accompaniment. The ancients did as much for their orators. Why not accompany with one or more separate airs? there is harmony. Let the other airs grow to imitations, and we get to the vocal fugue, and of necessity the words begin to go so across, that the thought-suggested power of the piece depends more on the music than the words; in fact, we may discard the words altogether in the effect, and look on the voices as instruments. If one, why not other instruments?—so we get to instrumental music—culminating in the soul-moving symphony. Now as we go on in this succession we gradually change from the language of the mere speaker to the language of the musician. Step by step the sounds grow less intelligible to the mere speaker as they gradually lose the elements of speech proper, while at the same time they grow more moving to the musician as they gradually assume the varied attributes of music. Now must we not expect that there will be some point between the two extremes where the speaker will look for more of speech and the musician more of music for the most intelligent utterance of that duplex vehicle of thought—song? Where shall we look for more likely ground of debate between the priest—by training, alas! only a speaker—and the Church musician than in the best kind of song in which shall be sung the most sacred verses of the book of God's Word called *par excellence* "The Psalms?" Is it possible that, after all, the very faults of the Gregorian as alleged by the musician give it its special charm to the speaker—that its bad musical grammar gives it a smack of oratory, so that while its intervals and baldness offend the musician's ear, the trained speaker with no such ear to offend sees in it a hearty, full-mouthed vehicle of utterance? Now it would be a great step towards a mutual understanding if the advocate for the Gregorian would fairly analyze his liking for his favourite, and if it should be this supposed declamatory power that has won his affection, plainly acknowledge the fact to himself and openly avow it to others. Not indeed that the step would be in the direction of the disuse of either Gregorians or Anglicans. If a man fancy that Gregorian angularity helps to more emphatic utterance without finding in it anything rude or harsh, no amount of proof of bad grammar will serve to put him out of conceit with his pets. And, on the contrary, if a man's musical ear be fidgetted and wearied with their monotonous awkwardness, no amount of assurance as to their oratorical powers will ever persuade him that they can be a fit vehicle for holy truth. No,—the great chant difference may be but slightly affected directly by the avowal that a desire for a clearer, more positive utterance influences the advocates of the Gregorian side; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the difference, starting from the two little rivals, has grown into a difference on music in general. We hear of the Gregorian system as opposed to modern art. As well might we be told of the system of infancy as opposed to manhood. The Gregorian system, we are assured, is the special system of the Church and her priests, as unchangeable as the very truth of which the Church is keeper. Priests there are also who seem to look askance on a professional musician, however ardent, as a creature who, if he would not, if he could, turn every church into a ball-room, would at least supplant by modern frivolities every time-honoured sound within the sanctuary. In their eyes, a living composer can never seem to be other than a suspicious character. And it is to be feared professional musicians—many of them—keep the balance of suspicion pretty even. A parson to them too often means the incarnation of unresolved discord. Well, it might do something to dissipate this harmful distrust, if we could all fairly realize the great fact that speech and music are two, though they may "wed their divine sounds," and that we may remember that the skilful composer, by his art, can give to either as he wills the predominance. If the former is to prevail he may impart the rapid utterance and pleading of speech; he may approach to the dry clearness of speech by denying himself the use of harmony—he may, in musical expression, far outdo the energy of speech. Let the advocate of the Gregorian declare that it is the power of energetic delivery that he craves, and he will find living composers enough who will give him speaker's music and musician's music all in one. Nay, he will find more—he will find that some of the most learned and thoughtful composers of the day have sympathy in his want and done something to meet it already, if not for the psalms, for the at least as important, canticles. G. A. Macfarren, Dr. Monk and Goss have given us in part or whole accompanied measured unison services in a style we may call musical oratory. Dr. Wesley and others have given us services in harmonised recitative. If earnest, interpretative, forcible utterance, oneness of performance and comprehension and rapidity nearly as of speech be ensured, the styles of these services will meet the desire, even while the more musical ear is satisfied to the very full. On such styles as these offered by such master minds, cannot we all find common meeting ground? Is the advocate of the Gregorian the only one who desires means for the earnest, hearty utterance of God's truth? Rather, who is there who does not join in the desire? With a common desire—hard, very hard will it be if we cannot find common ground for its fulfilment.

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* From the *Church Choirmaster and Organist*, Aug. 1.

J. POWELL METCALFE.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867.

THE FINE ARTS AND THE STAGE IN SPAIN.*

ON the 29th September 1833 there ascended the throne of Charles the Fifth and Isabella the Catholic a little girl three years old, destined to command while still a maiden the heroic sons of old Spain, so often rendered young again by the infusion of the blood of its founders. The child queen was joyfully welcomed by the entire nation, which saw, without regret, the administration of Ferdinand VII. brought to a close, and centred its hopes in the regent, the Queen Mother, whose high intelligence it foresaw, and with whose gentleness and charity it was acquainted. Queen Christina fulfilled all the expectations formed of her. Her powerful and steady hand proved her born for the august functions she exercised so happily. When History has to judge her it will place this Queen, in whose veins runs the blood of the Cid and of the Bourbons, by the side of the greatest and most illustrious queens that ever lived. But, in addition to the qualities which predestined her for her elevated position, Queen Christina possessed personal gifts even more precious. Intelligent and accomplished, she was indifferent to no science and no art. Even when most overwhelmed by business, she was always accessible to artists and to scholars. The unfortunate were never repelled by her, for she practised with fervent charity, which is a tradition in the Royal Family of Spain. We dwell upon these felicitous tendencies of Queen Christina, because it was she, who, by her example and by her enlightened system of management, rendered an artist and a Christian the Royal Lady who now reigns in Spain. Queen Isabella's education was entrusted to the great poet, Ventura de la Vega, who, though still young, had achieved a merited reputation. The reader will perceive from this name alone what elevation of ideas, and what artistic feeling presided over the private studies of Queen Isabella. This exceptional education combined with her natural tendency to assimilate to herself all that is grand and beautiful will sufficiently explain by what series of encouragement it was that, in her reign, fine arts and polite literature, almost abandoned during the period of the troubles which marked the commencement of the present century, and the reign of Ferdinand VII., again flourish, and justify us in hoping for Spain a second sixteenth century, artistic and literary.

Thanks to the Royal impulse, the arts, seized with a sudden spirit of emulation, increased their efforts, and, in a short time, re-established every branch of the Spanish School so prolifically nurtured at the epoch of the Renaissance. Of all nations, the Spaniards are, perhaps, the most favourably endowed from an artistic point of view. Their nervous nature feels impressions more deeply than that of other peoples; their imagination possesses rare power, and the exquisite delicacy of their taste is equalled only by the grandeur of their thoughts. How comes it, then, that all these qualities, which produced for literary Spain Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, etc., and for artistic Spain Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, etc., were suddenly eclipsed, and remained so for ages? The reason was that art prospers only in a sympathetic medium; that where the arts are not honoured as much as political grandeur, they languish, wither, and eventually disappear altogether. In Spain, too, especially, where bodily idleness is a principle, a man of genius requires, to accomplish his immense task, the continuous stimulant of public admiration and of glory. In any country whatever, if for a prolonged period, you turn the attention of the people from the works of art, you condemn that people to impotence and death. Art is a delicate plant which needs, in order to flourish, the dew of admiration. Under the influence of Queen Christina and Queen Isabella, the Spanish public soon turned their eyes towards the new essays of artists and literary men. The Peninsula once more honoured, as the purest sources of its glory, the men of genius who had rendered it illustrious, and if, in 1837, it was possible that the ashes of Lope de Vega were allowed to be dispersed, like so much common dust—of Lope de Vega, the real creator of the modern stage, the author of 1,200 pieces, the author whose innovations and subjects Corneille, Molière and Rotrou have not disdained to borrow—thirty years later, in 1857, when Quintana, the national poet, the minstrel of patriotism and of liberty, died, all classes of society combined to raise a monument to his glorious remains. Queen Isabella headed the subscription-list with 10,000 reals, and the King, Don Francisco de Assis Maria, her august husband, gave as much. The reader will perceive how great a change public opinion had brought about in favour of art in a comparatively short period. The effects of this were not long in being felt, and, at the present day, the arts, in Spain, are undergoing a revolution which will restore to them their old preponderance. Dramatic art especially has entered on a new path, and is destined soon to serve as a model for neighbouring nations.

There are six leading theatres at Madrid, where pieces of different styles are played. The Theatre Royal, Italian opera.—The Teatro del Principe, or Teatro Español, representing the traditions of national dramatic art.—The Teatro de la Zarzuela, corresponding to the French Opéra Comique. The Zarzuela is especially the national opera; its name is derived from a kind of operetta, that used to be performed in the time of Philip IV., and was called a Zarzuela.—The Teatro del Circo.—The Teatro de las Novedades.—The Teatro de las Variedades, where Spanish buffo pieces are performed.

Each of these theatres produces, on an average, every year, fifteen new pieces, including some very remarkable ones. Among the dramatic authors, or we might say, dramatic poets, for in Spain, as among the nations of antiquity, the dramaturgist is above all things a poet, we must mention, by the side of Ventura de la

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* From *L'Europe Artiste.*

Vega, who was professor to the Queen, Don Antonio Hurtado to whom we owe some excellent comedies, among which may be cited *El trébol torcido* in verse and three acts, written conjointly with the poet Arce. *Quevedo* by Don Eulogio Florentino Sanz, is a work that places its author in the ranks of the greatest poets. Another piece, *Achaques de Vejez*, by the same author, has obtained an immense and well-merited success. Of the productions of Señor Camprodon we may mention *La Flor de un Dia*, a delicious trifle, played more than three hundred times. Manuel Tamayo, one of the best dramatic writers, brought out, a few months since, *Un Drama nuevo*, which belongs to the finest contemporary dramatic conceptions. Finally, a hardy innovator who is the head of a school at an age when others are only imitating the masters of their art, Adelardo Lopez de Ayala, a gentleman scarcely thirty, has just obtained in two years, the greatest successes ever achieved on the Spanish stage, with *El Hombre de Estado* and *Tanto por Ciento*, two comedies for which he received a massive gold crown, the spontaneous tribute of the people of Madrid, and the triumphal admission into the Academy. In this author Spain sees the future great renovator of her dramatic art, and, at the present day, though we state the fact with patriotic sorrow, the Spanish stage is able to return in the way of translations, what it has hitherto borrowed from our own.

In a country where everyone is endowed with an ardent imagination, there is no want, as the reader may easily believe, of lyric poets. They are indeed numerous and among them we will cite José Selgas, Martin de los Herros, Helguero, and Eugenio de Ochoa, who are the most remarkable, and, above all, the most original.

The Teatro de la Zarzuela is certainly, after the Teatro Español, that in which Spanish genius is exhibited in the most original manner. The zarzuela is a work with something of the French comic opera and the Italian buffo opera about it, but, in addition, with a certain indescribable flavour of its native country which imparts to it a happy originality. This style, also, like that of which we just now enumerated the principal productions, has for some time past been undergoing a revival. Numerous authors have appeared in this eminently national and popular branch of dramatic writing. Three are especially remarkable for the richness and purity of their melodies, and the individual colouring of their inspirations. They are: Barbieri, the author of *Jugar con Fuego*, an exquisitely delicate "zarzuela" in three acts. Arrieta, the author of *El Domino Azul*, also in three acts, and, lastly, Gaztambide, the most pure and the most elegant of the three, whose one-act zarzuela, *Una Vieja*, is simply a masterpiece. *La Cisterna encantada*, by the same, is a perfect work, which might, without suffering greatly by the process, be compared with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Boieldieu and of Hérold. The zarzuela is nearly unknown in France, where, we believe, it would easily succeed in spite, or perhaps on account, of its exotic qualities. In the interest of the managers of our lyrical theatres, we would advise them to produce one of these pieces, say *Una Vieja* or *Jugar con Fuego*. We have said sufficient to give some idea of the ardour with which the young authors of Spain are following up the literary movement favoured by the august and beneficial influence of the Queen. This influence has not been less and has worked as efficaciously for painting as well. Thanks to the example set by her Majesty, and under the direction of Señor Madrazo, a distinguished painter, and head of one of the divisions in the Fine Arts section of the Ministerio del Fomento, annual public exhibitions for living painters were got up at Madrid. It was not long before the happy results of this measure were evident, and, though it is only for the last few years that these exhibitions have been periodic and annual, several young reputations have been created by this public competition, the most fertile of all stimulants to emulation. The qualities of the old Spanish School live again to a great extent in the pictures of contemporary artists. Boldness of design and energy of colouring combined with great correctness of tone, and with exactitude of pose, such are the native gifts that old Spain bestows on the palette of her children. One of the distinctive characteristics of this school is to be found in the swagger, the dash, the spectator feels in the canvases, even if he does not perceive the ardent faith imparted by fanaticism to the faces of the monks. But soldiers, monks, or bandits, all exhibit the proud attitude which results from the sentiment of strength and contempt for death. We will not give here the names of all the remarkable painters, who, thanks to the annual exhibitions, have been revealed to the public. It is the same with painters as with poets: they abound and excel in all countries cherished by the sun. The most renowned artists in Spain are, in addition to Don Francisco Madrazo, already named, Rivera, Gisbert, and Casado, for historical painting, and Palmaroli, for genre painting.

In sculpture, Spaniards possess less power. It seems as though colour were a necessity for art in a country where warm tones abound. There is only one sculptor, Piquer, worthy of figuring side by side with the illustrious painters we have named above. At our own annual exhibitions in the Champs Elysées, pictures by Spaniards have often been deemed worthy of medals by the Jury. The very young painter of the *Testament of Isabella the Catholic* has obtained a gold medal, and been proposed for the Grand Medal of Honour. This mark of distinction gained in a country where the arts are justly believed to be more skilfully cultivated than anywhere else, proves better than aught we could say the excellence of the new Spanish School. At the Exposition Universelle the display of Spanish paintings is very remarkable. All the pictures give proof of the high merit of the artists and some are productions of the first class. The scanty space at our disposal does not allow us to extend our remarks on this exhibition, to which we intend devoting an especial article. To sum up, we are happy to note that arts and literature have resumed in Spain the place they ought to occupy in every civilised nation. This result is due to the encouragement lavished on them first by Queen Christina and then by Queen Isabella, whom Posterity will thank for what she has done. Marshal Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, first minister of the Queen, is himself an enlightened amateur, and it is not under his administration that the Government will abandon its traditions as patron of the arts. During the ten years that Queen Christina has resided in France, with the Duque de Riansares, her husband, she has never ceased thinking of her country, and of the arts she caused to revive there. It is only just to say that no Queen ever had such a claim to the gratitude of the intelligence of Spain. The nation is at present in the right path; a Spaniard is eminently intelligent and artistic; the long intestine wars which laid waste the country may have occasioned a momentary stoppage, but, thanks to a Queen possessing artistic feeling, Spain will soon resume the position she ought to occupy among the nations rendered great by art and literature.

E. CHAVET.

SIGNOR SCHIRA leaves London for the Continent on Monday.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI left Boulogne-sur-Mer for Paris on Thursday week.

"A WILD CHERRY."—We understand that Mr. Reece and Mr G. B. Allen are engaged on a drawing room operetta for Miss Louisa Pyne's company, which starts on a tournée through England, Scotland, and Ireland on the 2nd of September. The title of the work is *A Wild Cherry*.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The programme of the forthcoming Festival, to be held on the 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th of this month, is now issued, and although not offering a new oratorio, as at the meeting of 1864, when Costa's *Naaman* was produced with such marked success, in no way yields in attractiveness to any of its predecessors either in the selection of well known and approved works, which have stood the test of time and become permanently established at all meetings of importance, the engagement of vocalists and instrumentalists of the highest rank in the profession, or in another feature always conspicuous in the triennial arrangements of the hardware capital—the introduction of new works. Of these latter the place of honour must be given to the sacred cantata, entitled *The Woman of Samaria*, by Dr Sterndale Bennett. Any contribution from the pen of the Cambridge Professor must be at all times welcome to the lovers of truly good music, as Dr Bennett has honourably distinguished himself in every class of composition he has hitherto attempted, his chamber music, his pianoforte works (with or without orchestra), or his symphonies, all entitling him to be considered as the first of living English musicians. There is little doubt but that the cantata now to be submitted will worthily take its place with that which has gone before, and may induce the hope that its composer will at some future time be tempted to try the higher flight, and give to the world an oratorio which shall add the crowning wreath to the many and justly earned laurels he has already gained. Dr Bennett's work will be heard on the morning of the 28th. On the following evening Mr John Francis Barnett, favourably known to the public as one of the most rising of our young composers, with a strong bearing towards the classical masters, will introduce a cantata (written expressly for the Festival), the subject being Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, a theme eminently susceptible of musical treatment, and well calculated to test the imagination and fancy of the young musician and nephew of the master to whom the British public is indebted for the *Mountain Sylph*, a work it would have been well worth while for some of the English Opera Companies to have attempted. Although not an absolute novelty, inasmuch as it has been heard at Norwich (where it was produced at the last Festival), in London, and elsewhere, Mr Benedict's charming cantata, *The Legend of St Cecilia*, has not, so far as I am aware, yet been given in Birmingham, but there is little doubt that it will be quite as warmly received and fully appreciated in the Midland district as it was in the capital of East Anglia or in the metropolis. The pianoforte concerto in E flat, by the same composer, has firmly established itself in public favour, and may be safely left to the interpretation of Madame Arabella Goddard, who will also afford her many admirers another treat with Dr Bennett's concerto in F minor, a work in which the greatest English pianist loves to render the highest justice to the greatest English composer.

Among the standard compositions to be given are:—on Tuesday morning, *Elijah* (originally produced at Birmingham under Mendelssohn's own direction just twenty-one years since); Wednesday morning, *Judas Maccabæus*; Thursday morning, *The Messiah*; Friday morning, *Israel in Egypt*; Friday evening, *St Paul*. Gounod's Mass in G is also to be given on Friday morning. At the Tuesday evening concert, *Alexander's Feast* and Benedict's Pianoforte Concerto, played by Madame Goddard, are the most noteworthy features; Wednesday evening, the same composer's *Legend of St. Cecilia* and Dr Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto, are the sole attractions; while, on Thursday evening, Mr Barnett's cantata occupies the whole of the first part. The overtures are Weber's *Oberon*, Beethoven's *Leonora*, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, and Auber's *Masaniello*.

The principal vocalists are Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, Mesdames Sainton-Dolby and Patey Whytock; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Cummings, Santley and Weiss; solo pianoforte (as already intimated), Madame Arabella Goddard; solo violin, M. Sainton; Mr Stimpson presiding, as usual, at the organ—the post of conductor being held, as a matter of course, by Mr Costa, whose name is as indelibly associated with the Festival at Birmingham as is that of Mr Benedict with Norwich. When the proper time comes I hope to say more—much more of this important meeting, the only drawback to which is the unaccountable absence from the programme of the oratorio of *Naaman*, upon a second hearing of which, it may be safely urged, that 99 out of 100 of those intending to be present absolutely counted.

DRINKWATER HARD.

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AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Of the thousands that were present at the Ball and Concert given in honour of our Belgian visitors, few but must have expressed a hope that the elaborate and really beautiful decorations would be allowed to remain for a time, and so afford an opportunity to the public at large of enjoying a spectacle at once so novel and gratifying. Those who had only seen the Hall under its ordinary (very ordinary) aspect at cattle, dog, horse, or donkey show would now scarcely recognise the building except for its vastness of extent. In place of walking upon bare earth, as at the above-named ceremonies, the visitor finds a closely boarded floor as well and nicely fitted as if it were intended to remain permanently instead of being merely laid down for a temporary purpose. Casting one's gaze upwards, the roof has undergone as great a transmogrification as the floor, the huge dull heavy girders having now put on a coat of white relieved with gold, while from the centre hangs a chandelier apparently as large as those of the two opera-houses put together, supplemented on each side by rows of smaller chandeliers, either of which would at one time have been thought large enough to light a moderate sized theatre. The walls, too, which in their honest simplicity of undisguised brickwork would have delighted Mr Ruskin, no longer reveal their substance, but present a surface of flushed glazed calico (I hope I am technically correct in my description), further adorned by lace, festoons of artificial flowers, &c., &c., while the spaces under the galleries, with their illuminated arcades, forcibly remind one of Vauxhall in the olden time, when the additional 10,000 illumination lamps (there were never less) shed such glories on the amours of our youth, and the supper boxes at the side, the orchestra in the middle, with the fiddlers in their cocked hats, were all so many visions of fairy brightness and delicious joy, now numbered (together with many other illusions) among the things of the past.

The Agricultural Hall is in itself just now honestly worth the admission money merely as a sight, but when to these varied splendours is superadded a concert of eminently popular (not Monday Popular) character, the promenader may congratulate himself upon having obtained quite twelve pennyworth of value for his shilling. The programme of Wednesday evening may be taken as a fair sample of what sort of entertainment is provided for the hardy explorer into these northern regions. First came the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, then D. Godfrey's Belgian Quadrille, conducted by the composer, the vigorous applause for the Brabançonne introduced in the last figure showing that our feeling for the *Braves Belges* has not been altogether subsided. Then a cornet solo (Levy Waltz), by Mr Levy, encored, and the "Excelsior Polka" substituted. "The Bay of Biscay," sung by Mr Geo. Perren, provokes a similar compliment, and "Come into the garden, Maud," given in its stead with equal satisfaction to the audience. Waltz "Belgravia" (D. Godfrey). Mdlle. Liebhardt's appearance in the orchestra produces a warm welcome, and the ballad, "Little bird, so sweetly singing" (G. B. Allen), with Mr Pratten's flute obbligato, delights immensely, and so persistent are the cries for an encore that a same reappearance will not suffice, and the fair German lady gives Arditi's "Bacio" with great spirit, and is tremendously applauded in consequence. "O ruddier than the cherry" brings out Mr Hughes and his ophicleide, and then follows a waltz, "Fairy Footsteps" (Frewin), serving as an accompaniment to the prismatic fountains, which now begin to throw up their water incessantly changing colour—at one moment golden, then blue, white, green, purple, and all the hues of the rainbow in succession. Then, too, do the transparencies of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Sultan, and Viceroy show forth, and the audience go into rapturous delight; and yet the great "sensation" of the evening is to come—namely, Jullien's "British Army" quadrille, with new and astounding effects that would have delighted the heart of its composer were he alive to witness it. The "Encampment of the army," "Parade of the troops," "Music of the Infantry regiment on parade of the Artillery and the Cavalry regiments, all working up to the grand *finale* which can only be described in the glowing words of the programme:—"Daylight again approaches and the army is *en déroute*—silence reigns around when the enemy is heard advancing in the distance having made a sortie from the besieged city intending to surprise the camp—the trumpets sound the alarm and the British Grenadiers are heard on the left wing, the Irish regiments on the right, and the Scotch in the rear all approaching the main body when the whole column advances—a feigned retreat is made, but the charge is instantly renewed and the battle rages with fury—the firing of the musketry and heavy artillery being heard—the enemy is defeated—victory is proclaimed, and the conquerors triumphantly enter the fallen city!" and then the united bands play "See the conquering hero comes," and the enthusiasm of the public culminates: the entry of the various bands, to wit, the drums and fifes of the Grenadiers playing the "British Grenadiers," entering from the west end of the building; the band of the St. George's Rifles, descending the steps of the eastern gallery with "St. Patrick's Day in the morning;" and the bag-pipers appearing mysteriously from another quarter to the tune of the "Campbells are coming;" and all marching up into the orchestra; the terrific firing of guns outside, coloured fires, and goodness knows what besides, being all helped to pave the way to the grand climacteric, after which I should imagine everything must have seemed flat and tame by comparison. I say "imagine" because I did not return for the second part of the concert, not much caring for "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" and "You'll remember me." The orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. F. Kingsbury, includes some of the élite of the Covent Garden instrumentalists—Lazarus, Pratten, C. Harper, T. Harper, Nicholson, Hill, Trust, Reynolds, Reid, &c. being of the number; the band of the Grenadier Guards further augmenting the number and adding considerably to the effect. An average attendance of something like ten or twelve thousand nightly indicates pretty clearly that the speculation is not altogether unsuccessful, at once gratifying the public and satisfying those whose enterprise it is.

DRINKWATER HARD.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual concert of the professional students took place at St. George's Hall. The London Academy of Music is a flourishing institution, and, taking the concert of last Saturday as illustrative of the system, Dr. Wylde may be congratulated on its success. The programme consisted of twenty-six pieces, selected principally from the works of the best composers, containing also, two vocal compositions by students and three by Signor Schira. Miss Kate Roberts (pianist) and Miss Abbott (vocalist) only recently made their *débuts* at the New Philharmonic Concerts, and both justified the expectations formed of them. The other pianists (pupils of Dr. Wylde) were Mrs. C. Baker (recalled for her performance of Handel's air in E with variations), Miss Rose Roole, Miss Mary Earle, Miss Scott, Miss Gray, Miss Vargis and Mdlle. Barthe (pupil of Mr. J. F. Barnett). The vocalists were Miss Dord Delby (pupil of Signor Garcia), recalled after "Bel raggio;" Madame de Castro (pupil of Signor Lablache), and Miss Fanny Holland (pupil of Signor Schira), were also recalled, the latter being obliged to repeat Signor Schira's *rêverie*, "Sogni," which was accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, on the harp by Mr. T. H. Wright, and on the violoncello by M. Paque (all professors at the Academy). Mr. Palmer, Mr. Tietkins, Miss Tunstall, Miss Langley (pupil of Signor Gilardoni), Miss Merryweather, Miss Collins, Miss Laiter, also more or less distinguished themselves. Part songs by a number of the students were effectively given under the direction of Dr. Wylde. A word of praise is due to Mr. A. Villin (pupil of Herr Strauss), for his clever violin performances. Herr Wilhelm Ganz presided at the pianoforte.

MR. CUMMINGS'S dramatic cantata, *The King and the Maiden*, which was performed at his concert at St. James's Hall last season, will be given by the Ste. Vic. Asylum Choral Association in August, with full orchestra and eminent soloists under the direction of the Hon. W. G. Martin, M.A.

MR. W. H. BIRCH, of Uxbridge, has written the music to an opera in three acts, entitled *The Merry Men of Sherwood Forest*. It is announced for performance at the Town Hall, Reading, next month. The orchestra is to be composed of the members of Her Majesty's Private Band, assisted by the Band of the Life Guards.

BARCELONA.—According to report Signor Bottesini is engaged at the Teatro del Liceo as conductor next winter.

SONGS FOR THE BELGIANS.

1.

(*Tune, the "Brabançonne."*)

We sing the praises of a land so fair
Of homes and of hearts proud and free;
We hail its glories grand and rare,
Renowned far over land and sea.
Bound together in [illegible] band,
Our soldiers unite in the cause,
To give our noble King our heart and hand,
To fight for Belgium and her laws.
Hail! Belgium, bright and happy shore,
O happy be thou evermore.

Our sailors brave, who plough the watery main,
To dangers and shipwreck are brothers;
The soldier who stood the fierce fought campaign,
Will join the cause united safe together;
And while thus on plains we all will unite,
Our bosoms with ardour will burn,
For home and for country will all bravely fight,
And drive off the foe never to return.
Hail! Belgium, bright and happy shore,
O happy be thou evermore.

Oh! Thou, above all the Sovereign Lord,
Our altars to Thy Name we raise,
A name by worlds unknown adored
Of gratitude we hymn the praise.
Belgium holds now a glorious sway,
Of fame's trump the constant theme
From far off realms where mounts the orb of day,
Her peace like paths doth brightly beam.
Hail! Belgium, bright and happy shore,
O happy be thou evermore.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

2.

(*Tune, "Benedict."*)

'NEATH the flag of freedom we rally!
Come from the anvil, come from the loom
From city's heart, from hill and valley
Come! for you all in our ranks there's room!

Peasant and peer, and high and lowly
From Dyke and Alp, and from Rhenish shore,
Come! and join in our anthem holy
"WAR ON WAR—LET IT BE NO MORE."

Are the nations in apathy lying?
And are the war-worn peoples all dumb?
No! like a trumpet-blast replying,
Thunders the noise, "We come! we come!"

Hail! brothers, be our ensigns blended,
Hand struck in hand with a friendly blow,
That in English soon comprehended
Heart to heart—hand in hand we'll go.

Till no longer the world shall be gleaming,
With the fierce light and splendour of war
Till o'er the nations, gently beaming,
Peace shineth like a herald star.

Brothers! in arms and souls united,
Work we and wait, till on every shore
Justice triumph—till wrong be righted,
Till the earth study war no more.

HENRY FARNIE.

3.

(*In French; tune "Benedict."*)

Sous les plis de notre bannière,
Ralliez-vous avec fierté
De l'Angleterre hospitalière,
Foulez le sol en liberté.

Du Nord, du Sud venez, qu'importe!
Quand nos phalanges vont s'unir
Qu'un seul cri de nos bouches sorte:
"PLUS DE GUERRES A L'AVENIR."

Eh quoi! les peuples de la terre
Hésiteraient, quand près de nous?
Nos mille voix sonnent en tonnerre
Ont répondu: Nous voici tous!

Voici nos mains et nos poitrines,
Voici nos cœurs. Si notre accent
Rappelle encor nos origines,
Entre frères tout se comprend.

Plus de haines! que de la guerre
Le feu s'éteigne désormais!
Un nouvel astre nous éclaire,
Soleil naissant, c'est la paix!

Frères, donnons, donnons au monde,
L'espoir qu'un jour l'humanité,
Verra régner, calme et féconde,
La Justice et la Charité.

D. TAGLIAFICO.

REVIEWS.

By Thee O gracious Corner-stone. Hymn at laying the corner-stone of a parsonage, by WILLIAM WHITE, F.S.A. set to music by the LORD BISHOP OF DUNEDIN. [London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

We have here a good specimen of modern psalmody. The words are above the average, and the music combines sweetness with the dignity essential in everything intended for sacred use. We must object, however, to the dotted minim in the last line, since we cannot discover what purpose it serves, while it is easy to see that it mars the symmetry of the melody.

Perpetual Motion. Galop de Concert, by R. A. BOISSIER. Op. 10. [London: Augener & Co.]

A composition of moderate difficulty and of moderate merit, about which as it lacks distinctive features of any kind there is nothing more to be said.

Fra Diavolo. Fantaisie brillante sur l'opera d'Auber pour Piano, par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

THE admirers of Auber's delicious opera, who do not object to see the themes they love decked out after the fashion now so popular, will welcome this fantasia. Mr Smith has shown good judgment in the choice of his subjects, and has treated them with even more than his wonted brilliancy and effect. A more pleasing thing of its kind would be hard to meet with.

Cassell's Choral Music. Part I. Selected, marked, and edited by HENRY LESLIE. [London: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.]

THE best of music ancient and modern, good thick paper, magnificent engraving, and cheapness bordering upon the absurd—these are the chief features of the work, an instalment of which is before us. With such recommendations its success must be assured, especially as just now English vocal compositions are coming once more into fashion. The finest of these—that is to say, the madrigals of the Elizabethan era and the glees of the last century—will necessarily have a prominent place in this collection. Mr Leslie will, doubtless, do his work with earnestness, but not, we hope, with too great an anxiety about marks of expression. In the number before us we fancy there are more than are absolutely necessary. All such are superfluous.

L'Arc en Ciel. Morceau élégant pour Piano, par SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

WE have here another of Mr Smith's elegantly written drawing room pieces. Unlike very many of its class, it amply repays the labour of "getting up," and is destined to be among the most popular efforts of its composer.

Eloquence. Melody for the Pianoforte, by SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

In this instance Mr Smith discourses after a more quiet and subdued fashion than usual, but with equal if not greater "eloquence." We like this melody much, and no less the skill with which it is treated. The composition as a whole shows considerable feeling and a capacity for work of a more serious kind than that in connection with which Mr Smith's name is so well known. It is just the thing to hum on a peaceful summer evening "between the lights."

The Gleaner Maiden. Song. The verse by FREDERICK ENOCH. Music by HENRY SMART. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

ANYTHING by Mr Smart may be accepted at once as certain to be full of merit. The song before us does its share towards justifying this uncommon faith, since it is one of remarkable elegance and beauty. The melody is fresh and good, and the accompaniment, without being in any degree *outré*, has a pleasantly distinctive character. Mr Enoch's words are worthy of the music.

I've loved thee long. Song. Words by J. LACON. Music by J. B. DUGGAN. [London: Charles Jefferys.]

THE composer of this song has given us a fairly successful imitation of the old-fashioned love ditties, upon which we fear those now in vogue are no improvement. Nothing could be more unaffected and simple, but at the same time pleasing in such a degree that he must be a very bad singer who could not put his audience into good humour by its means. We object somewhat to the opening passage of the last verse, as being out of harmony with the rest; otherwise we have only to speak in favour of what is a genuine song of the Old English type.

The Galatea Galop. Composed, and dedicated by permission to Captain His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, K.G., by CORALIE. [London: Rudall, Rose, Carte & Co.

A SPIRITED galop, easy to play, but with no special characteristics calling for remark. The title page is handsomely got up.

Suspense, Mistrust and Triumph of Faith. Three Studies for the Pianoforte by the Hon. Mrs. FREDERICK YARBURGH. [London: Boosey & Co.]

THE composer of these studies has made a laudable attempt at giving musical illustration to the three mental conditions above named. Whether she has succeeded or not must be left to individual opinion, but it is evident that she brought to her task considerable artistic feeling.

Invocation au Sacré Cœur. Chœur à voix égales et soli avec accompagnement d'orgue, composée pour les Religieuses du Couvent du Sacré Cœur à Roehampton par WILHELM SCHULTHES. [London: Augener & Co.]

THERE is a good deal in this composition worthy of praise. In the first place it is full of true religious feeling, and in the next it is evidently the work of a musician. Here and there it suggests reminiscences, especially in one passage where the voices enter in succession on the word "Miserere." The resemblance between the music at this point and that in the second act of Flotow's *Martha* where the *dramatis personæ* exclaim "Mezzanotte," one after the other, is too close to escape observation. In other respects Herr Schulthes has shown that he can think for himself, and the work is one that reflects as much credit upon him as it does upon the Roehampton Sisterhood—provided they are able to sing it.

Pourquoi? (Why?) Chanson de G. LAMOTHE. [London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

OUR readers must be more or less familiar with this little piquant song. We need do no more, and can do no better than recommend it as every way worthy a place in any collection.

THADDEUS EGG.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTE.—Mrs. Dowell's concert came off here on Monday evening the 5th. The selection of music was unusually good, and so was the performance. Mrs. Dowell played with great taste and execution two favourite pieces on the pianoforte, and two on the harp, besides accompanying on the latter instrument Miss Lizzie Wilson's song "The blind Girl to her Harp." The Misses Mary Anne Potter, Medora Collins, Robertina Henderson, and Lucy Franklein contributed, with much success, to the evening's entertainment. The very effective trio "I'm not the Queen," was sung with much spirit by Miss Henderson, Miss Franklein, and Mr W. Harrison, and was duly encored. Mr Harrison's performance of his own two songs was also highly appreciated. Miss Lizzie Wilson not only sang her own songs very well, but contributed another with great good nature to fill up the only blank in the programme, caused by the unavoidable absence, through severe illness, of Mr Leonard Walker, an absence to be regretted on all accounts. Miss Medora Collins played with much taste a small piece on the concertina, and Mr Viotti Collins was highly successful, and most deservedly so, in his performance on the violin. Mr Cockburn conducted.

SOIRÉE MUSICALE IN BERKELEY SQUARE.—On Monday evening last week, a large and fashionable audience assisted at a *musicale* given in aid of the Ladies' Sanitary Institution, when a number of amateurs and artists went through a varied programme of vocal and instrumental music. The Duchess of Newcastle among the amateurs distinguished herself by the unaffected style in which she sang the duet, "Sull' aria," with Mrs. C. Bentinck, and the brilliant way in which she gave Arditi's "L'Estasi." After the general company had departed, Her Grace was induced to sing a romance (in French) by Herr Blumenthal, accompanied on the pianoforte by Herr Oberthür. The excellent taste and fine expression of Her Grace had ample scope for display in Herr Blumenthal's romance. Mrs. C. Bentinck, besides the duet with the Duchess of Newcastle, sang "Robert, toi que j'aime," accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthür; and Miss Davidson, Mr Hodkin and Mr Phillips (amateurs), gave some songs and duets. The professionals who lent their services were Madame Ernesto, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Marie Stocken, the new soprano—who pleased the audience greatly by her brilliant vocalization in "Qui la voce"—and Miss Emily Spiller. The three ladies sang a trio, "Araby's daughters," by Herr Oberthür, an effective and melodic composition in a style that called forth unanimous praise. Mr Tom Hohler also lent his valuable aid. He sang "Una furtiva lagrima," and joined the Duchess of Newcastle in a duet by Signor Campana. The English Glee Union gave several of their favourite pieces during the course of the programme. Herr Oberthür's solo performances on the harp consisted of Labarre's "Nocturne Espagnol," and two of his own compositions, the "Cascade" (one of his most admired pieces), and a [illegible]. Herr Oberthür also accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte, assisted occasionally by Signor Campana.

PRAGUE.—Herr Carl Löwe's oratorio, *Johannes Huss*, has been produced with great success.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO CHARLES PUNCH KEENE, Esq.

Sir, Dear Sir, Very dear Sir,—The performances at Manchester by the writers and artists of *Punch* for the benefit of the family of their late colleague, Charles H. Bennett, took place on Monday night, and were an extraordinary success both in regard to the enthusiasm with which the actors were received and the amount realized by their efforts. Manchester, ever open handed, upon this occasion surpassed its usual generosity. The Theatre Royal, kindly placed at the service of the committee by Mr Knowles, was crowded with a more distinguished audience than has ever been assembled there, and the amateurs received the most cordial welcome as they were respectively recognized. The company was that which performed for the same purpose at the Adelphi in May, but the entertainments were varied, Mr Oxenford's rattling farce of *A Family Failing* being substituted for the songs of the Moray Minstrels. Mr Arthur Sullivan had been at the pains to compose a new overture for *Cox and Box*, and this, and the capital singing and acting of Messrs Quintin, Du Maurier and Blunt, opened the evening brilliantly. Mr Shirley Brooks, who was much applauded, then delivered the address written by him for the former occasion, with the addition of these lines of just recognition of Manchester kindness:—

> Here I had ended, but I cannot stand
> In this great town—a glory of our land—
> Where enterprise the richest guerdon meets
> And the grand heart of commerce proudly beats,
> Nor own that heart, which nobly speaks in you,
> "Keeps a warm corner" for the Artist too.

The Sheep in Wolf's Clothing then brought on the chief force of the *Punch* staff, and Mr Mark Lemon was most heartily greeted, as was Mr Tom Taylor; and the reception of Mr Tenniel was the most marked of tributes to the art which supplies the admirable "cartoons," unapproached in excellence. Mr Burnand, a great favourite at Manchester, received an old friend's welcome. Miss Kate Terry's reception was as cordial as her beautiful performance of Anne Carew deserves, and the acting of Mrs. Watts in Keziah, and of her younger sister Florence as the child, delighted the house. A storm of plaudits followed the fall of the curtain. Mr Du Maurier and Mr Harold Power next gave their singularly clever French scene on the bridge, and the evening—a late one—ended with a farce, in which Mrs. Watts and Mr Lemon kept the spectators in a roar by a display of wild fun, made all the wilder that it was transferred to the Elizabethan date, the gorgeous costumes contrasting with the excessive colloquiality of the dialogue. Thus the performances closed, and it is gratifying to add that before the curtain rose upwards of £900 had been taken—a sum which has been increased to upwards of £1000 by private subscriptions. The amateurs were afterwards entertained by the Manchester committee at a splendid supper at the Queen's Hotel, and I have reason to believe that most of the party, if they went to bed at all, did so in the broad dawn.—Believe me, Sir, dear Sir, very dear Sir, yours truly, very truly in fact,

Grub and Butterfly Hotel, Scarborough. A [illegible]

TO TOM TAYLOR, Esq.

Sir,—The Dramatic Authors' Society has signed a memorial praying for some definite legislation on the subject of foreign authors' rights in this country, in consequence of the ambiguous state of the present law. French authors complain that whereas their pieces are taken and literally translated by English playwrights without their being able to obtain a fair share of the profits of such representation, they (the French authors) never translate or adapt an English piece without due acknowledgment and an equitable percentage. To this statement, however, the English Dramatic Authors' Society, as a body, demur, as not being in accordance with the facts of the case. They have therefore refused to endorse the French petition, and have drawn up their own memorial, which now lies for signature at the society's offices.—At the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Miss Marie Wilton is going to produce a comedy by Mr Dion Boucicault. It was first played some years ago at Liverpool, when Mr Alexander Henderson had the little Prince of Wales's Theatre in Clayton Square, and is called *How She Loves Him*.—There is some talk of a sudden alteration in the new amphitheatre recently opened in Holborn. The amphitheatre is to be abstracted and the *theatre* will be the remainder.—The "Punch performance" for the Bennett Fund was given on Monday, the 29th ult., at Manchester. Mr Knowles gave his theatre on that occasion. On the same night, in London, the *Black-eyed Susan* burlesque reached its 200th representation.—The season at Mr Alfred Wigan's, St Martin's Theatre, will commence in November.—Mr E. T. Smith has taken the Lyceum, and opens it for a winter season.—Somebody says something about doing *Operas bouffes* at Covent Garden at Christmas. The house is much too large; the Olympic or the Lyceum would do. But if M. Offenbach's works are to be produced, where are the requisite singing actors? There is Mr Henry, true, but he is a host. We want such an actor as M. Dupuis, of the Variétés, a low comedian with a tenor voice. Where, too, is the English representative of Mdlle. Schneider?—It has been suggested, we believe, to the Marquis of Townshend, now playing to very select audiences at the Holborn Theatre, that his lordship should have chosen for his first appearance *The Beggar's Opera*.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, Cappa O'Coast.

Ballingarry Castle Crowe, Aug. 2.

TO DR. SAMUEL TAYLOR SHOE.

Dear Shoe,—The closing of the Royal Italian Opera was only the beginning of the end. The closing of Her Majesty's Theatre, when the final "God save the Queen" was sung on Saturday evening, marked the absolute termination of the musical season. It had lasted quite long enough; and if everything promised has not been performed, we have had abundance of novelties at both establishments. I am not of those who never mean to forgive Mr Gye for not having produced *Don Sebastien* the season before last, and who are implacable because Mr Mapleson omitted this season to bring out Spontini's *Vestale*. An operatic prospectus possesses much the same value as the parliamentary programme contained in a Queen's speech. Certain works are spoken of as likely to be presented; but if the *habitués* and the outside public seem able to do very well without them, they somehow or other get overlooked by the directors. They are announced again the year afterwards, and at last, if there appears to be any serious demand for them, they are actually laid before the house.

Meanwhile, considering how much Mr Mapleson has done, I readily acquit him of blame in the matter of a few things that he may have left undone. Let us think of Mdlle. Nilsson's singing, and—forget them all. Mdlle. Nilsson has been Mr Mapleson's great production this season, as *Romeo e Giulietta* has been Mr Gye's; and her brilliant and varied success has proved once more that a new singer who really pleases the public is a powerful source of attraction. *Faust* in the days of its youth did not draw larger houses than Mdlle. Nilsson has done in *La Traviata*, *Martha*, *Don Giovanni*, and the *Magic Flute*. In none of these operas was Mdlle. Nilsson the sole attraction; but her singing was so admirable, her appearance and performance were so graceful, and she was so new, that, with all respect to her colleagues, I may at least say that it was chiefly for her sake that people flocked to the theatre on the nights that she sang.

I have nothing to add on the subject of Mdlle. Nilsson's charming talent. The great counter-attraction to Mdlle. Nilsson, in the way of novelty, was Verdi's *Forza del Destino*. In this case, however, the opera could not stand against the singer. *La Forza del Destino* had been promised almost as long as the Reform Bill—which—it is to be hoped—may prove more successful than Verdi's work; and while it had originally been announced by the Royal Italian Opera, it was reserved for the opposition to produce it. *La Forza del Destino* enjoyed at Her Majesty's Theatre every advantage that its composer could have desired. No opera was ever played with a stronger cast—I can scarcely remember any opera with a cast so strong.—I am, dear Shoe, yours always,

Shaver Silver.

New Opera House of Paris.—One of the most magnificent buildings of imperial Paris, the new opera house in the boulevard facing the Rue de la Paix, is now very nearly completed externally. It was to have been presented to the public during the height of the Exhibition period, but the completion of the external ornamentations took longer to execute than was anticipated. Some 500 of the most dexterous carvers in stone have been employed, and have now very nearly finished their work. Within a few days the scaffolding and hoarding which still screen the building will be removed, and probably the most superb temple of Apollo ever built in any city, ancient or modern, will be seen by the cosmopolitan population of Paris.

Google

REMINISCENCES OF THE ABBATE BAINI.

By FERDINAND HILLER.

When, shortly after the commencement of the fifth decade of the present century, I had repeatedly attended Divine Service in the Sixtine Chapel at Rome, it was clear to me that most of the music of the old Roman school performed there was—*not* clear to me. As was the case with the majority of my German brothers in art, educated in the works of Bach, Handel, and their great successors, my relations to the old Italians were rather distant and superficial, though I had often played through, besides having now and then heard played, the better known, and, if I may so express myself, the more popular of their compositions. The pure and elevated nature of their strains impressed as much as their strangeness attracted me, and I determined to do all that lay in my power to penetrate the profoundest mysteries of their combinations. My first step was to pay a visit to the Abbate Baini.

Baini was well known as one of the leading investigators in the field of musical history. Starting, in his great work on Palestrina, from the wish to place in their true light the eternal services rendered by this, his favourite, composer to the cause of art, he published unexpected information concerning the changes in sacred music before Palestrina, concerning the musical doings of the Council of Trent, and concerning Palestrina's life and efforts. The free use of the collections and archives of the Vatican had placed within his reach materials inaccessible to everyone else, and he possessed the talent of turning them to account with as much erudition as acuteness. A large portion of his life, and the most considerable part of his income were devoted to the task of editing all Palestrina's works in score. It is scarcely possible to form an idea of the restless investigation, the persevering labour, the passionate self-abnegation required. A great number of the immortal compositions of the extraordinary master were scattered to the four quarters of the globe, and to recover a single missing sheet frequently demanded whole years of search and—comparatively speaking—heavy pecuniary sacrifices. Baini had been a singer from his youth, and for many years director of the Papal Chapel. This post had been conferred on him as an especial mark of distinction, it being the general rule for the Papal singers to take it by turns to direct the music at Divine Service. The reader will easily understand that such a man struck me as being the one from whom I could best hope to obtain satisfactory and useful information, as well as assistance in carrying out my artistic desires—and such was the case. Baini received me most kindly, and promised to do all he could. His suggestion that the best course I could adopt to penetrate into Palestrina's style would be to practise it myself appeared to me perfectly just. Two evenings a week were fixed on, when he said I should always find him ready to look over my work—and for a whole winter I enjoyed the instructive society of this excellent man.

I cannot, of course, here dwell upon the specifically musical investigations which formed the principal staple of our conversations; indeed—though I am half ashamed to confess it—those investigations are not what I recollect most vividly. It is chiefly of the grand simplicity, the self-sacrificing pains, the calm kindness of this unusual man that there remains in my mind a picture, deriving a peculiar colouring from the originality of very many views which he propounded with a kind of naive humour, and of which I should like to give a sketch. Perhaps many of my readers will gladly transport themselves with me for a few moments from the restless bustle of every-day life to the quiet chamber in which was passed an existence that, with all its unostentatious simplicity, wanted neither the power to do or to bear. The highest excellence, after all, which it is granted man to attain is to have been, in one's own way, a perfect man.

Baini was, at the time to which I refer, sixty years old and of tall stature; though he bowed his head slightly, his bearing was full of vigour. His serious and rather strongly marked features had something energetic, nay, here and there hard about them, but by a glance, and a smile, not perhaps exactly agreeable, could assume a particularly mild and kindly expression. Baini was not handsome, though he may, in his youth, have been a fine man. It was probably the still surviving recollection of this that caused him, on seeing an admirable drawing which my friend, the artist Rudolph Lehmann, had made of him, to exclaim: "O! O! how ugly!" His health was greatly undermined by the wearing labour to which he constantly devoted himself. A life which, as he himself expressed it, "he had spent between his writing table (*tavolino*), and the confessional" could not possibly be attended by satisfactory results. His digestive powers were impaired, and it required many, many, hours for him to get over the effects of the very spare meal he took once every day. I often found him suffering from the most violent spasms in the stomach; at such times, he would make a slight sign with his hand, and I waited, with painful sympathy, in an adjoining room, till the crisis was over. This was scarcely the case, however, ere he began the conversation in the most friendly manner, calm and cheerful, laying aside, so to speak, the pain he had been suffering for hours, as though it were a book the perusal of which had been interrupted. Frequently also, I found him engaged in the prayers which were a duty for him of an evening. In this case, too, he would point to a chair and a score that he had got ready for me, and quietly continue his pious occupation. The following may serve as a proof of his really affectionate kindness. While he was looking, with conscientious earnestness, through my attempts, I was transcribing compositions by Palestrina, in order not to be doing nothing. The next time I returned I would find in Baini's hand the words, which I had not had time in the evening to write myself, traced under the music. I hardly dared to thank him for taking this trouble, and felt quite touched to think he had done so.

After he had subjected my exercise to the strictest criticism, Baini used to begin chatting with me. In this, as in many other instances, I have to regret deeply not taking notes, for a very great deal of what he told me really possessed historical interest. The reader will easily understand this when he reflects that Baini had spent all his life in Rome, and that the year of his birth was the year 17[illegible]. He had served a whole series of Popes, had been brought in close contact with them, and struck me as having taken as unprejudiced a view of the affairs of this world as was conceivable in so firmly believing and, in many respects, so zealous, a priest. Of course, he sometimes made assertions which, for people like us, sounded strange, not so much in themselves, as from their context.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been directed to a paragraph which appeared in last week's *Sunday Times*, wherein it states that certain individuals, including a Mr Hall of the Princess's Theatre, are in the Bankruptcy Court. It is true that the court referred to happens to be situated in Australia, but as careless readers may imagine me to be the Mr Hall alluded to (and during my five years connection with the Princess's Theatre as its musical director I have known no person bearing my name), perhaps you will kindly insert this letter, just to prove that I am at present *chef d'orchestre* at the Hall-by-the-Sea, where my health, *circumstances*, and [illegible], are in as flourishing a condition as my warmest friends could possibly desire them to be.—I am, dear sir, your obliged and obedient servant, CHARLES HALL.

7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Margate, August 1st, 1867.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN COMPOSERS.—The well known saying of Carl Maria von Weber, "I compose as God wills, and Rossini composes as the public wills," characterises admirably the artistic tendencies of most German and Italian operatic composers. The German operatic composer not unfrequently ignores, to his own disadvantage, both singers and public; he likes to give himself up entirely to his task, in which his own individuality is completely merged, and writes in the fond belief that his work is destined to last for ever. The Italian composer, on the other hand, writes in the first place for certain singers; he does not think of a work of art lasting for ever; he pays court to the exigencies of the day and of fashion, and takes his audience as he generally finds them. I honour the operatic composer who, renouncing outward success, has only an ideal circle of hearers in his mind; but I do not depreciate the value of the artist who thinks of the actual operatic public. That great genius and worldly-wise man, Mozart, did both; he took into account singers and public and created works of imperishable beauty. His dramatic works will, at any rate, endure as long as feeling for melodic beauty and musical characterization exists in the world of art. However people may of late have striven to limit such characterization, it can never be destroyed.—*Berlin Echo.*

Mr. Van Praag, General Agent.—Some two years since there existed in the London season no more clever or obliging concert agent than Mr Van Praag. His services were in universal request, and his familiar face was ever welcome at the doors of concert rooms, halls, or theatres. A change has come over the spirit of Mr Van Praag's dreams. He may, indeed, sing "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." What connection there may be between music and the juice of the grape passes our fathom; nevertheless, Mr V. P. has foregone his interest with the former, and now writes himself down as "Appointed Representative and Agent for Wines, &c., &c., for the house of Messrs. Louis de la Barthe & Co. of Bourdeaux and Paris." As Franz Liszt turned Abbé, why not Van Praag wine agent? Mr. Praag in his advertisement (vide front page) sets forth in language at once copious and bacchian his list of wines and prices, which are of the most attractive quality (we mean the wine) and therein the man of taste in the French vintage may suit his pocket and his palate to his extremest liking. We ourselves are very excellent judges of wine—though that is nothing to the purpose—but all we have to say is, that if Mr Van Praag be as good a judge of claret, Bordeaux and Burgundy, as running in trade as he has been of the manner in which concert agencies should be conducted, then the public may rest satisfied at obtaining the very best article at the minimum value, and of this we entertain not the least doubt. The advertisement explains all.

Mdlle. Teresa Carreno, "the celebrated Vénézuélian pianist," as she styles herself—and she knows so well"—gave a matinée in the minor hall, St. James's Hall, on Monday, July 22nd, which was fairly patronized, proving that Vénézuélian art is within the immediate acquaintance of a certain section of our aristocracy, who think proper to lend it the lustre of their names, if not altogether to sanction it by their presence. The list of grand patronesses who commend Mdlle. Carreno to public consideration of course know all about that lady's talents and qualifications. Independent of the countenance of noble and honourable ladies, however, Mdlle. Carreno may be praised as a very good pianoforte player, who is a mistress of several styles, and distinguishes herself in all. She played Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27; Chopin's Ballade in A flat; Gottschalk's solo on the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore*; Fumagalli's *rêverie*, "A une Fleur;" Quidant's "Grand Galop de Concert;" and a fantasia of her own composition on *Norma*. Mdlle. Carreno has a powerful finger and much brilliancy of style, and is altogether what may be called a "taking player." She evidently pleased her audience, who applauded her with liberality. Mdlle. Carreno was assisted in the vocal department by Mdlle. Ubrich Gottschalk, Madame Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle. Mela and Signor Franceschi; and, in the instrumental, by Mdlle. Bertha Brousil, violinist. The conductors were Mr. Benedict, Signors L. Cola and Campana.—B. B.

Margate.—At the Hall by the Sea, Miss Rose Hersee appeared for the last time on Monday the 5th instant. Her engagement concluded on the preceding Saturday, but at the request of Mr E. P. Hingston, unwilling to part sooner than he could help with so great a favourite, she consented to sing once more. Her engagement has been most successful. One of her most admired songs has been "A Day too late," of which she herself composed the music, and Mr H. Hersee wrote the words. The former is spirited and sparkling; the latter are flowing and poetical, besides being fraught with a moral which cannot fail to produce a deep impression on the unmarried sons and daughters of England. It is based upon the sad fate of a youth who keeps deferring a certain momentous question, until, when he does put it, he finds to his dismay that he is "A Day too late." Since she first sang the song, we believe, from a close contemplation of the crowds that throng the Jetty, the Fort, the Sands, and other favourite promenades, that the advice so sweetly warbled by Miss Rose Hersee has not been thrown away. We are sure young ladies ought, and, doubtless, will do all in their power to render "A Day too late" universally known. Of course every one of them will instantly purchase a copy, so that "A Day too late" will eventually go through as many editions as *Mavor's Spelling Book*. The vocalists at the Hall are now Mdlle. Sauerbrey, Messrs. T. C. Furneaux and Richard Seymour. The Hall is crowded nightly, and the attendance speaks volumes for the clever management of Mr. E. P. Hingston.

Bonn.—A grand vocal festival in which about 250 singers were to take part, was announced to be held under the direction of Herr Brambach, on the 2nd and 3rd inst.

Hanover.—The new opera, *Esmeralda*, founded on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, has been produced with tolerable success. The composer is Herr Wetterhahn, Anglice Weathercock.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Boosey & Sons.—"The Choir Chant Book," compiled by R. H. Boosey, and arranged by W. Millington.
Duncan Davison & Co.—"Pastoral Terzetto," for Soprano Voices, by Bernard Farebrother.
Castro Irmão & Co. (Lisbon)—"Archivo Pittoresco," 10, 10th Vol.

Advertisements.

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Song, "NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN"	W. [illegible].
Ballad, "THE HOME OF EARLY LOVE"	Vincent Wallace.
Cavatina, "MID THE ROSE LEAVES OF LOVE"	W. [illegible].
Irish Ballad, "OH COME TO GLENGARIFF"	A. [illegible].
New Song, "THE SPRING"	W. [illegible].

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing during her re-engagement at Margate, [illegible] [illegible]'s much admired Valse Chantante, "IL GIORNO DI FESTA" ("The Festive Day").—*Vide* Reviews in *Brighton Gazette, Globe, Era, etc.*

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(Continued from p. 574).

Chapter IV.

On the various plans of placing the orchestra.

231 There are three kinds of orchestras, each of which should be arranged differently; these are: an opera orchestra, concert orchestra, and a military band.

232 On the old French opera plan—a plan still adopted in most lyrical theatres of France and the Continent—the conductor's or leader's desk is placed in the centre, close to the foot-lights; hence the musicians are partly behind it, and partly at the sides. To obviate as much as possible the inconveniences of this arrangement, many conductors place all the first violins on one side and the second violins on the other, on parallel lines between them, and perpendicularly with the desks. The basses are placed at the ends of the orchestra, and the remaining basses and other instruments behind the conductor. Others arrange the orchestra differently; but the radical vice of this arrangement is, the leader does not see his band, and consequently loses to a certain extent the power of animating them.

233 The best arrangement is as follows:—The leader opposite the centre of the stage—his desk four or five feet from it, so that his eye can command the greater part of his musicians, and be himself seen; the wind instruments facing the audience; flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons on one side; horns, trumpets, and trombones on the other; the first violins ranged to the left of the leader in perpendicular lines to the leader's desk; the tenors behind him; the second violins to the right, similar to the first violins, with two violoncello desks behind; one or two contrabassi at each extremity of the orchestra. The rest of the violoncellos with their backs to the audience, and first violoncello and double bass near the leader, but somewhat behind him.

234. It is easier to dispose a band for a concert than for a theatre. Placed amphitheatrically all are seen by the leader, who is also seen by all. The first violins ranged in parallel columns to the left of the auditory; the second violins opposite the first, leaving a necessary space in the centre; within this centre the first violoncello and double bass; behind, the tenors, rather elevated above them; the violoncellos, in one or two lines, as the dimensions of the orchestra will admit; further up, all the wind instruments; the flutes, clarionets, and oboes in front; horns, bassoons, trumpets, and trombones higher up; tympani in the centre; the double basses at back and at the sides; the leader in front of the first violins, on an elevated platform, with his back to the public.

235 The disposition of a military band is the most simple and easy of all. It should take the form of a horse-shoe in one or more lines, according to the number of executants; the clarionets on one side; flutes, oboes, bassoons, and solo cornet and alto horns on the other; horns, trumpets, trombones, etc., at back, and behind these the instruments of percussion; the master in the centre so as to be well seen by his performers.

Chapter V.

On the Tuning of Instruments.

236. It is an incontestable truth that no orchestra is perfectly in tune—indeed so much the reverse as to be manifest to its hearers. Whatever care be taken, whatever means be adopted to tune all the instruments alike, accidental causes may render all efforts futile and useless. Atmospheric variations, which do not uniformly effect all instruments alike, cold, or extreme heat, exercise a powerful and fatal influence over instruments in passing from the music room into the orchestra, more particularly into a concert-room—the change of temperature affecting them even to a quarter of a tone. In winter the difference of the external and internal temperature is particularly felt, and the difficulty of remaining in tune proportionably greater. Brass instruments warm more slowly than wood instruments—the lower part of a bassoon is frequently cold when the upper part is already warm. The metal strings of violins, tenors, and violoncellos rise, while the gut strings fall. In fine, a thousand accidental causes conspire to oppose the orchestra being in perfect tune together. Every precaution should be adopted to obviate this inconvenience.

237 In most orchestras the pitch is taken from the oboe, it being less impressionable than the other wind instruments, the quantity of warm air which gets into the tube through the reed being very inconsiderable. However the fixity of pitch of this instrument is not always certain, for the caprice of the artist, in the use of his reed, which at times is either longer or shorter, raises or lowers the pitch. It were advisable to procure a more certain and invariable pitch by the adoption of a metallic blade fixed in a frame similar to a small instrument common in Germany called *physharmonica*. With a similar tuning instrument, the leader could not only give the pitch, but verify it. This system would put an end to the discussions which constantly take place between those who play wind instruments, each of whom insists his pitch should regulate all others.

238 Nothing is more difficult than to tune an orchestra where each performer brings his own instrument. The flute, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, horn, and trumpet offer so many shades of pitch, that it were well if all these instruments were made upon one system. The first care of a leader should be to have these first tuned together. When the oboes are well tuned, either by inserting the reed further into the instrument if it is too low, or *vice versa* if too high. The flutes should be tuned by these. The pump has been discarded from most flutes, but to pull out the tubes is an evil remedy for the instrument being too sharp, as it destroys the proportions, and occasions several false notes. It is better the flutes should be slightly flat when the tuning takes place, because they get sharp sooner than any other instrument, as it receives a larger quantity of warm air, with the exception of the Russian bassoon, which, from its size, escapes the influence of warm air.

239 The clarionets should be tuned by the oboes and flutes. If they are too sharp, the mouthpiece should be lengthened; if too flat, shortened; and in case the remedy be insufficient, every means to warm the tube must be adopted.

240 The bassoons should follow. This instrument is generally too flat in the lower part, and sometimes too sharp in the upper; hence it is necessary to give it a medium pitch by the position of the reed. The bottom portion of the instrument should be well warmed, so as to equalise as much as possible the pitch of the upper part.

241 The horns and trumpets have certain means of getting the pitch, by the aid of slides; when they are too flat, either warmth or a shorter mouthpiece offer the only remedy. It is better to tune these instruments rather sharp than otherwise, as when the pitch goes beyond the pitch of the instruments there are no means left to rectify it.

242 Trombones are less exposed than other brass instruments to atmospheric influence, owing to the great development of the tube—once the pitch regulated it will keep it.

243 String instruments are more easily tuned than any others, but they get out of tune more easily, and require constant verification. Unison of tune between violins, tenors, violoncellos, and double basses, is exceedingly rare, but with some care this is readily obtained. After the wind instruments are tuned, the leader should give the A to each instrument separately; but it must be remembered that in tuning the other strings to the A their intonation varies, so that when the operation is completed it is necessary to tune all together before proceeding into the orchestra. This verification should take place after the performance of the first piece, rapidly and as shortly as possible, because the instruments, having undergone the influence of the warm air of the theatre or room, may have lost their balance of tone.

244 With the exception of the last observation, the tuning should take place out of the hearing of the public, for nothing detracts so much from the development of musical sensations as the tuning and preluding in the hearing of the public.

(To be continued).

Dusseldorf.—The Town Association for Male Voices will celebrate next month the 25th anniversary of its existence by a festival lasting two days. From twelve to fourteen hundred singers will take part in it. The first day's programme will contain compositions executed by the combined Associations present. On the second day the various Associations will contend against each other for a prize to be awarded to the most deserving.

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* By F. J. Fetis. Translated from the original by Wellington Guernsey.

THE HEREFORD FESTIVAL.

Malvern, Aug. 24.

In my last communication from Hereford I said that such a work as Herr Goldschmidt's *Ruth* demands a deliberate judgment. A deliberate judgment I am now about to give it. Circumstances are favourable to this. The bustle and excitement of the festival, and of Hereford in the festival week, are over. The town itself lies far away over the tops of the grand old hills, under the shadow of which I write. All nature—and a good deal of nature can be seen from this spot—is basking lazily in the summer sunshine, there is stillness over everything, and even the balmy Malvern zephyrs, usually so active, do no more than languidly stir the folds of the flag which Admiral Wink of the North hoists at the main of his comfortable craft. At such a time, and in such a place, the reflective faculties get the upper hand, and one is given to looking at men and things with a judicial impartiality, because removed for a while from contact with disturbing influences, unless, indeed, champagne count among them. Here it is easy to understand why, of old time, judgment seats were erected on the tops of the hills, and why Jove (who drank nectar which, poets say, is better than champagne) located on the Olympian heights. But I must stop this line of disquisition, or I shall be reminded of the Saturday Reviewer who remarked that "no sooner does one of these gentlemen (special correspondents) find himself on an eminence than he begins to emit an avalanche of metaphorical bombast." To the matter in hand, therefore, and at once.

Nobody censures, or even pities him who suffers from "the last infirmity of noble minds." Rather does such an one in every effort to gratify his ambition receive the encouragement and applause of his fellows. There is something in the sight of a man addressing himself to a great and difficult adventure which calls forth our instinctive admiration. But there are, also, some adventures which we insist shall not be undertaken without qualifications awarded only to a few. In the knightly days he who would do the deeds of knighthood was first required to shew himself worthy. Those days are gone, but their spirit remains, and when a man, only in his novitiate as an esquire, rides into the ring wearing golden spurs, we send our heralds to tell him he has made a mistake and bid him begone. If a youthful bard indite sonnets "to his mistress's eyebrow" we can tolerate his mediocrity, but if he attempt an epic poem without sufficient means, we flagellate him as a warning not to do it again. So, too, if a musician make a modest appearance as a composer, we bid him "God speed;" but when he comes before us with an oratorio which, weighed in the balances, is found wanting, he neither deserves nor receives any mercy. The composition of an oratorio is one of the things demanding first and foremost a careful overhauling of resources. If he who would undertake it can find within himself profound technical knowledge, lofty artistic feeling, great power of invention, and that kind of mental vision which not only sees the whole, but the relation to it of each part, then, by all means let him set about the task. But let him examine himself carefully, since it depends upon the accuracy of his conclusion whether or not he is to be adjudged guilty of an impudent assumption. A mistake on this point altogether fails of excuse. Something depends, however, on the nature of the subject selected. For a man to attempt the illustration of the passion and sufferings of the Messiah, or the tremendous plagues of Egypt, or the varied and stirring incidents in the life of Elijah is a different thing from essaying the same effort for the simple story of Ruth the Moabitess. So far Herr Goldschmidt has shown himself modest. He might have addressed himself to the opening of the Seven Seals, or the Deluge, or the Fall of Man, while he was about it. In that he did not, he must be accredited with having gauged his powers to a certain degree. The pity of it is that he attempted an oratorio at all. Before he set pen to paper nobody thought him equal to such a task, and nobody blamed him for the want of power. Now the incapacity is proved, and with it another incapacity having relation to self-knowledge, which is not so much a misfortune as a fault.

To make matters worse for Herr Goldschmidt, the subject he selected is not only easy of treatment, compared with most others, but adapted to call out whatever latent power a composer may possess. Its sweet simplicity, its perfect naturalness, and the touching pathos of many of its situations, stir up no ordinary sympathy, so that he who reads it must needs realise every incident it contains. We all know the marvellous effect this has in facilitating illustration or description, to say nothing of the zest which it enables the illustrator or describer to bring to his work. Looking at it thus, it is hard to see how a musical setting of so beautiful a story could fail utterly, unless such a failure were sedulously courted. One would imagine that a composer has only to open his heart and mind to its influences, and to write down the thoughts it spontaneously inspires, in order to be, if not profoundly learned, at least simple, natural, and pleasing. Nobody supposes for a moment that Herr Goldschmidt courted failure, or that in writing his work he did not labour with zeal and conscientiousness. He has shown us, however, that besides being unable to rise to the height of oratorio, he is, through some singular defect of organization, insensible to things which would help him on his upward path. Some composers fail because of their subject. Herr Goldschmidt has failed in spite of his. In either case the result is the same, but—with a difference.

Looking over the new oratorio (or "Sacred Pastoral" if the composer like it better) one is first impressed with the singularity of its construction. *Ruth* resembles nothing more than a piece of mosaic, or rather a Dutch chimney piece, in which each tile tells a different story, and has no connection with its neighbours except that of proximity. The same patchy and fragmentary character is found in the libretto, which is divided into a succession of short "fyttes," headed, "At Bethlehem," "In the Harvest Field," "At the Threshing Floor," &c. In this case, however, there is a necessity for such a defect, which would have suggested to a judicious composer the desirableness of providing a remedy, as far as possible, by the more symmetrical construction of his music. Instead of doing so, its influence upon Herr Goldschmidt has been in the opposite direction, and the whole work is a mass of undeveloped and unconnected thoughts, which fall upon the ear much like the snatches of conversation among the passers by in a crowded street. Now it is a simple question like that of Naomi—"Who art thou, my daughter?" then a tedious orchestral passage not germane to the issue in the slightest degree, and next comes the answer, almost every sentence of which is marked by an interlude after the almost exploded fashion of church psalmody. How inexpressibly wearisome this soon becomes no one needs to be told; nor is it necessary to point out how fatal to success was the inability even to sketch the outlines of an oratorio of which it is the sign and result.

Out of the twenty-eight "numbers" in the work, ten are recitatives, many of them very long. The composer's treatment of these recitatives becomes, therefore, an important matter having a formidable influence upon the character of the whole. It is to be regretted that he did not adhere to the "ancient lines" so well marked out by the masters of his art, who, except in rare instances, were content to provide the simplest means for the musical declamation of narrative. Only such are called for by the necessity of the case. Recitative in oratorio is but the thread that connects the various parts together, and its elaboration is both unnecessary and out of place. For some reason or other Herr Goldschmidt has failed to recognize this fact. He has, throughout, attempted to endow the narrative portions of his libretto with a musical interest they cannot possibly bear, and which, by the resulting odd association of ideas, becomes positively ludicrous. In doing so he has not been content with what is understood as "accompanied recitative." He has rather expanded it into a kind of descriptive symphony for the orchestra, the voice coming in now and then like that of a showman, to tell what is meant to be described. Even if this were well done the effect would be open to question, for reasons not necessary to mention—since in the present instance it has been done badly. Some of Herr Goldschmidt's many interludes have no meaning at all, and others suggest ideas at variance with the connexion in which they are found. Take, for example, those in the opening recitative, where the tenor voice puts us in possession of the dry details respecting the earlier history of Naomi. Upon this passage, which appeals to sentiment about as much as does the multiplication table, Herr Goldschmidt has lavished an amount of orchestral tenderness which would have been far better employed elsewhere. As a rule, however, his interludes are successions of chords signifying nothing but productive of much in the shape of weariness and impatience. After the *Ruth* recitatives, given though they be in the eloquent words of Scripture, I should turn with relief even to those we owe to Handel and Dr. Morell; which are at least interesting as showing how genius sometimes struggles unavailingly against wordy boredom.

Closely allied to his treatment of recitative is Herr Goldschmidt's peculiar management of the orchestra throughout the work. In either case he has set accepted canons at defiance with a result disastrous only to himself. As used by the great masters of oratorio, the orchestra is made strictly subordinate to the voices, and looked upon as an accessory intended to sustain and relieve the vocal parts, as well as to colour the effects produced. This may be done in different ways, and in varying degree, but in no single case can it be said that the limits dividing the inferior from the equal have been exceeded. Even in the *Creation*, of all oratorios the one where the orchestra is most important, its subordination is apparent, though it must be admitted that such a result was only made possible by the consummate skill and judgment of the composer. Herr Goldschmidt has chosen to violate this rule. He has attempted to push his orchestra into a position of equality with, if not of superiority to, the vocal music, and has thereby spoiled his work for several good and sufficient reasons. In the first place by the fitful, erratic, and independent action of the instruments he has not only left the voices in great part unsustained, but has positively turned what might have been an assistance into an obstacle. The orchestra is throughout felt to be a bore likely to come in at any moment—as a matter of fact it does come in at very many moments—and by distracting the attention of the singers, hinder them in their work. The result is that one is driven to regard the instruments and voices as antagonists rather than fellow labourers for a common end. It is true that looking at the general character of the music nobody can feel the slightest interest in either. The last may be an ill compliment to Herr Goldschmidt, but it will afford a crumb of comfort to those who may have to hear his composition. Again, the orchestra, made thus prominent and intrusive, gives an added offence by reason of the indifferent music it has to discourse. It is curious to note with what singular recklessness Herr Goldschmidt has rushed into unnecessary difficulties. He is like a man who, having to ford a river, does so at the widest and deepest part, with the certainty of being laughed at even if he gets across. An oratorio constructed like *Ruth* is the most exacting of its kind, because the incessant use of the orchestra, as a principal, demands a power of musical description, and a fertility of invention given only to a very few. Among these very few is not Herr Goldschmidt. The preludes and interludes which form so large a part of his work are remarkable, spite of here and there a striking passage, for a monotony and a poverty of ideas which make their very existence a monument of the composer's self-delusion. Their special application very rarely appears. The architect of the Crystal Palace so drew his plans that any column or girder would fit equally well into a hundred different places. After the same fashion, though not with the same symmetrical result, Herr Goldschmidt's orchestral passages might be arranged anyhow and anyhow would be equally bad.

I should like, after all this necessary fault-finding, to be able to praise the vocal music which *Ruth* contains. But Herr Goldschmidt has barred the door against any such satisfaction. He has adopted in its literal meaning the cry of poor Pat, "I will be drowned, and nobody shall help me." Surely if he could not be other than fragmentary and incoherent—if he could not avoid treating the orchestra as I have shown he has treated it—it was in his power to write vocal phrases which should be singable and melodious. We were none of us disposed to be exacting on this matter. Nobody asked for the divine tunefulness of Mozart, the severe dignity of Handel, or the flowing grace of Haydn. But tune of some kind was expected. Pity for us that we should again have to learn how blessed be it that expecteth nothing. There is hardly a single theme in *Ruth* which falls pleasantly upon the ear, and not one likely to remain in the memory. This is the most fatal blot of all. Melody is the soul of music. There may be in a work everything else—ripe scholarship, great experience, and excellent judgment, but without melody it is no more than a perfect body wanting life. Far better a body maimed or deformed if it but breathe and live, than such an one. Herr Goldschmidt offers us neither, for his *Ruth* is an unsymmetrical corpse.

But besides all this, and to take a lower view, the new oratorio is wanting in proofs of scholarship. Though it evinces in abundance, and much painstaking care; but the most zealous workman can do nothing without tools. Having invented such themes as was possible, Herr Goldschmidt seems to have been at a loss how to work them up. Of development, masterly or otherwise, there is little or none in the work. Of repetition in various keys there is plenty, but repetition affords a poor and sorry substitute for the power to present the same thought in ever-varying, always interesting forms. As examples of contrapuntal skill, the two or three fugal choruses in *Ruth* are of a very inferior order, resembling nothing so much as the exercises of a student endowed with poor abilities, or afflicted with an indifferent teacher.

After what has been said any detailed analysis of the work is unnecessary, because, in the first place, I should have to repeat myself, and next, as *Ruth* is not likely to be heard again, the result to the reader would hardly repay my trouble and his time. The foregoing general remarks have been made, not because they were demanded by the importance of the new oratorio, so much as because they enforce the moral of Herr Goldschmidt's failure. In some districts the farmers have a habit of nailing dead kites to their barn doors, *pour encourager les autres*. With the same benevolent object in view I have written this somewhat lengthy notice.

The concert in the Shire Hall on Thursday evening was well attended, and, but for the necessary absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, who was holding himself in reserve for the *Messiah*, would have given unmixed satisfaction. The orchestral pieces were Weber's overture to *Der Freyschütz*, and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, No. 5. The former, described by Berlioz as "the Queen of operatic preludes," is sure of a favourable reception everywhere by reason of its striking character. But the performance of the symphony could only be looked upon as an experiment. Its appreciation requires taste, some degree of musical cultivation, and enthusiasm enough to make more than half an hour's continuous attention possible. I am glad to say that the experiment was fairly successful, for the Hereford folks listened—some of them devoutly—and moreover they testified by their applause that listening was a pleasure. I have had my doubts about the wisdom of presenting the highest form of orchestral writing at provincial concerts, but a few more experiences like that at Hereford will go far to remove them. It is hardly worth while to dilate upon the manner in which the band gave Beethoven's glorious composition. Perfectly familiar with it as they were, it could not go otherwise than well, and it went well accordingly. Another selection, in which voices and orchestra took co-ordinate rank, was the spirited and picturesque March from Spohr's *Jessonda*. This, too, was well played and sung, as became its merit, which, by the bye, is somewhat greater than that of some other and far more popular choral marches. Mdlle. Tietjens had set down for her the *scena* from *Der Freyschütz*, "Softly Sighs," the *cavatina* from *I Puritani*, "Qui la voce," and Donizetti's "Ardon gl' incensi," all of which she sang as usual—that is to say, in the case of the last two, not quite as well as she would have done had the music been better suited to her means. Madame Patey Whytock gave Land's song, "When night is darkest," very feelingly, and also joined Miss Edith Wynne in Bishop's well known duet, "As it fell upon a day." The last named lady gained the only encore of the evening for "Tell me my heart," and was loudly applauded in two Welsh songs, "The Ash Grove," and "The Bells of Aberdovey," in each of which she had the advantage of Mr. Trust's admirable harp *obbligato*. Miss Julia Elton appeared but once, and that was to sing Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" (*Gli Ugonotti*), a choice upon which I cannot compliment her very heartily. Mr. Montem Smith's share of the work was confined to the old ditty "The Woodpecker," but in the absence of Mr. Reeves he undertook to sing a new ballad by the conductor of the festival, "Dancing with the Daffodils." In the latter the composer himself accompanied, but the merit of the song was hardly made so conspicuous as would have been the case had Mr. Reeves sung it, according to intention. This I say without at all reflecting on Mr. Montem Smith, to whom the piece was but imperfectly known. Mr. Santley, on his part, gave the air from *Faust* written for him by M. Gounod, "Dio possente," and also a repetition of "O ruddier than the cherry," the latter being a voluntary offering to fill up a blank in the programme. Several vocal selections were sung by the Bradford Choral Society in the course of the evening with much taste and skill.

The performance of the *Messiah* on Friday morning had the usual effect of filling the Cathedral in every available part. At these festivals the sacred oratorio goes so uniformly well that the critic's task becomes almost a sinecure. So it was on this occasion; the chorus sang as perfectly as could be wished, the band knew the music by heart, and such principals as Madame Goldschmidt, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey Whytock, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Santley, and Mr Weiss made the success of the solos a foregone conclusion. A notice of the performance in detail is, therefore, unnecessary, but there were two features in it not to be passed over. These were, first, the rendering of the sublimest of airs—"I know that my Redeemer liveth"—by Madame Goldschmidt, which was a marvel of artistic skill, and profound expression; and next Mr Sims Reeves' almost equally wonderful reading of the Passion music. The first was something for one who appreciates the highest qualities of a singer to remember, and even to date from. Never before has such reality been given to the unswerving faith expressed by the sacred text; never before was the Christian's calm confidence in the prospect of death more vividly brought out. The singing of that one air by Madame Goldschmidt was a sermon far more powerful than any ever preached in the same building by the duly appointed teachers of religion. How Mr Sims Reeves delivers the pathetic music of the Passion is too well known to need description. Yet, whenever he does deliver it, the impression is as great as though he had done it for the first time. As he told the sorrowful story of the "Man of Sorrows" a stillness fell over the crowded Cathedral, which was the best testimony to the singer's power. After putting on record that the "Hallelujah" was repeated by desire, I have done all that is necessary with regard to the concluding performance in the Cathedral.

There was a short chamber concert at the College Hall (an out of the way sort of place) in the evening, which I did not attend, through dread of an anti-climax. There was also a long ball at the Shire Hall, from which also I absented myself. With the latter well attended and successful Terpsichorean gathering the Hereford Festival of 1867 came to an end.

THADDEUS EGG.

DEATH OF MR. J. V. BLAKE.—The announcement of the death of Mr J. V. Blake which appeared in yesterday's *Examiner* will cause a sensation of widespread regret, not alone among the supporters and encouragers of musical talent in Cork, but in the smaller circle amongst whom Mr. Blake was for a number of years a well known and esteemed friend. Mr Blake's premature death ends a career of much artistic promise. Receiving his musical education in the Conservatoire in Paris and at the Academy of Music, London, and gifted as he was with a voice of rare power and richness, he began his artistic career ten or twelve years ago in the metropolis, with every prospect of soon reaching a most distinguished position in his profession. His knowledge as a musician was of that scientific and higher description which alone wins for a man high rank amongst musicians in the world of taste and refinement. Desire to reside in Cork, however, soon induced him to give up the pursuit of his career in London, and for a lengthened period subsequently he was well known as one of our most gifted local musicians. He returned but a short time since to London, where, however, ill health soon after forbade him to hope for the position he might once have attained there. His return to Cork and death at a comparatively early age soon followed. Cork loses one of her most gifted sons in an art in which—justly or unjustly—she has often plumed herself on appreciating—by the death of Mr Blake.—*Cork Examiner*, Aug 2.

A HINT TO THE DIRECTORS OF MUSICAL FESTIVALS.—An esteemed correspondent, devoted to the Festivals of the Three Choirs, is anxious to suggest that the collection for the charity would be a larger one if the plate were handed round whilst the audience is seated. He was shocked, he says, at the number of persons who left the cathedral at Hereford on Tuesday without leaving anything for the charity. He says when the ladies held plates scores who would pass the present stewards dare not have passed the ladies. If a certain number of seats were allotted to each steward, our correspondent thinks they could nearly complete the collection during the interval, or a short organ solo might be specially introduced whilst the plates were handed from one to another. People who do not give to the charity forget that the stewards rely upon the subscriptions to make up the annual fund. If the plate were handed from one to another in the building, those who pass by it now would not do so.—*Berrow's Worcester Journal.*

A GOOD JUDGE OF MUSIC.—A smart youngster hearing his mother remark that she was fond of music, exclaimed "Then, why don't you buy me a drum?"

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

BIRMINGHAM, *Monday*, *Aug* 26.

So far as one can judge at present, there is every prospect of the twenty ninth Festival in aid of the funds of the Birmingham General Hospital proving, in all respects, as completely successful as any of its predecessors. The following account of the valuable Institution which, once in three years, is the means of giving the capital of the hardware districts a great feast of music not to be excelled in Europe, either in quantity or quality, may not prove altogether unacceptable:—

"The Birmingham General Hospital was founded in the year 1766 by Dr John Ash, an eminent physician and philanthropist. The institution was at first established on a moderate scale, and contained only forty beds. At this time it was far removed from the town, situate in the midst of fields, and called the General Hospital near Birmingham. Additions were subsequently made in the years 1791, 1830, and 1856. But the rapidly increasing population of the town and district (chiefly manufacturing and mining) and the consequent overcrowding of the locality, has demanded not only increased accommodation for out-patients, but improved sanitary arrangements for the inmates. Accordingly after mature deliberation, the Governors in the year 1864 determined to extend the accommodation, and the architect and secretary visited the principal hospitals of England and France, in order to obtain information as to the most improved method of construction. On the presentation of their report it was resolved to erect two additional wings at the eastern and western extremities of the existing building, and to remove such portions as interfered with the due admission of light and circulation of air. This reconstruction is now nearly completed. Its effect will be to give a hospital containing 220 beds, with an average cubic space of 1,000 feet to the patients (as against about 900 feet in the old system), with separate building for fever cases, an out-patient department, containing spacious waiting hall, consulting rooms, &c., capable of receiving 1000 out-patients per day, extensive kitchens and domestic offices, and healthy dormitories for the nurses. The total cost of the re-construction and improvements will be about £18,000, and very soon the Birmingham General Hospital will, it is believed, be one of the best and most perfect institutions of its kind in the kingdom.

"Many eminent medical men have been attached to the staff of the hospital, and the board room contains portraits of two of its most able physicians—Dr Ash, the founder (by Sir Joshua Reynolds), and Dr. James Johnstone. There are also portraits of Mr Freer, Mr Wood, and Mr Joseph Hodgson, F.R.S. (late President of the Royal College of Surgeons), who have been surgeons to the Institution, and in several portraits of several eminent benefactors to the charity, including the late Mr Joseph Moore, who for half a century managed the Musical Festivals.

"Dr James Johnstone, consulting physician, and Mr D. W. Crompton, senior surgeon, have recently presented the whole of their extensive collections of medical works to the hospital, which, in addition to its other resources for the practical study of disease, will possess through their liberality the addition of a valuable library, open not only to the medical staff and students, but, under certain restrictions, to the medical practitioners of the town.

"The Institution is supported by a small invested property, by subscriptions, donations, and legacies. Through the kindness of the clergy and ministers of religion congregational collections are made in the churches and chapels triennially, and produce a large revenue. The proceeds of the musical festival are also devoted to the hospital.

"The doors of the hospital are open day and night for the admission of sick and maimed poor, and the number of in and out-patients relieved during the year ending 30th June last was 21,017, of whom 11,663 were cases of sudden accident or acute medical urgency. The total number of patients relieved since the foundation of the hospital amounts to 671,217.

"The musical festivals were established for the benefit of the hospital in the year 1768, and the profits of the first festival amounted to £299. From that period, to the year 1796, seven meetings were held. In the year 1799 arrangements were made upon a much larger scale, both with regard to the talent and number of the performers. The festivals have since been held triennially (except on one occasion) to the present time. The net profit of the Festival paid to the charity in 1864, one of the most brilliant ever held, was £5,365.

"Besides the relief afforded to many thousand poor sufferers by means of the funds placed at the disposal of the hospital, the Birmingham festivals have acquired an undoubted influence over the musical feelings of the public, both in England and on the Continent. During a century, since which they have now extended, all the principal vocalists and instrumentalists of eminence have assisted at them. Among the

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former may be mentioned the well known names of Billington, Mrs Salmon, Catalani, Malibran Garcia, Stephens, Vestris, Sontag, Clara Novello, Grisi, Viardot Garcia, Bartleman, Braham, Knyvett, Vaughan, Lablache and Mario; and of the latter Cramer, De Beriot, Lindley, Nicholson and Harper. The conductorship has been held at various times by Mr Greatorex, Dr Crotch, Mr Knyvett, and for the last six festivals by Mr Costa, to whose skill and ability much of the success of the later festivals is to be attributed. Many compositions of the highest excellence, in a musical point of view, were written for and first produced at the Birmingham festivals. Among the last named may be mentioned the *St Paul* and *Lobgesang*, of Mendelssohn, given in 1837 and 1840, and amongst the [illegible] immortal *Elijah*, written for the festival of 1846, and produced under the conductorship of its gifted author. More recently the oratorios of *Eli* and *Naaman* of Mr Costa, the present conductor, have been composed expressly for and performed at the festivals of 1855 and 1864. Amongst many other interesting secular compositions it may be added that the cantatas, *Kenilworth*, by Mr A. S. Sullivan, and *The Bride of Dunkerron* by Mr Henry Smart, were written for and first performed at the festival of 1864.

Altogether twenty-eight festivals have been held since 1768 and the profits which have been paid over to the hospital amount to the princely sum of £94,879. In addition to which the magnificent organ in the Town Hall valued at upwards of £5,000 together with an extensive library of music and other stores, the cost of which has been defrayed out of the festival receipts, are the property of the general hospital.

In the allotment of the reserved seats the principle of "first come, first served," usually adopted elsewhere, is not here observed, the pleasant excitement of a ballot being the rule. This took place on Friday and Saturday last, and the result shows 8,449 places taken and paid for, an excess of 359 over the Festival of 1864. These figures are sufficient to satisfy the managing committee in one very important particular—the monetary aspect—as the expenses are now already more than met. Of course there is yet a large number of persons who, through a variety of circumstances, may have been unable or unwilling to avail themselves of the ballot, while there is also the general outside public who are content to take their chance of unsecured places, so that the £8,245 now in hand will doubtless be augmented very considerably, and yield a handsome surplus to the charity.

To-day has been devoted to rehearsals, and ere midnight, band and chorus will have had a fair share of work. This morning *Alexander's Feast*, Sterndale Bennett's new sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, and M Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* have been gone through in addition to some other pieces of minor importance, while this evening Mr John Francis Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* and various concert pieces will be rehearsed. Dr Bennett did not conduct his own work but was in the orchestra, seated by Mr Cusins, who wielded the conductor's stick and took every pains (going through the cantata twice) to ensure a good performance. I do not pretend to lay claim to the gift of prophecy, but do not think I am either rash or premature in asserting that the Cambridge Professor's renown will be much and deservedly enhanced by this, the latest production from a pen which in the dearth of good music has given us so much that is of the highest order. On entering the orchestra Dr Bennett was warmly welcomed, and at the end of the work band and chorus (with the few privileged persons in the body of the hall) united in genuine and hearty applause, which I doubt not will be repeated some hundred fold on Wednesday morning next.

I learn from a local print that "the town has already donned its festival attire." At present I have failed to perceive it, at any rate between the Queen's Hotel and the Town Hall.

Tuesday, Aug 27.

A finer band and chorus than that now assembled at Birmingham it would be next to impossible to assemble, the members of the former certainly comprising names second to none, while the latter includes such an army of vigorous, bright, penetrating voices that it is a positive treat to hear. The instruments number 137 in all, the 1st and 2nd violins being held by M Sainton and Mr Willy respectively, the violas having Mr Doyle for principal, Mr Collins heading the violoncellos, and Mr Howell the double basses—a noble army of 89 "strings," admirably balanced by the "winds" and "percussion," with Mr Pratten first flute, Mr Barret first oboe, Mr Lazarus leading the clarionets, Mr Hutchins the bassoons, Mr T. Harper the trumpets, his brother Charles the horns, and Mr Hawkes heading the trombones. When to the instrumentalists is added 363 chorus voices you have a total of 500, a number (hear it O Exeter Hall!) quite sufficient for any effect that can by any possibility be required and beyond which it is neither necessary nor safe as a general way to travel.

To-day, punctually at half-past eleven, the Festival commenced with the National Anthem, the first and second verses being taken by the female voices, accompanied by the organ only, and the last verse by the entire chorus and band. After this came Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. On the 26th August, 1846, a day over twenty-one years since, the composer himself conducted this most sublime and touching of works, when it was first given to the world in this same Town Hall of Birmingham, the principal parts being then sustained by Madame Caradori Allan, Miss Bassano, Miss Hawes, the Misses Williams, Herr Staudigl, Hobbs, Lockey, Phillips, and Machin. At once received by critics, connoisseurs, and the public as a masterpiece, *Elijah* has not only continued to maintain the position so justly achieved, but has for many years past formed an inseparable adjunct to every festival of importance in the kingdom, and is scarcely outbid in general appreciation by Handel's no less imperishable work the *Messiah*. No wonder then, at its birth place the inhabitants think it a sacred duty to attend each triennial performance of the work whose name sheds a poetic halo over the otherwise prosaic seat of manufacturing industry. The distribution of the principal vocal music to-day was as follows:—in the first part, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, soprano, Madame Patey-Whytock, contralto, Mr W. H. Cummings, tenor—in the second part, Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sainton Dolby, and Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Weiss sustaining the part of the Prophet, to which long usage appears to have given him a sort of prescriptive right. Since its first production I have heard *Elijah*—I should be afraid to say how many times—but never such a performance as that of this morning. It was from beginning to end absolutely marvellous; no language is capable of doing it justice. Those who attended the festival nine years since cherish an enduring recollection of *Elijah* upon that occasion, but the present representation has more than eclipsed any of its predecessors, and should live for ever in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to hear it. Principals, band, and chorus, seemed to vie with each other, and the result was, not to say unequalled, but unsurpassable. To enter into anything like a detailed analysis of such a performance is unnecessary, but as it is the first time that Madame Patey-Whytock has taken part in such an important meeting a separate line of praise is justly due to this clever and young lady for her admirable singing, which not only calls for recognition at the moment, but also holds forth abundant promise for the future. Mr Cummings too displayed his fine artistic taste and feeling, and sang like a true musician "If with all your heart," deserving special commendation. When I say that Mdlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Lemmens Sherrington and Sainton Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Weiss sang in a manner altogether worthy their well earnt reputation, I do no more than justice. The law forbidding any expression of applause on the part of the audience was rigidly carried out, but the effect of the music was none the less appreciable, the subdued murmur of delight and interchanging glances of approbation showing very plainly what everyone felt in the large hall. There was but one piece encored, "O rest in the Lord," sung with such true devotional sentiment by Madame Sainton Dolby (for whom Mendelssohn intended the contralto part when writing the oratorio) that the president rose and gave the signal for its repetition, and although objection may be fairly taken (on principle) to any one individual having an exclusive right of wielding arbitrary power in a matter to which the public at large should be entitled to a voice, I can hardly blame Earl Beauchamp for exercising his authority in this instance. If praise be due to singers and players what can be said of Mr Costa to whose transcendent ability as a conductor this magnificent performance was so largely due? No eulogy can be too high, and Birmingham should feel more than ever proud of having such a chief to direct its Triennial Festival which, through Mr Costa, has been raised from a local to an European fame.

It has frequently fallen to my lot to have to speak in terms the reverse of laudatory, of the exceeding bad taste of a portion of the audience leaving during the chorus which concludes the first part, thus not only themselves losing one of the most magnificent pieces in the entire work, but also entirely destroying the enjoyment of others more appreciative of music, and less eager for luncheon. To-day I am happy to record that no one moved until the end of "Thanks be to God;" it is to be hoped that so good a precedent may be invariably followed for the future. During the singing of the quartet, "Holy, holy," every one stood up, a custom not apparently guided by any fixed rule or known principle, but which seems to have gradually obtained recognition at various provincial festivals.

The number of persons present was 1,616. The receipt for tickets, £1,463 14s., which with amounts taken in the shape of donations and collections at the doors, £641 3s. 7d., gives a sum of £2,104 17s. 7d. as the result of the first morning: more than £500 in excess of the Tuesday morning in 1864, when £1,582 2s. 4d. was the total.

* * *

Wednesday, Aug. 28.

There is a law in existence (the provisions of which are strictly carried out) known as the "ten hours bill," and applicable to the workers in factories. Some such act should be passed limiting the duration of musical performances, and we should then be spared an infliction like the concert of last evening, which began at eight o'clock and did not end until nearly half an hour past midnight. A scheme of such length was positive injustice to everybody concerned, more particularly to the singers and players, who, the day previous, had been in the Town Hall for rehearsals some ten or eleven hours, and for whom no escape was possible. Their hearers were somewhat better off, inasmuch as they had the option of leaving when they chose, and as they gradually dropped off until the last half-dozen pieces in the programme were given to a room thinned of two-thirds of its previous occupants—a fact not very encouraging to the artists, who are not remarkably fond of singing to empty benches.

The scheme commenced with Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, which formed a part of the attractions at the first Birmingham Festival ninety-nine years ago—having been given at the King Street Theatre on the 7th September 1768. Last night Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Cummings, and Mr Weiss, sang the principal parts with credit to themselves and advantage to the work, which, with all possible respect for the name of Handel, and due admission of certain very fine numbers, I cannot but regard as being decidedly heavy, taken as a whole. The conclusion of the "Feast" (which occupied two hours) was the beginning—not of a fray—but of some confusion, inasmuch as many of the audience imagined that the first part of the concert was at an end, and consequently left their seats and went out. The result was that the first and second movements of Benedict's Concerto for Pianoforte, in E flat, were heard amidst the interruption of people again taking their places. How magnificently Madame Arabella Goddard interprets this truly great work (which was conducted by the composer) my readers need not be told, as they will probably have in mind her performance at the Crystal Palace and the the Philharmonic Society, and it is sufficient to say the accomplished pianist played as she always does, superbly, and that the audience were proportionately delighted and enthusiastic.

The second part of the concert commenced at a quarter to eleven, and the following were the thirteen pieces set down:—

PART II.

Overture (*Oberon*)	Weber.
New Song—Mr Santley—"When my thirsty soul"	Benedict.
Aria—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson—"In questo semplice" (*Betly*)	Donizetti.
Terzetto—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Santley—"Tremate empi Tremate"	Beethoven.
Valse—Madame L. Sherrington—"Nella Calma" (*Roméo et Juliette*)	Gounod.
Song—Mr. Sims Reeves—"My own, my guiding star" (*Robin Hood*)	Macfarren.
Fantasia, Pianoforte, on airs from *Masaniello*—Madame Arabella Goddard	Thalberg.
Scena—Mdlle. Tietjens—"Tacea la notte" (*Trovatore*)	Verdi.
Trio—Madame L. Sherrington, Madame Patey Whytock, and Mr Weiss—"Soave sia il vento" (*Così fan tutte*)	Mozart.
Ballad—Mr Sims Reeves—"The Pilgrim of Love"	Bishop.
National Swedish Airs—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson	
Quartetto—Madame L. Sherrington, Mr Cummings, Mr. Santley and Mr Weiss—"A te o cara" (*Puritani*)	Bellini.
Air—Madame Patey Whytock—"Ere infancy's bud" (*Joseph*)	Méhul.
Sestetto—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. C. Nilsson, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr Cummings, Mr Santley and Mr. Weiss—"Sola Sola" (*Don Giovanni*)	Mozart.

All of these were done, and there was fortunately but one encore—namely, for Mdlle. Nilsson, who met with a cordial welcome, which must have proved that, if a stranger to them in person, the fair Swede was not unknown to the audience by reputation, and her *début* with the well known Tyrolienne from *Betly* was a veritable triumph. Nor were the Swedish airs less to the taste of their hearers, who would probably have asked for a further repetition, but that the "witching hour of night" had already sounded. As a matter of course much applause followed Madame Goddard's brilliant playing of Thalberg's Fantasia, while Mr Reeves' two songs conclusively proved that he was in full possession of his means despite his recent indisposition. Late as it was in the evening, Madame Patey Whytock made a most favourable impression on the small audience by the artistic singing of the air from Méhul's *Joseph*, and it was really deplorable to think that the grandest of concerted pieces, the sestet from *Don Giovanni*, should have served no better purpose than to play out the small remainder of the exhausted public.

My opinion as to *Dr* Sterndale Bennett's new work has to-day been fully borne out by the unanimous verdict of an audience which not only filled every seat, but even made further standing room an impossibility in the large hall. Seldom has a more frank and genuine success been achieved than that of this morning—never was success more thoroughly deserved. *The Woman of Samaria* will go a long way to increase the already high reputation of the Cambridge Professor, and while certain to find favour with musicians, is no less sure to please that very numerous section of the public who are capable of appreciating music at once elegant, refined, and masterly. Time, space, and the amount of work yet to be done (to say nothing of the late hour at which the morning performance concluded) forbid an attempt at anything like a detailed analysis of *The Woman of Samaria*, but one or two particular numbers must be here enumerated, notably the air for soprano (Mdlle. Tietjens), "Art Thou greater than our father Jacob?" that for contralto (Madame Sainton Dolby), "O Lord Thou hast searched me out;" the air for tenor (Mr Cummings) "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him;" the chorus for six voice parts, "Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion;" the chorus (or rather chorale) "Abide with me," of which the first verse is sung by the sopranos, the second by the altos and tenors with pizzicato accompaniment by the strings, and the last verse with full orchestral force, and the final chorus, "Blessed be the Lord," ending with a fugue treated with the hand of a master. All of these call for special praise, and three were repeated at the desire of the president, viz.:—the contralto air—a gem amongst gems, sung with the most touching pathos and perfect expression by Madame Sainton Dolby; the six voice chorus, and the tenor air, rendered by Mr Cummings with his usual care and correctness. It is much to be regretted that Dr Bennett did not conduct his own work, although Mr Costa, who acted in his stead, deserves the greatest credit for the extreme pains he took, and the highly satisfactory result in a performance which left but little to be desired, and was in every respect infinitely better than could have been anticipated, considering that the work was not completed until the end of last week, and the principal singers (among whom Mr Santley must not be forgotten) had not their parts till Sunday evening. While bestowing commendation on soloists, band and chorus, a word of censure must not be omitted for the organ, which, more than once, behaved in a most unseemly manner by ciphering and producing an effect the reverse of harmonious or agreeable. At the conclusion of the cantata the bonds of the absurd conventionality which forbids applause were burst asunder, and there was a most unmistakeable demonstration of opinion, not only on the part of the audience but of the whole orchestra, one and all uniting in loud cries of "Bennett," which shortly brought the Cambridge Professor to the platform, when peal upon peal of "bravos" rang out from every one present. Among the audience I observed a great number of well known London musical professors, who had come down expressly to hear the work, and who were by no means the least enthusiastic in their expression of hearty approval.

The remainder of this morning's programme was *Judas Macca* bæus in which the principal parts were sustained by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle Nilsson, Madame Patey Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr Cummings, and Mr Weiss. Taken altogether, a finer performance of the "Jewish" oratorio has rarely if ever been heard,—the choruses were something wonderful and went with the band as if it had been but one man,—and so it was in a certain sense, for it was due to one—a "capable man" as Carlyle would say—Mr Costa, whose commanding energy has never been more vividly exemplified than at this Festival. Much curiosity was manifested to know how the clever young Swede, who has at once taken so firm a hold of the British public, would acquit herself in oratorio, it being her first appearance in that school of music. All doubts on the subject were soon set aside, her first air, "Pious orgies," at once setting the question in her favour. "O Liberty," "From mighty kings" (repeated at request of the President) and "Wise men flattering," were all no less successful, and although Mdlle. Nilsson may yet have much to learn before she becomes in all respects a perfect exponent of sacred music, such as that of Handel, there is no question that she has already proved herself a most desirable and welcome addition to the first rank of oratorio singers. The tenor part in *Judas* is one that Mr Reeves has made essentially his own, and fortunately this morning he was able to do himself full justice, "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an alarm," being declaimed with all his accustomed power and producing an effect almost electrical, while the florid air so thoroughly opposite in character, "How vain is man," was no less admirably given. Mr. Weiss, too, displayed his usual energy, and exerted himself with commendable result, more particularly in the famous airs, "Arm, arm, ye brave," and "The Lord worketh wonders."

I have already mentioned that to-day four pieces were repeated at the request of the President, whose will appears to be law, and who has only to hold up his book to command an encore, while the public, who have no less paid their money, and should be equally entitled to a voice in the matter, are bound tongue and hand and not allowed to give any expression of opinion of the morning's performance. Were the Festival held in a church or cathedral I could understand such a restriction, anything to the contrary in such an edifice would be unseemly and not decent; but the Town Hall of Birmingham is a secular building, and I see no reason whatever why the audience have not as perfect a right as the President to express what they think on the subject. The present regulation is an utter absurdity, and the sooner it is done away with the better. I do not know whether the honourable member for Birmingham was present (I should hardly think that Mr Bright had much music in his soul), but, if so, his views to the representation of minorities must have been strongly confirmed by the illustration of a minority of one having power over the votes (or voices) of more than two thousand persons.

The numbers present were 2 223. The receipts £1,987 18s., to which add donations £103 14s. 5d. and you have £2,091 12s. 5d. against £2 066 17s. 3d., the Wednesday morning of 1864.

Thursday, Aug 29.

Although too long by at least one half hour, the concert of last night was of more moderate proportions than that of Tuesday, and (two pieces being excused) terminated at half past eleven, so that those who attended both morning and evening had only between eight and nine hours music! As the programme stood originally the first part was miscellaneous, and the second entirely devoted to Benedict's *St Cecilia*, an arrangement so flagrantly violating the proper order of things that it is quite surprising such an idea should have ever been for one moment entertained. Fortunately the committee saw (or had pointed out to them) this mistake, which was, of course, rectified, and the place of honour assigned to the cantata, which had already been performed with such triumphant success at Norwich (where it was originally produced last year) and subsequently in London, where it was received with no less favour. Upon taking his place in the orchestra as conductor yesterday evening Mr Benedict was warmly welcomed, and at the close of the work recalled, with a spontaneous cordiality abundantly evidencing that the Birmingham people were to the full as appreciative as either East Anglians or Metropolitans. The principal solo parts were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr Cummings, and Mr Santley. The first named lady but too plainly showed that the most severe work, combined with a cold, had produced a temporarily damaging effect upon her voice, and although she taxed herself to the utmost, and with success, more particularly in the exceptionally exacting *finale*, where there is such an important call upon the upper notes, it was evidently at a great sacrifice, and with considerable exertion that Mdlle. Tietjens was enabled to get through her music, and an apology was subsequently made for her inability to appear in the miscellaneous portion of the concert. *Au reste*, the already named tenor, contralto, and baritone acquitted themselves as usual—that is to say, admirably. Whether from insufficient rehearsal, overwork, or what other cause I know not, the chorus were not fully up to the high standard of excellence hitherto exhibited, and the work as a whole might have been better performed than it was on this occasion. I wonder whether any of the authorities here who forbid applause explain the difference between a performance in the morning and one in the evening. Some sagacious reader will probably reply, "The one takes place by day light, the other by gas light." So far that is satisfactory and so self evident that if such answer is left to be taken as final the question need never have been asked. But I want to know why Mr Benedict's *St Cecilia*, which at Norwich was played in the morning among works of a religious character, and afterwards given at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society, where there is also a regulation (constantly broken through) against applause, now that it is performed in the evening, may be applauded *[illegible]* just as if it were a piece in an ordinary concert? Is the work sacred or secular? If the former, then the same rule which would have applied to it if forming a part of the morning scheme should have held equally good when it was given in the evening. If no other argument were wanted, this alone should suffice to expose the weakness and absurdity of the present code applying to such subjects. After *St. Cecilia* came Dr Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto No. 4, in F minor, remarkably well conducted by Mr. Costa, and played by Madame Arabella Goddard as she alone can play it. Where each of the three movements is alike beautiful, one is at a loss which to admire most, but personally I own a preference to the second, the exquisite melody of which haunts one like a delicious dream. Instead of expressing any further opinion of my own as to Madame Arabella Goddard's playing, I will give an extract from the *Birmingham Daily Post*, which has published a series of articles on the Birmingham Festival very far in advance of the usual run of provincial criticism, and evidently written by a musician who understands his subject. The first notice relates to Benedict's, the second to Bennett's concerto:—

"The cantata was followed by the pianoforte performance of Madame Arabella Goddard, whose appearance on the little instrumental platform devoted to pianistic displays was welcomed with loud and general acclamations. The concerto, which was conducted by the composer in person, is of rather larger proportions than customary with works of English origin of the same class, but its beauties and exalted sentiment fully justify the elaboration. It is in three movements—the first a brilliant, florid, graceful *allegro moderato*, giving great prominence to the solo instrument; the second *andante*, a sweet, dreamy, poetical movement, of great refinement and delicacy, and with only one fault—its exceeding brevity. The third movement, *allegretto*, is the most ambitious, most impassioned, and most meritorious section of the concerto, and the spirit and fire displayed by Madame Goddard in its execution last night, seconded as that performance was, by the orchestra, brought its manifold beauties into vivid relief. Time and space forbid our attempting any review of this brilliant display of executive power and [illegible] feeling, but we may state that its effect upon the musical portion of the audience was of the most marked and flattering character, and that the fair artist retired from the platform amid a storm of congratulatory plaudits."

"We are sorry that the extreme length of the evening concerts, the late hour at which they conclude, and the necessity imposed upon us by custom of noticing all the features of the performance prevent our devoting that attention to the admirable pianoforte displays of Madame Arabella Goddard which they so richly merit. Of her performance of Bennett's splendid fourth concerto last night, much might be written, but in the very limited time and space at our disposal we can only say in general terms that a finer exhibition of executive skill, combined with genuine artistic feeling, we have never beheld (?). The few really musical people present were in raptures, and even those least susceptible to the charms of instrumental art could not steel their sympathies

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against the seductive sweetness and brilliancy of the barcarole. The queen of the keyboard received, as usual, a right royal reception from the audience both at the commencement and conclusion of her effort."

The miscellaneous section, or second part of the programme, was as follows:—

Overture (*Leonora*)	Beethoven.
Duo—Mademoiselle Christine Nilsson and Mr. Santley—"Pronto io son" (*Don Pasquale*) ..	Donizetti.
Song—Mr. Sims Reeves—"Adelaida." (Pianoforte accompaniment by Madame Arabella Goddard)	Beethoven.
Aria—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson—"Gli angui d'inferno" (*Il Flauto Magico*)	Mozart.*
Prize Glee—Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley—"Oh how much more doth beautie beauteous seeme"	Earl Beauchamp.*
Aria—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—"Deh vieni non tardar" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)	Mozart.
Song—Mr. Weiss—"I am not old"	Hatton.
Scena ed Aria—Madame Patey-Whytock—"Che faro" (*Orfeo*)	Gluck.
Romance—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson—"Vergin Rosa" (*Marta*) ...	Flotow.*
Quartette—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss—"Un dì se ben rammentomi" (*Rigoletto*)	Verdi.

The pieces marked with an asterisk were encored and repeated, the prize glee of Earl Beauchamp (the President of the Festival) certainly not on account of its execution, which (with all respect to those who took part in it) might have been very much better sung than it was the first time. The repeat was, however, an improvement. How Mr. Sims Reeves sings "Adelaida," and how Mdme. Arabella Goddard also sings (I use the term advisedly) that lovely melody my readers (more especially those who attend the Monday Popular Concerts) need not be told; and it is scarcely necessary to say that the audience demonstrated more convincingly the fact that they were fully alive to the merits of both these great artists. Again did Mdlle. Nilsson more than confirm the highly favourable impression she had previously created, distinguishing herself alike in the terribly trying air of "Astrafiammante," from Mozart's mystic and lovely opera, and the simple melody which Flotow has so unblushingly appropriated and to which his opera of *Marta* was so largely indebted. The remaining pieces call for no comment, beyond stating that they were all received with more or less favour. The hall was much fuller than on the previous evening, 1670 persons being present.

The weather, which on Tuesday was lovely and yesterday looked at times threatening, a few slight drops occasionally falling, has to-day asserted itself more positively, and there has been a good deal of rain, which with a heavy clouded atmosphere and the normal smoky canopy of Birmingham (compared with which London's skies are Neapolitan) has made the out-door aspect the reverse of exhilarating. Nevertheless, the *Messiah* has exercised its entrancing spell, and every *available place* has been appropriated by a throng eager and delighted to do homage to Handel's imperishable work, to which any detailed reference is unnecessary, beyond stating that the performance was unapproachable throughout, and that the principal solo parts were sustained by Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Tietjens (who sang in the third part only), Mdme. Sainton-Dolby, Mdme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, and that Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington repeated "How beautiful are the feet," and Mdlle. Tietjens "I know that my Redeemer liveth," both at the request of the President.

Up to the present I have not received the official returns of the number present this morning, but should say at least 2500. To-night Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, will be given. To-morrow morning M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* in G and *Israel in Egypt*, and in the evening Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, will bring to a close one of the most successful festivals on record. These latter performances can only find their place in next week's issue.

DRINKWATER HARD.

COLOGNE.—In consideration of the services rendered by him to the cause of vocal music, Herr Franz Weber has been created, by the King of the Belgians, a Knight of the Order of Leopold.

L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du Roy Florendos de Macedone et de la Belle Griane fille de Remicius Empereur de Constantinople by Jean Maugin dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty-one Guineas.
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BIRTH.

On the 22th inst., at her father's residence, Park Road, Regent's Park, the wife of EMILE BERGER, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 19th inst., at her residence, 28, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, Mdlle. RITA FAVANTI, vocalist, formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre, deeply and sincerely regretted by many friends.

On the 24th inst., at Margate, Mr. THOMAS GARDNER, Professor of Music, and proprietor of the Royal Assembly Rooms, aged 52.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

EUSEBIUS AND FLORESTAN,

OR LAYMAN AND PRIEST, OR CRITICISM AND [illegible].*

(*Concluded from page 580.*)

FLORESTAN. A pleasant piece of consolation! Names are mere sound and smoke.

EUSEBIUS. But a tolerably intelligible sound, as your celebrated master himself taught you, seeing that he caused you to utter an appropriate word, or words, for every new impression.

FLORESTAN. Mocker! You used not to be edified by this Berlin method.

EUSEBIUS. Exactly. Would you have an infallible receipt for infallible criticism, a rule, as if made by line and compass, look to it yourself. Or see how others do, who enjoy a good reputation with the people. The people, however—well, that which the world wants of criticism varies: one man wants amusement for digestion, another seeks a convenient price-list of marketable wares, which he may purchase in safety; the minority seek instruction, advancement in knowledge. Let us take hold of the thing by the other end! What does criticism want? What does the honourable critic want? or, to speak more correctly, what *does he do?* He begins by contemplating the Given, attempts to repeat it in his soul, traces out the motives, and endeavours to frame the motive of the motive in a system. Contemplation effects impression, and after impression—reflection wants to penetrate deeper to the roots of contemplation, wants thoughtfully and knowingly to appropriate the subject of contemplation, for all men possess a natural leaning towards knowledge.

FLORESTAN. You seem to be at last in earnest, so I will quietly listen till I understand the matter; only not too many *philosophies* from the speculative language of the schools, which makes one's hair stand on end.

EUSEBIUS. Do not grow alarmed, if I appear to be speculative, while I am really walking on level ground. If I say, for instance, all knowledge thoroughly learnt is, at the same time, logical, historical, and mystic, your hair will stand on end; but this is only a shorter way of putting the longer form: the art of thinking thoroughly moves uniformly in the three regions of knowing, willing, and feeling; knowledge thoroughly learnt contains three forms: that of pure Thought, that of the traditionally Experienced, and that of the superabundantly Creative. The critic will, there-

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* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

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fore, according to the measure given idea, let thinking, experience, and independent impression work on each other. You will here say yes, all, who are not entirely godless, desire, or fancy they desire, this; yet there are reviewers weaker or better than others, good or bad, just as there are good and wretched poets.

FLORESTAN. The line between good and bad is certainly often imperceptible. Can you show me the line where virtue becomes vice—valour, cruelty; economy, avarice; and love, lewdness?

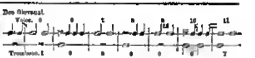
EUSEBIUS. The line between Good and Evil is conscious. It is true you cannot perceive any visible mark; it is as invisible as the equator, which young squire Uran imagined to be a thick, dark line, but did not find even in beautiful Negroland. The most real things, however, are sometimes invisible, as that advocate of principles, the wise Gunst, says. Yet all beings know of God and Evil; *all* except those with a speculative intestinal bellows. Fortunately they are now less dangerous than in their palmy days.

FLORESTAN. If that is the case, why are you so wrathful with them? they are not worthy of your wrath, unless you have more reasons for fearing them.

EUSEBIUS. As long as Evil is not driven out of the world, we must fear and combat it. It is for this reason that I combat criticism which indulges in registering the applause bestowed on a *prima donna*, and the title-rôles of the soloists, which burns incense in praise of all of them, and, in addition, offers a vote of thanks to the manager—without bestowing a single syllable on the arrangement of what is represented, far less of the general purport, of the intellectual course of the work, and of the soul-streams of its re-echo; these penny-a-liners run, at most, to the criticism of *dynamics*, I mean the enumeration of the signs of interpunctuation with *f*, *p*, and *crescendo* of the scholastic rules on execution, "vocal means," &c. What this critical brood desires is, first to obtain the penny, and then to excite attention. Perfect works do not need this, because they attract attention and captivate the mind of themselves. To prefer *dynamics to purport* has ever been the quintessence of the virtuosity of puffing. A short time since you said: "What good is it to me that a cigar be well rolled up, if there is no tobacco inside?" That was dynamics without substance. Our old organist used to say: "Look here! Mozart! there is music in him! the people did not play particularly well, but they cannot kill him."

FLORESTAN. So, that is your critical Ideal, is it? To demonstrate purport, track ideas, and expound works of art by the ideas inherent in them! Very praiseworthy, but what is praiseworthy is rare. Besides, you are an art critic yourself, and not always contented with what is praiseworthy. When recently the trombones in the *finale* to *Don Juan* were cleverly criticised, you were not pleased. You said the critic meant well, and was not one of the worst, but had acted according to Goethe's maxim: "*Legt ihr's nicht aus, so legt ihr's unter.*"

EUSEBIUS. I meant still more. I meant he possessed knowledge and a love of the subject, and so his words deserved to be heard; but that he ought not to go against the accredited tradition in order to lend weight to an individual idea, an incidental dislike, especially as he, the practised critic, had previously been favourably affected by the first impression produced by those trombones. Would he had remained faithful to this natural impression! Even great poets are generally most successful with their first notions, and just so are laymen with their first comprehension of a thing. Should the critic be better than these two? Is not, moreover, the rhythmic of these trombones perfectly intelligible, nay, brilliantly beautiful, and the only one appropriate, seeing that it answers in continuous progress, as rhythmical sound-contrast, as demoniacal re-echo, so that what is apparently syncoptic appears perfectly rational, when you perceive the double structure:



FLORESTAN. That was a piece of arch-criticism! I am almost inclined to agree with you; but I feel curious to know who is right in the long run.

EUSEBIUS. I select this example as belonging to those which, though erroneous, strive to obtain the truth, and consequently help to advance the latter; for what is honourably intended always advances a subject. It is for this reason that I would have the simple voice of the people, whenever we come across it, heard and not despised. It is quite different with red democracy that despises while flattering, from cowardice and greed, the people. We hear a great deal said at present, about "Standpoints," or the position to be taken up in various cases. The right position to be taken up by art is that it should be beautiful; the right comprehension of it, that we should receive beauty joyfully into our hearts, and hold in abhorrence what is the reverse; the former frees and elevates, the latter circumscribes and degrades our souls. It is said: *Comprehension* is an exceedingly comparative matter; so be it. But I then ask: for what kind of comprehension are the high works of the real masters presented to us, for the artist, the manager, the co-operator, and the critic, as for the simple comprehension of the auditor desirous of art? It was recently asserted that the idea of church or *sacred* matters was relative, and that what was sacred or what not, could not be properly explained. It was observed that Mozart and Haydn were good Catholics, and, moreover, pious men; therefore Reactionists were disgracefully wrong in considering their masses unsacred, or unchurchlike—in fact, the sacred element was nothing more than a certain *frame of mind*, melancholy exaltation, mysterious stillness, the fumes of incense behind painted windows—*voilà tout*, says the Frenchman. To us who are not yet of opinion that the Church ought to regulate itself by the particular state of our civilization, such Parisian ejaculations appear comical. In cases of doubt, we hold to the rule: By their fruit shall ye know them. We might, however, determine *what* hearers were more moved than others by this or that, and wherefore; going higher, what song was productive of more devotion, and what kind of more absence of mind; and—going to the highest point of all—*what sort* of song bound up the most different hearts in one sensation, so that pious and worldly people should say *unanimously*: that is pious, that sounds holy, that fills the soul. Such musical compositions exist, despite all that the Standpointists, the Red and the Blue, the speculative Nihilists, the Radicals and Pietists may say to the contrary. We remarked—and even you agreed with me wonderfully—unanimity of this description at our performance of Eccard and Handel, of Vittoria and Palestrina—a unity of sentiment in the domain of the Idea, the complete opposite to the vain ambiguity of distraction, such as is always the accompaniment of Rossini's *Stabat*, and Jacob Meyerbeer's *Huguenot* Chorale and Priestly Fanaticism.

FLORESTAN. Right! These points I grant you. But all this does not settle the far more frequent *cases of doubt*, when criticism first begins to be really critical. Works that are completely beautiful or ugly are definite and leave little room for doubt; anyone who praises *Don Juan* is merely carrying water to the sea.* On the other hand, to assign its right place to that which is not so definite, to that which is supportable, to that which is not to be entirely rejected—this is a difficult task, for which you possess no receipt.

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* In English idiom: "is merely carrying coals to Newcastle."

EUSEBIUS. No, that is true! In that case I seek assistance in the human method which Goethe teaches us (G. W. 38. 254, after Manzoni):—"We must consider three things. What has the poet proposed to himself? Is that which he wishes reasonable? Has he carried out what he wishes?" These are really the comprehensive principles, which in the main all sound criticism, aiming at the maintenance of truth and beauty, has ever followed. A warm feeling of the first impression, a heart sensible to the darker depths, and an educated and experienced understanding are the foundations of that judgment that should work in true and scientific criticism. If you assert such gifts are seldom combined, the same is the case with all good things. Therefore let us take care not to reject everything which does not attain this perfection, provided there is only the love of truth in it, and, therefore, true soul for beauty—let it stammer on! Truth attracts truth; where humility exists between High and Low, it is wonderful how quickly men come to an understanding among themselves, and those the same men of whom it is generally said, So many men, so many minds!

"Der Sehnsucht rauscht der Schönheit Quelle,
Der Demuth schaut der Wahrheit Helle."

Cease plaguing me about the last word—about a correct, tenable trichord definition of genuine criticism—unless you first prove to me what is meant by thinking and everything connected with it, whence the action of thinking springs and whither it goes. However, I am ready to give any information in my power in reply to any questions——

FLORESTAN. A charming conclusion! But *I* am ready to continue our pitch in, till one of us cries: "Oh! Hold! Enough!"—What do you say to our shortly having a match of running at the ring, to see which shall bring forth the best criticism on Schumann?

EUSEBIUS. Your very obedient servant! As willing to oblige as ever! Meanwhile, in order that you may see that it is not alone our discussions that run on without end, read old Plato over again. He, too, indulges in apparently endless conversations, but they have all a tolerably palpable aim. This evening let us read together his *Republic*, Book 6, pp. 490, 497, 500, where, in cases of doubt, the greater blame is thrown on the *teachers*, if the city folk is foolish. And in addition to every thing else—are you not aware that we live in the "age of transition" of the opposites of development," and so forth, as the Red and the Blue party unanimously assure us (though other learned Thebans say that things were so at all times). The world is full of contradictions; shall criticism be free from them?

FLORESTAN. Good-bye till this evening. We will then resume the subject.

HERR HENSELT, the celebrated Russian composer, gave a pianoforte performance yesterday morning at Broadwood's Rooms, Great Pulteney Street, in presence of a large concourse of amateurs and professors. The pieces selected by Herr Henselt were Weber's Sonata in A flat (last movement); Weber's *Hilarité* and *Concert-Stück* (the latter arranged by himself); Liszt's "Rhapsodie," Chopin's second Scherzo, and his Nocturnes in D flat and C minor; Zwei *Fantasie Stücke* by Schumann; and some pieces of his own composition, comprising the study, "Si Oiseau j'étais," *Valse Mélancolique* and *Frühlingslied*, "Thanksgiving after a *Storm*," "La Fontaine," "Liebeslied," &c. &c. The popular study "Si Oiseau j'étais" was unanimously encored and repeated. Herr Henselt, as the readers of the *Musical World* have been already apprized, was sometime since ennobled by the Emperor, and decorated with the Vladimir Cross.

VIENNA.—Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, the capricious and remarkable *cantatrice*, has so far triumphed over the director of the Imperial Theatre as to induce him to come to terms. Mdlle. de Murska has been re-engaged for five months, at a salary of 2,300 florins per month, the engagement to commence on the first of November. She is to sing eight times a month.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.

Mr F. Kingsbury, not satisfied with the variety, almost unparalleled, of the attractions already offered, has added this week to his list of singers Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr Lewis Thomas, so that altogether the array of vocal talent is very strong, the vocalists heretofore including the names of Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Julia Derby, and Mr Wilbye Cooper. On Tuesday we again visited the "Fairy Palace" at Islington. Nearly ten thousand persons, as we understood, were present, and the majority seemed to have come purposely to enjoy the music, if so be we may be allowed to infer from the enthusiasm with which most of the pieces were received. Miss Louisa Pyne twice sang and twice created a *furore*, both her songs—"Sweet spirit hear my prayer" from *Lurline*, and "The Last Rose of Summer"—being vociferously encored. A selection from the *Trovatore* was given, comprising the cavatina of *Leonora*, "Tacea la notte," sung with great dramatic power by Mdlle. Liebhart; the air of Manrico, "Ah! si ben mio," by Mr Wilbye Cooper; air of the gipsy, "Stride la vampa," by Miss Julia Derby; the Gipsy chorus; duet, "Si la stanchezza," by Miss Julia Derby and Mr Wilbye Cooper; air of the Count de Luna, "Il balen," by Mr Lewis Thomas, capitally sung and uproariously encored; and the "Miserere," by Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr Wilbye Cooper, and chorus—the last piece, more particularly, creating immense excitement. Another very taking affair was the "Lei leti an (?) Polka," played with remarkable effect on the cornet by Mr Levy, who, being encored, substituted Signor Guglielmo's very sparkling and animated "Levy Waltz," which was even more to the taste of the audience, who applauded it with great warmth. "The British Army Quadrille" remains the great feature of the performances, and is likely to do so for some weeks to come. In the meanwhile Mr Kingsbury, alive to the necessity of providing novelty, brought out another composition from the pen of Jullien on Wednesday, to which even more interest attaches than to the "Army Quadrille," inasmuch as it was the best work of the popular maestro. This was a grand selection from *Der Freischutz*. Of this performance we cannot speak this week, but shall give particulars in our next.

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COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

The second "Classical Night," on Thursday, was set apart for Haydn and Weber. The principal pieces were: overture to *Preciosa* (Weber); air and variations, "God preserve the Emperor," from the quartet in G, performed by all the stringed instruments (Haydn); *Concert-Stück* for pianoforte (Weber); and Military Symphony, No. 12 (Haydn). Madame Julia Wolff played Weber's *Concert Stück*. The vocal pieces were Haydn's canzonet "My mother bids me bind my hair," sung by Mdlle. Sarolta, and the air, "A lonely Arab maid," from *Oberon*, sung by Mdlle. Eraclea.

The music in the miscellaneous part seemed more to the liking of the audience, who, while listening with something like indifference to the excerpts from Haydn's and Weber's works, were enthusiastic in their applause of the selection from M. Gounod's *Roméo e Giulietta*, and encored five solos in succession—Signor Mattiozzi's polka, "Godiana," sung by Mdlle. Sarolta; the *valse* "Frühlings-Blüthen" (Spring flowers) by Herr Johann Strauss; a Spanish song by Senor Yradier, sung by Mdlle. Eraclea; fantasia for pianoforte on *Faust*, played by Mr Wehli; and Strauss's "Anna" polka.

The "Classical Night" on Thursday next will be devoted to Beethoven, and will comprise the Pastoral Symphony.

LISZT arrived at Weimar last week to superintend the rehearsals of his oratorio, *Sainte Elizabeth*, which was to have been performed at Wartbourg on the 28th of this month.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Mr Frederick Maccabe, the popular mimic and ventriloquist, will commence a series of performances of his musical, dramatic, and ventriloqual entertainment, *Begone, dull Care*, at the above hall, on Monday evening.

MR SCHOTT OF MAYENCE.—The King of Prussia, on his recent visit to Mayence, bestowed the Order of the Crown on Mr Francis Schott, head of the well-known publishing firm. Mr Schott is counsellor to the Grand Duke of Hessen-Darmstadt, and mayor of the above-mentioned place.

DR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S "WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

The first impression made upon most minds by the news that Sterndale Bennett had undertaken to write a work for the Birmingham Festival was one of unqualified pleasure. Whenever and wherever men discuss the condition of English music they speak of the foremost English musician with a mixture of pride and disappointment—pride in his great talents and in the undying works he has given to the art, disappointment that those works are so few and far between. The promise of an addition to the number therefore was not only welcomed for itself but accepted with a zest in proportion to its regretted rarity.

If this was the first impression the next was one of doubt as to the merit of the selected subject. The story of the Samaritan woman seemed so barren of dramatic interest, so little likely to awaken sympathy and to afford such small scope for musical treatment, that the composer's warmest admirers might well have been excused for doubting the result of his effort. This they would have done beyond question, had they foreseen the plan upon which the book is constructed. Nothing could well be more simple or less *ad captandum*. Had the librettist so pleased he might have taken liberties with the narrative either by expanding and intensifying its incidents, or by the introduction of characters not found in the sacred text. In either case he would have been supported by precedent, and the result from a musical point of view would have appeared more encouraging. But the librettist did nothing of the sort. He simply took the words of the evangelist John just as he found them, and, beginning with the 5th verse of the fourth chapter, incorporated the whole narrative (a short passage excepted), down to verse 42. Here and there however he has interpolated words from other parts of Scripture, and in one place three verses of John Keble's famous hymn "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," appear somewhat intrusively, but under the circumstances no one would wish them away. From this it is easy to see how entirely the success of the work depended upon Dr Bennett's music. Sometimes a composer is fortunate in having a libretto which of itself goes a long way towards securing acceptance for his work among those at least who judge by feeling and not by thought. Interest may be quickened and sympathy aroused by the action of the story, or by the characteristics of the actors, and thus the excited imagination of the listener may gloss over the shortcomings of the musician. In the case of the *Woman of Samaria* there could be nothing like this. The action of the narrative is of the most prosaic order, and in personal interest it is singularly deficient. Nobody feels the slightest sympathy with the woman who was a very common place individual, and Jesus, who so often appears in circumstances arousing the intensest feeling, is here little more than a doctor of theology. Clearly, therefore, the music rests for success upon its own unaided merit. But this is not all. The character of the subject is one likely to tax a composer's resources to the utmost. The discussion between the Saviour and the woman touches upon the most profound of religious truths. The "great gift" of salvation, the omniscience, universality, and spirituality of the Deity in turn present themselves as topics for conversation. Themes like these are not easily handled by the musician. They require an exalted dignity, a profound feeling, and a power of expression, to say nothing of a technical knowledge of the most difficult style of the art, which are very rarely found in combination. Dr Bennett's task was therefore one not to be lightly undertaken. Now that he has succeeded it is more just and necessary to bear this in mind than it would have been had he failed.

In point of construction, the *Woman of Samaria* follows accepted models. That is to say, the comments upon each incident as it occurs are made by the chorus, and the narrative passages are so divided as clearly to distinguish the several characters. Thus the words of the Lord are given to the bass voice, those of the woman to the soprano, and the connecting sentences of the evangelist are allotted to the contralto. As much of individuality is secured by this arrangement as circumstances made possible. The "numbers" in the work are twenty-one. Of these ten are given to the chorus, three are regularly constructed airs (for soprano, contralto, and tenor respectively), and the rest recitatives, many of which are so accompanied and written in such a *cantabile* style as to have a special importance. Not a single "number" is unworthy of notice, but I must content myself with a reference only to the chief among the twenty one.

The "Introduction and chorale" give a fair promise of what is to follow. The former opens with an *andante serioso* in A minor, three-eight time, leading to an *andante quasi allegretto* in the same key, one being plaintive, the other agitated and impassioned, and both full of character. A *pedal* on the dominant of C major at length introduces the chorale (the subject of the *allegretto* still going on) for voices in unison. This chorale—which is the one known as "Luther's Hymn"—by a clever use of syncopation has the effect of being sung in common time against the triple measure of the orchestra. That effect is in the highest degree striking without being at all confused. As given on Wednesday at Birmingham, the melody stood out in massive grandeur against the ingenious background which the composer's art had provided for it and the whole predisposed everybody present in favour of what was to come. At the close of the chorale the *andante serioso* returns in combination with the theme of the *allegretto* and the "Introduction" finished in the key of its opening. The contralto voice then commences the sacred narrative with the words, "Then cometh Jesus to a city of Samaria" and is followed by a chorus—A major common time—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel" which is of larger proportions than usual. The leading theme is first given out by the sopranos then repeated in harmony and afterwards taken up by the basses and altos successively. Ending in the tonic key the first part is followed by a striking episode, in C major, full of bold and massive harmonies. The return to the leading theme, by a repetition of the word "Blessed," is beautifully done, and from thence to the end (as indeed all through) the chorus is pure devotional music of the highest order. The coming of the woman is next told in recitative; then words of Jesus, "He would have given thee living water," being followed by a short solidly written chorus—*adagio*, D major, common time—"For with Thee is the well of life." In this there is happily mingled a beauty almost tender with a masculine breadth of style which would have delighted the old Church musicians. The conjunction is as uncommon as it is agreeable. Another short recitative then introduces the *soprano* air (in B minor) "Art Thou greater than our father Jacob?" This I take to be the weak part of the work, the "fly in the pot of ointment" though happily a well-nigh innocuous one. The impression made by one hearing is that it is uninteresting, and by no means in keeping with what precedes and follows. The narration goes on after this with here and there most expressive recitative to the point where Jesus tells the woman of her past misdeeds. A passage from the psalms, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me," is then interpolated as a contralto air. This is one of the gems of the work, and neither the present generation nor those to follow will willingly let it die. As a religious melody it is a model whether looked at for the beauty of its melody, its true devotional expression, or the depth of feeling it embodies. So thoroughly pure a specimen of its kind has not been heard since "O rest in the Lord." Following the declaration that the Father must be worshipped "in spirit and in truth," occurs a chorus in six parts—E flat, common time—"Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Sion." This is another gem. The sopranos (divided) and contraltos open with a flowing theme in harmony, and are answered by the tenors and basses (divided). After a little more antiphony all the parts unite, their grand and solid harmonies upon the words, "For wheat and for wine, for oil and for all" telling with fine effect. At this point the chorus culminates, the remainder to the passage, "They shall not mourn any more at all"—fading off to a *pianissimo* in gentle strains of almost ravishing beauty. All through this charming number the strings have a *pizzicato* figure in accompaniment, which adds materially to the effect produced. The declaration of Jesus, "I that speak unto thee am He," heralds a short chorus—*adagio*, E minor, common time—"Who is the Image of the Invisible God." The organ alone accompanies this, and its grave, severe style can therefore be imagined. That the chorus will find a welcome among lovers of true church music there can be no doubt, and its simplicity puts it within the reach of the most ordinary choir. The recitative next tells of the woman's return to Sychar and her invitation to her neighbours to come and see Jesus. Then follows a chorus—E flat, minor common time—"Come O Israel let us walk as sons of light." After a fashion which he seems to love, the composer announces the theme in unison (trebles and tenors), repeating it afterwards in full harmony. Contrasting with its flowing beauty is an episode to the words, "Not as children of darkness," most aptly expressing the idea of the text by its sombre harmonies. The tenors then repeat the subject, after which a series of bold progressions, brings the chorus to a close. The incident of the Saviour's abiding at Sychar for two days serves to introduce the hymn before mentioned. Dr Bennett has set the verses in G minor, common time—first as a duet for sopranos and contraltos next as a trio subject in the tenor and lastly as a full chorus. He has evidently studied to combine extreme simplicity with the utmost earnestness of feeling, and in this he has succeeded. This number is destined to have almost as extensive a use as the hymn itself. Immediately following is a chorus for five voices—B minor, common time—"Now we believe." A fugal opening of ingenious construction leads to an *ensemble* passage (*sempre piano*) on the words, "This is indeed the Christ," and this, in turn, is followed by a resumption of the first subject. But the ending is most impressive of all. The voices in unison on the tonic (B natural) declaim *ff* "This is indeed the Christ," to an accompaniment which, beginning on the chord of G minor, ends (the bass descending by degrees) on that of C sharp, major. Then after a pause the voices still in unison drop *pp*, to the dominant on the words "the Saviour of the world," and the final cadence is reached. The effect is impressive in the highest degree. The tenor air "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him" succeeds, and is a worthy companion to that of the contralto. A distinctive accompaniment for the *cello* is very noticeable throughout, and is remarkable for the masterly style in which it is written. Following this solo comes the final choruses "I will call upon the Lord," and "Blessed be the Lord God." The former is prefaced by the combined themes of the introduction, and is a vigorous piece of musical declamation. It is to the latter however that we must look for an example of Dr Bennett's power as a writer of oratorio music. This is a fugue in D major with a very bold and well marked subject which the most untrained ear can readily distinguish however wrapped up. In handling this theme Dr. Bennett has done so well as to make us regret he did not fulfil the promise held out by a solitary "inversion," and work the fugue out with all the device of which he is undoubtedly a master. But though he declined to do this, he has risen in it to a very great height and has given us a proof that the race of contrapuntists is not yet quite extinct.

After these remarks a summary of the results of the work is hardly needed. That the *Woman of Samaria* will live, and bring honour to its composer there cannot be a doubt. If only for the production of a work which is a real addition to the treasures of art the Birmingham Festival of 1867 will be worthy of lasting remembrance.

MUSIC IN BELGIUM.—The extraordinary success achieved by the Congress of Religious Music in Belgium on their offering, in 1864 prizes for musical composition, has induced MM. Schott, of Brussels, to originate a double competition for sacred music, the one international, the other exclusively Belgian. The Messrs. Schott have already obtained the patronage of the Belgian Government, as well as secured the co-operation of Messrs. the Members of the Congress of 1864. The International competition will be restricted to the composition of a Mass for three male voices (tenors and bass) in an easy style and suitable for ordinary annual festivals. Composers of all countries will be allowed to compete. The second competition will be confined to Belgian musicians, who are to essay their powers on the four ancient hymns to the Virgin "Ave Regina," "Regina Cœli," "Salve Regina," or "Alma Redemptoris Mater," or on the four following motets, "Ave verum," "Ecce Panis," "O Salutaris," or "O Sacrum Convivium." Prospectus with full particulars may be had on application or by letter enclosing a stamped envelope to Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street, London.

MUSICAL LETTERS FROM PARIS.

AUBER.*

The two Grand-Masters of Musical Art in Paris pursue a completely opposite mode of life. While Rossini enjoys his day by passing it in Olympian repose, Auber requires constant activity. The former avoids every kind of exertion as something which would wear out the machinery of his existence; the latter on the contrary seems to fear that indolence would cause the works to grow rusty and stop. Rossini, a refined symbol of the Italian *dolce far niente*, keeps at a distance the world, with all its enjoyments as well as all its serious affairs and nothing can surpass the repose of his life in town except that of his life at his country house. Auber who is the incorporation of French restlessness, would on the contrary die were he not to come constantly into contact with society; even during the heat of summer the bustle of Paris possesses a greater charm for him than the idyllic monotony of a rural life.—Auber is 85 years old; we can not well suppose that, at such an age his activity can be attended with any great advantage to art, but it is in itself a phenomenon. The grey haired master retires to bed at one o'clock in the morning and gets up regularly at five. A cup of tea for breakfast has to constitute all his nourishment till about seven in the evening, when he plays his part valiantly at a solid and set dinner. It is rarely that he can stay at home later than eleven o'clock in the morning. He goes to the Conservatory, to the Senate, or to the Institute, lounges on the Boulevards, or takes a carriage-drive. In his own house Auber does not see so much company as Rossini, though his brilliant circumstances would render the duties of hospitality easy for him. Is this because he is not married? Yet there is an elegant and stately lady to whom people pay almost the honours due to the mistress of the house. The composer of *Fra Diavolo* who grew up in a feeling of admiration for the fair sex, and is still susceptible to their charms, could not exist without having females about him. Auber receives incomparably fewer visits than Rossini. It is not everyone who possesses the desire and the courage to visit a celebrated man before eight o'clock in the morning especially when he is guarded by his household with fearful jealousness. The basis of the Auberian system of fortifications is a worthy old housekeeper, who has guarded the composer's street-door in the Rue St. Georges for the last forty years, by word and deed. This celebrated female dragon looks upon every visit intended for her master as a personal insult to herself and is capable of hurling with outstretched arms the affrighted stranger into the road. Fortunately I enjoyed in the course of four months, plenty of opportunities for closely observing Auber in his social character as well as his character as an artist and a man of business. It was near the termination of the Italian operatic season. Adelina Patti, who, in her elegant residence at the Avenue des Champs Elysées did not lead so claustral a life as she did in 1863 in the Klostergasse Vienna gave her acquaintances a joyous farewell soirée. According to the custom of Paris and London the evening-party was preceded by a dinner offered to a more restricted circle of friends. Besides some ladies living in the house and friends of the hostess, Bagier the manager of the Italian Opera, M. de Thal Russian Councillor of State, Gustave Doré, the painter, and the famous horn player, Vivier, occupied places at the table. Vivier's presence is a well known guarantee for good-humour. Vivier enjoys everywhere the greatest popularity as an amusing companion, maker of jokes, and teller of anecdotes. A genuine original, to-day the lion of a drawing room, to-morrow a "Bohemian," he is as much at home in the most smoke-begrimed public-house frequented by artists, as in the saloons of the Emperor Napoleon. A German speech made by him towards the end of dinner brought back vividly to my mind the similar talent of Alex. Baumann. Vivier whose entire stock of German was limited to the words "meine Herren" arose with a glass of champagne in his hand and, with a gravity that convulsed his hearers, began pouring forth a flood of nonsense, which no one understood, but which everyone supposed to be German. The gests and modulations, too, of German speechifiers on festive occasions were imitated with eminent comicality. The general feeling was worked up to such a pitch of hilarity that every fresh joke fell upon good ground.

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* *From the Berlin Echo.*

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Such, for instance, was the case with the proposal to drive off at once (in the darkness of the night) to Doré's studio for the purpose of seeing his new picture, The Gaming Table at Homburg. Two fiacres were quickly engaged, and we drove off to the studio which was situate close by in the Rue Bayard. The colossal *genre* picture in question, with nearly one hundred figures life-size, which was destined to be, some weeks later, the principal attraction of the Fine Art Exhibition, was standing still unfinished in utter darkness. It was rather funny to see Doré, with a lamp in his hand, mount the scaffolding and light up the picture from the right, while his colour-grinder, perched upon a ladder, illuminated the left side. Doré, whose clever illustrations of *Don Quixote*, [illegible], and Dante's *Divina Commedia* have long been known in Germany, is a neat young man, with very prepossessing features and manners, one of those genuinely French artistic beings who combine the fullest enjoyment of life with the most astonishing industry. He urged us to leave as soon as possible the half-darkness of his studio and return to the brilliantly lighted drawing room. This was already filled with a dazzling throng of beautiful women, popular artists and diplomatists glittering with orders. The celebrated vocalist, Grisi, had just entered with her three daughters, young girls as slim as fawns, with dark tresses and eyes beaming with intelligence. They seated themselves near that dark Andalusian rose, Carlotta Patti, and Marie Krebs, the German forget-me-not. The Marquis de Caux, one of the stars in the world of fashionable young Parisians, had as leader of the cotillon just clapped his hands several times, when there was suddenly perceptible a slight movement at the door, towards which all eyes were turned, and a little old gentleman advanced through the rows of guests who respectfully made way for him. The young mistress of the house with all the natural magic peculiar to her hastened to meet him. This latest of all her guests, in faultless patent leather boots, and white cravat, with the rosette of the Legion of Honour in his button hole, and his opera-hat under his arm, was Auber. Having greeted, with great politeness, the members of the family, he stood looking on the dancing a full hour. He then entered into several short conversations right and left, till two handsome women compelled the gallant maestro to seat himself near them on the sofa. That a man of the age of eighty-five can make up his mind, several times a week, to relinquish, about ten o'clock in the evening, his comfortable arm-chair dress, and deliver himself over to the pressure and bustling of a large party—this is something that astounds me more than *La Muette de Portici*. The papers may well continue to honour him with the stereotyped surnames of "ever-blooming youth," "youthful patriarch," and so on, only the reader must not suppose from these expressions that there is aught like foppery or undue desire to please about the composer. Such a supposition would be an act of deep injustice. No one can behave with greater seriousness and simplicity than Auber. The love of jokes, and the ever playful humour of Rossini are quite foreign to him, and even still more so the affectation and coquetry of a would-be young man like A. W. Schlegel. His sharp glance shooting out from beneath his thick eyebrows, as though from a bush, imparts even a certain amount of gloom to Auber's deportment. Just as Rossini is open and loquacious, Auber is close, chary of his words, and formal. He is seldom seen to smile, except, perhaps, when conversing with ladies. His taste for brilliant society had full scope this season. I saw him never tired at the magnificent parties given by the Emperor to Marshal Vaillant, and by the ministers, MM. Rouher and Forcade, at the distribution of prizes of the Exposition; and, lastly, ever and ever again at the Opera. He seldom was absent from the Italiens whenever Adelina Patti sang, for he considers her the first living operatic singer. He used to be seen in the second row of stalls applauding enthusiastically. For her farewell benefit he ordered a splendid nosegay from Nice. When one of his own operas is performed, he never appears in the front of the house, but is fond of going behind the scenes. I met him there among the "fishermen of Portici," during a miserable performance of *La Muette* which must have occasioned melancholy comparisons in his mind. But even he himself, the composer of this charming opera, gave us cause to bewail the ravages of time. Some new grand ballet music composed by him for the Market-scene in the third act, was so exceedingly weak and common-place that it absolutely required a strong effort to believe that Auber was the composer of it. Far prettier, though still nothing very great, is a little simple *andante* which Auber composed for Adelina Patti, and which she is in the habit of introducing in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

Auber was chairman of the jury appointed to decide on the merits of the Prize Cantatas and Hymns of Peace—not a chairman in the title only, like Rossini, but a really working one. It is true that he did not take part in the first rough task of playing through 200 cantatas and 800 hymns—the most inhuman barbarian would not have required him to do that—but he attended the last two long meetings, when the best of the compositions sent in were performed. Unfortunately he did not utter a single syllable in the way of an opinion or a proposal, but confined himself to conducting the voting in the Parisian fashion and to declaring the result. Our preliminary labours already mentioned were carried on next to Auber's study in the Conservatory; he could not get to it except through our room. We were thus able to observe him in the full swing of his activity day after day. Sometimes he came from the examinations in the singing or elocution classes, to hurry away forthwith to the classes of pianists or fiddlers; sometimes he conferred with the teachers or officials of the establishment—in a word, he was indefatigable. Only those who know this large and complicated institution can have any notion of the duties, if only of a formal nature, which it imposes on him. Auber was kind enough to take me to an examination of one of the classes. He sat with four professors at a green table, heard some dozen female pupils play their pieces, and, after each piece, entered his verdict in the great book.

One of the few opinions I ever heard Auber express on his art afforded evidence of his having studied and of his esteeming Gluck's music. Gevaert had just informed him that he was preparing Gluck's *Armida* for the Grand Opera. Auber praised the selection of this work, which he prefers to *Alceste*, and immediately cited the most prominent pieces of it. "But," he added, with animation, "how much has the author of the book also done! What verses, and what situations! Gluck is to be envied for such a libretto!" Is not this praise bestowed on the author of the book—Quinault—this envying laudation of a libretto two hundred years old characteristic of a French composer?

One morning that I arrived somewhat too early at the Conservatory, I found Auber in his room, seated at the small table-formed piano, which, if I am not mistaken, once belonged to his predecessor Cherubini. Auber has very frequently composed on this instrument during the last twenty years: on this occasion also, it served him as a laboratory for producing a new opera, which is to be completed next winter. "C'est une imprudence dans mon âge!"—the same words the old man had used when speaking to me several years previously. The polite duty of contradiction was somewhat difficult even then, but, on the last occasion the words absolutely stuck in my throat. The melancholy weakness of Auber's last opera (*La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*) and its complete failure, dashed out by a general feeling of respect to look like a triumph, forbid our entertaining any hope of the new score. But the earnest purpose, and love of work possessed by the venerable composer, who though overwhelmed with wealth and laurels steadily continues to produce, commands our admiration. I contemplated attentively the little shrivelled old man, as, glowing with inward fire, he got up and shut the piano. What times have passed over that white head! As a boy Auber often saw Louis XVI., whose carriage his father painted and gilded. His first romances, written when he was twelve years old, were sung by gay ladies of the Directory in the saloons of Barras. His first little opera was played by a company of amateurs at Doyen's in Paris sixty two years ago. He then went to a banker's in London to study commerce, but soon tired of the experiment, returned to Paris, and resolved to re-commence his musical studies under Cherubini. His first two operas for the Théâtre Feydeau were failures. In after-years, Adolphe Adam, the composer of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, begged Auber for the scores. "What in the name of Heaven do you want with them?" asked Auber. "They are miserable attempts." —"All the better," replied Adam; "I will show them to my pupils whenever the latter feel desponding."

With the greatest delight have I again heard here in Paris *La Muette* and *Fra Diavolo*. In forty years they have lost nothing of their freshness and brilliancy. I felt happy at seeing him who created these works, and who, at his advanced age, still full of life, continues labouring on. He feels inwardly young. What does he care about the date of his baptismal certificate? "Poor Carafa, how old he is getting!" whispered Auber to me as his younger colleague entered the room where the jury met. Auber is greatly attached, though without timidity, to life. He sometimes expresses his feeling on this point with a certain amount of humour. "Death seems really inclined to make a clearance among the old operatic composers," he observed to a friend on returning from Meyerbeer's funeral ceremony. "It will be *Rossini's* turn next."

A Festival Sermon[*]

"Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.—Titus i. 15."

There are three things connected with our triennial festivals which are very clear.—First. Their antiquity. This is the 144th festival which is commenced in our cathedral to-day, and to Englishmen any custom that has the prescription of so long a period of years is regarded as, in some measure, recommended to our favour by the simple fact that it is an ancient custom. Secondly, we need not doubt that the object of these festivals is a good one, namely, the wish to make a collection for the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three united dioceses. True followers in faith of the crucified Jesus have always been led by the spirit to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. Thirdly. Whilst these festivals come to us recommended by their antiquity and their object, we cannot overlook the fact that they have been much spoken against by some, but that, on the other hand, opposition to them, come it from what quarter it might, has only resulted in producing a larger patronage of them by the laity and in showing how popular these festivals are. These three points are plain to all; but then we must remember that all ancient customs are not good, nor wise, nor expedient to be continued. Secondly, if the object be good the method of obtaining that object may not be, and we know how St. Paul rebukes those who dare to say—let us do evil that good may come. Thirdly. Popularity is not a necessary sign of goodness in things or in men; nevertheless the one popular is considered the Vox Dei, and the custom has been much and ably attacked, and by such as are rightly held in estimation for godliness and piety in the church, and yet maintains its grounds, rather increasing in its hold over the laity than relaxing it, we cannot help asking (praying God to give us the due, as in all other matters, and [illegible] among better Christians, a right judgment) what is right and what is wrong in this matter. The holding of these festivals is an ancient custom. Looking to their object—a benevolent one—it must be allowed to be a popular custom, but is it to such as would rule themselves by God's word and keep themselves unspotted from the evil that is in the world, and do what they do in the name and according to the will of Christ—is it to such a godly and an innocent custom? Let us consider the objections then. They come from two quarters—some with high ecclesiastical views disliking the holding of these festivals in our cathedral churches; others ground their objections more on the form the oratorios take, the recitation in them of Scripture histories, and notably the humiliation and the glory of our blessed Redeemer. Moreover, they allege that too much of gaiety attends these festivals—the harp and the viol, the tabret, the pipe, and wine are in their feasts; there is the sound not only of music but of dancing; so do they say, these people cannot regard the work of the Lord, nor consider the operation of his hands; who can touch pitch and not be defiled?" So, for God's sake, and for conscience sake, they feel constrained to hold aloof from these festivals. I have stated, I hope fairly, the objections; let me now, God being my helper, examine them.—1st.—Do we do right in holding these festivals in our mother churches and in the cathedrals of the three dioceses in succession? The highest object to be had in view in the use of God's House is undoubtedly devotion. It is the house of prayer, the house where prayer and praise and God's Word read and preached and sacraments duly administered should help on the glory of God and Christ and the progress of souls to heaven. But is it wrong to use God's House for other purposes, not so high as this, but innocent in themselves, and in a subordinate manner conducive to God's glory? We meet here for a benevolent purpose—to collect money for the widow and the orphan; our subordinate purpose is good—we wish to encourage sacred music. Moreover, an indirect effect of holding these festivals is good. By bringing together persons from all parts of our county, it tends to heal those breaches of brotherly feeling which struggles in public matters are apt to cause. We must gravely, reverently [illegible]. Now that the daily service is uninterrupted, may we not say that the festival is sanctified to all who attend our daily prayers by the word of God and prayer. If in old times there was any lightness or irreverence in those who gathered to listen to the sacred music rehearsed before them, is not every abuse of that kind rapidly disappearing now, people thinking that lightness of deportment, the thoughtless jest, the unbridled tongue ought not to be permitted in the house of God? If our main purpose here be not devotion, and therefore not of the highest kind, yet, because it is of a lower kind, is it therefore a sinful and profane one? We come to hear no vain songs, but to listen to what I might call a prolonged anthem, the solemn words recited are often culled from the wisest portions of God's inspired Word. Indeed, if the matter of the oratorios be not excepted against, why should any scruple to come to hear them in the Cathedral. This holy place seems the fittest for these choral recitations rather than those halls of assembly or the secular concert room to which some, in their zeal for the house of God, would banish them. I think then it is not the sacredness of the place which will make the assembling of ourselves together here to be for the worse, not for the better; this will only result from people bringing here vain and trifling thoughts. Should we not preach "Come rightly," rather than "Come not at all." Should we not say, "Take care to hold your festival holily," rather than "Take these things hence." This ancient custom seems to me to be of the number of those things which, as the text has it, are "pure to those who are pure." If we bring vain, trifling, and worldly thoughts here it is bad. But where are such things, tried by the standard of the holy gospel, not to be reprobated? If our hearts be yet untouched by grace, if our consciences be defiled by impenitence, worldliness, or love of sin, this festival will not be pure to us. But what will be? Such an unconverted taste will make all things unwholesome spiritually to those who have it; such moral darkness will not make that a pillar of cloud to them, which to others, spiritually minded, may be a pillar of fire and of light. The word of God stands sure: "To the pure all things are pure, but to them that are defiled is nothing pure." But why? Because "their heart and their conscience is defiled."—2nd. But if the assembling here be held to be free from objection, why, some who are disinclined [illegible] for other causes, may yet say, are you rightly using the matter of God's Word when you allow the words of scripture and particularly the pathetic history of the Man of Sorrows to be set forth, not specially to make the worldly and the sinful to repent and fall down before the cross of Jesus [illegible], but merely that man's skill and art may find in such solemn passages the noblest themes whereunto to join the beauties which music can impart. The use of Holy Scripture, all this may seem to many to be objectionable; of course, if it be done in an irreverent manner it is altogether indefensible; but if it be done decently, reverently, and in order, I think it may be held to be justifiable and innocent. The highest use of Holy Scripture, whether the Old or New Testament, is unquestionably to make it profitable for doctrine about Christ, for reproof of evil, for correction of [illegible] and sins, for instruction in the way of righteousness; for this it was given, for this in the main it should be used. But may we not still innocently use it in a subordinate way? We hold that the poet may take from Scripture subjects for the exercise of poetical skill; Scripture subjects do not seem degraded when portrayed before us by the pencil of the artist. The Descent from the Cross, the Entombment of the Saviour, His Transfiguration, His Last Supper with His Disciples, have been treated in a manner to extort the admiration of every beholder capable by nature or education of appreciating art. How shall we deny to the musician what is conceded to the poet and to the artist? Were Milton and Raphael right in their use of Scripture, and Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn wrong? And if the musician may unerringly [illegible] his genius on Scripture themes, may it not be allowed to the gifted singer and [illegible] instrumentalist to reproduce, and for us to be allowed to enjoy, with thankfulness to God who has given such powers unto man, the creations of that genius. We meet [illegible] as to meet as those whose conversation is in Heaven. Need we add that to such is forbidden the less constrained use of the Word of God than the very highest. Surely not; rather may we believe that to compose oratorio or listen to an oratorio, is lawful, justifiable, and innocent. It is one of those things which is, as our text has it, "pure to those who are pure," and that our duty is not to do away with this ancient custom, but to urge all to take heed that they come gravely, not lightly, irreverently, [illegible] thoughtlessly, to assist at it. It is a sad thing, say some, that men should hear the Passion of our Lord for its tragical beauty, for the music art has blended with it—who yet know not, scarcely perhaps wish to know, the saving power of the cross of Christ. All men well regret that any in this Christian land are so blinded by the God of this world as to be content to be apart from God and Christ. Nevertheless, such is such. I know not that I should say, we ought to say, Come not in hither. For the times and modes of the action of God's Spirit on man's soul are so free, so unknown, so vations, and the power of solemn music so powerful to unlock the chambers of man's heart and mind, that good may be done, and some soul rendered more susceptible to the action of grace. David's harp we know soothed the spirit of Saul and induced a frame of mind which had God's purpose not been thwarted by further sin, might have ended in the king's conversion to piety and true religion. But I do not think of the unworthy alone—do not forget that among those who come to this place, or go elsewhere to hear these solemn strains, there are many who are well known for piety and regularity of life, Christian virtue and Christian faith—they come as to a refined and religious pleasure to hear music which will not only please the ear but touch their hearts associated as it is with the teaching of God's Word. Do not overlook the wheat because of the tares. If the net gathers of the bad will it not gather of the good also? yea, more of the good than of the bad. I cannot help thinking that more come together to these meetings in a good frame of mind than is ordinarily supposed. How is it to be accounted for that of all the performances here on similar occasions—the *Messiah* is the one incontestably most popular and best attended? and if so, shall we, because some come in a more thoughtless way, deny to the many inclined to come aright the pleasure of hearing these precious musical treasures of the Christian Church, and of hearing them to the greatest advantage as rendered by the first artists of our country, and intensified in their solemnity by the *religious* [illegible] of our Cathedral Church. 3rd. But there remains still the objection against the mode of these festivals—too much of gaiety and amusement and company attends them; there is the sound not only of music but of dancing. Can these be regarded as innocent? Can the disciples of a crucified Redeemer, can pilgrims who seek a better country, can they who, as baptized Christians, are spoken of as children of God join in such things without their heart or their conscience becoming defiled. Brethren, in this matter of amusement we must recollect that the rule of true spiritual Christianity is not "touch not, taste not," but take care that amusements do not take up too much time, stand in the way of duty, injure or corrupt the mind. Of sin, the Gospel says, "flee from it;" of amusement it says, "Let your moderation be known unto all men." The Christian is free, but he must not use his freedom as a cloak for what is wrong, or for an imprudent use of that which if employed in moderation is innocent. Gaiety, amusement, company are wrong only in excess. Each of us must be in this matter a law unto himself. Christianity does not proscribe such things, but only regulates them. True religion must be accompanied by a determined separation always from things wrong and sinful, often by a prudent separation for conscience sake from things in themselves innocent if injurious to ourselves. Nevertheless, we need not put a brand upon this or that species of amusement as if because it should be engaged in moderately, with care, and not too frequently, it should never be permitted at all. What is required in the matter of amusement is not total abstinence, but a prudent moderation, for unworldliness does not consist in giving up this or that, but in a certain inward principle—the wish to please God and Christ, and to be guided by their will. We must all be honest in this matter; do not forget you have a soul to save, a Saviour to serve, a preparation for eternity to make through faith; do not overlook these paramount obligations, but if your spiritual duties and obligations are not made to suffer, then amusement, company and gaiety are not, in moderation, wrong. The asceticism of John the Baptist was not made the rule of Christianity. The fact that the blessed Jesus came eating and drinking, mingling in the feast, accepting hospitality, shows that, in such matters, what is required in us is moderation, not total abstinence—total abstinence from sin—moderation in all those matters which, being innocent in themselves, become wrong if used to excess to the injury and disadvantage of the mind. Now it is believed by those who promote these festivals that there is nothing in the conduct of them that violates these rules of Christian moderation; they believe therefore that the holding of these festivals is an innocent as well as an ancient and popular custom, and they venture to add that if so much can be urged in favour of this custom, they who hold aloof from these festivals ought—if they continue so to do—to devise a means of gathering to the same extent and with the same regularity the benefactions of the Church for the relief of the widows and orphans of the clergy; and if they cannot do this that they ought, as a matter of principle, to assist at these festivals themselves. Their presence would tend to promote order, reverence, and to discourage everything unseemly, and the more the manner of holding these festivals can be improved the better will be the effect in the city and diocese of Hereford. Right glad am I that of late years the recurrence of the festival has not been allowed to interrupt our daily service; yea, by the aiding presence of the united choirs, has tended rather to increase the solemnity and beauty of it. I trust that day by day we who are here this morning, may be present each morning during the week to offer up our prayers and praises to Almighty God. If St. Paul says to Titus, "To the pure all things are pure," he says to Timothy "keep thyself pure;" and how?—by seeking in all means of grace the Spirit of God through Jesus. Then I think that we are not likely to set an example of light conduct ourselves, or tolerate without rebuke irreverence in others, during the performance of the sacred music in this church, nor to hear without some spiritual profit those solemn Scripture histories which have furnished the themes to the genius of Handel and Mozart, of Mendelssohn and Spohr. The early service rightly attended will leave a blessing behind it on our souls, and so though the harp, the viol, the tabret, and wine are in our feasts, we need not fear that with justice it shall be alleged against us who have begun the day with prayer and praise that we regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands. And whilst thus carrying out the festival with studied reverence and piety let us take care to assist its holy purpose with Christian and self-denying liberality. We meet as brother Churchmen to help to keep up the fund which the piety of our forefathers began to provide for the widows and the orphans of the clergy in these united dioceses. St. James bids those who would live in the spirit of pure and undefiled religion to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world, especially from that cynical and stolid indifference to another's grief which worldly selfishness and covetousness engenders. The true Christian has a feeling heart, and well may the sorrows of the widow and the orphan be made the special touchstone of our dispositions, the proof-test of whether we have that tenderness to others' sorrow which is the characteristic of all those who have within them the mind of the Spirit of Christ. For who can exaggerate the sorrow, the depression, and the sinking of the mind of those who are called to mourn the husband and the father, and then in the bitterness of their grief to go forth into a cold world, leaving the old haunts of home, with no provision perhaps, but a scanty pittance at best. We can do with almost nothing if we have not known better days; but to descend from competence to unquestionable poverty is a lot very hard to bear, and which calls loudly for our sympathy and for our aid. It has been the characteristic of all disciples of the Reformation to approve and rather to encourage the marriage of the clergy. Most rightly have they done so. But then, if this be accepted as a principle, how wrong and unseemly should it be not to assist the widows and the orphans of those clergy who, through poverty, have been unable to make suitable provision for their own. You cannot in person visit these as yourselves, though perhaps there are but few among us who do not know some instance in which it is our duty by replenishing the widow's store make the widow's heart leap for joy and the tongue of the orphan to rejoice, till the administration of this our charity has abounded by the thanksgivings of many to the glory of God. But, however this may be, knowing how carefully these funds are husbanded, how carefully, without partiality and after due inquiry, they are apportioned, I urge you to entrust to the keepers of this fund what you are able and willing to devote in God's name to this good purpose. Do so in the name of the blessed Jesus, who though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, who, when He saw the sorrow of the widow of Nain, had compassion on her, and who takes as done to Himself every act of love we do in faith to others for His sake, who by His precious blood-shedding hath redeemed our souls and opened to us the gate of everlasting life.

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[*] Preached by the Dean of Hereford, on Tuesday morning, Aug. 20.

PARIS INTELLIGENCE.—The rehearsals of M. Ambroise Thomas's new opera, *Hamlet*, have commenced at the Grand Opéra. The parts are now allotted as follows:—Hamlet, M. Faure; Horatio, M. Castelmary; Laertes, M. Morère; the King, M. Belval; Polonius, M. Machilaure; Marcellus, M. Grisy; the Ghost, M. David; First Gravedigger, M. Gaspard; Second Gravedigger, M. Mermand; the Queen, Madame Gueymard; Ophelia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. The libretto has been adapted by MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier.—The American tenor Signor Mazzoleni—or more properly the Italian tenor from America—will shortly make his appearance at the Opéra.—The London seal set upon the reputation of Mdlle. Nilsson has not been without its effects on Parisian audiences. The young lady is more fêted than ever at the Théâtre Lyrique and she is now proclaimed a great actress as well as a great singer. Mdlle. Nilsson has something to thank the director of Her Majesty's Theatre for. On the occasion of each of her three performances recently in *Martha*, the enthusiasm she created far surpassed what she had achieved before her going to England.—Signor Verdi has arrived in Paris from Genoa.—A new baritone *on dit* not unlikely to eclipse M. Faure has appeared at the Opéra as Pietro, in *Masaniello* and achieved a remarkable success. His name is Devoyod. In the duet, "Amour sacré de la Patrie," with M. Villaret, as the Neapolitan Fisherman, he was enthusiastically applauded. M. Devoyod is declared to have a magnificent voice and to possess true instincts for the stage.

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THE HARP

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In his excellent "Traité général d'instrumentation" Mr. F. A. Gevaert says, p. 172—"La harpe ne fait pas rigoureusement partie de l'orchestre. Ni Haydn, ni Mozart, ni Beethoven ne s'en sont servis, que je sache, dans leurs innombrables productions." Did not Mr Gevaert know when he wrote this (1863) Beethoven's admirable ballet, *Gli Uomini di Prometeo?* Some fragments of this work, and among them the beautiful *adagio* with the harp, are executed now and then by the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire at Paris, since the 5th March, 1854. The overture was known long before.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

CARLO STALDA

Paris

MARGATE.—The engagement of Mr. Charles Lyall, which terminates to-night, has proved a trump card at the Hall by the Sea. This gentleman has won golden opinions for his eminently artistic rendering of the various songs he has sung. The clever manager, Mr. E. P. Hingston, has no doubt secured Mr. Lyall's services for next season. Miss Rebecca Isaacs, too, has proved a great attraction. Both these artists have been well supported by Mdlle. Banfield, who made so successful a *début* here some weeks since. The orchestra under the direction of Mr. C. Hall continues to give the same satisfaction as usual.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA is announced to make her *rentrée* at the Academy of Music, New York, the last week in September. She is to sing in *Don Giovanni, Norma, Otello,* and *Lucrezia Borgia.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

JOHN HANSON & Co.—"Mary Hamilton," song, by Augusta Meyrick.
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A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS, &c.*

(Concluded from p. [illegible]).

Chapter VI.

On Rehearsals and Performance

245. Rehearsals are important to the proper performance of an opera, a symphony or any piece of music, not only for the correctness of execution, but to ameliorate the composition, for writers frequently correct their works after a first essay, and also whatever errors may have crept into the copies of the parts.

246. It is impossible at first sight to catch either the character of the composition, or the sentiment and intention of the author; these are only acquired after a number of rehearsals, particularly if the work presents new combinations and unexpected modulations. At each rehearsal, which should be a careful one, some progress should be made; nothing inspires so much laxity on the part of performers as unprofitable rehearsals; the leader should therefore be careful not to waste the time of those who subsist by their profession.

247. The score should be well studied by the leader before rehearsals are called; he should also confer with the composer to ascertain his views, if possible.

248. At the first rehearsal the leader should confine himself to making the movements perfectly understood by beating the time distinctly, leaving for another time the various lights and shades necessary for a perfect rendering. Great determination should be evinced by the leader in insisting upon each performer correcting at the time any error that may be met with; the memory cannot retain all that occurs, and the same fault constantly recurs.

249. It may be affirmed that half of the rehearsals lavished upon works might be dispensed with, owing to the lax manner in which they are frequently conducted. Rehearsals for an opera commence with the singers before these are by any means perfect in their notes; this the leader should strictly object to.

250. Many of the faults of execution arise from the inattention of the musicians, particularly the wind instrument players, who, having constantly many bars' rest, count them carelessly, and come in either too soon, too late, or take up, if in time, precipitately, without any preparation of the lips. This the leader should be careful of, by calling the attention of the performer by a look a few bars before the passage is to be taken up.

251. The conductor, or as is frequently the leader, directs with the violin, which necessarily deprives him of a great deal of the action required, as the instrument in most cases is useless, whereas, with the baton, his action is unrestricted; besides the baton has the advantage of marking the time more decisively, and, consequently, facilitates the indication of the required movement.

252. Detached passages should be indicated by short decided movements of the baton—*forte* by an energetic motion; *rinforzando*, by an inflection which marks the necessary effect; *crescendo*, by an enlarged progression of movements; to these should be superadded the expression of the face, which should be characterized by an impress of enthusiasm, which never fails to command attention.

253. It is an indisputable fact that the excellence of the execution of an orchestra depends as much upon the tact and ability of the conductor as upon the executants; so frequently a good conductor will excel with a mediocre band, while an orchestra of first-rate artists will sink beneath mediocrity with an indifferent conductor.

254. Firmness of character is indispensable to a conductor. During rehearsals he should exact an absolute silence, admit no excuses for faults, never compromise his authority by false decisions or false measures which he may afterwards have to withdraw, and particularly to bestow praise when it is due; no encouragement to an artist so great as praise from him who is determined that duty shall be properly performed.

255. The beat of the baton, or the foot, is unpleasant, and disturbs the effect of the music; the time should be given by the baton moving in space; however, should the orchestra hurry or get slow, a single blow of the baton on the first beat of the bar will suffice to bring it back to the proper time.

256. In slow movements the simple division of the bars is not enough; the divisions should be in accordance with the character of the time, e.g., in $\frac{3}{4}$ or 𝄴 time, three or four beats, and so in like manner for all others.

257. When the time should be increased or decreased, the leader should attract the attention of the whole orchestra, and he should determine with precision the variations necessary; if these are progressive the greater care becomes of paramount importance.

Chapter VII.

On the respect of a conductor or a leader for the works of a composer

258. Under the frivolous pretext of improvement, certain conductors mutilate the works of composers—excise certain portions, superadd instruments, or give the part of one instrument to another, in order, as they say, to produce a better effect. The *clangor* [illegible] noise being an essential part of music, brass instruments are added to ancient pieces in order to rejuvenate them. Mozart did this to some of Handel's oratorios, but he performed his task with tact, discernment, and the good taste which characterised all he did. It does not, however, prove that Mozart acted wisely. An instance may be cited. In the musical fêtes given at Brussels in 1834, the number of chorus and musicians was very great. At the first rehearsal of the *Messiah* the voices and string instruments only filled it. There were 30 first violins, as many second violins, 25 tenors, 30 violoncellos, and 20 double-basses. An extraordinary sensation was produced upon hearers and performers when the vigorous music of Handel was heard in its primitive form by this formidable orchestra of stringed instruments, the effect of which was afterwards considerably diminished when the super-addition of wind instruments was made by Mozart. The music having been originally calculated for stringed instruments only, the great character of the first thought was lost.

259. It is not unfrequently the case that a composer develops too lengthily certain pieces, which, in an opera, militates against the rapidity of dramatic action. What is the consequence? Poet, manager, stage director, and actors all insist upon the necessity of excision. If the composer is present he naturally resists, but if absent the conductor or leader mercilessly accedes to the sacrifice required. There is nothing more difficult than to cut a properly constructed piece of music. A part is found where the modulation permits its joining another part, and that is deemed sufficient; but the periodical return of ideas is completely broken, a fine composition is mangled, because, forsooth, rapidity of action is wanting. How preferable to this unmeaning mutilation would be its entire suppression. The audacious hand, even at a rehearsal, without any previous study of the author's conception, mars a work which has cost weeks, nay months, of deep meditation.

Conclusion.

260. The various parts of art expounded succinctly in this book comprise the scientific repertory of a young composer who wishes to devote himself to the free style of conductors and leaders, and it is hoped that this Manual contains much useful information. If read with attention there can be little doubt of the advantages to be gained, which habit and experience will not fail to render valuable.

Christiania.—Herr C. A. H. Arnold, the highly esteemed violoncellist, died on the 9th August. He was born in Berlin, on the 5th June, 1824.

Madrid.—The young *prima donna*, Rita Sonnleri, is engaged at the Teatro Real.—The Duke de la Roca, son of Queen Christina, is about to marry Mdlle. Grobecker, of the Karl Theater, Vienna.

A slight difference.—In his *History of Music* Dr. Burney says that, when he came to London, in 1744, he could not meet with any other music than Handel's "Exercises" and "Organ Concertos." At the present day, the catalogue of Oliver Ditson and Co., of Boston, U.S., contains above 53,000 pieces. In America, if a dance prove successful, there is nothing extraordinary in its going through an edition of 100,000 copies. Ditson's catalogue comprises several insignificant but popular waltzes and songs, for each of which the composer has been paid more than Mozart received for *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte* together.

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* By F. J. Fétis. Translated from the original by Wellington Guernsey.

MUSICAL TRAVELLING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

By FERY KLETZER.*

Batavia, the 21st June, 1866.

It is a universally known fact that Batavia is one of the finest colonies, and Java the finest island in the world. The population of Batavia is civilized, friendly, and most especially kind and obliging towards strangers, when recommended either by letters of introduction or by their own worth. The Batavian is fond of patronising European artists—but—*tout comme chez nous*, likes being paid, after his own fashion, for so doing. That an artist asked out to dinner or tea here is expected never to come without his instrument is an understood thing. Herr Jacobson, a rich banker from Amsterdam, said recently after a supper he had given, and in reference to certain artists whom, for the purpose of showing off a little, he had invited to it: "Those people do not at all please me. I gave them a supper and they have not so much as thanked me for it." These words will strike the reader as still more characteristic of the feeling entertained by the rich merchants here when we inform him that the very same Herr Jacobson absolutely entreated me for four whole days, as a Primus, to dine and play at his house, as he wanted to be the first to secure me.

Herr Rochmon, a son of the former Governor, plays, thanks to his name, an important part in Samarang. He took all imaginable pains to get us to his house. After we had played there, he forced upon us two letters of recommendation,† in which he describes us as two artists, and begs the persons to whom the letters were addressed to assist us for Heaven's sake, *as we had no money*.—The Governor himself does nothing for art, and, as a true resident of Buitenzorg, which is four hours' journey from here. His want of feeling and indifference in the matter not unfrequently infects the other grand people of the place. Notwithstanding this, musical matters are comparatively more flourishing in Java than elsewhere. Every town, even the smallest, possesses its Vocal Association or its "Harmony" (band). At Samarang and Sourabaya, we actually found two musical directors, who, notwithstanding they are mere ordinary hautboists, and can scarcely tell you what a triad is, have a guaranteed monthly salary of from nine hundred to a thousand florins. The circumstance is easily explained, however, as these two gentlemen are the only professional pianists and music-masters in the above two towns.

In Batavia there is a Vocal Association consisting of thirty-six members, who, under the guidance of their talented conductor, Herr von Hemmert, sometimes give performances of great merit. How susceptible people here are in musical matters is proved by the fact that a Count B. challenged the above conductor for having asserted that the Count had sung out of tune. There are several pianists, also, in Batavia, who gain a considerable income by their art. The principal, if not the most talented, one among them is Herr Reichmann, who gives lessons in the best families, and, by his interest, can be of exceedingly great service to foreign artists desirous of playing here.‡ I must mention, likewise, some of the more prominent musical amateurs, who are most affable towards, and ready to oblige, all professional visitors. They are: Herr Meyll, a young man, with a good theoretical education; Herr von Hemmert, an artist of good taste and energy; Herr Tribelli, a gentleman endowed with a great fondness for art and study but not properly trained; Herr Wahlen, a respectable tenor; and Herr Schwartz, a baritone, whose voice has been gone a very long time. Another gentleman, whom I must not pass over in silence, is Herr Basy, a true Mecænas of art, of more use to professional visitors than all the individuals already named put together, for, if necessary, he gives them money. Herr Westermann is equally amiable, and ever ready to help artists both by word and deed. I most particularly recommend Mad. Wunderbeck to all travelling concert-givers; she sings exceedingly well, and renders German songs more especially with a great deal of feeling.

Samarang, too, can boast of some sterling amateurs, whose great aim is to assist foreign artists to the utmost of their power. Herr Ter Meer is a musical amateur who has heard a great deal in the course of his life, and knows how to appreciate what is good. Herr Borell, an officer, is a very good pianist, playing and accompanying with marked talent. There are few *Concertstücke* that he does not possess or play. The conductor of the local orchestra, which is very passable, and consists partly of military performers, is Herr Hösel, formerly a hautboist, from Holland.

Sourabaya boasts of several young people with very good voices, who have contrived to form a well conducted Vocal Association. Solo possesses only two families that are musical, the Wilkens and the Schulzs, in both of which the foreign artist will meet with a friendly welcome and assistance. Dynejo is highly musical. Herr Feltkampf accompanies very well, and Mdlle. Sion is a skilful pianist. On our return to Batavia, after having made a short tour through the neighbouring towns, we resolved to get up a few concerts. Just at that time there was an operatic company, under the management of Herr Lemoin, performing at the Theatre, but their performances were not very numerously attended. We accepted, therefore, the invitation of the Aurora Society to play at their concert for the sum of five hundred florins. The successful issue of this concert encouraged us to come to an agreement with the manager of the Theatre. Lemoin placed two days in the week, Wednesday and Saturday, at our disposal. The first Saturday fell, unfortunately, on a general holiday; the consequence was that very few people came, and our whole receipts amounted to only 250 florins. As a matter of course, Lemoin took care to be well paid for the building and the co-operation of his band, which was very bad. As this first concert did not prove very lucrative to either party, Lemoin withdrew his word, and refused to let us have the Theatre again. I spoke to my patrons, Westermann, Tribelli, and others, who immediately set about getting up a concert for me. It brought in 800 florins. We took even a larger amount at a concert which was got up to oblige me at the Theatre, and which was also our farewell concert. We resolved to proceed next to Samarang and Sarabaya. There are three ships subsidised by the Government, which sail from Batavia to those places. They are very good, the cooking and all the arrangements being admirable. The only drawback is that the prices are somewhat too high, and we did not know, even on our return, that the company charges artists half price only. The entire journey from Batavia to Samarang occupies altogether thirty hours, and costs sixty florins a head.

Samarang is not so fine as Batavia. The vegetation there is not so luxuriant as in the latter place, though the heat is far greater. The town itself is narrow, the houses being built close together, and surrounded by the hots of the natives. The European or elegant quarter, separated from the other quarters by a large square, consists of three streets, the houses in which are very fine, and surrounded by magnificent gardens. The town possesses only two inns, in every respect resembling each other. The expense of living there, everything included, varies from five to six florins a day; four florins extra per day are charged for the use of the carriage. The evenings in Samarang are far more agreeable and cool than in Batavia, because the mountains in the neighbourhood diffuse a most refreshing temperature through the town. Unfortunately, when there is no moon, the nights are not very enjoyable, because the streets are scarcely lighted, though in

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* From the Berlin *Tonkünstler Verein*. Herr H. Mendel, the editor of the above paper, informs us that, some time since, Herr Fery Kletzer, the well-known Hungarian Violoncellist, forwarded him the following papers, with liberty to publish them, if they should strike him as being sufficiently interesting. In the year 1864, Herr Fery Kletzer and Herr Charles Wehle resolved to make a professional tour round the world. They had not got farther than Java, however, when the former was attacked by a serious illness, and the latter, being recalled to Europe by the death of his father, compelled to leave his comrade to his fate. On his recovery, Herr Kletzer abandoned his project of proceeding farther, and, shortly afterwards, returned home like his friend.

† Wehle opened them, as he had resolved not to deliver any letter which did not contain the truth. We did not require any letters, however, as we enjoyed a good name.

‡ Reichmann does not play particularly well, but is a good musician. On one occasion Wehle behaved very grandly towards Reichmann, who determined to punish him by means of his superior knowledge. By Reichmann's influence Wehle was invited to an evening party at the American Consul's. He was there requested to transpose for a certain singer a melody (the death scene from *Faust*) half a tone lower. He confessed himself unable to do so. As, however, he had announced himself as a pianist from Paris he lost all his previous reputation. Reichmann, on the other hand, played grand Concert pieces, and immediately transposed all he played. As Wehle, moreover, played nothing save his "Marche Comique," "Tarantelle," and "Campanella," he forfeited the good opinion people had entertained of him, and when he announced his intention of giving lessons in Batavia, he—did not obtain a single pupil.

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Batavia gas has been introduced. The greatest part of the population consists of Chinese, who conduct all the intermediate trade throughout the island. The natives are far more parsimonious in their mode of life than the foreigners. The Europeans, though limited in numbers are exceedingly domineering. They cannot, however, amass large fortunes as easily as they could twenty years ago. Living here is enormously expensive; the Government officials can scarcely pay their way, and the officers lead a very retired and simple life. Private persons have a hard time of it, since there is no such thing as real property. Government never sells an estate, but simply lets it; most of the factories, and more especially the tobacco plantations, go to ruin. The Government derives every year 60,000,000 florins from a ninth of the island, all the rest being in its primitive state. Communication is maintained by means of posting. Four horses cost one florin a pal (about an English mile)[*]. It is only recently that railways have been commenced. It is altogether incomprehensible how the Dutch in this country can submit to so many acts of oppression and restriction. An immense amount of influence is required for permission to settle here, as in fact to do anything. The concert which we gave in the room of the St. Cecilia Society was very fully attended, and we took 900 florins, though our expenses were heavy. We had to pay the Society two hundred and fifty florins for the use of the room. One or two advertisements in the papers cost sixty florins. For hire of the pianos we paid twenty-five florins, and twenty florins for between two and three hundred bills.

I formed a less favourable opinion of the Dutch here than of those in Europe. In the country here they are afraid to come out of their own houses and consider few persons worthy to be received in them. They are extremely reserved and lead a quiet family life (though the young men frequently have native concubines)[†] their sole aim being to possess fine houses, horses and carriages. They trouble their heads about nothing else, except their business, by which they seek to profit as speedily and as much as possible, in order to be enabled to return soon to the land of their birth. The natives are, as a rule, uneducated, neglected, and of limited intellect. They hate the Europeans from the very bottom of their hearts, looking upon them as so many thieves, who have stolen their inheritance.

The women are better than their reputation; you may, however, travel through every nook and corner of Java, and meet hardly ten pretty girls. The ladies possess more intellect than the men, but then they have more time to cultivate it. In Samarang, besides a theatrical club, which consists of only male members, as the ladies cannot make up their minds to act in public, there is the "Société," as it is called, a club-house where beer, brandy, and ice are to be had; where there are cards and billiards, and where the young clerks spend the little money they have in whiling away the monotony of their existence by drinking. We embarked and reached Surabaya. The accommodation at the Marine Hotel, where we alighted, is bad; the rooms are damp and close. While on the way I had suffered from a violent attack of illness. On entering my room, I felt a presentiment that I should become much worse. Such was the case, and though I was removed by the orders of Dr. Schneider to other lodgings, there was no change in my state. I laboured under the most terrible dysentery, and was prostrated for seven months; it was entirely to the disinterested care of Dr. Schneider that I owed my life. Wehle, who had previously been my companion, had returned to Europe, hardly bidding me good-bye before he went. When I left my bed for the first time Herr Dietz, a teacher of the pianoforte, called and voluntarily proposed to undertake the management of my concerts. I thankfully accepted his offer, and gave him the necessary powers.

(*To be continued*).

REVIEWS

Music in its Art Mysteries. [London: published by L. Booth, 307, Regent Street.]

The readers of the *Musical World* will doubtless recollect the interesting essays which some little time ago appeared in the columns of that journal, being the substance of the lectures delivered at Gresham College by Professor Wylde, on various subjects connected with music.

These essays differ from the generality of those published from the fact that they quit the field of mere transcendental criticism usually occupied by musical enthusiasts, to search into the more profound depths, from whence alone a true insight into art can be obtained.

The author urges the claim of music to be regarded, written of, studied and analysed as "high art." He insists upon the necessity of educating the musical public as to the understanding of the forms in which music is written, no less than to its emotional beauty. In many eloquent and earnest phrases he points to the enormous influence which music has exerted on civilization, traces its progress historically, and especially its elaboration from the mere monotonous chants of the ancients, allied to lyrics with no other attempts at form or scientific proportion than the rhythms of the poem, applied up to the present day, when music inevitably ranks with mathematics in the realm of abstract science.

But Dr. Wylde's book does not treat of the abstractions of mode merely—historically, analytically and critically; it is full of interesting and instructive matter. The essays consist, first, of three chapters on "Form in Musical Composition," from the origin of the rude chant and plain song to harmonized airs, counterpoint, motet, canon, recitative, and concerted music.

The chapters on "Taste" contain some very clever and abstruse definitions, combined with a tone of criticism on popular taste which is far less flattering than true and though it may be deemed occasionally scathing, and may call forth the wrath of those writers who pander to it, it offers a just and wholesome corrective to the vice which forms the subject of the elaborate essay on "Conventionalism in Music." The concluding chapters on "Music and its Art Mission," contain some highly interesting historical researches touching on the lives and influences of the [illegible] bards, and minstrels, and carrying the reader on the stream of history from one epoch to another of musical progression to the present day. This useful and interesting little volume does not pretend to give the various Gresham lectures that were reported in full in these columns; the work under consideration is a compilation from them, and in Dr. Wylde's own words, "does not attempt to fill the great hiatus in musical literature, of which he justly complains, but rather aims to stimulate others to a work for which, in a literary point of view, he modestly assumes, they may be better qualified than himself."

Having already rendered so many of the Professor's essays in these columns, it would be unnecessary here to present quotations from this volume, but as a book which contains so much valuable information, with historical research and analytical criticism, we cordially recommend it as a hand-book to the science of music which we cannot afford to do without, and, which in its condensed form with all the accessories of fine type and excellent printing, will amply repay both musician and amateur for its careful perusal.

WALWORTH.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—Mr J. Hart Gordon, organist of St. Matthew's, Newington, gave a concert at the Lecture Hall, on Monday the 29th ult. The vocalists were Mdlle. Bauermeister, Miss Palmer, Mr. Robert Mason, and Mr Charles. The first-named lady gained an encore in Donizetti's "O luce di quest' anima," which she sang charmingly. Miss Palmer gave a very artistic reading of Mr. Hullah's "Storm" (composed for her), and was recalled. She also sang in the second part, "Terence's Farewell," accompanying herself on the pianoforte, and in reply to an encore gave Mr. Tully's "Watty Movie." Mr R. Mason sang Beethoven's "Adelaida," and "Come into the garden, Maud." The concert-giver played a pianoforte fantasia on Welsh airs, and as an encore a "Song without Words" of his own composition. Several glees and part-songs, with which the programme was varied, were rendered indifferently well by the St. Matthew's Choral Society, conducted by Mr Cuddeford. The accompanist was Miss Emily Morse.—W.

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[*] A "pal" is shorter than an English mile. The roads are so bad that travellers generally hire eight horses. Besides these, there are two men who run on foot, one who urges the horses forward from behind by cracking a whip, and two drivers. The expense is about ten florins a mile, everything included. But this mode of travelling is limited to persons of high rank, or artists who possess influence.

[†] There are villages in Java where the young girls are brought up for the Europeans. They never chew betel, in order that their teeth may remain white. In former times the Government officials were entitled to keep as many servants and mistresses as they liked and could afford; at present they do such things, as a rule, in secret. But even if a European does live (quite openly) with a mulatto or native woman, he is well received in every family and can send home for a wife, but he must not keep a European mistress. The young clerk or merchant goes to the proper village, and, for a sum varying from sixty to a hundred florins, purchases of the parents a wife.

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THE OPERA SEASON OF 1867.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season at Covent Garden terminated on the 29th of July, that at Her Majesty's Theatre on the following Saturday. The proceedings of each house have been so fully and so ably criticised by the leading daily journals, that it is needless to recapitulate them in detail here. It is proposed, however, in this article to notice a few of their more salient characteristics, and whilst endeavouring to do justice to the enterprise and liberality of the directors, to point out at the same time errors which have hitherto distinguished the management of both.

The season at Covent Garden commenced on the 2nd of April not very brilliantly with Bellini's *Norma*, an opera which old though it be, must always prove attractive for one or two representations from the undying freshness of its melodies, and the unaffected charm and grace of its instrumentation. The part of the Druid priestess was represented by Madame Maria Vilda. The very marked sensation created by the magnificent voice of this lady on her *début* last year is well remembered, and it was hoped that in other characters she might evince some possession of that dramatic instinct, the entire absence of which in her first essay was so unmistakably evident. Her subsequent appearances, however, in *Il Trovatore* and *Lucrezia Borgia* failed to sustain the impression which her Norma had made, for in the first of the above-mentioned operas, she proved to be scarcely up to the mark, in the second many degrees below it. Madame Vilda on her return this year was so coldly received, that, after one or two nights, she withdrew from the theatre, and has since confined her efforts to the concert-room, an arena for which, in the opinion of all, her powers are best adapted. The house then was left dependent upon the exertions of the two other *prime donne assolute* Mdlles. Patti and Lucca, occasionally assisted by Mesdames Fricci-Baraldi and Lemmens-Sherrington. In all that Mdlle. Patti has done this season she has fully sustained, and in her latest effort has very materially advanced, her reputation. It is true that the *physique* of this charming singer, and her voice, essentially a *soprano leggiero*, render her unequal to the highest line of *opera seria* parts; but within her own branch of the repertory she is without a rival, as an expressive and perfectly finished vocalist, while to cite one *rôle* alone, that of Giulietta in M. Gounod's newest opera, she has shown herself to be thoroughly imbued with the truest instincts as an actress. The exquisite pathos and intense feeling of Mdlle. Patti's performance in this opera, down to its minutest particulars, surprised even her greatest admirers, and will live long in the memory of those who witnessed it. Mdlle. Lucca has maintained her ascendency over that large section of the public who are willing to accept beauty of person and dramatic fervour as equivalents for a faulty vocal method, and a want of executive finish. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington has shown herself, as heretofore, a zealous and diligent artist, always to be relied upon, and on one occasion, the second performance of *Don Carlos*, of real service to her manager, when, in consequence of the illness of Mdlle. Lucca, she was called upon to supply her place, and acquitted herself without even the advantage of a rehearsal, to her entire credit and the perfect satisfaction of the audience. Madame Fricci-Baraldi is another most useful member of the company, who, if she manifests no striking genius, at least shows real enthusiasm for her art and who, at any rate, must always prove satisfactory to connoisseurs from the purity and finish of her vocalisation. Of Mdlle. Morensi it is sufficient to say that she is quite inadequate to occupy the post of leading contralto of a theatre of such pretensions as Covent Garden, whilst Mdlle. Leonora Nau, a very young, very pretty, and well trained *débutante* with a soprano of sweet but thread-paper quality, may be dismissed with the remark that at present she has not power for so large a house. The *seconde donne* were utterly inefficient. With regard to *tenori* Mr. Gye's troupe has not been strong. The graceful presence, the high bred demeanour, and consummate artistic skill of Mario, cannot, with all their fascination, conceal the utter decay of his vocal powers; and Signor Naudin, who shared with him the duties of leading tenor, has been singing with all his wonted carefulness and ultra-elaboration of style, but without the slightest charm. Signor Neri Baraldi has once more to be acknowledged as an excellent second tenor; and a word of praise must be accorded to a new arrival from Spain, Signor Marino, as a thoroughly competent representative of such small parts as Bucklaw, Don Alvar, etc. In the department of *bassi* and *baritoni*, allowing for the absence of Ronconi, histrionically an irreparable loss, Covent Garden has been exceedingly powerful; Signors Graziani, Tagliafico, Polonini, Capponi, Attri and Ciampi (the last the drollest of *buffi*) have all, in their respective lines, done justice to the characters assigned to them. In addition to these were some strangers, a Frenchman, M. Petit, summoned to supply the place of M. Faure, who, if he by no means effaced the memory of that creditable singer, has at any rate shown himself to be a useful and painstaking artist; Signor Cotogni, a baritone much thought of in Italy, who, despite the perpetual *tremolo* which disfigured his otherwise excellent singing, in the main justified his southern reputation; lastly Signor Bagagiolo, in whom, as a *basso profondo* with a magnificent organ and a very fine method, a valuable acquisition was at once recognised. The orchestra and chorus (with certain restrictions) the *mise-en-scène* and general stage management were as complete as ever, but the *répertoire* was less varied than usual and it was remarked that several works such as *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, and others, the execution of which had so greatly conduced to the early reputation of the theatre, besides some lighter compositions of Rossini and Donizetti, in which Mdlle. Patti had been found so charming, were this year conspicuous only by their absence. But assuredly the leading feature of the late season at Covent Garden was the production of *Don Carlos* and *Romeo e Giulietta*, the latest works of Signor Verdi and M. Gounod, who, whatever their respective merits as musicians, are unquestionably the most popular composers of the present time, and it reflects the highest credit on the director, Mr. Gye, that he has placed both on the stage with a magnificence and completeness which it would be impossible to excel in any subventioned continental opera-house; indeed the lavish splendour, the historical accuracy, and the exquisite taste displayed in the mounting of all new operas at Covent Garden have truly caused that theatre, in the matter of scenic decoration, to stand alone.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened late in April. The prospectus had been long in making its appearance, and rumours were in circulation of financial embarrassments, which would render it impossible for the lessee to open at all. When at length issued, the programme for the season was found, though even more diffuse and self-laudatory than that of the rival house (if that were possible) to be interesting and liberal in every respect, although from its very length impracticable in the working out. The theatre opened with Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, an opera the perennial beauty and freshness of which was never more thoroughly realized than upon its revival at both houses this season, and if occasionally more powerfully cast in individual instances, it has seldom been performed with more general and even excellence, whilst certainly it has never been more heartily enjoyed than upon the opening night of "the Old House." A great change had been effected in the interior by the absorption of the stage-boxes, and the advancement of the proscenium several feet, an arrangement by which increased depth and width were gained for the stage without materially affecting the proportions of the *salle*. The alteration was universally admitted to be an improvement; but it was remarked that the scenery used for the stock operas of the repertory, having been painted for the stage in its former condition, could not be stretched out to cover an area of double its previous dimensions, and consequently the effect produced by the *mise en scène* on most nights of performance was singularly bare and ludicrous. The season then had commenced well, but the opening night was seemingly no reflection of triumphs to come; the tide of popularity had set in enormously for "the house over the way." Covent Garden was always full, Her Majesty's Theatre as invariably empty. Mdlle. Tietjens was as it appeared the only *prima donna* forthcoming, and for her *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, and other masterpieces of the German school were successively given, to say nothing of a revival with some care and cost of one of Signor Verdi's earlier works, *I Lombardi*, long since forgotten in England, and which was speedily consigned to that oblivion from which, judging by the result, it should never have been recalled. But a spell seemed to hang over the fortunes of the theatre; neither the operas nor the singer drew; the former had lost their attraction, the latter her novelty. For Mdlle. Tietjens had been made too common; the old fable of the goose with the golden eggs had found another forcible illustration in the instance of this great singer and her manager. Ever since Mdlle.

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Tietjens first appeared in London, now some ten seasons ago, she has been remorselessly overworked; not only has she had to fulfil her customary duties in the theatre, which for various reasons have been more than ordinarily arduous and exacting, but in addition, what with concerts, morning operas, provincial tours, supplementary performances at cheap prices after the close of the regular season, and similar ones for two or three nights here and there during the winter, she has scarcely been allowed one moment for repose or artistic cultivation. And now the result of this exhausting system seems have been keenly felt by the director, for at a time when the name and talents of this transcendant, and in some respects incomparable, artist were of vital importance to the house, their value as a source of profit was, to all appearance, gone. In spite of the commendations lavishly bestowed by the press, the curtain rose each night to "a beggarly account of empty boxes" and a corresponding attendance in other parts of the house. The gloomiest anticipations were rife, and, indeed, the season would probably have been brought to a premature close, had it not been for the pecuniary relief afforded by the holders of property-boxes, and by the different librarians. On Saturday, the 10th June, however, matters took a happier turn. It was on that evening that a long and anxiously expected *débutante*, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, with whose praises, during the last two years, all Paris had been ringing, for the first time confronted an English audience, and of whom it may fairly be said that she at once took all London by storm. It is not necessary, or indeed possible, in these circumscribed limits to follow her consecutive appearances in detail. That so interesting and delightful a singer, one so eminently winning in every quality, vocal and histrionic, should achieve a legitimate success here, had never been a matter of doubt to any who previously were watching her progress on the Continent. As she had been accustomed, however, to the comparatively small arena of the Théâtre-Lyrique, it had seemed uncertain whether her voice, which is not a powerful one, would prove to be of sufficient volume for so large a house as the opera in the Haymarket. But the first night's trial set any such fears very speedily at rest, and during the remainder of the season Mdlle. Nilsson established a legitimate triumph for every new part which she undertook; her Violetta in *La Traviata* was pronounced a charming and refined version of that most repulsive character, although exception might justly have been taken to her dress and *coiffure* in the last act, as being far too elaborate and careful for a girl represented in the last agonies of consumption; in the opera of *Faust* there was a gentleness and poetry in her embodiment of Marguerite hitherto undeveloped by any other representative of the part; while as Elvira in *Don Giovanni* she succeeded in rendering attractive and interesting one who had always been held to be the most unattractive and uninteresting of operatic heroines. Her two last assumptions, Martha and Astrafiammante (*Il Flauto Magico*), were no less triumphant, the former indeed being considered by many as her best effort, the latter as fully justifying the raptures which it had excited in the French capital. Mdlle. Nilsson's voice, as has been said, is not powerful, but it is exquisitely pure and sympathetic, endowed, too, with all the freshness of youth, while her method of singing indicates unmistakably careful training in the best school; when to these qualities are added a rare personal loveliness, and a modest self-possession of manner when on the stage, as much removed from the awkwardness of inexperience as from the confidence too frequently accompanying mediocrity, the fascination which she exercises upon her auditors may be readily understood. From that time to the end of the season the course of Her Majesty's Theatre was as brilliant as its warmest adherents could desire. Among other noticeable events was the production of *La Forza del Destino*, Signor Verdi's last opera but one, which, notwithstanding that it contained music of real beauty and originality, was prevented by the absurdity of the story from achieving more than a mere *succès d'estime*; as a vehicle however for exhibiting the talents of the majority of the troupe in combination, it was found interesting; Tietjens, Trebelli, Santley, Gassier, Rokitansky, Hohler and Mongini, all appearing to more or less advantage in the various characters. Another event of no small interest was the revival of *Don Giovanni*, with, as has been stated above, Nilsson in the part of Elvira, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* cast as in the preceding year. The reproduction of this great work was rendered of more than ordinary importance by the splendour of the mounting, the scenery and dresses being new and copied from designs used for the Grand Opéra, Paris. The whole of the company took part in the first *finale*, a proof of loyalty honourable to all, however superfluous in a theatre possessing such unrivalled choral resources. The general execution was among the finest heard in London of late years, but the Donna Anna of Tietjens deserves special mention as being from first to last of a dignity and grandeur probably never excelled by any of her predecessors. Subsequently the same composer's enchanting *Flauto Magico* was given (on the last night of the subscription) when Tietjens, as Pamina, proved herself to be by far the truest representative of the part yet heard on the Italian stage in England. The one performance of Cherubini's *Medea* on an extra night at the very close of the season, in which Signor Mongini so strikingly distinguished himself as fully to share the honours of the evening with Tietjens, whose performance of the Colchian priestess is very generally admitted to be one of her greatest achievements, aroused universal regret among musicians that this noble and too little known work had not been heard earlier in the summer. This was the last "circumstance" of the season which terminated on the following Saturday. Mr Mapleson's company, notwithstanding the absence of one or two of its promised members, has been this year as powerful as ever. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, whose wild and fantastic talent had during the two previous seasons, excited so much attention, failed, it is true, to fulfil her engagement, but her place was more than supplied by Mdlle. Nilsson, who indeed may be said to have fairly driven her predecessor out of the field. Madame Trebelli has again shown herself to be without an equal among contralto singers of the day, and in addition, one of the very few who possess the will and the power to sing Rossini's music according to the text. Such will and ability however had to be confined to the concert-room, not one of that composer's operas having been given this year at Her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Demeric Lablache also did good service in smaller parts for the same calibre of voice. Mdlle. Sinico was found, as usual, the most useful and versatile member of the company, ready apparently at a moment's notice with any part, great or small, in the operatic repertory. Mdlle. Baumeister proved a graceful and improving *comprimaria*, and in one instance, by her successful mastery of the very trying *scena* allotted to Dirce in the opera of *Medea*, something more. A Madame Giacconi who sang for one or two nights in *Lucrezia Borgia*, although by no means without merit, is not qualified to hold any position of importance in London. Mdlles. Martelli and Eracleo vanished as soon as they came; but another subsidiary artist, Madame Corsi, was found to be an efficient and meritorious *seconda donna*. Mr Mapleson, like Mr Gye, has been deficient in the department of *tenori*. The name of Mongini would seem a tower of strength, but the powers of this great singer were more or less impaired during the greater part of the season by illness, and though he rallied on some nights (the performances of *Medea*, for instance) his voice was in general fatigued and uncertain. Gardoni is as finished and correct as ever, but a professional career of more than twenty years has left its impress upon a voice which even in its best days was always delicate rather than powerful. Mr Hohler is at present merely a pleasing amateur, and Signor Tasca an exemplification of the adage, *vox et præterea nihil*. Among the *bassi*, &c.—Gassier, Bossi, Foli, and Rokitansky have all sustained their former reputation. Mr Santley has, if possible, added to it, as one who is never content to stand still in his art, albeit already taking rank among the finest baritone singers of this or any other time. A new-comer, Signor Pandolfini, who in Italy is esteemed as a really admirable artist, was undeservedly slighted here; he had no chance, indeed, in a theatre where Mr. Santley, in all respects his superior, is so firmly established. The minor characters of the different operas were adequately filled. No praise is too great for the orchestra which, under the skilful and vigilant direction of Arditi, becomes each season more thoroughly disciplined. The chorus is probably unsurpassed in Europe. In the way of ballet, the only production, a pretty but very slight divertissement, *Les Nymphes*, was a melancholy reflection of bygone choregraphic glories, only serving to prove how entirely this once favourite amusement had fallen into disuse.

Such is the summary of the opera season. At both houses it is understood to have been so far successful, that at Covent Garden the immense preliminary subscription, at Her Majesty's Theatre the large nightly receipts subsequent to the appearance of Nilsson have prevented any actual loss; but it is more than doubtful whether either has realised anything like a profit. Up to a certain time the attendance at the former was very great, but on the arrival of the new star at the rival house the receipts sensibly diminished, and it was stated, upon good authority, that the production of *Don Carlos* entailed directly and indirectly a loss of £10,000. At Her Majesty's Theatre the loss sustained during the first part of the season must have fully absorbed the gains cleared during the latter portion of it, so that the chances of remuneration for either manager seem to have been very small, and that the two Italian theatres, as at present constituted, cannot much longer co-exist, is now pretty clear to all those who have paid any attention to their history during the last twenty years. But there is no reason why, under different regulations, both should not be carried on with at least a fair chance of success. That a taste and appreciation for good music have been very widely diffused in London of late years is sufficiently proved by the immense increase of public concerts, and by the improved character of their programmes, in addition to which during those seasons, when, through the temporary close of Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden has been the only first-class Italian Opera in the field, performances have been given in that theatre on five, and frequently six nights every week, to houses invariably crowded, a fact which seems to make it sufficiently evident, that if two operas are more than London can support, a nightly one is at any rate not only a desideratum but even a necessity. However, supposing Her Majesty's definitely closed, to keep open house at the other theatre on every night of the week is anything but desirable or even possible if Covent Garden is to maintain its reputation; for that reputation was in a great measure created and sustained by the unrivalled finish and excellence of the orchestral and choral departments, both of which have sensibly deteriorated during the last few seasons, on account of the immense strain put upon them by the additional performances and consequent heavy increase of work, which has entailed, moreover, the services of a second conductor, M. Sainton, to occupy the place of Mr Costa on such nights as he may be unable to attend, an arrangement which must ever necessarily create a certain amount of confusion even in the best disciplined orchestra. The companies of both houses, it is true, having been proportionately increased, the amount of extra work does not refer to the leading singers, but the subsidiary artists, the band and chorus have frequently to toil through the labours of a morning rehearsal, the fatigue and exhaustion of which can only be understood by those who have witnessed one, and then within a very few hours return with exhausted powers and energies to their posts for the evening's opera. It may be, and indeed has been urged that having to pay the salaries of the singers engaged, the theatres must be opened as many nights as possible, in order that the additional receipts may meet the increased expenditure entailed. This is well, as far as it goes, but the result has not hitherto shown that the argument is a good one; for the *habitués* affirm that the entertainment is becoming vulgarised, and the librarians, through whom the nightly lettings are in large part transacted, complain, with good reason, that in this way they do not receive adequate return for their preliminary subscriptions, and that instead of, as formerly, taking their boxes and stalls for three nights a week, they are compelled by the directors to take them either for *five* nights or not at all, and that whilst the appetite for operatic music has *not* increased in proportion, they have to pay the managers at a much higher rate than before without a corresponding demand from their customers. Consequently, setting aside the individual gains and losses of the directors, the librarians, who are in a pecuniary sense the main supporters of the opera in England, have to consider themselves fortunate if they get through the season without actual loss, or at best with profits much diminished from what they once were. And since the establishment of a second Italian opera, the rival managers have more and more during successive years adopted the principle of engaging as many singers of continental celebrity as possible, not so much with the view of employing their services, as in order to prevent their appearance at the other theatre, and so heavy sums have to be paid to artists for whom there is often no occupation, whilst much capital has thus been wasted, which would otherwise have served to carry on the season and to provide for unforeseen losses. As for the tyranny exercised by the leading artists over their managers, as soon as their position has become confirmed, and they see that they are indispensable to the theatre, their jealousy of newer singers, their unwillingness to study new parts, and their tenacity of "rights prescriptive" in the allotment of old ones, all these have long been matters of notoriety. To give only one instance: Madame Viardot-Garcia, one of the greatest and most consummate lyric artists of her day, never succeeded in obtaining the due recognition of her great genius in England, from the fact that many of her finest *rôles* were already monopolised by the then ruling *prima donna* of the theatre at which she appeared.

Another source of complaint is the large tariff of admission to the opera-houses in London, which debars all but the wealthier classes from the gratification of their favourite amusement. On this score the directors are not to blame; the salaries exacted by the singers are so enormous, that in order to meet them they are obliged to maintain the prices of seats at their present high level. The taste for Italian opera has, during the last thirty years, become so extended, and the competition for singers consequently so great, that if they were unable to obtain from English managers the terms they demand they would easily procure them in the large European capitals, or in America; therefore the opera must retain its position by compliance with the exorbitant demands of the artists, or collapse; for a second rate Italian theatre would never be tolerated in a city (the most civilised in the world) which has so long accustomed itself to one, and frequently two, of the first rank. Other abuses connected with the management of both houses are far more easy of remedy, such as the practice of forcing some hackneyed work on the *habitués* for several subscription nights, and reserving the production of novelties for extra nights, or more frequently postponing them until the end of the season, when the regular opera frequenters have for the most part left town. For the first of these practices Mr Mapleson should be especially censured, for the second Mr Gye has already been severely criticised, and it is only fair to him to add that his last season has in this respect proved an exception to many of the preceding ones.

The system of cheap nights (originally founded at Covent Garden when first opened as an opera house, and discontinued, to his credit be it stated, by Mr Gye in the early days of his accession to proprietorship), was adopted during the latter period of his reign at Her Majesty's Theatre by Mr Lumley, and tended more than anything to lower his establishment in the opinion of its aristocratic supporters. It was adopted on the principle, that as the artists were engaged up to a certain date and were to be paid whether employed or not, the theatre must be kept open somehow after "the upper ten thousand" had left town, and would draw larger receipts at a rate of admission low enough to attract the masses than by continuing the usual high prices to reduced audiences. Mr Mapleson has followed the example, and in addition has opened the house for a few nights at intervals during the August with a small company formed of those singers who were "starring" in the provinces, combined with such members of the orchestra and chorus as could be brought together in the dates intervening between their engagements at the different country towns. Her Majesty's Theatre has thus come to be regarded as appealing to two separate classes of society, and as being conducted with two different aims in view. Now, no theatre, if it has not the character of being managed upon one definite principle, can ever hope to obtain *for any length of time, the foremost place in the estimation of the public*; and hence its reputation has in this way been lowered. Moreover during the last few years at both Operas the practice cannot be too strongly condemned of issuing prospectuses at the beginning of the season far different in their tone from the more moderate programmes of old times, and which, brilliant and interesting enough on paper, are, nevertheless, from their extreme length and magnitude, clearly impossible of fulfilment.

But one evil has accumulated upon another, and it is undeniable that the whole system of operatic management in London needs to be re-considered and altered, if the present lessees are to occupy much longer their "pride of place." As has been pointed out, two operas every night are neither profitable nor necessary; one is certainly to be desired. The orchestra and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre during the last six seasons, thanks to the industry and talent of Signor Arditi, have been worked up to a point of discipline only if at all inferior to those of Covent Garden in so much as they are by a few years newer and less experienced. Their dispersion and that of the large number of *employés* belonging to the theatre and who are dependent upon its existence for their livelihood, would cause an amount of distress little short of a metropolitan calamity. Let both directors then, abandoning the useless rivalry which has hitherto so much actuated their plan of management, and which can only eventually terminate in the downfall of one or both, come to some honourable understanding to open their houses on three alternate nights of the week, reducing the size and consequently the expense of their troupes proportionately to the diminished number of the performances. It is only fair to suppose that a system by which three full audiences weekly at both Operas could be counted upon would in the end prove more lucrative than the present plan of opening each house four, five, or six nights in the week to uncertain numbers of attendance and with heavy liabilities to meet at the end of the season. Sooner or later this method of carrying on the two houses must, I firmly believe, be adopted; how much better then that it should be adopted by the present managers to whom, in spite of these drawbacks, the public is so greatly indebted, than for new speculators hereafter to step in and reap the fruits of their predecessors' experience and ruin.

The above suggestions have been advanced in the most friendly spirit, without prejudice to either theatre and with the best wishes for the prosperity of both. In conclusion let their due tribute of praise be given to Mr Gye and Mr Mapleson. During a long and uninterrupted career of management Mr Gye has most justly earned the respect and esteem of all. His course, though outwardly brilliant, has not been without its reverses, and those occasionally heavy ones; but the man who could surmount such a misfortune as the utter destruction of his immense theatre with all its attendant scenery, dresses, and properties, the accumulations of many seasons, and, subsequently, by his own individual exertions, replace it with a building the like of which, for vastness, splendour and luxurious accommodation London has yet to see, has indeed shewn himself to be endowed with a fixedness of purpose and an energy of character probably without a parallel in the annals of theatrical management. And a word for Mr Mapleson whose office has been indeed no sinecure. He came to a theatre which from a variety of causes had fallen not only into neglect but disrepute, and the boxes and stalls of which, as is well known, are so alienated as to interfere materially with the nightly receipts. He had to form a company, orchestra, and chorus, worthy of the rank which the Haymarket Opera had held, and was to hold again among the lyric theatres of Europe. Under the pressure of a heavy rent, and other drawbacks for which he has been in no way answerable, Mr Mapleson has not only accomplished all this, but even more; for if he has not entirely succeeded in regaining for his house that exclusive popularity among the highest class of society which Covent Garden so undoubtedly enjoys, he has at least restored it to credit, respectability, and (in some extent) to fashion, while by steadily persevering in the production of new works, and the revival of many classical masterpieces long since forgotten, he has advanced the reputation of Her Majesty's Theatre among the *dilettanti* and lovers of the best description of operatic music, to a summit, which, within the memory of the present generation, at least, it had never previously attained. The presentment of such operas as Cherubini's *Medea*, Gluck's *Iphigenia*, and the *Flauto Magico* and *Seraglio* of Mozart, speak for themselves; while by introducing M. Gounod's *Faust* to a London audience, he not only added to the *répertoire* an opera which speedily became the most popular of the day, but was thus the original means of bringing that composer's music to a juster appreciation and notice in this country. Mr Mapleson has had, from the outset, no ordinary difficulties to contend with, and in overcoming them he has manifested a courage, determination, and, yet more, an enthusiasm for his occupation worthy of all praise; and therefore, whilst noticing his shortcomings it would be worse than unjust not to bestow upon his merits that approbation which is, indeed, so eminently their due.

Tregullow, August 1867. M. W.

A MUSICAL SCENE AT KILLARNEY.—Wednesday night Professor Glover gave an entertainment in the Young Men's Society Hall which had until recently been a Catholic church. The tourists and townspeople were, of course, glad of an evening's amusement of this class, and English visitors expected considerable enjoyment from hearing Irish melodies well rendered. The hall was crowded, particularly the gallery, to which admission, very properly, was only 3d. Professor Glover commenced his lecture a little after eight o'clock, and the substance of his address, as well as the instrumental and vocal illustrations, were all that could be desired, if it were not that the whole pleasure derivable from these was marred by two or three blemishes. Every melody played on the harmonium was "timed" with the feet of five hundred individuals so loudly that no one could hear the music. This was evident from the fact that even when the music ceased the "timing" of it was continued by those hundreds who had all through only heard the inharmonious sounds of their own brogues. Professor Glover said his great object was to illustrate our beautiful national melodies. I suppose he did not think himself that the "timing" illustrated Moore. The audience would have ceased this vulgar "timing" if they had been requested, but, inasmuch as the Professor indicated in several ways that it was rather pleasing to him, they increased the noise as the evening advanced. The result was that the national character which I looked upon with more jealousy than the national melodies, was being damaged in the eyes of strangers, and thus unnecessarily so because one word from Professor Glover could have brought the roughest of the gallery audience to order, as our Irish people are always courteous and respectful to any one entertaining them or addressing them. Another defect in the arrangements was that while there were front and back seats in the programmes and in the price received by the Professor himself at the door, yet any class got up to front seats when the entertainment commenced. One half-drunken fellow in rags got up even beside the harmonium on the platform, which used to be the altar steps, and lay down on his back at full length drumming the boards with his heels in "time" with the music. Next to this character a young lad of about 14 years of age, threw himself and lighted his pipe and smoked. Between these two, in front of the first-class seats, did Professor Glover deliver his lecture and perform his illustrations on the harmonium, while some hundreds of pipes puffed their smoke through the entire house and double as many hundred feet almost tramped down the floors. One gentleman said aloud—"The whole thing is a burlesque," and indeed I must admit that he was not far from the truth. Now as Professor Glover is an Irishman with a thorough knowledge of the people and with, I know, a desire that their character should stand fair before the world—why should he not use such an opportunity as Wednesday night last presented to rather repress than encourage rough and uncouth habits? If he had said at the opening or at any time afterwards something to this effect—"While I am playing and singing I hope you will make no noise with your feet, or otherwise. Reserve all applause for the close of any piece you like, and then clap away; but let us have dead silence while I am playing such pieces as 'The harp of Tara' and 'Brian Boroihme's March;' and let me also ask you not to light pipes or smoke in the house as that is not gentlemanly or polite." If he had said this and added that the building had recently been their place of worship and the cross which stood over the altar then had not yet been removed, the Professor would have had an orderly and well conducted an audience as any town could produce. But as it was the whole proceedings were "burlesque," and our national melodies and national character both lost considerably by the evening's "entertainment." As I looked at the audience and thought of what minds there were there to be influenced and fitted to fight life's battles, I deeply regretted that a large hall like that and opportunities such as they offered were not often used for the purposes of making those young people there assembled better prepared for all life's duties and struggles. Without underrating in the least all that is done by all classes of theologians in Ireland to fit our people for the next world, I hold that there is great neglect on all hands in fitting the people for their duties in this world.—*Irish Times.*

MUNICH.—Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been at length produced with a new *mise-en-scène*, and several alterations made by the composer in the music. The singers, the orchestra, and the chorus as well as the conductor Dr Hans von Bülow exerted themselves to the utmost to make the performance go off brilliantly.—There has been a collision at the Operahouse between Dr Hans von Bülow, the conductor, and Herr Golinelli, the ballet-master. The latter said that, on account of the inappropriate character of the music, it was impossible to arrange any ballet for *Tannhäuser*. The consequence was that on the following day Lucile Grahn was appointed ballet-mistress, and Herr Golinelli threw up his engagement, which had still a year to run, and left this town for Vienna.—It is said that Herr Franz Lachner has asked permission to retire.

DRESDEN.—Herr Niemann has been singing here with great success

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The Musical World.
LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

YR EISTEDDFOD

CARMARTHEN, *Sept.* 5.

As it is always a good and healthy thing to get back to first principles, so it is interesting and instructive to trace great institutions to their sources. If what has been said in my hearing be true I have lighted in this quaint and ancient abode of the Cymry upon the parent of the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Said an enthusiastic Welshman the other day, "One Eisteddfod contains the germ of the English House of Commons." I mean to believe him—so long as I am in Wales. But however my faith may be shaken when I get beyond the border, there can be no doubt about the antiquity of the gathering now taking place, and of the important part that Eisteddfodau (I hope this attempt at the plural is right) have played in the history of the Principality. If it were necessary I could take the reader back into the very dim past, and point out to him the faintly outlined forms of princes and bards, almost as mythical as King Arthur and Merlin, who have distinguished themselves at these tournaments of poetry and music. I could tell him of rites and ceremonies, becoming enough then, little more than burlesque now; of the various grades through which the aspirants had to pass, and of the qualifications (as unintelligible as unpronounceable) they were expected to possess. But all this is unnecessary. Everybody has more or less of romance in his composition, and everybody has used it more or less upon this subject. One imagining may be as good as another—perhaps better; so let each picture for himself the past Eisteddfodau while I turn to the present.

In a field adjoining the Priory Road, of what I must again call this quaint and ancient town, there stands a huge wooden building, circular in shape and capable of holding some 6,000 persons. That is the location of the Eisteddfod. Let it be remarked, however, that such an edifice, as indeed any edifice at all, is a concession to the weakness of modern degenerate men. At the Eisteddfodau of old the peaceful contests were carried on in the open air with a supreme contempt for weather which in those days was only equalled by a supreme indifference to dirt. Now the Cymri carry umbrellas on their native hills, and pick their way through mud and squeamishness which it is well the grim bards of former times did not live to see. For these reasons, the building—or as it is called here, the Pavilion—stands, and affords what shelter is possible in it—which is not much as regards rain. Should the curious and unlearned visitor stray to the rear of the Pavilion he will come upon a large circle of stones, having in the centre a mass of granite bigger than the rest. He will wonder what it means, and find on enquiry how that circle is of vastly more significance than the wooden erection close by. There is the consecrated ground, the place of the Gorsedd (whatever that may be), and there on Tuesday last at noon precisely a herald—[illegible] Morganwg the name of him—standing on the central stone, proclaimed to all whom it concerned, that the Eisteddfod of 1867 was opened. Around him and within the ring around in their order stood the bards Nefydd, Iago Emlyn, Gwilym Tawe, [illegible], Cynddelw, Llew Llwyfo, Gohebydd, Gwilym Mai, Lleurwg, Tydfylyn, and others of their brethren, while outside was an interested throng all profoundly impressed with the serious business in hand. The proclamation over, Alltud Eifion, Cynddelw and Teilo recited poetry which, alas for me, was utterly unintelligible; and when they had finished everybody adjourned to the Pavilion to carry out the programme of the day.

I ought to have told in its proper place how Carmarthen has burst into colour in honour of the Eisteddfod. Its normal aspect would gladden the eyes of a country churchwarden, so abundant and so very white is the whitewash. From the window at which I write there are visible not a few whitewashed roofs, and in one street I came upon the standing trunk of an old tree which had been subjected in common with everything else to the lime brush. Usually, therefore, the appearance of Carmarthen must be somewhat monotonous; but all through this week its narrow streets present vistas on which the eye of a painter would rest lovingly. Triumphal arches, floral devices, flags, and festoons are everywhere, making up, with the animated crowd below them, a very pretty scene. I ought also to have told how on Tuesday a procession was formed at the Town Hall, and marched to the Gorsedd with all the state and dignity Carmarthen could muster. There were the usual police officers to clear the way; fierce looking fellows in helmets and moustaches; there were lusty players upon brass instruments (will it be believed by distant Cymry that they blew a Saxon blast); there were the Mayor and civic authorities in robes of state, with sword and mace; there were councillors and committee men with silver leeks in their coats; there were bards wearing the emblems of their rank; and after these in order the also fresh-looking Welsh lassies of the Eisteddfod chorus; then came the Oddfellows, with banners and insignia; and, lastly, the Foresters and other strangely named benefit societies. Thus were the week's proceedings inaugurated.

Inside the Pavilion, when the Gorsedd broke up, the people had congregated by thousands and their cheering as the President (D. Pugh, Esq., M.P.) took his seat in the huge old fashioned chair, foreshadowed the enthusiasm of the after proceedings. Everybody having imitated Mr Pugh's example and settled down (except the bearers of the civic emblems, who stood behind the Mayor till they dropped from exhaustion), a trumpeter tried to perform a fanfare, and signally failed; then came the National Anthem, most hideously executed by a brass band, and then the President stood up to speak. His oration, given in English, was short and sensible, though intensely patriotic. I do not mean to report it, because a "Roaring Lion" is waiting for me, otherwise Llew Llwyfo, a famous and popular bard of these regions, who came forward to sing the Welsh song known to Saxons as "Cambria's Holiday." Very badly he sang it; but as the "Roaring Lion" will roar again, I shall pass him over now to speak of the capital style in which everybody joined in the chorus. Nothing more than this was needed to show how musical a people the Welsh are, and how extensively the elements of the art are cultivated. The effect of the multitude of voices, keeping excellent time, and singing very generally in parts, was absolutely impressive, and formed, to me at least, one of the striking features in the proceedings.

Next came the adjudication of the various prizes, much of which business I can afford to neglect, there being sufficient for my purpose of a purely musical nature. The competition of the female performance on the pianoforte, in other words, "Gystadleuaeth Benywaidd ar y Berdoneg," brought out four or five candidates, who showed their powers before Mr B. Richards, the judge. That gentleman had an easy task, since a Miss Lizzie Moulding of Castle Bailey Street, Swansea, was immeasurably in advance of all her rivals. Though only fourteen years of age, she played a fantasia on Verdi's "La Traviata" with an executive skill and with a feeling and expression which proved her to be a real artist. Let any one who wishes to enjoy the honour of helping to develop uncommon natural gifts note her address. The next musical proceeding was to have been a choral competition for six guineas and a silver medal, the test piece being Mr B. Richards's madrigal, "Ye little birds," and the judge Mr Henry Leslie, than whom none more worthy. Unfortunately Mr Leslie could not get the competitors together. In vain the two masters of the ceremonies thundered from the platform and threatened to pass over the affair altogether; as well might they have summoned spirits from the vasty deep. At last, however, Mr Leslie managed to catch one leader and

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his following (it turned out that the others were detained on the railway somewhere), and these were put through their paces singing well enough to deserve the prize. Mr B. Richards then performed a selection from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," which the audience did not seem to understand; and then a young man played a solo on the triple harp, for which he received £10, by adjudication of Pencerdd Gwalia (Mr John Thomas). There would have been a competition, but—tell it not in Gath—only this North Welshman came forward. Shades of the bards of old, it is to be hoped ye know nothing of modern degeneracy, else would ye fill the Elysian Fields with lamentations. Only one triple harpist at a national Eisteddfod! Alack the day! Next came forward Annie Edmonds, late of Swansea, now happily of London, who sang "Gwenith Gwyn" very sweetly, thus filling up the blank made by the absence of Edith Wynne; after which there was a choral competition for £10 10s., and a silver medal. This time Mr H. Leslie managed to catch two choirs and duly pitted them one against the other. Both sang very well, but that from Merthyr did best, carrying off the medal and half the money. Imagine a contest of brass bands! Horrible to relate, that infliction came next, and two sets of strong lunged and strong armed Welshmen from Aberaman and Carmarthen respectively brayed and banged their best. Messrs Leslie and Richards were the judges, and a pretty mess they made of it, in the estimation of the Carmarthen bandmaster, to whom they awarded the second prize. "I decline to receive it, and I protest against the decision," said that enraged musician, whereupon the audience cried "Turn him out," and the conductor called the next item on the list. Penillion singing followed, a dreary business, which Welshmen tell me was very imperfectly done, although a famous representative from Mona had come expressly to take part in it. Last of all Owain Alaw sang a song, the audience joining in the chorus, and then, amid hearty cheering, the first sitting of the Eisteddfod broke up.

There was a concert in the evening, the programme of which I give entire, that a correct idea may be formed as to its character:—

PART I.

1. Introductory Chorus, "Yr Awen" ("To the Muse")	John Thomas.
2. Aria, "La Pastorella"—Miss Edmonds	Rossini.
3. Song, "The Mill Wheel"—Mr Lewis Thomas	Weber.
4. Grand Fantasia (Pianoforte) on "Welsh Airs," "March of the Men of Harlech"—Mr B. Richards	B. Richards.
5. Songs, "The Bird and the Maiden," "Pack clouds away"—Miss Edith Wynne (Clarionet Obligato—Mr Lazarus)	Spohr G. A. Macfarren.
6. Song, "Sound an alarm"—Mr W. H. Cummings	Handel.
7. Fantasia (Harp), "Pensive and Joyous"—Mr John Thomas	John Thomas.
8. Song, "Scenes of my youth"—Madame Patey-Whytock (Harp Accompaniment—Mr John Thomas)	Benedict.
9. Quartet, "Un di, si ben rammento mi"—Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas	Verdi.
10. Chorus, "Yr Haf"	W. Griffiths.

PART II.

1. Chorus, "Sweet day so cool"	B. Richards.
2. Air, "Deep in a forest dell"—Miss Edmonds	John Barnett.
3. Song, "I'm a roamer"—Mr Lewis Thomas	Mendelssohn.
4. Grand Duo (Pianoforte and Clarionet), "Andante and Rondo"—Mr B. Richards and Mr Lazarus	Weber.
5. Song, "Tell me, my heart"—Miss Edith Wynne (Harp Accompaniment—Mr John Thomas)	Bishop.
6. Song, "Annabelle Lee"—Mr W. H. Cummings	H. Leslie.
7. Grand Studio (Harp), "Imitazione del Mandolino"—Mr John Thomas	Alvars.
8. Song, "The Ship Boy's Letter"—Madame Patey-Whytock	V. Gabriel.
9. Duet, "La ci darem"—Miss Edith Wynne and Mr Lewis Thomas	Mozart.
10. Finale, "God save the Queen"—Solo, Miss Edmonds	Dr Bull.

Everything in the first part was encored, and, doubtless, everything in the second would have shared the same fate had not prompt measures been taken to avert the calamity. The huge and noisy audience admired the ladies' singing immensely (Madame Patey-Whytock, though a Saxon, being from the first a great favourite), as they did, in a scarcely less degree, that of Pencerdd Gwffyn (Mr Lewis Thomas), Mr W. H. Cummings, and the harp playing of Pencerdd Gwalia. Mr Lazarus and his clarionet were novelties of a doubtful nature. However, the experiment of bringing them down here turned out to be a successful one, the best proof of which is that the audience listened all through Weber's duet, although it might be urged that a man within sound of our famous player is like the wedding guest in the *Ancient Mariner*—he cannot choose but hear.

On Wednesday there was another procession to the Pavilion, of shorn dimensions, and another immense attendance of enthusiastic natives. Music again figured largely in the programme, the chief features being a competition of male performers on the piano, for a silver medal; a choral competition for £30 and a gold medal; and another in glee singing for five guineas. In the first of these Mr B. Richards must have decided with difficulty, since all the candidates were nearly equal in point of demerit. Eventually, however, he awarded the prize to the Carmarthen aspirant. The choral competition for the gold medal, etc., brought forward three choirs, hailing respectively from Merthyr, Newcastle-Amlyn, and Aberdare. That from Merthyr was conducted by a Mr Francis, who is, I believe, a working miner, but whose ability has made him famous all over Wales. As a teacher he must possess great merit, because not only is his own choir an admirable one, but also that attached officially to the Eisteddfod, the training of which was confided to him. Than these two choral bodies it would be hard to find better in England, composed though they be of working people exclusively. Such merit, however, is not exceptional, for both the Newcastle and Aberdare choirs ran Mr Francis very hard, a fact which Mr Leslie recognised by awarding the former £10 and the latter £5 out of the sum at his disposal. The trial piece was "In going to my lonely bed," a madrigal often sung, but rarely so well as on this occasion. The glee singing I did not hear, losing it and (happily) the Penillion business also.

All yesterday morning it blew a gale, and rained in torrents. Nevertheless, crowds of people wended their wet and muddy way to the Pavilion, and boldly plunged through the quagmire in front of each entrance door, attracted by the musical feast provided them. I need not give the programme, nor need I dwell upon the performance, in which all the artists, from Eos Cymru, Pencerddes (Edith Wynne), the favourite soprano, to Pencerdd Gwffyn (Lewis Thomas), the favourite basso, distinguished themselves. But I must mention how Llew Llwyfo, the "Roaring Lion," lifted up his voice, though nothing was set down for him. This Llew Llwyfo, it would seem, is a great popular favourite in virtue of his ability to sing very sadly and comic songs. In virtue of this ability also, he was excluded from the evening concert schemes, which Mr B. Richards wished, most properly, to make as educational as possible. At this the "Roaring Lion's" many friends took umbrage, symptoms of dissatisfaction making their appearance even during the first evening. Taking warning in time, the managers resolved to unmuzzle the "Lion," and let him roar, which he did between the parts last night to the immense delight of his admirers, who encored him again and again. I am sorry for them. Throughout the evening the audience were noisy and unruly, while, to make matters worse, the rain beat upon the roof with ceaseless clatter, and poured through the chinks of the roof till umbrellas sprang up everywhere, and in the reserved places, ladies wearing evening dress sheltered themselves as best they could beneath them.

To-day's doings, with such comments upon the whole as may seem necessary, I must reserve till next week.

JENA.—The members of the Singakademie gave a grand concert lately, when they executed the following works:—"Lacrimosa," for four part chorus, solos, and full band, F. Draeseke; Hymn for Soprano with Chorus and Organ, Mendelssohn; Adagio and Prelude for Violin, Bach (arranged for orchestra by Stör); Grand Mass in E flat, for Chorus, Solo and Orchestra, F. Schubert. The solos were intrusted to Madame Röske-Lund and Herr Thioma. Herr Kömpel performed the violin-solo.

ST PETERSBURG.—Herr von Borch, the Intendant General of the Imperial Theatres, died on the 10th August, aged sixty-two. It is said that his successor will be the son of General Gedeonoff (Intendant General from 1833 to 1858).

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PARIS.

(*From an Original Correspondent.*)

3rd of September

Here I am, and happy enough to have assisted at one of the greatest musical events of the Season, the ouverture of the Italian opera, which took place last night with the Sonnambula, Adelina Patti being the Amina.

Indeed (as it was once the case with Malibran and Pasta) the name of Adelina Patti is so strictly associated with *Les Italiens* since many years that it is impossible for any manager to begin his operatic season without presenting the incomparable songstress at the head of his troop. You have been admiring Adelina great many times, like myself, in the part of Amina, and you know how grandious is she in the delineation of this highly lyric-dramatic caracter. But her constant accuracy and reflexion, her everlasting artistical enthusiasm as well as a kind of congeniality which she throws in to every part in reproducing it, gives always to her next performance the interest of a new conception, and make you enjoy the surprise of a high artistical revelation. As a singer A. Patti is now a day the only *Italian* singer singing with the real *Italian* method, and representing in the highest degree the traditions of the great *Italian* School. As an actress A. Patti is true and unaffected.

These eminent qualities were highly displayed last night by the enchanting *Diva*. She was, as an actress, grand of pathos and expression in the finale of the second act, and as a singer she was *étourdissante* in the *rondo finale* of the opera. The crowded and fashionable audience, which received their *enfant gâté* with never ending applause on her appearance, sent down an [illegible] of beautiful bouquets after her first air in the first act. An avalanche of nosegays followed after the finale of the second act and a shower of flowers in every form and shape covered the stage at the end of the opera. The enthusiasm of the public reached the highest pitch during the performance, and the great artist was recalled many times at the end of the second and the last act among general and vociferous acclamations.

The heat was suffocating, but being quite absorbed by the charm of the divine Adelina, we did not feel it until the performance was over. Of the other singers *hel meglio tacere* with the exception of Signor Bagagiolo (Rodolfo), who although a beginner in every respect has got a very fine Bass voice. The chorus and orchestra went on correctly.

Mignon of A. Thomas, a very fine opera, keeps its place on the affiche at the opera comique. The Galli-Marie is undoubtedly a first-rate Mignon as an actress, but she has no voice at all. What a great part would become Mignon in the hands of Adelina Patti? Mdlle. Tietjens is just arrived in Paris to visit the exhibition—au revoir. Yours

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

MR. BENEDICT has just composed a new vocal quartet, *La Primavera*, for four ladies' voices.

A NEW POEM BY LORD BYRON.—The *Sunday Times* informs its readers that a one-act opera, founded on Lord Byron's *Bride of Corinth*, entitled *La Fiancée de Corinthe*, words by M. Du Locle, music by M. Duprato, will shortly be brought out at the Grand Opéra. We have some acquaintance with Lord Byron's works, but have never yet seen—nor heard of *The Bride of Corinth*.

MISS JESSICA RANKIN, the accomplished poetess and authoress of the words to many of the most popular songs and ballads by Balfe, Wallace, Henry Smart, &c. &c. leaves England this day by the good ship "The Wild Duck," bound for Wellington, New Zealand, where our readers, who are all admirers of her charming lyrics, no doubt wish her health, prosperity and happiness.

HASTINGS.—A new Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr Lindridge, is about to be established at this fashionable seaport. Mr Lindridge has entered into arrangements with certain London professors to give instructions in the various branches of the musical art. Of these we may mention that Mrs. Roney (late Miss Helen Hogarth) has been appointed teacher of singing and Mr William Coenen teacher of the pianoforte. Mr Lindridge will himself instruct in the departments of the organ, harmonium, and harmony.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

Following the example originally set by Jullien, and subsequently imitated with such success by the late Alfred Mellon, the first part of one evening in each week is devoted to classical music; and, judging by the numerous attendance on Thursday last, the public must have a just appreciation of Beethoven, whose name was set up as the special attraction. A selection better calculated to please the general taste could hardly have been devised, commencing as it did with the best known of the great tone-poet's symphonies, the Pastoral—a work appealing alike to the sympathies of the most cultivated musician and the veriest tyro, always fresh, always charming—and ending with that most magnificent of overtures, the *Leonora*—at once the most popular and most masterly of the three which Beethoven composed for his only opera, *Fidelio*.

To the English public at large Signor Bottesini has been generally recognized only as a double bass player of exceptional skill, but those more deeply interested in musical matters have long been aware that to his talents as an executant upon an instrument of unwieldy nature, the clever Italian also adds the qualification of a highly finished conductor, having had considerable experience in that capacity both in Paris and the Havana. Any doubt on the question of his abilities to direct a large orchestra would have been effectually set at rest by the manner in which the various *tempi* were indicated in the Beethoven selection under notice; and so admirably was the second movement played, that the audience would fain have had it repeated, and loud cries of "encore" followed the close of the *Leonora* overture. M. Wieniawski played the first movement of the violin concerto in his accustomed manner and was loudly applauded. There was but one vocal piece, Mignon's song, "Kennst du das Land," sung by Mdlle. Sarolta, who was re-called. This, with "Adelaida" played on the double-bass by Signor Bottesini, who was rapturously re-called, and the posthumous *allegretto* for the orchestra completed the first part of the concert. The second, conducted by Herr Strauss, was miscellaneous, and not remarkably interesting. Next Thursday the classical portion of the concert will be selected from the works of Mozart.

DRINKWATER HARD.

BROADSTAIRS.—The second concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Wednesday last, at the Assembly Rooms. The programme was well selected, and the concert rendered more attraction from the fact that those favourite and accomplished lady amateurs Mrs. F. Talfourd, Miss Swaby and Mrs. Phillips were announced to sing. Another prominent feature was the pianoforte solos by Mr Aguilar. "Great Bashaw," for an opening chorus, was rendered with good time; and the duo by Miss Swaby and Mrs. Talfourd, "Sul aria," was given with sweetness and precision. Mr Austen sang Leslie's song, "Speed on, my bark." Wallace's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee," was rendered by Mrs. Talfourd with the style and good taste which invariably pervades that lady's singing. Mr Aguilar's fantasia on airs from *Faust* was performed by that gentleman with masterly execution. Verdi's cavatina, "Ah forse è lui," was capitally rendered by Mrs. Phillips. Curschmann's trio, "Ti Prego," was given with great accuracy, and Miss Swaby pleased the audience in Meyerbeer's "Prière and barcarolle." "March of the Southern heroes," a chorus (Mr Filby composer), was given with thorough martial spirit, and only required a greater number of voices to show that it is a really good work. The second part opened with the chorus, "The Echo," which received an encore, Miss Swaby performing the echo in an adjoining room. Benedict's song, "Rage thou angry storm," was sung by Mr R. H. Fast, who has a fine firm voice, over which he has thorough control. A song by Signor Guglielmo, "A still small voice," was sung by Mrs. Phillips with all the pathos which it requires, and elicited a well deserved encore. "O fly with me," a pretty little part-song (Mendelssohn) was rendered with precision. Miss Swaby was encored in M. Gounod's "Berceuse." Mr Aguilar again favoured the audience with a pianoforte solo of his own composition—"La Danse" (transcription), and "Couleur de Rose" ("galop brillante"), and we do not know which deserves the most praise, the morceau itself, or the manner in which it was executed. Mrs. Talfourd created a *furore* in Benedict's "Carnaval de Venise," which was rapturously encored, when she gave "Comin' thro' the rye" with equal good taste. Mr W. C. Filby conducted with his usual ability. The room was filled with a fashionable assemblage who seemed thoroughly to appreciate the musical treat provided.—(Abridged from the *Isle of Thanet Advertiser*, Aug. 31.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—In the late fire at the Cathedral, the newly-erected organ fell a prey to the flames. Large quantities of the melted metal are being continually recovered from the ruins.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From our own Reporter.*)

Birmingham, Friday, Aug. 30.

At last night's concert the whole of the first part was absorbed by the new cantata of Mr John Francis Barnett, *The Ancient Mariner*, which was conducted by the composer. More than thirty years ago the uncle of Mr J. F. Barnett made a reputation with his opera, the *Mountain Sylph*, in which Miss Romer played the heroine, Wilson, Donald, and Henry Phillips, Hela. From the same pen came *Fair Rosamond* and *Farinelli*, which, if less popular than the first named work, still contained much charming music, and either of the three would be well worth a revival by any future enterprising individuals who, undeterred by previous failures, may have the courage once more to venture on the speculation of English Opera, which, even in the remote days alluded to, was not sufficiently attractive to induce Mr John Barnett to extend his efforts in that direction or to continue his residence in London, which he quitted, many years since, for the more peaceful region of Cheltenham, at which pleasant spot he has ever since resided. But it is no part of my duty to write a biography of the uncle who has retired from public life, my present concern being with the nephew who has so recently made his entry into that arena.

As a pianist of no small present excellence and future promise Mr John Francis Barnett has for some time been favourably known, while among other of his compositions a symphony (introduced by the now defunct Musical Society of London) showed that the aspirations of the youthful musician were not bounded by the mere ordinary, but tended towards higher and more daring flights. To grapple successfully with a subject like that of Coleridge's wondrously weird and beautiful poem might well require the genius of a Beethoven, a Weber, or a Mendelssohn; and if Mr Barnett has not by a very long way approached either of the three greatest of modern German composers (and it is hardly fair to institute the comparison), he has at any rate shown that he has capacities of no mean character; that he can write equally well for voices and orchestra, that he has an agreeable notion of tune, which, if not overburdened with novelty of idea, has the recommendation of being, for the most part, pleasant and flowing; that he has a nice sense of harmony, and that he is capable of writing music on a large scale without being pretentiously learned, still less for one moment laboriously dull; and, while on the one hand avoiding the school of the Wagnerites and mystics, he has not fallen into commonplace trivialities; and, altogether, Mr Barnett deserves considerable credit for what he has undertaken and achieved with a success hardly to be expected from so early and ambitious an effort. Judged by the effect on the audience the cantata was a triumph, and at the close resulted in what is conventionally termed a "perfect ovation" for Mr Barnett, applause resounding long and loud from all parts of the hall, the entire orchestra no less heartily demonstrating their opinion in favour of the young composer, who was singularly fortunate in having the opportunity of conducting his work with principals, band, and chorus, absolutely unsurpassable in Europe, to say nothing of enjoying the advantage of the frequent hints and valuable experience which had been beforehand so kindly given by Mr Costa. An examination of the work in detail will be given in another column; here I have only space to mention that the solo parts were sustained by Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Santley, Mdlle Tietjens, and Madame Patey-Whytock, whose names are sufficient guarantee that ample justice was done to the cantata. Three pieces were encored, not by the will of one but by some two thousand individuals. These (the pieces, not the individuals) were, the chorus, "About, about, in reel and rout;" the air, "O happy living things" (Mr Santley); and the duet, "Two voices in the air" (Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Patey Whytock). Some enterprising *impresario* will no doubt afford the Londoners an opportunity of hearing *The Ancient Mariner* when the next musical season begins.

The second part of the concert was as follows :—

Overture (*Guillaume Tell*)	Rossini.*
Song—Mr Weiss—"King Canute"	Weiss.
Duo—Mdlle Nilsson and Mr Sims Reeves—"Ah morir" (*Ernani*)	Verdi.*
Sonata—Pianoforte and violin—(in A major)—Madame A. Goddard and M. Sainton	Mozart.
Serenade—Mr Cummings—"In youth's [illegible]" (*Le Médecin malgré lui*)	Gounod.
Song—Madame Sainton-Dolby—"Per pietà non ricercate" ...	Mozart.
Trio—Mdlle Tietjens, Madame Patey Whytock and Mr Weiss—"[illegible]" (*Semiramide*)	Rossini.
Aria—Mdlle C. Nilsson—"Ah fors è lui" (*Traviata*) ...	Verdi.*
Aria—Mdlle Tietjens—"Dove sono" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) ...	Mozart.
Duo—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby—"Quis est homo"	Rossini.
Aria—Madame Patey Whytock—"L'addio"	Mozart.
Aria—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—"Della rosa il bel vermiglio" (*Bianca e Falliero*)	Rossini.
Quartetto—Mdlle C. Nilsson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr Cummings, and Mr Weiss—"Chi vuol dir" (*Marta*) ...	Flotow.
Overture (*Masaniello*)	Auber.

The asterisks indicate the encores called for and accepted, but I need hardly say that Mr Costa did not take his band all through the overture to *Guillaume Tell* a second time, the last movement (in accordance with usual custom) being alone repeated. Second in effect only to the great instrumental display in Rossini's brilliant prelude to his operatic masterpiece was a performance of a kind no less admirable, the lovely sonata of Mozart (in A major) for pianoforte and violin, in which the exquisitely finished playing of the accomplished French violinist was worthily associated with the in all respects perfect execution of our greatest English pianist, and it would be scarcely possible to imagine on either side finer playing from beginning to end. To place an air like "Dove sono" immediately after "Ah fors è lui" was hardly fair to Mdlle. Tietjens, who had, however, fortunately recovered sufficiently from her hoarseness to give the lovely song of the Countess in Mozart's ever delightful opera with all that charm which she so well knows how to infuse into it, and although [illegible] followed the German *prima donna*, her efforts were no less highly estimated than those of the fair Swede who has fairly taken them all here by storm. Again was the concert far too long, and the exponents of the last half-dozen pieces had to waste their sweetness on a diminished and jaded audience. This morning the scheme commenced with M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* in G, which has taken the place otherwise intended for Rossini's *Petite Messe*, the first hearing of which, I understand, is to be reserved for the ears of the French Empress. Although written some years since this composition of M. Gounod is comparatively unknown to the musical public, and was an absolute novelty to Birmingham. To those whose ideas of a mass are based upon similar compositions of Haydn, Mozart, or the older Italian school, the work of this very much over rated Frenchman must have sounded poor and trivial to the last degree, wanting as it is throughout in breadth, dignity, scholarship, and all the qualities which should go to make up a production of what should be solemn and imposing in character; instead of which trivialities, commonplaces, and devices of a kind utterly unworthy the subject everywhere abound, while reminiscences of *Faust* bring to mind the garden scene, apotheosis, and various bits from his most popular opera, and, but for the words, one would hardly think a sacred work was being performed. It has been suggested that if heard in a cathedral, with the adjuncts of gorgeously attired priests, white robed acolytes, the perfume of incense, and the various surroundings of which the Roman Catholics make such artistic use in their service, the result would be different; but of my own knowledge I can at once answer this is not so, as I have heard it performed with all the pomp and circumstance alluded to, and found the effect lessened rather than heightened by the occasion. So far as the execution went this morning there was nothing to be desired, Mdlle. Nilsson, Mr Cumming, and Mr Santley singing the principal parts, and both band and chorus doing their duty unswervingly.

After the mass of M. Gounod, *Israel in Egypt* came with most refreshing vigour, and the entire orchestra addressed themselves to their task with just as much freshness and splendid energy as if it had been the first day of their week's work instead of the last, and the consequence was such a performance of Handel's great choral masterpiece as has never before been heard, chorus after chorus pealing forth with a force and precision nothing short of marvellous; and after the end of the first part it was a positive relief to have an interval from the long and breathless attention which had held everyone absolutely spell-bound during the narrative of the wondrous miracles which attend the going forth of the Israelites out of the land of Egypt. The interpretation of the second part was, with one exception (the chorus, "Thou sentest forth," which nothing but the skilful generalship of Mr Costa prevented from being an absolute breakdown) no less astounding than that of the first; and those who heard *Israel in Egypt* at this Festival may safely say that they have assisted at by far the grandest and most perfect performance on record. If I have reserved all allusion to the principal singers till the last, it is because the soloists contribute but a comparatively small share to the general effect of this stupendous work, which depends mainly on its great choral combinations; but I must not omit to mention that Madame Sainton-Dolby in "Their land brought forth," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington in "Thou didst blow" (to speak of which without reference to the "ground bass" would be heterodox to the last degree) and the last-named lady and Mdlle. Tietjens in the duet "The Lord is my strength," were all that could be wished, while Messrs. Santley and Weiss gave the duet, "The Lord is a man of war" with such stentorian force that the inevitable repeat followed as a matter of course, Mdlle. Tietjens declaiming her one solo, "Sing ye to the Lord" with all her accustomed intelligence and energy. The "Hailstone" chorus was repeated, and "The enemy said" sung with such wonderful power that the President also asked for its repetition, but Mr Sims Reeves declined to accede to the request—a course of proceeding which does honour to his moral courage and sense of justice, inasmuch as he had at a previous evening concert, refused the compliment at the hands of his great supporters, the public, and therefore would not grant to a Presidential Earl that favour which he had already withheld from nearly two thousand of the money paying audience.

The numbers present were 1612; amount received £1674 7s. 6d., which with £400 18s. 2d. in the shape of donations and collections gives a total of £2075 5s. 8d., against £1772 10s. 5d. on the Friday morning of 1864.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

The Festival concluded last night with almost as much brilliance as it commenced, and as in 1864, Mendelssohn began and ended the meeting. Then *St Paul* was the first and *Elijah* the last work to be given, now the order was reversed, and the oratorio with which the world of music was astonished and delighted on its production in 1836 (first presented in this town at the Festival of the following year under the direction of its composer) now brought to a fitting close by far the most successful Festival on record. To say that the performance was equal to that of 1864 or to that of *Elijah* on Tuesday last would be untrue, but, on the other hand, it would be no less unjust to find fault with the execution of *St Paul*, which was really wonderful considering the exceedingly trying and difficult nature of the work and the enormous amount of labour the band and chorus had undergone since Monday morning last. In the first part the principal soprano music was consigned to Mdlle. Tietjens, as the second to Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdme. Sainton Dolby sustaining the contralto, Mr Sims Reeves the tenor, and Mr Santley the bass music throughout, Mr Briggs and Mr Smythson contributing valuable aid in minor though not unimportant parts. With such devout feeling and expression did the first-named gentleman sing the lovely cavatina "Be thou faithful unto death" (the *obbligato* violoncello accompaniment being admirably played by Mr George Collins) that once more the audience took the matter in their own hands applauding most vehemently and trying their best to obtain an encore, which Mr Sims Reeves consistently declined. The oratorio ended, "God Save the Queen" was sung in the same manner as at the opening of the Festival, the arrangement being worthy of perpetual adoption and altogether preventing the lamentable display which usually attends the performance of our sadly used National Anthem. Then again did the voice of the public unmistakably assert itself and cries of "Costa" resounded from all parts of the hall and long, loud, and hearty were the bravos that rung out from every member of band and chorus, who, above all others, could feel the force of that indomitable will combined with the highest acquirements of a finished musician, and who knew full well that this happy combination of qualifications had gone so far to make the Festival of 1867 the most memorable ever held, even in the exceptional town of Birmingham, and the audience too seemed alike to feel that no praise could be too high for Mr Costa, who has upon this occasion absolutely surpassed himself and by comparison placed his former achievements, great as they were, in the shade.

Great as has been the artistic success of the meeting, and high as must be the satisfaction of all those who contributed to such a result, there is yet another point from which the Festival must be regarded—a point of the utmost importance, being really the end and aim to which the whole thing owes its existence—I mean the pecuniary aspect; and this, fortunately is quite commensurate with all that has been done, for as the performances have been the best ever heard, so, also, has the amount of money taken been the largest ever known; the total receipts having been £13,998 12s. 8d.; the year 1834, when the Town Hall was opened, exhibits the next largest return, £13,527; in 1864 the receipts were £12,452 1s. 9d. and the present increase is £1546 10s. 11d. The President, the Earl of Beauchamp, has not missed a performance and has been most liberal in his donations each day, the total amounting to £269 10s. The total of the donations and collections make £1642 3s. 2d.

The general summary stands thus:—

		1867.		1864.
Attendance—	Tuesday	2632	...	2221
"	Wednesday	3792	...	3531
"	Thursday	4864	...	4401
"	Friday	5910	...	5973

		1867.		1864.
Receipts—	Tuesday	£2440 11 7	...	£2125 3 0
"	Wednesday	3540 18 0	...	3036 18 0
"	Thursday	4301 5 0	...	4046 0 10
"	Friday	5930 0 6	...	3340 0 0
		£13,370 0 0		£12,562 1 0

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STATEMENT.

1867.		Persons Present.		Receipts.
Aug. 27.	Tuesday, first day	2523	...	£2,484 11 7
" 28.	Wednesday, second day	3790	...	3,076 10 0
	Total, first and second days	6297	...	£5,700 0 0
" 29.	Thursday, third day	4864	...	4,301 0 0
	Total, first, second, and third days		...	£10,086 7 0
" 30.	Friday, fourth day			3,300 5 0
	Total, first, second, third, and fourth days			£13,382 7 0
	65 Tickets at five guineas each			343 0 0
	Schemes			270 0 0
	Total			£13,998 10 0

Amongst the visitors during the week have been:—

The Earl of Beauchamp, the Mayor of Birmingham, the Recorder, the High Sheriffs of Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dukes of Grafton and Rutland, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Bradford, the Earl Powis, Lord Raglan, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Lyttelton, Lord W. Scott, Viscount Lifford, Lord Randlesham, Lord Bagot, Lord Leigh, the Bishops of Worcester, Rochester, and New Zealand, the Dean of Worcester, the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., Major General Legge, the Dean of York, Sir W. W. Burton, Sir H. Hamilton, Sir T. Biddulph, Sir W. Parker, Sir Albert Buttimore, the Rev. Sir Gore Ouseley, the Hon. J. Dormer, Sir J. Duckworth, General Sir W. Gomm, General Wheeler, General Townshend, Mr Bentinck, M.P., Mr Hardy, M.P., Mr Dixon, M.P., the Hon. S. Egerton, the Hon. W. Wrottesley, Mr W. Price, M.P., Mr Newdegate, M.P., Mr Wise, M.P., Sir J. Chetwynd, the Hon. J. Bridgeman, the Hon. and Rev. James Leigh, Sir B. Alleyne, the Ven. Archdeacon Moore, Sir W. Fitzherbert, Sir J. Morris, Messrs. Beale, Caldecott, Boulton, Monckton, Whateley, Colmore, Lucas, Sterndale Bennett (principal of the Royal Academy of Music), Professor Oakeley (Edinburgh Chair of Music), Benedict, Dowell, Ferrari, Cusins, H. Leslie, Sullivan, F. Bowes, John Barnett (Cheltenham), J. Barnett, Beatty, and Grove (Crystal Palace), Sherrard (Sacred Harmonic Society), Randegger, Robinson (Dublin), Mapleson (Her Majesty's Theatre), Chorley, J. W. Davison, Gruneisen, Lincoln, C. Clarke, J. Bennett, S. Glover, Lunn, Clarson, Hutchings, Cocks, &c.

I cannot close my notice without acknowledging the polite attention of the authorities in general and of Mr Hughes the active and obliging secretary in particular every information and facility being afforded to the members of the London press while to the very efficient police arrangements and the systematic management of the approaches to the hall the highest commendation is due.

DRINKWATER HARD.

Sept. 2.

P.S.—I heard a rumour which I sincerely hope to be unfounded to the effect that the Festival just over would be Mr Costa's last. The following remarks on this subject are from to-day's *Standard* and *Morning Herald* the writer in which journals is usually very well informed on such matters. D. H.

"The oratorio being over, the National Anthem was sung, and then came such an ovation for Costa as has been not often heard within the Town Hall. Chorus, band, chief singers, and auditory coalesced in this decided demonstration for the conductor who this festival has surpassed all his former achievements. Perhaps there was something more earnest in the manifestation, on account of a general impression that a slight had been offered to Mr Costa, first, by the non repetition of his oratorio *Naaman* the great triumph of 1864, and, secondly, that his name was not set down for a single piece in either morning or evening performances. It was reported in the hall that so sensibly has Costa felt a week of annoyance of many kinds that the Festival of 1867 will be his last appearance here as conductor of a series of musical performances which have given Birmingham European fame. The close relations attending the musical arrangements have been freely referred to during the week, accompanied with the curious statement that the general committee and the majority of the orchestral committee have been kept quite in ignorance of certain inducements which have led Costa to adopt the resolution never more to expose himself to a renewal of the treatment he has experienced. If his determination be final his loss will be irreparable; and it is to be hoped that the financial success of the meeting will not influence the managing committee to be insensible to the prospects of the future. The administrative arrangements, as usual here, have been admirable, and the courtesy of the stewards and officials as marked as ever."

MISS BATEMAN.—English playgoers will learn with much pleasure that the highly accomplished and popular Transatlantic *comédienne*, Miss Bateman, is about to pay another professional visit to this country, albeit when the young lady played out her last performances here it was partly understood she was about to retire into private life. Whatever the cause which brings back the lost actress to the stage, of which she was one of its very brightest ornaments, the event of her return will be a matter of congratulation to all lovers of the truthful and beautiful in the histrionic art. Miss Bateman will commence a *tournée* throughout the English provinces and Ireland and Scotland in October, playing for the most part a round of Shaksperian characters, which will terminate at Christmas. Early in the spring we may anticipate seeing her at one or other of the metropolitan theatres, but at present her provincial engagements alone are determined and arranged. The London public above all are deeply interested in Miss Bateman's re-appearance. No artist for many years had gained a larger and more enthusiastic circle of admirers.—*Morning Herald* and *Standard*.

SALZBURG.—The festivities in honour of the Emperor Napoleon's visit were brought to a termination by a concert of the Vienna Association for Male Voices, the members of which came from the Austrian capital for the express purpose. The programme consisted of "Vineta," Abt; "Widerspruch," Schubert; "Loreley," Silcher; "Kärnthnerische Volkslieder," harmonised by Herbeck; "Ständchen," Gumbert (sung by Dr Glachbauer); "Rosenduft," "Haiderbild," Suabian folk's-song; "Waldesrauschen," Storch (baritone solo, Dr Krückl); "An die Entfernte," Schubert; and "Reiterlied," Otto. After the concert, which went off most brilliantly, the Emperor Francis Joseph himself presented the President of the Association to the Emperor Napoleon. The latter instantly commenced a conversation in the German language. He said he was always fond of hearing German singing as it reminded him of his youth. He declared he had often listened to Associations for Male Voices, but never knew one so well trained before. He then went on to remark he was glad that male choral singing was making progress in France, though it had not yet attained such a pitch of excellence as in Germany. He asked also several questions regarding the constitution of the Association. The President afforded the requisite information and likewise pointed out to the Emperor Napoleon that while in France the members of the choral associations belong exclusively to the labouring classes, in Germany they are drawn from all ranks.

LONDON THEATRE ORCHESTRAS.

The autumn and winter seasons of most of our theatres being about to begin, it may not be out of place to examine how the musical portion of their entertainment can be so improved as to make it a means of cultivation to those who do not, or cannot, attend musical performances of a higher class. As many of our readers have perhaps, no clear conception of the number and nature of a theatrical band (they occasionally give that name to any musical organization consisting of wind and string instruments. Managers of places of amusement, who ought to know, and in fact do know better, turn this often to a ludicrous account by announcing in their playbills, "Overture for full orchestra," which full orchestra often consists of from nine to twelve players. The proper execution of any orchestral music in a theatre requires not *less* than the following instruments:—Three first violins, two second violins, one alto, one violoncello, two double basses, two flutes, two clarionets, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets and cornets combined, one trombone, and one pair of drums; total, twenty-two musicians. Even with this number, large for a theatrical orchestra, some music requiring additional instruments could not be performed if their passages were not given to other instruments of nearly the same compass. This is not always feasible, as, for instance, when all the instruments have important passages of their own to perform. Although not perfectly legitimate, yet without this re-arranging no music but of the simplest kind could be given in our theatres. Such arrangements are generally made by German and French musicians, and the passages for instruments not in the orchestra are marked by smaller notes in the part of instruments having the greatest similarity of sound with the absent ones. Some of these arrangements, mostly of dance and operatic music, are cleverly done, and, if rendered by skilled musicians, are very effective. But a few only of our theatrical orchestras have more than from ten to twelve performers, and consequently these arrangements must be still further reduced, which is mostly done by simply omitting the parts unrepresented in the orchestra. Such small bands have generally but a simple string quartet, one flute, one clarionet, one cornet, one trombone, and one drum, to cover all deficiencies. Several of our theatrical managers even go so far as to deprive their orchestras of horns and violoncello, those most important of harmony-sustaining instruments. The effect produced by such a combination may be guessed at from the absolute fact that the poorest arrangement of the poorest kind of music requires, besides the latter instruments, two clarionets and two cornets, without which the performance of "civilized" music becomes an impossibility, no matter if leader and band be good or bad. A good musician never accepts an engagement in such an orchestra but under the spur of absolute necessity, and always at the risk of his artistic dignity.

The requirements of the English melodrama necessitate very frequently the presence of the musicians in the orchestra during the progress of the play. The entrance and exit of the virtuous yet suffering country maiden, of the grim traitor, of the burly English squire, must be marked by what the managers pleasingly style on the bills "characteristic music." It used to be formerly a matter of no little pride for a leader to be the fortunate possessor of a large collection of such small pieces, numbered and labelled:—"Slow music," "Mysterious music," "Dreamy music," "Thieves' *pizzicato*," "Creeping murderer's music," "Triumphant virtue music," "Hunting music," "Lively dreamy music," "Agitatoes," "Hurries," "Dying music," "Wild music," "Angel and demon music"—and all to be used at the fitting occasion. In one instance within our recollection the "Creeping murderer's music" was, through the ignorance of the conductor, played at the apotheosis of *Marguerite*, while, still to equal things, "The Mousetrap-seller's Waltz" sweetened, on another occasion, the dying pangs of Juliet.

It is needless to say that some of the leaders in our best theatres can and do write appropriate music where it is required. But by far the greater number are innocent of this talent, and have no choice left but to borrow the needed music, or else submit their musical listeners to a small species of torture.

The leader and band once engaged, the manager ordinarily insists upon having none of that scientific music played between the acts, but music to please the million, which alone means, alas! to play nothing but pieces already too familiar to the public by the art of the organ grinder, forgetting entirely that the public, even the most unintellectual, has an instinctive knowledge of good and bad music. I have often wondered at the—I might almost call it infallibility of the masses in musical matters. Whenever good music is performed, there are few indeed who do not appreciate and applaud it. Even small orchestras have, in Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies, quite a choice of fine music of an easy comprehension. There is no earthly reason why a fragment of a quatuor, sextet, or ottet, might not be given occasionally. Several distinguished German masters, such as Lindpaintner, Hiller, Reissiger, and others, have written charming music for the express purpose of being played between the acts. If lighter music is to be given why not select from composers like Strauss, Lanner, Gungl, and Labitzky, at least well written dance music, rather than vitiate the public taste by a hodge podge jumble of melodies of senseless, soulless, no-meaning, founded on filthy comic songs, which no respectable persons would allow to be seen in their houses, each of them without the slightest logical or musical connection with the one that succeeds.

Shrewd and intelligent managers will have to be careful, and instead of preventing, rather encourage their orchestra in the right direction; for between two equally well-directed theatres, the public will certainly patronise the one where the importance of good music is recognised. Do not the public, when they hear a good military band, readily distinguish between what is good and bad music? Does not their wrapt attention, whenever a good piece of music is performed, show that the beautiful is as intuitively felt in music as in the art of the painter, the sculptor, actor or architect? Do the managers of our theatres think their public less intelligent? If so, I believe they are mistaken. The following should constitute rules for theatrical directors:—

1st.—If music is needed at all in theatres, good music, executed by sufficiently strong orchestra should be given.

2nd.—No manager, under the name of orchestra, should provide a smaller number of performers than from 18 to 20.

3.—To reduce musicians to the level and number of a common street band should be accepted as a proof that managers do not believe in the progress of art culture.

4.—Managers should not compel musicians to play music distasteful to them.

5.—To pay salaries that men can support themselves on, and keep themselves respectable.—When we hear of performers receiving one pound a week, and seldom over 25s., it is time a little reformation was made in every way in the orchestra of our theatres, it being sadly needed.

HARRY HAZOUX.

AUCKLAND.—The complimentary concert to his Excellency Sir George Grey came off last evening in the Brunswick Hall, and was in every respect a success. The entertainment had its origin in a desire expressed by the members of the Choral Society of celebrating the return of his Excellency to Auckland. His Excellency, in complying with the request, expressed a wish that the concert should be for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr Hugh Reid, a useful and zealous member of the society. We have no doubt a handsome sum will be obtained for that laudable object. The arrangements were as perfect as could well be desired, and could not fail to ensure success. The assembly included his Honour the Superintendent and members of the Executive, the Bishop of New Zealand and a number of the clergy of the Established Church, also several ministers of other religious denominations, Mr Justice Moore, the Hon Mr Swainson, other persons of high position and a number of naval and military officers. The orchestra was composed of some fifty vocalists and twenty instrumentalists, many of whom possess musical talent and ability above mediocrity. They were under the skilful leadership of Mr J Brown. H C Balneavis, Esq led the instrumentalists. Before the concert commenced his Excellency Sir George Grey entered the hall accompanied by his Honour the Superintendent, Major Grey, A.D.C., the Rev Mr Thatcher, private secretary, and Captain Hope, R.N., who escorted him to his seat immediately in front of the orchestra. The musicians performed the National Anthem, the entire audience standing. The concert opened with Beethoven's Mass in C. The instrumentalists and vocalists performed their respective parts with an amount of musical ability we did not expect to see displayed. At the close of the first part of the entertainment the Lord Bishop of New Zealand presented the congratulatory address from the Choral Society to his Excellency the Governor. His Excellency returned thanks in a pointed and appropriate speech, which was received with thunders of applause. The natives then came in, led by Hamiora Tu, of Tauranga, and accompanied by Mr C. O. Davis, without whom nothing in this way could have been attempted. There were about thirty of them—men and women—dressed in native garments, mostly from the collection of Mr Mackay, Civil Commissioner. The majority were of the Ngatiteata tribe of Waiuku, although there were representatives of the Ngaiterangi, Ngatihaua and Arawa tribes. The songs were all from the collection of native "waiatas" made by Sir George Grey, and are well known in every settlement of the island. After these songs, His Excellency stepped forward and addressing Hamiora Tu, said that enough had been done by them. The secular part of the concert was then proceeded with. The pieces were—overture, *Semiramide*, Rossini; glee, "Praise of Spring," Mendelssohn; part song, "The Image of the Rose," G. Reichardt; quartet, "The Happiest Land," J. L. Hatton. The National Anthem was then performed, the solo parts sung by Miss Donovan, the whole audience standing and joining in the chorus. The concert did not terminate till nearly midnight, and we may say, in conclusion, that it was a worthy testimonial of respect to his Excellency from both the European and Maori inhabitants of Auckland.—Abridged from the *Daily Southern Chronicle*, June 7.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HAMMOND & Co.—"Thus goes the world around," by J. W. Thirlwall.

SASSETTI & Co. (Lisbon).—"Le Gladiateur," galop de bravoure pour piano; par Annibal Napoleão.

DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"Long ago," song, by Lovell Phillips.

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MADAME SEBIH FLEMING (Pupil of Mr. HOWARD GLOVER) will play at Ryde [illegible] November 15th; at Brighton, [illegible]; and at Mr Howard Glover's [illegible] Concerts in London and the Provinces. All communications to be addressed care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MR. TRELAWNY COBHAM will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Towcester on the 18th inst.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN's popular song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," November 10th, Assembly Rooms, Peckham; 11th, Leicester; [illegible], [illegible]; [illegible], Aldborough.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing REICHARDT's admired song "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" at the Edinburgh Saturday Evening Concerts, October 19th.

MR. SANTLEY will sing "WHEN MY THIRSTY SOUL I STEEP" (composed expressly for him by BENEDICT), at the next Liverpool Philharmonic Concert.

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing "THE MESSAGE," at the Royal Italian Opera Concerts, every evening next week.

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SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN *

(*Continued from page 678.*)

ART AND ARTISTS.

When singers possessed only part-singing pieces such as madrigals, and glees (in four, five or six parts), positive instrumental music was unknown. Instrumentalists played from the singing parts in unison, either on the bow instruments, on the organ and spinet, or on wind instruments, such as oboes, flutes, horns, or cromornes; for such instrument was then divided in upper, high, counter tenor, and bass. The *ricercari* and dance tunes for four, five, or six viols, formed the only instrumental music proper. Little skill was necessary in the execution, and the artists required no greater amount of talent than the music they had to execute. As regards the violin few only then cultivated it. In Italy one Giovanni Battista, surnamed *Del Violino*, is constantly cited on account of his violin performance. He lived in 1690. As regards Julien Tiburtino and Louis Lanaglien, who were in high repute at Florence about 1540, and of whom Ganassi del Fontego speaks in his *Regola Rubertina*, they were performers on the viol, and not violinists. The same may be said of Beaulieu, Salmon, and others who were at the court of France. According to Mersenne, the French distinguished themselves as violinists at the commencement of the seventeenth century. He speaks in terms of great praise of the elegant playing of Constantine, "King of the Violins," of the vehement enthusiasm of Boceau, of the delicacy and expression of Lazarin and of Foucard. These artists lived in 1630. However France soon afterwards lost its superiority in that respect. In 1650 Father Castrovillari, a monk of Padua, became distinguished by his performance on the violin and by the music he wrote for that instrument. The art of executing difficulties upon the violin must have attained a high degree of progress in the north of Europe even as far back as 1675, for Jean Jacques Walther, principal violin soloist at the court of Saxony, published at this period several works, among which one is peculiarly remarkable, and bears for its title *Hortulus Chelicus* (Mayence 1688, in oblong quarto of 129 pages), containing sonatas and serenades, to be performed on a single violin, with double, triple, and quadruple strings. This piece, which displays great invention, consists of twenty-four pieces. The title of the last may serve to show the novelties which Walther introduced to the art of playing the violin: *Serenade for a chorus of Violins, trembling organ, small guitar, bagpipe, two trumpets and kettle-drums, German lyre and muted harp, for a single violin.* The various effects of this piece for a single violin prove that Walther was the *Paganini* of his day.

Jean Baptiste Bassani, a Venetian composer, was the pupil of Castrovillari for the violin, and became celebrated for the excellent style of his instrumental music. Among many other compositions of various styles, there is a set of sonatas *da camera* for violins and bass, published in 1677, and thirteen sonatas for two violins and bass, excellent of their kind, and which determined the style of music for bow instruments at the period at which they appeared. Bassani had the glory of being the master of Corelli, a great artist, possessed of immense talent, who by the elevation of his ideas, and the perfection of his style, placed himself at the head of the violin school, and advanced the progress of the art considerably. Arcangelo Corelli is a name justly celebrated in the annals of music, that will descend to ages unborn without losing a particle of its illustriousness, whatever revolutions may be effected in the domains of this art. The great artist who bore that name, not less celebrated for his composition than for his marvellous execution at that period, was born in 1653 at Fusignano, a small town in the states of the Church, and died at Rome, the 18th of January 1713. His contemporaries were not jealous of his glory, for the whole of Europe welcomed his talent with unanimous acclamations, and his countrymen deposited his remains in the Pantheon, and erected a monument close to that of Raphael. At the expiration of a century and a half Corelli is still considered as the primitive type of the best violin schools, and although the art has been enriched by many effects unknown in his day, although its mechanism has attained a high degree of perfection, the study of his works is still the best for the acquirement of a broad and majestic style. His fifth work, composed of twelve sonatas for the violin with the *continued* bass for the harpsichord, printed at Rome in 1700, is a masterpiece of its kind.

The art of playing the violin and the composition of music for this instrument, continued during the whole of the eighteenth century to progress rapidly. At the commencement of this century in almost every town of Italy a distinguished violinist was met with. The genius of Corelli roused that of every artist of Pisa. Constantine Clari, equally remarkable as composer and executant at Florence; François Veracini at Bologna; Jérome Laurenti, at Modena; Antoine Vitali, at Massa di Carrara; Come Perelli and François Ciampi, at Lucca; Lombardi, at Cremona; Visconti, whose counsels greatly aided Stradivari, in the manufacture of his instruments, at Pistoie; Giacomelli, at Naples; Michel Mascitti; others, as Mathieu Alberti, Thomas Albinoni, Charles Tessarini, and Antoine Vivaldi, all pupils of Corelli, were in their day not only *virtuosi* of the first order, but admirable writers of instrumental music. Vivaldi was one of those predestined artists who impress upon the art of their time a new direction. To him may be attributed the first perfectioning of the concerto, for the *concerto grosso* of Corelli is a work in which all the parts agree together, and each in turn partakes of the interest. *L'Estro Armonico* of Vivaldi, composed of twelve concertos for four violins, two viols, violoncello, and thorough bass for the organ, follow this model; but in his 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, the genius of the author takes another flight, and although there is no division of *solo* and *tutti*, the principal violin part governs all the rest. The melodies of Vivaldi bear a modern complexion that Somis and Geminiani imitated.

Among the above-mentioned galaxy of distinguished talent, the model violinist of the first half of the eighteenth century was Joseph Tartini, born at Pirano, in Istria, the 12th of April, 1692. His early days were beset with difficulties, but having had the opportunity of hearing the celebrated violinist, Veracini, who happened to be at Venice when he was there, his vocation revealed itself. He withdrew to Ancona to practise uninterruptedly, and in solitude he applied himself specially to the fundamental principles of bow movements, principles which since have served as the basis of every violin school of Italy and of France. Settled at Padua, in 1721, as principal soloist and chapel master of the celebrated church of the *Holy*, he passed forty-nine years of peace and comfort, solely occupied with the labours of his art, and died there the 16th February 1770. In 1728 he established a school in this city, which became famous throughout Europe, and from which issued a multitude of distinguished violinists, among whom the following may be cited: Nardini, Pasqualino, Bini, Alberghi, Dominique Ferrari, to whom is attributed the invention of *harmonic sounds*; Carminati, Capuzzi, Madame de Sirmen, and the French violinists, Pagin and La Houssaye. Tartini not only contributed towards perfecting the art of playing the violin by his compositions for that instrument, but by the pupils he formed. His style is generally elevated; his ideas are varied, and his harmony is pure without being dry. The number of his published concertos and manuscripts amounts to nearly one hundred and fifty. There are also nearly fifty sonatas of his, among which is his *Sonata del Diavolo*, the anecdote of which is not dissimilar to that told of Paganini. Tartini thus related it:—"One night, in 1713, I dreamt that I had entered into a compact with the Devil, who was to be at my service. All succeeded to my utmost desires. My wishes were always anticipated, and my desires surpassed by the services of my new domestic. I imagined the notion of giving him my violin, with the view of discovering whether he would play differently from what I had heard and known; but what was my surprise when I heard a sonata so exquisitely beautiful and original, executed with such consummate skill and intelligence that my deepest conceptions could not find its parallel. So overcome with surprise and pleasure, that I lost my breath, which violent sensation awoke me. I instantly seized my violin in the hope of remembering some portion of what I had heard, but in vain. The piece which this dream suggested, and which I wrote at the time, is, doubtless, the best of all my compositions, and I still call it the *Sonata del Diavolo*, but it sinks so much into insignificance compared with what I heard, that I would have broken my instrument and abandoned music for ever, had my means permitted me to do so."

Among the pupils of Corelli, one of the most distinguished was Geminiani, who was born at Lucca, about 1680. Having terminated his studies under his celebrated master, he went to England in 1714, made some good pupils there, and died in Dublin the 17th September 1762, in his 83rd year. His execution was brilliant and solid, but his compositions were wanting in imagination, being only a weak imitation of Vivaldi's style. Somis, another pupil of Corelli, was born in Piedmont, towards the close of the 17th century, and had visited Rome and Venice in his youth, for the purpose of learning the *virtuosi* of that period. Corelli made him study his sonatas, and Somis at first became attached to his style; but when he heard Vivaldi, he modified his style after his, and copied him in his compositions. Somis was the founder of the Piedmontese violin school, which, after the death of Tartini, influenced greatly the art of playing upon this instrument. Baptiste Anet, better known as *Baptiste*, who received lessons from Corelli, came to Paris about 1700, and was considered a prodigy, not at all surprising at a period when, according to Lully, "the best violinists of the opera, and of the king's band were incapable of playing their parts without previous study." Rather a mediocre musician, Baptiste made but one pupil, Senaillé, so that he effected no improvement in the formation of a French school of violinists. Besides he resided only five years in Paris, having accepted a position in Poland which was offered to him.

The glory of laying the foundation of a violin school in France was reserved for Jean Marie Leclair, pupil of Somis, and a celebrated violinist. He was born at Lyons in 1697. He at first used the violin as a dancing master, for in his youth he appeared as a dancer at Rouen; but having been engaged as ballet master at Turin, Somis, having been pleased at hearing him play some dance tunes, gave him lessons, by which he made rapid progress. After two years' study the pupil surpassed the master. Leclair continued his practice perseveringly, and ultimately became a celebrated performer. Arriving in Paris in 1729, Leclair was engaged in the orchestra of the Opéra, and afterwards in the King's Band. The pupils he formed, and the publication of his sonatas, his duets, and trios, are the starting points of the school of French violinists. Jean Baptiste Senaillé had also some part in influencing the first development of this school. Born in Paris, the 23rd November, 1687, he took lessons from Queversin, one of the twenty-four violinists of the King's Great Band, and afterwards became the pupil of Baptiste Anet. The great fame of the Italian violinists of that period induced him to proceed to Modena, to receive lessons from Antonio Vitali. He produced a great sensation in the city, and he became attached to the Court through the influence of the great Duchess. Returned to Paris in 1719, he made some excellent pupils, among others Guignon, and probably Guillemain, who obtained some celebrity for some admirable sonatas for the violin.

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* Translated from the French of M. F. J. Fétis, Chapel Master to the King of the Belgians, Director of the Royal Conservatory of Music, &c., by Wellington Guernsey.

Of all Corelli's pupils, he who retained the best of his master's style, and by his daring arrived at most extraordinary results, was Pierre Locatelli, justly celebrated as a violinist, born at Bergamo in 1693. He could have received but few lessons from his illustrious master, being scarcely sixteen years of age when Corelli died. Bold and original, he invented new combinations for tuning the violin, the double notes, arpeggi, and harmonic sounds. The most important work in which he put forth the result of his discoveries in these various matters bears the title of *Arte di nuova modulazione*. The French edition of this work was entitled *Caprices énigmatiques*. If Locatelli, who died in Holland in 1764, did not produce many pupils, he had many imitators: Lolli, Fiorillo, and above all Paganini, whose talent owes its complete development to this model.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMING OPERA SEASON AT BOSTON.

Italian Opera, under Maretzek's direction, will open at the New York Academy on the 23rd of this month. The *répertoire* so far as yet whispered by the newspaper quidnuncs is not very inviting to those who love music in a deeper sense than that of fashion or of momentary sensation. For novelties are promised, of course, the two latest Parisian fashions, Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*; also a *Leonora* of Mercadante's (not a word of one by Beethoven, commonly called *Fidelio*!), and some pretty trifles (we suppose they are), such as De Ferrari's *Pipelè* and Cagnoni's *Don Bucefalo*. Among the revivals are named Bellini's *Romeo and Juliet*, Donizetti's *Belisario* and *Maria di Rohan*, Meyerbeer's *Prophet*, Rossini's *Otello*. Of course, too, there will be the usual Verdi and Donizetti hacks, the Gounod *Faust*, &c. Nothing first-class in the whole, except most likely *Don Giovanni*, which no opera company can afford to shelve entirely. No *Nozze di Figaro*, nor *Magic Flute*, nor *Seraglio* of Mozart; no *Fidelio*, no *William Tell*; nothing by Weber, nor by Cherubini; none of those noble classical revivals which have redeemed the character of the London houses in spite of the wide-wildering chaos of trash! But then Italian Opera is a thing of fashion mainly, and must be expected to seek first to please the fashionable rather than the sincerely musical. If we only had a good permanently organized German Opera at the same time, which should carry out the promise of that which gave us *Fidelio*, &c., a few years since, we should not object to the Italian Opera in its peculiar province. But now it seems as if it must all go one way, and we were not to be allowed to associate with the word opera any hopes of what is best in music—when there are such noble operas in existence!

The real remedy, which we fear is far off, must lie in permanent local lyrical establishments, which may provide for this want with the same superiority to momentary popularities and fashions that our Philharmonic societies do in concert rooms. So long as we depend on private speculation (which is instinctively opposed to everything of quiet growth and permanence) we shall know opera only by short feverish seasons, in which advertising is the chief part—[illegible]—the whole aim being to exploit each field in turn as hastily as possible, get all the dollars that can be got out of people's pockets in the smallest number of weeks, overdoing the thing by frequency of performance, and leaving the musical sensibilities of each little opera public utterly exhausted and demoralised for any healthy interest in the better music of unpretending, calm occasions.

Of Mr. Maretzek's New York season we gather further particulars from the *Evening Post*:—

"It is subdivided into two subscription series of twenty nights. The regular nights will be as heretofore, the Thursday performances at Brooklyn continuing as usual. The company engaged is a very large one, including in its list of principal singers seven *prime donne*, four tenors, two baritones, one *primo buffo*, and two bassos. The chorus has been enlarged and improved. The orchestra could hardly be bettered. There are thousands who will regret the withdrawal of the name of Miss Kellogg, who has gone to win new lyric triumphs abroad, but her place will be supplied not only by Madame Parepa-Rosa, but by Signora Peralta, who became so highly known to us last season. The indomitable Ronconi has again been lured from a London engagement by Mr. Maretzek's more liberal offers. The public's old and ever trustworthy favourite, Bellini, who always does nobly, has been re-engaged, as a matter of course, and so are Antonucci, Baragli, and Testa. Miss Hauck, Madame Natali Testa, and Madlle. Ronconi are also re-engaged. Of the new engagements, the first is that of Miss Kapp-Young, a dramatic soprano, of whom much is expected, but little known here. Mrs. Jenny Kempton, a contralto who graduated with honours from the concert room, and has been studying opera in Italy, is also engaged. Signor Anastasi, a tenor already pleasantly familiar to our public, Signor Pancani, a robust tenor of European reputation, Signor Paolo Medini, a young Italian basso of great reputation, and Signor Orlandini have been engaged."

The Opera will of course make its favourite round in what New Yorkers like to call the "provincial" cities, by two or three weeks at a time, during the winter—in short, just as often as it will do to pass the hat round. In Boston, we are told, Maretzek will come to the new Selwyn's Theatre (not yet completed), when, we are not informed. There is also mention of another Italian Opera party, under the management of Max Strakosch, who has induced that admirable artist of former days, Madame Lagrange, to revisit America. He has also secured Signor Brignoli, and it is said the concern is to bear the name of "The Lagrange-Brignoli Combination." Then comes Mr. Bateman's importation of the lightest and Frenchiest of light, farcical French extravaganza and burlesque, the humours of Offenbach, whom the New York *Weekly Review* calls "the presiding musical genius of the Old World" (Heaven save the Old World, and the New!). He has brought all the requisite French singers and other outfit, and will open in New York at the French Theatre, about the same time with Maretzek. Report speaks highly of the leading *prima donna*. It will be a novelty and no doubt amusing; at any rate we shall be able to see for ourselves whether the Offenbach celebrity is merely an idle fashion or something more. Mr. B.'s first experiment on the New York public will be Offenbach's latest and said to be his best work, "*La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*."—All this, too, we are to have our turn of in the new theatre. Light English comic opera, at the Boston Music Hall, is among the things anticipated. About the middle of January it will begin in a kind of "Parlour Opera" style, under the direction of Mr. Julius Eichberg, who proposes to bring out his own clever, sparkling little operettas, the *Doctor of Alcantara*, and some new ones, with fuller means of execution than heretofore. There is a Richings' English Opera, making Philadelphia its point of departure, with plans of traversing the country. Balfe, we suppose, is the type thereof. Where is the German Opera? Where is *Fidelio*, and all the hopes it raised? Where are Frederici and Himmer and Habelmann and Hermanns and the rest? Why will it not once more plant itself in Boston, and live on modestly and quietly and *grow*?—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

Breslau.—The new Theatre was opened on the 1st inst. with Goethe's *Faust*, preceded by an overture written for the occasion by Herr Leopold Damrosch.

Weimar.—In honour of the "silver wedding" of the Grand Ducal pair on the 8th inst., Berlioz's *Béatrice and Benedict* (founded upon Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*, and adapted to the German stage by Herr Richard Pohl), was the opera selected for performance. The Grand-Duchess herself chose this work, which has up to the present time been performed only at Weimar (in German), and at Baden-Baden (in French).

Too Statistical to be Agreeable.—With a want of gallantry which cannot be too sternly deprecated, the *Continental* press lately published the ages of some of the principal fair vocalists of the day. Of course we should never think of re-producing such a paragraph, were it not that we believe some of the dates wrong, and wish to afford the ladies aggrieved an opportunity of correcting them. Here is the list:—Madame Sax, born 26th Jan., 1838; Madame Cabel, 31st January 1827; Madame Cerito, 11th March 1821; Madlle. Lasoye, 28th July 1823; Madame Viardot, 18th July 1821; Madame Cruvelli, [illegible] Aug. 1821; Madame Jenny Lind, 6th October, 1821; Madame Ugalde, 3rd December 1829; Madame Faure-Lefebvre, 21st December 1828; Madame Miolan-Carvalho, 31st Dec. 1827; Madame Alboni, 1826; Madame Borghi-Mamo, 1829; Madame Caroline Duprez, 1832; and Madame Stolz, 13th February 1815.

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THE STAGE IN NEW YORK

(By a London Playgoer.)

New York, Sept 25.

Mr Bateman, father of the celebrated actress who, by the way, has already left America for Liverpool, commenced last night his bold experiment of giving French comic opera to the public of New York. The work selected was Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* which, recently produced at the Théâtre des Variétés, has been performed at nearly every European capital except London. The greatest pains had been taken to render the execution of the farcical opera as effective as possible, Mdlle. Tostée, who had been the Parisian *prima donna* in some of Offenbach's earlier productions, being engaged to represent the Duchess—a part in which she had distinguished herself at Bordeaux, and supported by a company selected from various parts of France.

As the time for the commencement of the enterprise approached, the most various opinions were expressed respecting Mr Bateman's chances of success. The Americans are passionately fond of opera, but they associate it with the Italian language, and whether they would tolerate a work half opera, half burlesque, performed in French was a question to which experience afforded no means of solution. The curtain, however had not long risen before it was evident that a most brilliant triumph was on the cards. The theatre, by no means small in size, and the area of which is completely covered with chairs, was so densely filled that the seatholders had a difficulty in reaching their places, and every pleasantry was received with hearty laughter, the usual bounds of circumspect gravity being passed with the most reckless hilarity. Still there was a rock ahead to which the more knowing of the audience looked forward with some apprehension. This was the dance which is performed at the end of the second act by the Duchess and her courtiers, and is the modest imitation of a *pas* highly esteemed in the "Quartier Latin" of Paris, but less admired in select society. Would the Americans, who had only been made acquainted with ballet a year before by the production of *Black Crook*, which, by the way, draws larger crowds than ever to Niblo's—would the Americans tolerate this irregular offspring of Parisian civilization?

Not only did they tolerate, but they were carried away by a rapture of delight of which it is difficult to form a notion in the Old World, inasmuch as it was a delight in which surprise was an important element. The wilder the dance became the louder were the shouts that arose from every part of the house, and when the drop curtain had fallen the audience, who demanded its re-ascent, would not be satisfied with the mere acknowledgment of the artists but insisted on a repetition of the exploit, which took place amid increased acclamation.

The performance of Offenbach's opera is certainly more complete than anything that has been done at any one of the theatres during my sojourn here, except, perhaps, that of *Caste* at the Broadway. Generally, the American managers show small proficiency in the art of mounting pieces, and even *Black Crook*, chiefly depended on its scenery, is, as I have said, supplied with decorations imported from Europe. But the *Grande Duchesse* stands out as a brilliant departure from the general rule. Scenery and costumes are all in the best taste, and would satisfy the most fastidious *habitué* of a Parisian opera house.

To all appearance the *Grande Duchesse* is firmly established for the winter, and it is very doubtful whether its performance at the Théâtre Français alternately with the tragic representations of Madame Ristori will assist the attraction of the Italian artist. The Americans are fond of novelty and Offenbach comes forward with all the advantage of a new sensation. It is said that after the termination of the New York season Mr Bateman will take his French company to London and that arrangements are already made with Mr Mitchell for their appearance at the St. James's Theatre.

One new feature of the coming winter will be the production of an English pantomime on a grand scale at the Olympic. I have already mentioned Mr G. L. Fox as an excellent clown, but he has hitherto played in the short pantomimes which form part of the miscellaneous entertainment given at Barnum's Museum, and which, though admirably droll, are produced at no great cost. Indeed we have long been taught to believe that the "grand comic pantomime," which becomes so conspicuous at Christmas, appeals exclusively to the English taste, and, in spite of its Italian origin, refuses to thrive beyond the boundaries of the three kingdoms. The favour shown to the small pantomimes at Barnum's, and the readiness with which Mr Fox's humour is appreciated, show that this opinion is fallacious, and there is no reason to doubt that the Olympic pantomime, which will be decorated with scenery from one of the London theatres, and produced under the direction of Mr Fox, who is engaged not only as clown but as stage manager, will be an addition to the list of successful novelties.

However with all their rage for novelty there is one species of amusement of which the Americans never seem to grow weary. I refer to those performances of blackened musicians and dancers of which at London we have a specimen in the entertainments given by the Christy's Minstrels, but which at New York seem to abound in every district. You cannot walk along the theatrical section of the Broadway without being perpetually greeted by a glaring announcement that the serenaders of St. Francisco, or Georgia, or Virginia are prepared to afford you admirable recreation, nor can you pass a hoarding without encountering a large woodcut portrait of some Ethiopian artist. Let it not be thought that this abundance of "minstrelsy" is accompanied by variety. Songs exactly like those warbled for the last dozen years are warbled still, and jokes based on the hypothesis that Joe Miller is an unknown wit are exchanged between the "bones" and the "tambourine" after the good old fashion. The only thing that is new to a Londoner is the representation of a game of baseball, which is a national sport with the Americans. Here the humour is of a thoroughly practical kind, the Ethiopians tossing a huge elastic ball into the midst of the audience, who are expected to toss it back again, the pleasure afforded by the intellectual pastime being in direct proportion to the number of heads hit.

When we reflect that the Americans had long been familiar with Ethiopian Serenaders when they were a novelty in London, this exceptional constancy in a people more than ordinarily fickle becomes amazing. Perhaps it is to be ascribed to that same Puritanism which seems here to have no effect whatever on playhouse audiences, but probably induces a large section of the public to patronize entertainments not ostensibly theatrical. Still the circumstance that a prejudice which in London contributes to the support of all sorts of entertainments should here chiefly encourage one particular kind of buffoonery is remarkable. Of anything corresponding to the *soirées* of Mr and Mrs. German Reed and Mr John Parry I have not seen a trace, though Mr Arthur Sketchley is here, and will, it is said, introduce the noted "Mrs Brown" to the New York public. Nor are lectures or "readings" the order of the day, an exception being made in the case of the announced "readings" of Mr Charles Dickens, whose arrival is anticipated with great curiosity, and who seems to be certain of a most brilliant reception.—*Times*, Oct. 11.

Wandsworth.—The English Glee Union (four male voices), assisted by Miss Fanny Danielson, and Mr J. F. Rixon (pianist), gave a concert on Tuesday at the St. Barnabas School, Lansdowne Road, before a numerous and respectable though not very appreciative audience. Miss Danielson's greatest successes were in "Tell me my heart," and Blumenthal's ballad "I love to roam," which last was encored and "Coming thro' the Rye" substituted. Mr Phillips, who has an agreeable tenor voice of good quality, sang Abt's "Ever Thine" and "She wore a Wreath of Roses" in an artistic manner. Some glees and quartets, foremost amongst which were "Hail smiling Morn!" and Kücken's "The Soldier's Love," were rendered very satisfactorily but met with little favour. This was not the case however with a Buffo Duet, a most stupid and unmelodious composition, sung by Messrs. Giegelt and Rudkin, which the audience applauded to the echo. Mr J. F. Rixon accompanied and played Favarger's *Faust* fantasia passably well.

Southwark.—A concert was given on Monday in the St. Matthew's School rooms, New Kent Road, by the Lion Street Choral Society, conducted by Mr R. Cuddeford. Several glees and part songs were sung in a very creditable manner, the most successful being Danby's "Awake, Æolian Lyre" and Spofforth's "Hail smiling Morn!" A remarkable feature in the programme was the overture to *Masaniello* arranged as a duet for pianoforte and harmonium, played by Dr Bennett Gilbert and Mr W. H. Tomlin. The solo singers were Miss Joseph, Miss A. Gilbert, Mrs. Bennett Gilbert, Messrs. Stanley Mayo, Sankey and Gaynar. Mrs A. Gilbert was loudly applauded in Bishop's "Bid me discourse," and Mr Sankey was very successful in Haydn's "In native worth." Miss Emily Moss, organist of St. Philip's, Kensington, accompanied the vocal pieces.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN

(From our own Correspondent.)

The eminent success which attended the Italian operatic performances at the Theatre Royal was alike due to the unusual strength and completeness of the company, to the manner in which the operas were put upon the stage, and the almost unparalleled variety of the representations. The series commenced on Monday, the 16th of September, with the *Nozze di Figaro*, and concluded with *Oberon* on Saturday last, which was given for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens. During this period no less than fifteen works were produced, and these included the most popular operas of the modern Italian repertory. A remarkable feature of the performances was that a new opera was given every evening, with one or two exceptions. The operas were given in the following order:—*Le Nozze di Figaro*—Monday, Sept. 16; *Norma*—Tuesday 17; *Martha*—Wednesday 18; *Il Trovatore*—Thursday 19; *La Sonnambula*—Friday 20; the *Huguenots*—Saturday 21; *Faust*—Monday, 23; *Falstaff*—Tuesday 24; *Il Barbiere*—Wednesday 25; *Don Giovanni*—Thursday 26; *Lucia di Lammermoor*—Friday 27; *Oberon*—Saturday 28; *Lucrezia Borgia*—Monday 30; *La Traviata*—Tuesday, October 1; and *Semiramide*—Wednesday, October 2. Whether this was the best course to adopt it is impossible to say; but assuredly from the extraordinary favour with which several of the operas were received, notably the *Huguenots*, the *Barbiere*, *Faust* and *Don Giovanni*—repetitions might have been indulged in with certain advantages. However, Mr Mapleson is as shrewd as he is active and enterprising, and did not make his programme without consideration. In fact, with so powerfully attractive a company he could scarcely have fallen into an error whatever piece was announced in the bill; and if one may judge by results, he was decidedly in the right, as a more successful representation of Italian opera has not been given in Dublin for many years. I hear that, urged by the success of the present performances, Mr Mapleson intends establishing a regular season of Italian Opera every autumn in Dublin. I am sure this would answer far better than a flying visit, as a subscription might be established, and the fashionables would prefer the same course as that pursued at Her Majesty's Theatre and Covent Garden.

Mdlle. Clara Doria, the charming and intelligent daughter of our eminent composer, Mr John Barnett, had a great success in her two performances, Lucy in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Amina in the *Sonnambula*. Her voice is sweet, rather than powerful, and she is somewhat deficient in energy and *abandon*; but she vocalises admirably, is graceful and becoming on the boards, and no doubt has a career before her. She made a decided hit with her Irish audience, and will be welcomed in Dublin with open arms whenever she reappears.

Oberon was repeated on Saturday, the 5th instant, for the benefit of Mdlle. Tietjens. I was unable to attend, but send you an extract from one of our papers, which gives a fair statement of what took place:—

"The closing night of our operatic season was, according to custom, selected as the occasion when, by the compliment of a benefit, special recognition might be made of the favour in which the prima donna is justly held. Sufficient testimony as to her merits and the proportion of regard they have gained during many successive seasons was given by a house crowded in every part, and enthusiastic in the highest degree. The opera of *Oberon* was selected for performance, and the cast on its repetition was the same as had been previously made on that night week. Our remarks on the previous performance were confirmed by the representation last night, and accordingly we may be understood to repeat them as our critique in the present instance. The same morceaux were applauded and encored, and at the termination of the scena 'Mare, potente mare,' a clamour arose in the house which no effort could allay. In vain the conductor proceeded with the music, the pirates carried off the heroine, and Signor Bettini appeared and tried to commence the 'Infelice mortale.' All that performance was a matter of dumb show. Mdlle. Tietjens, after frequently acknowledging the compliment and retiring, at last repeated the final movement of the scena, but was wholly inaudible. Ultimately Oberon himself, with a most unromantic resignation of his magic power, had to draw a [illegible] out on the stage [illegible] scene. Signor Bevignani, abandoning his post in the orchestra, appeared before the footlights as accompanist, and Mdlle. Tietjens gratified the desire of the galleries by singing the English version of 'The Last Rose of Summer.' After this the opera was allowed to proceed. Assuredly Mdlle. Tietjens gained such evidences of popularity as she could have desired. Ten bouquets and a wreath had been thrown to her for her exertions in *Oberon*, and some more fragrant messengers fell on the stage at the conclusion of the Irish melody. The opera did not terminate till long past eleven o'clock."

A grand concert was given by the Italian Company in the large hall of the Exhibition Palace, on Friday morning the 4th instant. All the singers engaged in the operatic performances assisted, and Miss Emily Glover, daughter of Professor Glover of Dublin, greatly distinguished herself by her harp playing.

COLOGNE.

(From our Original Correspondent.)

Our operatical season is going on triumphantly and we possess an ensemble this year which without being of *primissimo cartello* is still in many respects a very good one. The two highly gifted pupils of our Conservatoire have been very successful in their debuts, and specially the Frl. Schenetzle as *Rezia* in Oberon, *Elizabeth* in Tannhäuser, *Alice* in Robert and the *Contessa* in the Nozze di Figaro has met with an enthusiastical reception. Indeed her beautiful voice of a real dramatic soprano, (a great rarity now a day) her Method as well as her great sentiment are uncommon, and having the great chance to continue her theoretical and practical studies under her teacher (Madame Marchesi) we may prognosticate the coming of a new star on the theatrical firmament of Europe. The second one Frl. Radecke (a lyric soprano) after Agathe in Freischutz, has sung the first soprano parts in *Stradella* of Flotow and *Zampa* of Herold with genuine success. Although possessing a very sweet voice of a great compass and a splendid vocalization, however being very timid, she wants the *laisser aller* which is so very necessary on the stage to excite the enthusiasm of the public. But no doubt that time and experience developing her self confidence Frl. Radecke will become one of the best german singers. Frau Dumont-Suvanny, who does not possess a first rate voice, through her singing method and her grace in acting, has proved to be a charming and interesting soprano. Her debuts in the parts of Susanne, the princesses in the *Huguenots* and *Robert* and *Margherita* in Faust have brilliantly confirmed the reputation which she enjoys in Germany. By the way, it is interesting to know that Frau Suvanny is also a pupil of Madame Marchesi, from the Conservatoire of Vienna.

Among the Gentlemen we have got as Baryton a great artist coming from the Royal theatre of Munich. Herr Simons is a possessor of a stage-fitted voice and he is decidedly such a capital singer and actor as to produce a sensation in Paris and London. The high register of his voice is something quite exceptional, his figure is very elegant and his success in the part of *Zampa* (written more for a tenor than a Baryton voice) was [illegible]. Another very good acquisition is the *Basso Cantante* Bockowsky as a singer as well as an actor. About the tenors, this *Cosa rara* we are not so happy; but the Herrn Lütte, Brunner, Flemming and Wagner are superior to the one we had last year. Another improvement is the new conductor Herr Dumont. Romeo and Juliette of Gounod is in rehearsal and according to the prospect we shall hear *Mignon* by Ambroise Thomas, and *Loca del Cairo* of Mozart during the present season. On the 10th instant we shall have a grand vocal and instrumental concert at the Gürzenich room, given by F. Hiller in aid of the cathedral of Frankfurt. On the 22d october will take place the first grand *Gürzenich Concert* under Hiller's direction and on the first week of november will begin the *quartett soirées*. To night D. [illegible] for the first time this season and soirée musicale at F. Hillers given in honour of H. R. H. Prince Oscar of Schweden, who being a great musical amateur and a protector of the conservatoire of Stockholm has expressed the desire to make the acquaintance of Hiller and of all the professors of our conservatoire on passing through cologne.

Notice.—Signor Marchesi has received the Knight's Cross of Sts Maurizio e Lazaro from the King of Italy.—Yours truly

5th October SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

COLOGNE.—Mdlles. Schreuth and Radecke, pupils of Madame Marchesi of the Conservatory, have made a successful *debut* at the Stadt-theater.—Signor Salvatore Marchese, the well known singer and song composer, has been created by the King of Italy a knight of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus.

HAMBURGH.—M. Offenbach's [illegible] has been produced at the Stadttheater with enormous success.

REVIEWS.

Compositions by Willem Coenen—

1. *Romancero.* Six transcriptions de Concert pour Piano.
2. *Chant du Barde.* Morceau de Concert pour Piano.
3. *The Warrior's Lament.*
4. *Sérénade.* Morceau de Concert pour Piano.
5. *Lovely Spring.* Song.

[London: Ewer & Co.]

Number one of these compositions is a series of "transcriptions," the themes of which are supplied by Wagner (*Tannhäuser*), Donizetti (*Anna Bolena* and *L'Elisire d'Amore*), Mehul (*Joseph*), Donizetti (*La Favorita*) and Mercadante (*[illegible]*). Nearly all of them may be styled "brilliant," and would probably find favour in the eyes (and ears) of those who love showy pianoforte music.

Number two is an *andante* melody, with syncopated accompaniment which by-and-by loses itself in a maze of *arpeggios*. The former is very well, but the *arpeggios* can only serve as an exercise.

The funeral march with which number three opens and closes is effective, but we cannot say as much for some of the intermediate passages. The latter sound little like the lament of a warrior, or any one else.

The melody of number four (when there is one) falls to each hand alternately with an *arpeggio* accompaniment, which is nearly continuous. It is an agreeable trifle.

Number five is a song which does Herr Coenen greater credit than all that precedes it. It has a good and expressive melody, a cleverly varied accompaniment, and is by no means deficient in proofs of more than ordinary ability.

Overture to "Guglielmo Tell," arranged from the full score for the Organ, by A. L. Peace, organist of Trinity Church, Glasgow. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

The overture to *William Tell*, adapted for the organ by a Scotch organist, is a significant thing. In the first place it shows the degree of perfection to which the "king of instruments" has been brought in regard to its mechanism; and it further goes to prove that clever manipulators are by no means rare. Without the one and the other the publication of this arrangement would be a simple act of folly, because its demands both upon instrument and player are terribly exacting. Mr Peace, who must be a credit to the Glasgow church if he can play his own work, has secured as much of the orchestral effect as is possible. Under the circumstances this is high praise.

Let her depart. Song (with violin *obbligato*). The words by Mrs Hemans, the music composed by Edward Thurnam. [London: [illegible] & Co.]

A commonplace song, only differing from other commonplace songs by having an *obbligato* for violin running through it. The meaning of the latter we are unable to conceive, unless it afforded a means for dedicating the song to Mr. Henry Blagrove.

Sing to me that Song again. Serenade. Composed by [illegible]. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Mr. W. H. [illegible] has made this simple and expressive song a deserved favourite. To those who have not heard it sung by him, we can commend it as well adapted for amateur use.

La [illegible] au bord du lac. Romance. Transcribed for the Pianoforte by Brinley Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Mr Richards has been happy as usual in his transcription of this romance. Although by no means difficult, the effect of its performance is very pleasing. We can commend the piece to moderate players who wish for something suited to their means.

A Sigh went floating on the Breeze. Ballad. Composed expressly for, and sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, by W. M. Lutz. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

What a pity it is that not even accepted composers like Herr Meyer Lutz can obtain decent words. Here is the first of the verses that gentleman was driven to make use of when writing for a popular artist like Miss Pyne:—

> "A sigh went floating on the breeze,
> A sigh freed from its fettered stay,
> Then, like the wind o'er summer seas,
> Died in the distance far away;
> A stifled sob of grief was heard,
> A breath as from above;
> She did not breathe one single word,
> Sad, silent was her love."

What does it all mean? We imagine that Herr Lutz himself could not well make out, for he has written a most unsatisfactory song. It would, however, be unfair to criticise the music which seeks to illustrate such rigmarole.

Bonnie Katie. Song. Written by F. S. Clarke; the music composed by Franz Abt. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

A charming song with pretty words, and a graceful, piquant melody effectively accompanied. "Bonnie Katie" will be welcome wherever she goes.

Crispino e la Comare. Fantaisie de salon pour le Piano, par Wilhelm Kuhe. [London: R. Mills.]

The light and trivial music of the Riccis' operetta is here handled upon in the usual fashion, save that the themes are not over-embellished. Judging from the multitude of such pieces continually coming before us, they must be in great demand. We are sorry that the time and labour of those who play them are not better bestowed.

The Silver Stream. Waltzes by Frank [illegible]. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Some of the themes of these waltzes are very flowing and elegant. The copy before us is marked "second edition."

Woodland Trillings. Morceau de Salon. Composed for the Pianoforte by [illegible]. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Our readers can tell by frequent experience of similar things what this piece consists of. First a theme simply accompanied; then the theme repeated with scale passages here and there as embellishments; then, again repeated in the relative minor and then again repeated in the major with varied ornament. Next, an interlude in another key, and then the theme again repeated in yet another. Finally, a *cadenza* introduces the original key, and again the theme is repeated with added decorations. "These be thy gods, O Israel."

LEOPOLD DE MEYER IN NEW YORK.

(*From "Watson's Art Journal."*)

Leopold de Meyer walked into New York as calmly and quietly a day or two since, as though Europe was over the way, and one only had to cross a road. When we saw his name on our visiting book, we doubted the evidence of our senses. We knew that he meditated a visit to America, but we expected that his decision would be announced by a flourish of trumpets blown by some enterprising agent. It seems, however, that he silently concluded and quietly walked on board a steamer bound for this city, and he is here now, unrecognised, where twenty years ago he was the "lion" of the day, the "observed of all observers." A generation has almost passed away since then; his brilliant successes and his wonderful playing, his marches of Italy and Marocaine are talked of as things of the time past, and yet Leopold de Meyer is, to-day, in the very flush of his physical and mental strength, and a greater artist than he was when he first visited this country, and literally turned the heads of all the American people.

Leopold de Meyer has come out on his own account; he has no settled intentions, no agent, proposing to judge for himself as to what his future career shall be. We believe that he will find the present time opportune for his re-appearance. His popularity here is still remembered, and his European career, up to the present time, has been constantly quoted in the American papers, so that it is as fresh and as brilliant as ever. We hope to hear him soon, and in the meantime we shall take from the ashes of the past some reminiscences of the good old time when Leopold de Meyer was a lion in the land.

Glasgow.—Notwithstanding the multiplied attractions of a musical and dramatic nature with which the city is now supplied, the Saturday Evening Concerts retain their hold upon the masses. On Saturday evening the City Hall was filled in all parts, and a well-arranged programme provided. The singers were Mdlle. Vanzini (her first appearance in Glasgow), Miss Helen Kirk, Mr Alfred Hemming (who appeared for the first time in Glasgow), Herr Stepan (basso) and the Misses Dashwood. Mdlle. Vanzini possesses a soprano of purity and considerable compass, and sings with the ease and finish of an educated vocalist. Miss Kirk took part with Mdlle. Vanzini and Mr Hemming in a trio and duet, but the audience appeared to enjoy her ballads better. Mr Hemming has a good voice, and sings with intelligence. He was several times recalled. Herr Stepan appeared to be duly appreciated by the audience, who more than once insisted upon his reappearance. The Misses Dashwood (serio comic vocalists) are great favourites. As usual Mr Lambeth presided at the organ, and Mr [illegible] Berger took his accustomed seat, which it is to be hoped he may not soon vacate, at the pianoforte.—*Glasgow Daily Herald*, Oct. 7th.

On the 1st October, in one vol. Post 8vo, 6s. 6d.,

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT. Being an attempt to set forth those Fundamental Principles of Human Expression from which have sprung the Chief Forms of Musical Composition, in order if possible, to Deduce the Essential Spirit and Features of these Forms, and thus to lay down the Leading Principles which should regulate their Construction. By Joseph Goddard, Author of "The Philosophy of Music."

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DEATH.

On the 4th inst., at 15, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, Wilhelmina Emily, the eldest, much-beloved daughter of Wilhelm Ganz, Esq., aged 7 years and 5 days.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

"THE GOOSE OF CAIRO."

A POSTHUMOUS OPERA BY MOZART.

In a former number of our paper, says the editor of the Berlin *Echo*, we told our readers that Mozart's unfinished posthumous comic opera, *Die Gans von Cairo* (*The Goose of Cairo*) had been produced at the Théâtre des Fantaisies Parisiennes, where it met with a very favourable reception. According to the Paris papers it has been very skilfully remodelled, that is to say, the plot has been condensed into two acts by M. Victor Wilder, and the omissions in the score have been filled up in the proper spirit of veneration for the composer. M. Wilder, to whom the notion and successful realisation of the performance are due, gives the following details of the history of this opera from its commencement, and of his arrangement of it for the stage.—*The Goose of Cairo* is not, as might be supposed, says M. Wilder, one of Mozart's youthful works; on the contrary, it dates from the most fertile and brilliant period of his career, the period which witnessed the birth of *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Don Juan*, and *Die Zauberflöte*. Written in the year 1783, the place of this opera is between *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (1782) and *Figaro's Hochzeit* (1786). Mozart, who unfortunately was doomed to die at the age of thirty-five, was then about twenty-eight. In addition to a large number of symphonies, sonatas, &c., he had already written a dozen operas, among which were *Idomeneo* and *Die Entführung*. It will no doubt interest the reader to learn under what circumstances Mozart composed *The Goose of Cairo*, and I may therefore be allowed to describe them. I will do so in the form of a notice intended to be placed at the head of the score. After twice travelling through a large portion of Europe Mozart settled at Salzburg. The Archbishop had attached him to his person with a salary of 400 florins. In this small provincial town, where the great artist was exposed to the abuse and insults of his master, who treated him worse than the meanest of his servants, Mozart felt his genius was being suffocated. It was, therefore, with childlike joy that he received the command to follow his master to Vienna, which place he reached in March, 1781.

Vienna was then the true home of art. Joseph II., who was passionately fond of music, had collected in his capital an Italian operatic company which was unrivalled. The writers of that time are perfectly unanimous as to its excellence. "Our operatic company," says one of them, "is truly superior to all others in Germany and Italy, for during his journey through the peninsula, the Emperor visited all the large theatres and engaged the most celebrated virtuosos. It is not uncommon to find our second and third singers leaving Vienna to appear as *primi buffi* in Italy." In addition to the *opera buffa* Vienna possessed a second theatre. This was devoted to German operas. Unfortunately, there was a deficiency of good composers and good singers, and with the exception of a few national works, translations formed the staple entertainment of the establishment. For a short time Mozart restored its fortunes by his *Entführung aus dem Serail*. The reader may easily imagine what powers of attraction such a place as Vienna exerted upon the genial young composer. He trembled at the mere thought of having to return to Salzburg. But how could he avoid the sad necessity? Leopold Mozart, his father, attached great value to the Archbishop's four hundred florins, and dreaded his son's being exposed to the vicissitudes of life. He feared, too, that the fact of Wolfgang's breaking with his master might endanger the situation which he himself, Leopold, held at the Court of Salzburg. Under these circumstances, Mozart's permanent stay in Vienna became an exceedingly difficult problem. But the Archbishop's brutality succeeded in solving it. Most profoundly wounded in his dignity as a man and an artist, Mozart listened only to the voice of his just indignation. He bade farewell to the choleric Archbishop, and knocked at the hospitable door of C. Weber, whose daughter he was afterwards to marry. He now was settled in Vienna. After he had provided for his livelihood by lessons and concert-speculations, he turned his attention principally to the stage. He first thought of the national theatre. This was natural, as there were neither rivals or any other serious obstacles in the way; besides, he could refer to the success of his previous work (*Die Entführung*). It appears from his correspondence that he had in his possession for some time a piece entitled *Rudolph von Habsburg*. He proposed, also, getting some one to translate a comedy of Goldoni's, *Il Servitore di due Padroni*, but the German theatre was at its last gasp, and the Emperor had already condemned it to death. There was, therefore, nothing but the Italian theatre left.

Mozart's most ardent wish was to write an *opera buffa*. Despite his Germanic descent, his taste drew him to Italian art, for we must not forget that, though as the composer of *Die Entführung* and *Die Zauberflöte*, he is the real founder of the German musical drama, we behold in him more especially the impersonification and last representative of the great school of men like Pergolese, Paisiello and Cimarosa. Unfortunately, he had many obstacles to overcome in order to attain his end. The great thing to be first done was to overcome the prejudice entertained by Joseph II., who did not value Mozart's dramatic talent very highly and did not care much for *Die Entführung*. The next thing was to conquer the intrigues of Salieri, who was greatly respected in Vienna, and enjoyed the especial favour of the Emperor. Finally, it was necessary to obtain a book. Being exceedingly anxious about the matter, Mozart wrote, on the 7th May, 1783, a letter to his father, complaining that he had read at least a hundred Italian pieces, without finding a single one of any use. For the moment there was nothing to be done with the Abbé da Ponte, who had promised him a piece, as the Abbé was then busily engaged on a libretto for Salieri. Mozart commissioned his father, therefore, to come to some arrangement about a book with Varesco. If, he said, Varesco consented to write one, they might work together during Mozart's stay in Salzburg. In the month of July, Mozart really did set out for Salzburg, as he had married a short time previously, and wished

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to present his wife to his father. He found Varesco already at work, and carried away with him the first act and the plot of the two others to Vienna.

In his ecstasy at finally obtaining a libretto Mozart set about his task with feverish eagerness. His ideas flowed easily and abundantly, and the first act was speedily finished. It was now that he thought over, for the first time, the whole plan of the piece and became aware of the defects inherent to it. On the 6th December 1783 he wrote to his father to say how pleased he himself was with the numbers he had completed, and what a pity it would be were such music never performed, as might be the case, if Varesco would not consent to certain indispensable alterations in his book. This letter gave rise to a lengthy correspondence between father and son. In it Mozart detailed the subject of *The Goose of Cairo*, suggested the necessary alterations, and spoke very sensibly of the value of the book. Unfortunately Varesco was, to judge at least from Mozart's letters, an obstinate man, difficult to manage, and appeared moreover to be firmly convinced of the great merit of his work; in a word, he opposed every important alteration. The unhappy composer was in despair. Luckily for him, Da Ponte had quarrelled with Salieri, and was ready to fulfil the promise he had formerly made Mozart, and thus *The Goose of Cairo* was forgotten for *Figaro's Hochzeit* and locked up in a dusty press with other manuscripts condemned to oblivion. If the reader bear in mind the correspondence mentioned above, together with the date, 1783, which marks a new period in the development of Mozart's dramatic genius, he will easily believe that the fate to which the unfortunate score was subjected was something to be deplored. In worth, if we look away from the frame, *The Goose of Cairo* may take its place by the side of the master's best efforts. Happily it was not lost. While the earthly remains of the poor great man were flung into a pit where they could never be found again, his manuscripts, carefully collected by his widow, passed into the hands of André, who purchased them *en bloc* for 1000 ducats. His successor, and the present owner of them, Herr André, music publisher at Offenbach, published *The Goose of Cairo* in 1861, and it was then I conceived the notion of producing it on the stage. Starting from the same point as Varesco's piece, with the plot of which I was acquainted through Otto Jahn's work, I constructed a completely new libretto, guiding myself continuously by the existing musical numbers, so that, for instance, the endings of the acts corresponded with the analogous situations in the original book. As most of the numbers written by Mozart, especially the concerted ones, were out of proportion for a one act opera, I thought I ought to extend my frame, and make the opera in two acts. It is true that this plan compelled me to interpolate in *The Goose of Cairo* three pieces not in the original work. Mozart wrote neither an overture nor an introduction, but at the very time he was busy on *The Goose of Cairo* he had an idea of setting to music an old opera, *Lo sposo deluso*. He soon abandoned the project, but this overture and an introductory quartet, possessing, by a remarkable chance, a close resemblance to the first scene of *The Goose of Cairo*, were completed and fully scored.* This overture and this quartet occupied naturally the place of the absent Introduction. Isabella's rondo, also scored, I found in one of the master's scores, of which the title and book are lost. The final trio (No. 6) concluded the first act of an opera by Bianchi, *La Villanella rapita*, which was produced in 1785 at Vienna, and for which Mozart, like a terrible spendthrift, composed this delicious number. After doing thus much I required a talented musician well versed in classical music, and impressed with the veneration due to the works of genius. Mozart's mode of composing is well known. As he himself relates in one of his letters, when he was travelling, at table, out walking, or unable to sleep in bed at night, a stream of musical ideas kept flashing through his brain. Such as pleased him he retained in his memory, to work up subsequently. He seldom forgot them. He worked, therefore, always mentally at first, and did not take up his pen until his idea was quite matured. He then began his score, wrote the parts and the bass, and, reserving for a future period the task of fully scoring his work, contented himself with scoring certain passages and ritornellos, marking repeats, &c. This is the shape in which *The Goose of Cairo* has come down to us. A talented young musician, M. Charles Constantin, conductor at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and a pupil of the composer, A. Thomas, undertook the delicate task of completing Mozart's instrumentation.

This is, in a few words, the history of *The Goose of Cairo*. I was obliged to tell it in order to acquaint the public with the facts, and to correct certain errors. In consideration of my good intentions, I trust I shall not be censured for a few personal details. But, having spoken of myself, it would be unpardonable of me to conclude this notice without offering the press my thanks for the kind and friendly welcome they accorded my modest labours.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Mr Levy, the well known cornet performer, gave a concert here on Monday evening. The vocalists were Madame Ruby Barrett, who sang an aria of Donizetti's; Miss Edith Wynne, who gave "Auld Robin Gray" and Bishop's "Love has Eyes;" Mdlle. Liebhart, who sang with great effect Signor Schira's new valse, "Il Ballo" (encored), and a song by G. B. Allen; Madame Weiss, who introduced a song by G. A. Macfarren, which met with much applause; and Miss Julia Derby, who sang an Irish song. Miss Julia Derby, Mdlle. Liebhart, and Mr W. Harrison were very effective in Balfe's popular trio, "I'm not the Queen." Mr Harrison also sang the same composer's ballad of "The Muleteer" with his usual dramatic point and effect. Mr George Perren was heard in his own ballad, "When first the Bells," and gave Balfe's "Maud" as an encore. Mr Weiss was encored in his new song, "King Canute," when he substituted "The Blacksmith." The "Blacksmith" had as good a reception as the "King." Mr. Lewis Thomas sang "In Sheltered Vale" finely. A new and clever duet for two harps, founded on Irish melodies, was played by Messrs J. Balsir Chatterton and Cheshire. It is the work of Mr. Cheshire. Mr Viotti Collins played one of his violin solos in a brilliant manner, and Madame Reus and Mr W. C. Levey performed what was denominated a grand duet for violin and pianoforte on airs from *Il Trovatore*. Mr Harry Sanderson thundered forth on the pianoforte his arrangement in octaves of the overture to *Semiramide*, which being encored he gave one of his Concert Polkas. Mr Levy played "De Beriot's 7th Air," with variations for the violin, arranged by Mr Hartman, of the 12th Lancers, for the cornet. We are not prepared to say that he embodied the composer's idea, but can state it was a most brilliant and effective performance. Mr Fred. Kingsbury, Mr G. B. Allen, and Mr Guglielmo, accompanied the music at the pianoforte.

BASIL BARDOE.

MRS. EDITH WYNNE will appear at Liverpool as Maritana, in W. V. Wallace's opera, at Mr Herbert Bond's benefit, previous to her departure for Florence.

MDLLE. ANGELE made so successful a *début* at the Edinburgh Saturday Evening Concerts last month that its management has re-engaged the fair vocalist for the winter series in November.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—M. Offenbach's opera buffa, *La Grande Duchesse*, will be produced at the above theatre early in November. The composer will come to London on purpose to superintend the rehearsal and conduct the performance.

MISS CLINTON FYNES has returned to town for the season.

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* These fragments were published by Herr André simultaneously with *The Goose of Cairo*.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

After a long period—longer far than I had anticipated, even though bound for transatlantic shores—I return to my old "coign of vantage," and once again resume my hebdomadal contributions to the *Musical World* for I would fain hope the edification and pleasure of the readers of that journal. I find just now little to descant upon in relation to art which is taking place in the French capital. The Grand Opéra makes little stir, and contents itself with the old repertory, that is, including the *Africaine* and *Don Carlos* among the "old repertory," which, from the number of times they have been performed, may rank among established favourites. The new one act opera, *La Fiancée de Corinthe* by M. Duprato, is indeed in rehearsal and will shortly be produced. I hear good accounts of the music, but am afraid the piece is too unimportant for the theatre. The characters are restricted to four, personated by three artists, Daphné and Chloris, Mdlle. Mauduit, Lysis, Mdlle. Bloch, and Palus, M. David. *La Fiancée de Corinthe*, it is evident, has not been founded on Lord Byron's poem *The Siege of Corinth* although such has been averred in many quarters. It is not likely that M. Duprato would measure swords with Rossini, nor that M. Camille du Locle, the author of the libretto, would give him the chance of doing so. But, if the *Fiancée de Corinthe* be not taken from Lord Byron, the ballet of the *Corsaire* undoubtedly is, and that gracious offshoot of Adolphe Adam's genius is about to be reproduced for Mdlle. Granzow, who will represent the character of Medora, so eloquently mimed and so brilliantly danced by that renowned mistress of her art, Carolina Rosati, both at the Grand Opéra here and at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, in the palmy days of that princely impresario, Benjamin Lumley.

But the tide of attraction at this moment flows steadily and with a strong current towards the Italian Opera, where Mdlle. Adelina Patti is in greater repute than ever. I fear, indeed, M. Bagier is making too much use of the young *cantatrice*, endeavouring, as it would seem, to kill the goose for the golden eggs. Since the beginning of the season, which commenced weeks before the usual time, Mdlle. Patti has appeared in almost every representation and some of them requiring the greatest amount of labour and endurance, and yet she has never flinched from a single performance, and never indicated any falling off of her powers. Pluck and indomitable energy, and an earnest anxiety not to disappoint the public and to fulfil her engagements to the letter with the director, are no doubt the causes which conduce to this, to the public, most satisfactory result; but the young and ardent, and, it may be in this instance, too thoughtless artist, should be warned that voices are not "more lasting than brass," and that physical power is as perishable comparatively as an air bubble. Since my arrival here I learn that Mdlle. Patti has been urged to take the part of Semiramide, and that she has consented. I have further been informed that Rossini himself has counselled her to this venture, and that he is most sanguine as to her success. As to her success in respect of singing the music of the Babylonian Queen, little doubt can be entertained, and the same thing could not be safely predicated of any other living artist; but Mdlle. Patti is too young and too juvenile looking even to put on the semblance of Arsace's mother and those soft and handsome features so intimately associated with the tender passions, or with all that is gay and sparkling, cannot by any amount of genius be made to put on the stern grandeur and towering dignity of the regal usurper who disdained not to murder her own husband to live with her paramour and reign in his stead. Nevertheless the appearance of Mdlle. Patti in *Semiramide* will be of the highest interest, and will no doubt attract all Paris to see it. And we shall hear to begin with that grandest of all grand bravura airs, "Bel raggio," sung as it has not been sung since the days of Pasta. Signor Mongini made his *début* on Thursday in the *Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Krauss as Leonora, and Mdlle. Grossi as Azucena. The grand-voiced tenor did not come up to what was expected of him, nor am I surprised thereat. In the first place he was terribly frightened, so much so, indeed, as to make little or no impression in the serenade in the first act, sung behind the scenes, in which it was his custom to create a *furore* in Lisbon, Milan and London. In the next place the change of the diapason from what he had been accustomed to seemed to interfere with the brilliancy and splendour of his tones, and certainly the music sounded too low for him. I expect a far better reception for Signor Mongini from the Parisian public when he has been heard a few times, and when he has regained his self possession. Nevertheless, I doubt if he will obtain in the French capital the same reputation which has universally been achieved by him in other cities. The Parisians care little about the quality or beauty of the voice; they are, or pretend to be, sticklers for what they call "school," and adore art, as they understand it, in the first place. Hence the panegyrics they lavish on Signor Fraschini, whose voice, never of the finest quality, is almost entirely gone, and on Signor Naudin, whose voice was never remarkable for quality or power. Signor Mongini, it cannot be denied, is far from perfect as a singer, but he has perhaps, the most magnificent and finest organ in the world, and, as a vocalist, has powerful instincts, great passion and energy. It is commonly said that taking the requisites for a singer at 100, the voice would count as 99. The Parisians, however, do not accept this estimate, and in their opinion voice counts for little or nothing in the qualities that go to make up the vocal artist. Besides, as is well known, they look with suspicion on any singer who comes to them highly commended, as though they thought no nation had a right, or possessed the knowledge, to form a definite opinion until Paris had pronounced its verdict. Indeed it tells rather against a singer when he has gained celebrity, even the highest, in any continental city, and the critics of the French capital are only too glad to pounce down upon him, to show how much more they know and how much more profoundly they are influenced in matters of art. Notwithstanding all this, I am convinced that Signor Mongini, after a while, will become a great favourite here, at least with the general audiences, who in opinions on music and singing do not allow themselves to be led by the press and the critical community "as some are." Mdlle. Grossi did not make any impression in the gipsy mother Azucena, and, as she has been a great favourite at the Italiens, it is only right to infer that she is not as good as she has been, or promised to be. For my part I see no alteration in her for better or worse, but fancy, if anything, her acting betokens improvement. What an escape—thanks to Rossini—the Parisian public has had from the infliction of such a performance as her Tancredi would have been. Mdlle. Krauss, the Leonora of the evening, did not quite satisfy her former admirers. She had grand moments, but then one had to wait. Truth to say, I have seldom witnessed a tamer performance of Verdi's popular opera than the one I speak of, and nine people out of ten left the theatre grumbling. Even the band and chorus were anything but satisfactory.

The re-opening of the Popular Concerts of Classical Music will take place on the 20th instant, at the Cirque Napoléon, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup.

Paris, Oct. 9. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A VOCALIST.—For some time past the English Opera Company have been performing in the Music Hall, Malvern. Mr. Morrell, the bass singer, was rather unwell on Saturday last, with a pain in the region of his heart. On Sunday morning he was but little better, and left his lodgings in Mill Lane, for the purpose, as he said, of walking it off. When near Dr. Weir's residence, he leaned against the wall, and immediately expired. An inquest was held on Wednesday, when a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God" was returned.

MYDDELTON HALL.—A concert under the direction of Mr. Frederick Walker took place in the above hall on last Friday evening, and was very numerously attended, almost every seat being occupied. The programme comprised the names of Miss Fosbroke, Madame Gilardoni, Mrs. Poole, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Kerr Gedge, Mr. Winn, Mr. Delacey, and Mr. Fred. Walker. Miss Fosbroke's singing of Bishop's "Tell me, my heart" elicited a hearty encore, a similar compliment being paid to Mrs. Poole, who also sang "Auld Robin Gray." Madame Gilardoni was no less successful in Herr Ganz's song, "When we went a gleaning." Mr. Fielding sang "Angels listen" and "Live in my heart," and was applauded in both. Mr. Walker's singing of "The Anchor's Weighed" should be specially mentioned. Mr. Winn, Mr. Kerr Gedge, and Mr. Delacey achieved some of the vocal honours of the evening. To relieve the monotony of vocal performances, Herr Kuhe's brilliant pianoforte solo of [illegible] was introduced by Miss Leaver, a young lady who was then heard for the first time, and whose steadiness and correctness of style and execution betokened great musical ability, and elicited for the piece a hearty and well-deserved encore.—W. G. D.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Saturday's concert was remarkable for the variety and richness of its programme. With but one or two exceptions, every piece commanded the attention of the musical hearer. But of this the reader shall judge from the following copy:—

1.	Overture, "Coriolan"	Beethoven.
2.	Aria, "In sheltered vale"—Mr. Lewis Thomas ...	German Melody.
3.	Aria, "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*)—Miss Julia Elton	Meyerbeer.
4.	Symphony in B minor (Unfinished) ...	Schubert.
5.	Cavatina, "Qui la voce" (*Puritani*)—Mdlle. Amalia May	Bellini.
6.	The First Walpurgis Night (Ballad for Chorus and Orchestra)—the solos by Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr Lewis Thomas ...	Mendelssohn.
7.	Serenade, "What wakes me from my slumber?"—Miss Julia Elton	F. E. Bache.
8.	Scena and Aria, "My own Undine" (*Undine*)	Benedict.
9.	Song, "Ich muss nun einmal singen"—Mdlle. Amalia May ...	Taubert.
10.	Grand Procession March, with Chorus (*Ruins of Athens*)	Beethoven.

Beethoven must have entered *con amore* into his task of writing a musical prelude for M. de Collin's tragedy. The work was congenial to him, especially at the time (1806) when he was just giving the reins to his own imagination. One can fancy with what ardour he entered upon it (apart altogether from the fact that M. Collin was Aulic secretary to His Imperial Majesty of Austria). The result we have in the shape of an overture which tells with vivid force the story of passion and of suffering. Such a story Beethoven was fitted to tell above all men. The work was magnificently played, but met with a very slight response from the audience. We affect no surprise at this. Only the few at any given time and place will comprehend and sympathise with such a tragedy in sound. The repetition of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor (first performed last April) was anticipated with considerable interest. Our readers must be aware that this is one of the selections from the composer's musical remains lately (and tardily) given to the world, and also one of those introduced to the English public at the Crystal Palace. It is hardly possible to do justice to the beauty of both the *Allegro* and the *Andante* which are, unfortunately, all we have of the symphony. In the former one seems brought face to face not so much with sorrow as despair, and yet not such despair as ignores hope. Upon the sombre grandeur of the principal theme, which follows the mysterious introductory bars for the basses, the second subject breaks like a sunbeam. Every time it is heard comes the suggestion of a rift in the clouds opening to let a ray of light pass through, and then closing again to cover the scene with darkness. The charm of the movement is irresistible, and so, too, is that of the *Andante*, though altogether of a different kind. If the *Allegro* embodies the great despair of a strong man, the *Andante* gives utterance to the artless and pathetic plaint of a little child. Simple as a child's nature is the construction of the movement, and simple as a child's prattle the themes of which it is composed. We may contrast it unfavourably with more elaborate, but not more artistic efforts; still, we "cannot choose but hear," and, hearing, admire. On such music as this, Mr Manns and his orchestra could do no other than bring their highest skill to bear, and the result was perfection. As perfection cannot be surpassed, it is needless to say that we never heard playing more refined than that which lent additional grace to the *Andante*. The *Walpurgis Night* was, on the whole, very well performed, the choral portions being given in a style to which the Crystal Palace Choir, before the augmentation of its numbers, rarely accustomed us. Not only was the body of voice more satisfactory, but its quality was good, and the precision of the attack vastly improved. There is now no reason why choral works on a large scale should not be given at Sydenham in a manner to which small exception can be taken. In the solos, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Wilbye Cooper and Mr Lewis Thomas left little to be desired. The latter gentleman in particular sang the somewhat fatiguing music of his part with a vigour and dignity specially appropriate. To Mendelssohn the notion of the Druid priest declaiming with the "trombones in C sounding behind him" was a pleasant one, and he recurs to it more than once in his letters. The composer's idea must have been realised in the appearance and voice of Mr. Thomas. The band played the introduction in its usual style, and the result of the entire performance was entire satisfaction. The march and chorus from *The Ruins of Athens* was an interesting *finale*. Written in 1812 for the opening of the Pesth theatre, it was remodelled for a similar occasion at Vienna in 1822, and produced together with the overture in C major (Op. 124). As an illustration of characteristic music it has few equals. In the wild vigour of certain passages, and the strongly marked rhythm of the whole, may be seen the chief features of semi-barbaric music, features which Beethoven could not have better delineated had he lived all his life among Turks.

The vocal selections, apart from those already noticed, were of no great importance. Miss Elton's pleasant voice was heard to advantage in both her airs, while Mr Wilbye Cooper gave satisfaction by his singing of Benedict's *scena*. Mr Lewis Thomas is fond of singing the old German "Mill Wheel," and, since he sings it so well, nobody is inclined to quarrel with him on that account. Of Miss Amalia May, who made her first appearance on the occasion, we would rather not speak at present. The vagaries of nervousness are singular, and we hope in the circumstances, for it is mostly curable.

THADDEUS EGG.

MR. MACCABE AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

Begone dull Care! A fitting title for Mr Maccabe's entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. This versatile artist provides an evening's amusement well calculated to banish the dull goblin. Care must remain outside, or should he venture in, he will be driven forth howling.

Imitation without exaggeration, and mimicry without caricature, are difficult things to attempt and delicate ware to handle; but Mr Maccabe appears to have hit the exact "tone" for every one of his pictures, and succeeds in making each type of social life that he impersonates speak for itself, be itself, and become something—each and every one—because it is itself, and not Mr Maccabe.

When the old gentleman, for instance, appears and rises to make a speech, we must laugh, not as a tribute to the actor's cleverness, but because we have seen this ancient "party" so often before, and recognise at once his "winning ways," his elaborate preparations for saying something which never turns out to be anything, and his evident reluctance to sit down again. And the gentle "Mary May"! Who can behold that graceful creature and not become instantly captivated? We look upon this as being one of Mr Maccabe's best characters, and on the night of our visit certainly shared the ardent wish of the audience to have a little more of it. Then, again, there are the "Swell" and the Railway Guard, and several others, all exceedingly well done. Mr Maccabe has the talent of thoroughly identifying himself with the character he assumes, and the fun he extracts out of each is as piquant as it is harmless.

"Dull Care" has no chance with him, and, like the man whom, by his ventriloquial powers, he succeeds in enticing down the chimney without even giving him time to put on a clean collar on the way, he makes his audience feel that they are in his power, and that, so long as it pleases him to amuse them, they must be so used.

We need not advise those who have once seen Mr Maccabe to go and see him again, for they certainly will do so; but to those who have not yet been, we can honestly declare that if they do they will never be sorry for having devoted a quiet evening to this entertainment.

C. SAV.

SIGNOR CATALANI and LA SIGNORA LEALE intend receiving their musical friends every alternate Wednesday morning, at their residence, 53 Queen Anne Street.

M. [illegible]'s "Meditation" (*Mélodie Religieuse*) for violin solo, harp, and orchestra, which met with so much success at the late Mr Mellon's concerts, has been played during the week at Covent Garden under the direction of Signor Bottesini, and received with great favour.

MR. H. C. SANDERS AND MISS G. ARMYTAGE have been singing at the Assembly Rooms, Margate, with more than ordinary success. Mr Sanders, in Mr Sullivan's "If doughty deeds," and Miss Armytage in "Won't you tell me why, Robin" (Claribel), won the unanimous applause of the audience.

THE CELTIC CONGRESS OF BRITTANY

SIR,—I have just been favoured by the distinguished Celtic scholar and patriot, the Vicomte de la Villemarqué, with a prospectus of the forthcoming Celtic Congress (or Eisteddfod) to be held at St. Brieuc, in Brittany, and beg to hand you for publication such parts of it as will serve to give an idea of the nature and purposes of the gathering. It will be at once seen how different the aims of the "Society of Emulation of the Cotes du Nord," as it is entitled, are from those of the Welsh Eisteddfod. The Bretons propose to make their institution not only an agent for modern practical progress, but also of research into antiquity—into language—into ethnology. In fact, they embrace all the objects which learned bodies such as the Cambrian Archæological Association are promoting in Wales, together with the lighter service which the Welsh Eisteddfod seems fitted to render.—I am, yours faithfully,

3 Craven St., London, W.C. Aug. 28. THOS. NICHOLAS.

SOCIETY OF EMULATION OF THE COTES DU NORD.

INTERNATIONAL CELTIC CONGRESS.

To meet at St. Brieuc in Brittany, Oct. 15th next and three or four following days; with full liberty of discussion except as it regards points of religion and the institutions of France and England (?)

OBJECTS AND QUESTIONS TO BE THEME OF DISCUSSION.—All matters touching Brittany or Great Britain may be dealt with if submitted to the authorities of the institution before the 8th Oct. and approved by them. The following are already fixed upon:—

1. Community of origin of the Celtic peoples. The settlement of the Bretons in Armorica. Former frequent intercourse between the Bretons of the Continent and their brethren of Britain. The interruption of this intercourse.

2. The utility of the re-establishment of amicable relations. The means by which, in future, they may be rendered frequent, and regular and useful for the advancement of Celtic studies and for the moral, intellectual and material good of the two peoples in general. The extension of these relations to the Celts of Ireland and Scotland. The utility, in this point of view, of a *General Association*, which might lead to some coherent relation with the learned societies of the two nations and, when needful, with those of foreign nations, and which might establish periodical congresses and a Celtic museum. The bases, means and methods of action of the Association—should it form a single group or divide into separate but still united associations on both sides of *La Manche* (a department of France between ancient Normandy and Brittany)?

3. Whether the great stone monuments (the *Menhirs*, Cromlechs, &c.) are the exclusive works of the Celts. Respecting these monuments, what explanations are furnished (*a*) by local traditions, (*b*) by written traditions. To indicate, classify and translate ancient texts concerning those monuments in Gaul and the British Isles. To compare the great stone monuments of the two countries in respect to their exterior character, their structure, their contents, and the inscriptions upon them. What dates can be assigned to these monuments, &c.

4. Celtic mythology. The names and characters of the divinities (*a*) according to the Gallo-Romano Gallic, and Britannic Inscriptions; (*b*) according to coins; (*c*) according to tradition.

5. The study of the *Senchus-Mor* compared with the ancient Welsh laws, the customs of Brittany, and the laws of Scotland.

6. To enquire whether, under the ancient tenures, traces cannot be found of ancient Celtic usages.

7. Neo-Celtic languages. Their relation amongst themselves and to the ancient Gallic. Their place in the great Aryan, or Indo-European family. The degree of relationship between the Breton and Welsh dialects. Their agreements and differences at different epochs of their history. Do the Armorican dialects contain elements foreign to those of Britain? The value of the preservation and culture of these idioms as living languages in relation to morals, patriotism, science, and æsthetics. What are the most efficacious means to attain this object? What, in Celtic lands, is the state of the indigenous literature? What the character, number, value, influence of the publications issued in the Celtic idioms? What MSS. or documents remain unedited, whose publication would be of most value to the different branches of Celtic study?

8. The leading characteristics of the Celtic race, as revealed in history, literature and art. To state the physiological characters which belong to the modern Celts. The popular customs of the Celtic peoples compared.

9. A comparative study of the home arts of the Celtic peoples, and principally of their popular music.

10. To give a statement of intellectual progress in Brittany since the beginning of the 19th century.

THE BALLAD CONCERTS, under the direction of Mr. John Boosey, which last year attracted so much attention, will shortly be resumed at St. James's Hall, and will be continued throughout the winter on alternate Wednesdays.

OPENING OF A NEW ORGAN AT PECKHAM.—On Thursday week the new organ of Queen's Road Chapel, Peckham, was opened with a special service. The instrument, which is enclosed in a richly decorated Gothic case, has been built by Messrs. Foster and Andrews, of Hull, the cost being £600. It is of moderate dimensions and power, but very well adapted for the size of the building, and the tone is remarkably sweet, and free from harshness. There are two manuals, CC to F in alt, and a full completeness of pedals, CCC to tenor E, twenty-nine notes. The following are the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN.

	Feet.	Pipes.		Feet.	Pipes.
Open Diapason	8	56	Principal	4	56
Stopped Diapason	8	56	Twelfth	2⅔	56
Dulciana	8	56	Fifteenth	2	56
Flute Traverse	4	56	Mixture (3 ranks)		168

Total number of pipes, 560.

SWELL ORGAN.

Lieblich Bourdon	16	56	Cornopean	8	56
Open Diapason	8	56	Oboe	8	44
Flute d'Amour	4	56	Principal	4	56

Total number of pipes, 324.

COUPLERS.

Swell to Great. | Great to Pedals. | Swell to Pedals.

The organist was Mr. J. Higgs, who was assisted by a choir of about one hundred voices. A sermon or lecture on "Church Music" was given by the Rev. Luke Wiseman, who treated the subject with considerable ability. The hymns sung during the service were to the tunes St. Stephen, Nazareth and Pembroke; and after the sermon a selection of sacred music was given. The choir sang the prayer from *Mosè* and the "Dona Nobis" from Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*. And two gentlemen whose names were not given sang the duet "O lovely peace" (*Judas Maccabæus*). The organist played, amongst other pieces, "Let the bright Seraphim," the "St. Anne's" Fugue (Bach), Handel's "Hallelujah," the "Cujus Animam" (*Stabat Mater*), and the march from Costa's *Eli*. A collection was made at the close on behalf of the Organ Fund.

WALWORTH CHORAL UNION.—This flourishing society, which is in connection with the Walworth Institution, has just issued its prospectus for the forthcoming season. The works for practice and public performance include Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and *Alexander's Feast*, Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants," Hatton's *Robin Hood* and Romberg's *Harmony of the Spheres* and *Transient and Eternal*. The conductor is Mr. W. J. S. Gadsby, and the pianist is Mr. F. H. Cozens (organist of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street). The meetings are held on every Friday evening in the lecture hall of the Institution.

MR. AGUILAR commenced his annual series of recitals of pianoforte music at his residence, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, on Wednesday last. The following is the programme:—Sonata in C, Aguilar; Nocturne, Aguilar; Rondo Brillant, Weber; La Pesca (transcription), Liszt; Impromptu in A flat, Schubert; Polonaise in A, Chopin; Sonata in E flat (Op. 31, No. 3), Beethoven; "Lieder ohne Worte," Mendelssohn; "Chi mi frena" (transcription), Aguilar; Day Dream and The Birds at Sunset, Aguilar; Pensée fugitive and Mazurka, Aguilar.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Rev. Sir F. Ouseley read a paper last week on the "Musical Training of the Clergy." He began by saying that he hoped the subject on which he was going to address them would prove of sufficient interest to secure their attention. Great improvement had been effected in Church music during the past twenty years. Many causes had contributed to this. In part it had been caused by the increased knowledge and hearty appreciation by the people generally of what was good. In part it was owing to the improved state of education generally, and in part, too, to the system which had of late years sprung up of special choral teaching. But there was still a higher cause than any of those he had mentioned which had led to improvement, for it was improvement not merely of singing only, but of a heartiness in singing. A great deal was also due to the energy and zeal with which the clergy themselves had entered into that work, and it was to the parochial clergy that they must chiefly look for the carrying out of all improvements in the choral services of their parish churches. (Loud applause.) Sir F. Ouseley went on to show that the practice of singing in connection with religious services had been handed down to us from the earliest times—for instance, our blessed Lord joined in the singing of hymns with His apostles, and we were exhorted so to do in the *Apocrypha*, where the harpers were harping with their harps. Under these circumstances he might take it for granted that it was most desirable to improve our Church song but the question arose what ought to be sung and the way of singing it. Clergymen were the natural leaders of Church psalmody and this should go hand in hand with the professional leader whom it would be necessary to engage. There was unfortunately a great want of musical learning in candidates for holy orders, and in some persons there was a natural incapacity and a deficient ear for music which no amount of training would ever supply. He was the last to say that the person in whom such deficiency existed should be precluded from entering holy orders, for there were many other offices which he could perform namely in preaching and visiting the sick but under such circumstances the leading of the choir should be left to a more competent person who should be carefully appointed (Applause.) The rev gentleman went on to say that few were incapable of musical training, then came the question How could this be brought into being? To this he would reply that more attention should be given to musical training in our schools. It was true that great improvement had been made in this respect in schools but still the musical element among the humbler and poorer classes might be developed further with considerable advantage. It fell to his lot to examine the papers of the candidates for middle-class examinations and in musical [illegible] the average was low and he was instructed to put the most elementary questions. He then proceeded to observe that in cases of cathedral choirs, the youths should be trained by [illegible] go later but not brought up the remainder of their hours in idleness and allowed to run the streets thereby growing up, perhaps, efficient musical scholars, but devoid of those Christian principles which it was so essential should go hand in hand with it. He also argued that the musical training should be more general in our universities in order that clergymen might better be able to control and take part in and lead the services in our country churches with musical ability. The rev baronet concluded by throwing out the suggestion that music should form part of the examination for deacons orders, not as a matter of necessity but as an alternative subject and concluded his paper amidst expressions of applause. The Rev. T. Helmore next read an interesting paper on the subject of "Church Music" with musical illustrations by the choir of Lichfield Cathedral and harmonium accompaniments. The rev gentleman after alluding to singing as a means of praise and of following out the Scriptural injunction to show our gratitude to and adoration of God next referred to the cardinal [illegible] evinced by many with regard to the proper cultivation of singing. As a means to praise and glorify God it was essentially necessary that both the clergy and the people should learn to sing and properly cultivate whatever talent for singing they might possess. They could not expect to hear good congregational music whilst there was not a man amongst them who could use his voice musically as a singer. He did not speak so much of females because as a rule they could always sing better than men, which arose from having greater facilities for it, greater sympathy and more frequent opportunities for practice. He then advocated at some length the formation of singing classes in all our public schools the extension of the system of choral teaching and also the adoption of full choral service in all our parish churches, and thus increase the devotional feeling of the people instead of confining such services, as had been the case too much hitherto to our cathedrals. The programme was as follows:—*Venite exultemus Domino*; Psalms 136, 137, 138 and 24; *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*; *Æterna Christi munera*; the Nicene Creed; *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; *Nunc Dimittis*; anthem "Rejoice in the Lord"; *Gloria laus et honor*; Hymn of the Eastern Church, "Peace it is"; *Corde Natus ex parentis*; anthem "Good Christian men, rejoice"; anthem "Oh God, Thou art my God"; Greek evening hymn, "Past and over." The benediction was afterwards pronounced by the Bishop of Nova Scotia and the last meeting of the successful Congress of 1867 terminated.—*Church Congress*, Oct 5.

Munich.—M Offenbach's *Schöne Helena* is drawing large houses. The same composer's *Blaubart* will soon be produced.—A short time since the papers published a complimentary letter from the King to Herr Lachner, Director General of Music, in which his Majesty said "he wished to see him" (Lachner) "remain in his artistic and highly honourable post." This letter was sent probably after Lachner had written to be pensioned, though his even having done so was disputed by many persons. It is however now uncontrovertibly proved that last June, when he was in Berchtesgaden, Lachner forwarded to Munich a petition praying that he might be pensioned; that, on account of the slight to which he has been exposed and the indignities to which he has been subjected, he will leave Munich, and that he intends to settle permanently at Vienna.

Baden Baden.—An operetta composed by Madame Viardot-Garcia, and entitled *Trop de Femmes* was recently produced here with great success before a select audience of the fair artist's private friends. The subject is oriental and the performers were twenty charming young ladies.

Leipzic.—The Gewandhaus Concerts began for the season on Thursday, the 3rd inst.

Prague.—A new opera *Drahomira*, by Schebor, has been successfully produced at the Bohemian Theatre.

Mayence.—Herr Lux has completed an opera entitled *Der Schmied von Ruhla*.

St Petersburg.—The direction of the Conservatory has been intrusted provisionally to Professor Zaremba in place of M Rubinstein.

Amsterdam.—The Oratorio Association, under the direction of Herr [illegible] has commenced its preparations for the approaching winter season by studying Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

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The following notice of Miss Emilie Glover's performance at the Grand Concert by the Italian Opera Company, in the Hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, October 4th, appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*:—"The accompaniment to Mr. Santley's songs, 'How dear to me the Hour,' and 'The Harp's Legacy,' was exquisitely performed on the harp by Miss Glover, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the performances were unanimously redemanded. Miss Glover also accompanied Mdlle. Tietjens in 'Home, sweet Home,' and her playing was in every respect worthy of the honourable position assigned to her; and if more could be said we would heartily say it, for it would be all deserved."

In the Press,

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Leaders of Orchestras, and Bandmasters.

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Arrangements are pending with other composers of eminence.

The First Number will be published on the FIRST OF NOVEMBER, and will contain:—

1. **A Pianoforte Piece, by Jules Benedict.**
2. **A Song, by Arthur S. Sullivan.**
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The Musical World.

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Vol. 45—No. 43. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867 Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MR. MAPLESON has the honour to announce that he has arranged to give a SHORT SEASON of OPERA, commencing on MONDAY, October 28th.

MONDAY, October 28th, will be performed

"LUCREZIA BORGIA."

Gennaro, Signor Bettini; Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Gassier; Gubetta, Signor Foli; Rustighello, Signor Agretti; Astolfo, Signor Casaboni; Liverotto, Signor Zoboli; Petrucci, Mr. Lyall; Gazella, Signor [illegible]; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, by Mdlle. Tietjens.

TUESDAY, October 29th, Mozart's Opera,

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Casaboni; Cherubino, Madame Demeric-Lablache; Marcellina, Mdlle. [illegible]; Susanna, Mdlle. [illegible]; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens.

SATURDAY, November 2nd.—Début of Mdlle. KELLOGG.

Doors open at Half-past Seven o'clock. The Opera will commence at Eight. Stalls, 15s.; Dress Circle, 10s. 6d.; Upper Circle, 5s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery 2s. Private Boxes, One Guinea and upwards.

The Box-office will open on Monday next, October 21st, under the direction of Mr. Nugent, on and after which date places may be secured. Also of the principal Librarians and Musicsellers.

MDLLE. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, *Prima Donna* of the Academy of Music, New York, will make her First Appearance on SATURDAY, November 2nd.—HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Miss [illegible], Mr. George Perren, Mr. Nelson Varley. Solo Violin, Mr. H. Weist Hill. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

Programme includes Symphony No. 1, B flat (Schumann); the Trumpet Overture in C (Mendelssohn); and Overture, "Semiramide" (Rossini).

Admission, Half-a-crown; Guinea Season Tickets Free; Stalls for Season, Two Guineas. Single Stalls, Half-a-crown, at the Palace.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce that, the Ballad Concerts of last season having been honoured by the public with distinguished favour, he has made arrangements to give a SECOND SERIES during the Winter months, to take place every alternate Wednesday. With a view of strengthening and varying the programmes, the following arrangements have been made:—

1. The concerts will be divided into two parts; the first consisting of standard and popular songs, ballads, glees, madrigals, &c.; the second part being devoted entirely to modern compositions by the most popular writers of the day.

2. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, consisting of 50 voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, has been engaged for the performance of the choral and part-music.

3. The songs and duets will be sung by the most eminent artists that can be engaged.

4. At each concert there will be instrumental solos by two distinguished performers.

By adhering strictly to this plan, Mr. Boosey trusts that the Ballad Concerts will be found interesting as performances of English music, and attractive as entertainments of a diversified and popular character.

The First Concert will take place on Wednesday evening, October 30th, 1867.

Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings.

Instrumentalists—Violin, M. Sainton; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard.

The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt.

Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton.

Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s. Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside; and Boosey and Co., Holles Street.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN begs to acquaint the Public and her Pupils that she has arrived in Town for the Season. Address—3, Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

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"The Sea-Shell"—Schubert; "The Orphan's Tear"—Gottardi; "Sweet Home"—Arditi. Three Swedish Songs, written and adapted by W. Guernsey—sung by Mdlle. Nilsson; "Sighing for thee"—J. Benedict; and the highly popular Cavatina, "Mid the rose leaves," written and composed by Wellington Guernsey.

TENOR SONG—"The Parting" (J. Benedict).

BASS SONGS.

"When my thirsty soul I steep" (composed for Santley)—Julius Benedict; "A Message from the Deep" (composed for Foley)—Emma Hansen.

DUETS.

Three Duets by F. Gassner; "I'm an Alsatian"—J. Offenbach; "Village Bells"—Schubert; "One Word"—Otto Nicolai.

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Tenders, accompanied by a Specification of full particulars as to price, mode of payment, and time within which the organ would be erected, are to be addressed, on or before the 1st November next, to the Secretary of the Company, William [illegible], Rupert Street, Bristol.

The Directors do not bind themselves to accept any tender.

"ARRAH-NA-POGUE."

THE BAND of the ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE, under the direction of Mr. J. [illegible], perform during the Acts of the above celebrated Drama, "THE LIGHT CAVALRY POLKA," by Wellington Guernsey, and the famous National Set of Irish Quadrilles, "THE CAT OF DUBLIN." Both pieces are nightly received with immense applause by the crowded and fashionable audience.

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THE NEW OPERETTA HOUSE, King's Cross (Liverpool Street).—Manager and Musical Director, Mr. HOWARD GLOVER.—It is respectfully announced that the NEW OPERETTA HOUSE will be OPENED for the season on Monday, November 25th. Composers wishing to have works produced, Operatic Students desirous of being instructed and brought out, and Artists seeking introduction to the London public, should apply at once to Mr. Howard Glover, 1 Crescent Place, Burton Crescent, W.C. Daily practice on the Stage.

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"ARRAH-NA-POGUE."

THE BAND of the ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE, under the direction of Mr. J. [illegible], perform during the Acts of the above renowned Drama, "THE LIGHT DIVISION POLKA," by Wellington Guernsey, and the famous National Set of Irish Quadrilles "THE BAY OF DUBLIN." Both pieces are nightly received with immense applause by the crowded and fashionable audiences.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN begs to acquaint the Public and her Pupils that she has arrived in Town for the Season. Address—3, Kildare Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

MISS BIESLAND (Contralto) begs to announce her return from Germany. Letters respecting Engagements, etc., to be addressed to care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, or to her residence, 12, Carlisle Terrace, Kensington, S.W.

MISS F. HALDANE will sing BALFE's popular song "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," at Clifton, November 22nd.

MISS EMMELINE COLE will sing BALFE's very popular song, "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," at Belfast, November 4th and 11th.

MISS BANKS and Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing BENEDICT's admired duet, "ONE WORD," at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nov. 5th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her Favourite Song, "CHERRY RIPE," with Variations (composed expressly for her), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Midland and Eastern Counties, in December and January.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her New Song "[illegible] THE SPRING," expressly composed for her by [illegible] (Words by [illegible]), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tours in the Midland and Eastern Counties, in December and January.

MISS MORI and Mr. ALFRED HEMMING will sing BENEDICT's popular and effective Duet "ONE WORD," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Evening Concert, Wednesday, November 20th.

MISS KATE GORDON will perform ASCHER's "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Waterford, November 4th.

MISS BERRY GREENING is re-engaged at several of the towns at which she sang on her Tour just concluded to sing the "MESSIAH" at Christmas. She is now making engagements for a second Tour for December (Midland Counties), and for a third Tour in January in the Eastern Counties. Letters to be addressed care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MISS ANNA HILES (Soprano) is now making her Engagements in the Provinces, for the Winter Season, for Oratorios and Concerts. Address—5, Meadow Lane, Leeds.

MADAME LAURA BAXTER begs to announce that she is in Town for the Winter Season, and requests that all communications respecting Engagements for Opera, Oratorios, Concerts, or Lessons be addressed to Mr. A. [illegible], 15, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME RABY BARRETT, Soprano, respectfully announces that she gives Lessons in Italian and English Singing, and that she is open to receive engagements in town or country for Concerts or Private Parties. Address—2, Nottingham Place, York Gate, Regent's Park.

MDLLE. ANGELINA SALVI (Soprano-Contralto) is open to Engagements for Concerts, etc. etc.

Of her *début* at the [illegible] Concert the Press speak thus:—

"Mdlle. Angelina Salvi possesses a fine voice [illegible] good school [illegible] an addition to the concert-room."—*Musical World*, October 26, 1867.

"The great feature of the evening was the artistic rendering of "Ah quel giorno" by Mdlle. Angelina Salvi."—*Weekly Dispatch*, October 27, 1867.

Address care of Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN is now making her engagements (as Principal Soprano in Oratorios and Concerts) for the Autumn and Winter season in the Provinces, including Scotland and Ireland. All communications addressed to her at Messrs. Metzler's, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., will receive immediate attention.

MR. ADOLPHE GANZ begs to announce that he still continues to score Operas, Cantatas, and Single Arias, for Full or Small Bands, on moderate terms. Apply to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Music Publishers, 244 Regent Street; or at Mr. A. Ganz's residence, 37 Golden Square.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr. [illegible]'s admired Song "THE [illegible] TEAR," at Chatham, November 4th.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing the favourite ballad "SING ME THAT SONG AGAIN" at Newcastle, November 4th; Chelmsford, 11th; Leeds, 20th; Brighton, 21st; and at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, 22nd.—Published by Robert Cocks and Co.

MR. BRANDON will sing Herr KLOSE's new and popular song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," at [illegible] and Gloucester during November and at all engagements.

MR. W. T. BRIGGS will sing Herr KLOSE's song "THE VALIANT KNIGHT" at Windsor on Monday, November 11th.

MR. FREDERICK KINGSBURY begs to announce his return to Town for the Season. Communications respecting Concerts and Lessons to be addressed to No. 18, Cecil Street, Strand.

MR. CHARLES HALL AT HOME (199, Euston Road, N.W.), where he will be happy to resume his Instruction in the Art of Singing for the Concert Room and the Stage.

MR. KING HALL having returned to London will be glad to receive his Pupils for the Pianoforte and Harmonium at 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT begs to announce his arrival in London for the season.—41 Brecknock Crescent, N.W.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. WILFORD MORGAN's popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Chatham, November 2nd (This Evening); Croydon, 4th; Guildford, 11th; Bournemouth, 18th; Salisbury, 19th; Hampton, 20th; [illegible], 26th; Stratford, December 10th; Truro, 12th; Plymouth, 16th; Devonport, 18th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," November 11th, Camberwell; 17th, Brighton.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at all his Engagements during the Season.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan gave 'My Sweetheart when a Boy' so exquisitely that he was encored."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"Mr. Wilford Morgan (of whose very successful début at a Philharmonic Concert we lately had occasion to speak) sang a pretty song, composed by himself, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy,' displaying vocal qualities which probably come nearer to Mr. Sims Reeves than any other English tenor of the day."—*Globe.*

"Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in his own song, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy.'"—*Morning Star.*

THE FUGUE AS AN ART WORK

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

1. The specific problem of this paper is to answer this question as far as we may, namely: What is the true rank of the Fugue as a musical work of art? Let it be understood that, throughout this paper we understand by the term *fugue* the Fugue in its highest development, which it received only at the hand of Bach; for the fugues of this master are, we think, more individual and more free than others, and approach more nearly to the ideal of the fugue.

In this discussion we must build up our reasoning on axioms, intuitions, and postulates, about which opinions do not differ; for we have no authoritative treatise on musical taste.

2. The first question which meets us is: What kind of impressions or ideas may we get from music? To this question generally stated, John Ruskin has answered:—

"All sources of pleasure, or any other good, to be derived from works of art may be referred to five distinct heads.

"I. Ideas of Power.—The perception or conception of the mental or bodily powers by which the work has been produced.

"II. Ideas of Imitation.—The perception that the thing produced resembles something else.

"III. Ideas of Truth.—A perception of faithfulness in a statement of facts by the thing produced.

"IV. Ideas of Beauty.—The perception of beauty either in the thing produced or in what it suggests or resembles.

"V. Ideas of Relation.—The perception of intellectual relations in the thing produced, or in what it suggests or resembles."

In musical application the significance of these terms is thus taken:—When we perceive a musical work to have employed great technical or artistic powers in its production we receive "ideas of power." Likewise from a virtuoso performance we receive "ideas of power"—namely, of great mental and bodily powers employed in the performance or in its preparation. This kind of impression is in itself noble. We are so constituted as to take pleasure in any exhibition of power either bodily or mental, and the more worthily the power is exerted, the more worthy is our delight.

Secondly.—When we perceive a musical passage to imitate something, as, *e.g.*, a bird-song, or one voice to imitate another—we receive "ideas of imitation." Haydn's *Creation* abounds in passages designed to imitate or suggest sounds in nature. The ideas of this class are regarded as less noble than any others in music, for reasons that we have not now space to consider.

Thirdly.—A musical work depicts or suggests certain emotional states. In proportion as any particular emotional state is distinctly suggested or impressed upon us, do we receive "ideas of truth."

Fourthly.—In what ideas of beauty consist we have not now room to show in full. Reference is made to the second volume of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, which volume alone to any student in æsthetics is worth more than the price of the entire set. It must suffice here to say that in the contemplation of good music we experience very great pleasure, "not dependent on any direct and definite exertion of the intellect." This pleasure results from a perception of the beautiful, which may be merely of the blending or contrasting of tones of different shades, and in the happy union of melody and harmony, or may consist in an unconscious perception of spiritual types suggested by the music. Among the traits of typical beauty are these:—Infinity, unity, repose, symmetry, purity and moderation. These elements are typical of traits in the Divine. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that beauty of the kind first mentioned (blending of tones, &c.) is of physical relation only. The latter is a higher kind—a beauty perceived by the moral nature.

Fifthly.—Entirely distinct from the pleasures already enumerated is the perception of the relations of design, significance, and fitness between the different parts of the work. All the satisfaction we experience in tracing the manner of modulations, the happy imitations (considered as a device of counterpoint), the various resources of counterpoint, and the relation of successive melodic periods to each other—the satisfaction derived from all these and many like sources arises from "ideas of relation."

3. Again, with reference to the mind, or "subjectively," as some would say, all the impressions just enumerated may be classed into three divisions:—

I. *Sensuous Perceptions.*—The music sounds well, or it does not. To this class belong all questions of consonance or dissonance, tone-colour, rhythm—all questions of hearing.

II. Intellectual Perceptions.—These are "ideas of relation" and "ideas of power," perhaps also "ideas of imitation," as enumerated and defined in the preceding chapter.

III. Emotional Impressions.—We perceive the work to depict certain emotional states and our own feelings are elevated or depressed in accordance therewith. To this class belong the "ideas of truth" and "of beauty," according to the former enumeration.

4. It is now proper that we inquire which of these kinds of ideas is most noble, if, indeed, there be degrees of rank among them.

Now with reference to the classes of ideas enumerated in the second chapter it is to be said that the three last named are regarded as most noble, and of these all are in some degree essential to any true work of art. Truth is, of course, essential to any real nobility, but is hardly a fit subject of comparison with other elements. Of the other two, I cannot resist the conviction that ideas of beauty are more ethereal, more angelic, more divine, than the simple perception of the intellectual relation of parts, however complicated or masterly these relations may be. And as this opinion will hardly be controverted by any person of artistic soul, we may consider it as accepted.

With reference to the enumeration in the third chapter it remains to say that the two latter sources of pleasure (the Intellectual and the Emotional) must be regarded as superior, or of a higher order than the first. For by the common consent of enlightened mankind, those enjoyments which appertain exclusively to the *physique* are considered to be of a lower order than those which belong to the intellectual or emotional nature. The body perishes with the using. The soul is immortal.

5. We are now prepared to approach more closely to our main question, which we do by asking:—How in general shall we determine the rank of a work of art? Ruskin has given a general formula of answer to this, in *Modern Painters*, vol. I, p. 12 (first American ed.):—

"The art is greatest, which conveys to the mind of the spectator, by any means whatsoever, the greatest number of the greatest ideas; and I call an idea great in proportion as it is received by a higher faculty of the mind, and as it more fully occupies, and, in occupying, exercises and exalts the faculty by which it is received." If this be so, and if the conclusions arrived at in the preceding chapter be just, it follows that those compositions are greatest which most abound in ideas of Beauty, of Relation, and of Truth.

Thus far we seem to have come safely on our journey, but only now have we reached our main question.

(To be continued.)

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ELECTRIC AUTOMATON PIANO

The Electric Automaton Piano Player, or "Pianautomaton," invented by M. Teston, a French pianist, living at New York, is thus described in the American *Home Journal*:—The instrument to which this name has been given is a long wooden box, of the length and width of the keyboard of a pianoforte. It is so constructed that it can be easily and quickly fastened above the keyboard of any pianoforte by means of clamps. The box is provided with a crank, which sets in motion a magneto-electric apparatus contained within it. By introducing into an aperture made for that purpose the paper upon which the musical composition to be performed is written, or rather perforated, a series of axial bars protrude from underneath the box, and, in striking the keys of the pianoforte, perform correctly the musical composition contained on the paper so introduced. The instrument can cause these axial bars to strike the key-notes with four different degrees of strength—from the *pianissimo* to the *fortissimo*. It can gradually swell the sound when necessary, and afterward diminish it in the same proportion. It can cause the axial bars to strike the key notes either with a *legato* or *staccato* touch, and can produce *diminuendo* and *crescendo* passages without the help of the pedals. Each instrument has a pedal attachment, which can be clamped to the piano. A wire connecting this attachment to the box situated above the keyboard enables the instrument to use the loud or soft pedals as either is needed.

The instrument to which the name of Organautomaton has been given is similar to the Pianautomaton in its construction, and is governed by the same principles. The only difference being that one is constructed so as to play on the single keyboard of the pianoforte, and the other to perform on the three keyboards of church organs. The pedal attachment of the one is similar to that of the other, only it is longer and has more pedals to act upon.

The patent of the inventor covers three different kinds of instruments: one which contains within it a magneto-electric apparatus, and which is worked by a crank; another provided with a galvanic battery and also worked by a crank; and last, but not least, a self-acting instrument, which performs alone, without any winding up or any visible or apparent aid. In inserting the perforated paper in the aperture of this last instrument, it pushes a small lever, which, coming in metallic contact, completes the electric circuit, and sets in motion a small electric machine, and the instrument then plays by itself. When all the musical paper has passed through the aperture, the lever, being no longer held up, falls down by its own weight, and the electrical circuit being broken, the instrument stops of its own accord.

The more ingenious, as well as the important part of the inventions is the roll of sheet music containing the notes of the musical compositions to be performed by the instrument. In fact, this roll of paper is the soul and motor of the instrument. The different combinations which can be devised on it, can be made to produce effects of execution on the piano or the organ which no living artist could think of attempting. For example, the instrument can be made, in this manner, to run a chromatic scale in octaves, thirds, or tenths from the lowest to the highest note of the keyboard with a velocity which would cause the whole scale to sound like the snap of a whip, although every note shall have been heard distinctly and clearly. In the same manner the instrument can be made to produce the same effect as if four, six, eight, or more hands were performing. It will easily be understood, therefore, that the roll of sheet music for the instrument, is the most important feature of the invention, and that its preparation will necessarily create a new branch of industry; a consideration which, commercially speaking, renders the invention one of general public interest.

As most of the masses, oratorios, hymns, operas, dances, and all new compositions will be arranged on rolls of paper prepared for the instrument, the income to be derived from the sale of the music alone will be large. The process of preparing the paper rolls is so simple that the *perforation* of a musical composition will cost less than engraving the notes on paper as is ordinarily done and the sheet music, therefore, be supplied at a lower rate than the present publications; and the instrument itself is so simple in its construction that its price will enable every owner of a piano to purchase it.

The advantages of the invention will be better understood when one thinks of the number of churches throughout the country whose congregations have not the means of sustaining an organist, and whose organ is consequently silent; of the quantity of pianofortes in our parlours which are dumb for want of a performer. This invention brings within the reach of the poorest church the facility of securing for a trifling sum, the services of something more than a skilful organist, and to every parlour the possibility of continually possessing a most brilliant pianist.

The instrument will not be confined to a certain set of airs like the hand-organ, or to a limited *répertoire* like the human artist, but will play—"at first sight," the most difficult pieces which may be procured, without any previous study and without hesitation. To the student it will be a great help, inasmuch as it will perform correctly and in the requisite movement, those musical compositions which they may desire to learn. To the singer it will be indispensable in efficiently accompanying any of their songs. For balls and parties it may even be preferred to a living artist, on account of its mathematical correctness of time in performing quadrilles, polkas, and dances. For churches it will prove an economy so far as the organist is concerned, and a great acquisition, on account of its inexhaustible *répertoire* of voluntaries, masses, oratorios, and hymns, also for its unerring efficiency in sustaining a choir.

To the public it will be a source of general enjoyment, and a means of popularising the appreciation of fine music, as it will perform any and every musical composition, with strict regard to all the shades, accents, signs, and movements marked by the composers and not, as is now the case according to the whims and fancies of the different performers. It will accustom the public ear to the correct execution of the different musical compositions and will surely elevate the standard of musical criticism.

Taste can be reduced to certain rules: all ascending passages, from grave to acute should be played *crescendo*; those descending from acute to grave should be played *diminuendo*; certain notes should be played louder, others softer. As the instrument is susceptible of four shades of *forte* and *piano*, can play *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, can use both pedals, and especially as the most delicate shades can be effectively regulated on the roll of perforated sheet music, it will easily be understood that "Trastour's Pianautomaton" will not perform like a hand-organ, a music-box or other mechanical apparatus, but will play with taste and feeling, and effectually imitate a living artist.

SIGNOR CATALANI AND SIGNORA LEBLE gave a *matinée musicale* at their residence, Queen Ann Street, on Wednesday last. The following was the programme:—Piano solo, Herr Hause (Carl Hause); "Amore e Danza," Signora Leble (Badia); "Ah del Tebro," Mr Walsh (Bellini); duet, violoncello and piano, Mr Albert and Signor Ralme (from *Romeo et Juliet*); air, "D'amor sull' ali rosee," Miss Rose Hersee (Verdi); piano solo, Herr Hause (Carl Hause); cavatina, "Se India" (Tasso), Signora Leble (Donizetti); duet from *Crispino e la Comare*, Miss Rose Hersee and Signor Caravoglia (Ricci); song, "Figaro" (*Il barbiere di Siviglia*), Signor Caravoglia; duet, "Crudel Perchè," Signora Leble and Mr Walsh (Mozart); serenade, with piano and violoncello accompaniments, Miss Rose Hersee. The rooms were fully attended, and the *matinée* passed off in a highly satisfactory manner.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN VIENNA.

As the correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* observes, the Vienna public has become of late, and with very good reason, so suspicious that it condemns beforehand every reform emanating from individuals placed high in authority. Thus the Intendant-General, Herr Münch von Bellinghausen and the Court Counsellor, Dr Dingelstedt, are, no doubt, fully able to bear testimony to the truth of the German proverb: "*Aller Anfang ist schwer*," which means "Every beginning is difficult," and is, consequently, not precisely equivalent to the French: "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*," as it is frequently represented to be. Herr von Bellinghausen and Dr Dingelstedt have scarcely entered upon their new functions, and yet nearly all the daily papers rival one another in their anxiety as to the future of the two Imperial Theatres. Dr Dingelstedt, we may remind our readers, has been appointed to manage the Imperial Operahouse, *vice* Sig. Salvi suspended some say for glaring incapacity; others, owing to the influence of a certain clique. Germans are exceedingly fond of ceremony, and so, on assuming office Dr Dingelstedt received in the manager's room all the persons engaged at the Imperial Operahouse. Of course, so fine an opportunity for elocutionary display was not to be lost, and Herr Rank, well known as a writer of light literature, made a speech, to which Dr. Dingelstedt replied in very cordial terms. The Doctor referred to the difficulty of the task he had undertaken—it must be recollected that he is not a musical man—and, in the interest of art, begged all present to support him energetically, for their doing so was the only thing that could enable him to surmount the numerous difficulties in his path. He then went on to speak of a re-organisation of the chorus, of alterations among the principal singers, and of his determination to distinguish his period of management by the production of interesting novelties, which, for some years, have rivalled in rarity the celebrated bird that was "*nigro simillima cygno*." Dr Dingelstedt was cheered at various portions of his speech; and, on the principle, we suppose, of what is good for the goose being good for the gander, when Herr Esser, Dr Dingelstedt's musical lieutenant, and the new *Capellmeister*, entered the orchestra to conduct the grand rehearsal of *Iphigenia in Aulis*, he was uproariously greeted by all the members, while Herr Hellmesberger in their name congratulated him upon his appointment. Having thanked Herr Hellmesberger and his colleagues very warmly, Herr Esser proceeded with his rehearsal. *Iphigenia in Aulis* was to have been produced as a sort of preparatory gala performance in honour of the Emperor's saint's day, but had to be replaced by *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Beck. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska was the heroine, and fairly captivated the very numerous audience both by her singing and acting. She was well supported by Mr Adams as Ravenswood.—*La Muette* has been revived to afford Mdlle. Lucas an opportunity of appearing as Fenella. She has not the slightest qualification for the part which she performs with the preciseness and stiffness of a seventh rate ballet girl rather than the energy and sentiment with which Scribe and Auber invested the character of Masaniello's unhappy sister. The whole performance was, however, on a par with the Fenella. Herr Zottmayr, the Masaniello, caused the audience to regret vividly that he had not been born dumb as well as his sister, while Herr Pratt, as Don Alphonso, was not a shade less objectionable. It must be owned that this performance of *La Muette* goes a long way towards justifying the distrustful tone to which allusion has already been made, and in which so many of the papers speak of the prospects of the Operahouse. There is a rumour that Herr Taglioni's ballet of *Sardanapal*, so popular in Berlin, is to be produced in the course of the season, and that Dr Dingelstedt has put himself in communication with Herr Taglioni on the subject.

An event marking a new era not only in the theatrical but also in the political annals of the Austrian capital took place the other day. *Mönch und Soldat*, a piece by Fr. Kaiser, which the Censorship had refused to sanction, and which had, in consequence, long slumbered in the author's portfolio, was produced by Herr Ascher at the Carl Theater for the benefit of his principal stage manager, Herr Louis Grois, and achieved a most triumphant success. The house was crammed to suffocation, and the audience appeared absolutely electrified at again beholding upon the stage priests and soldiers in their appropriate costumes. The numerous allusions to real virtue, and the true duties of a priest, in opposition to affected sanctity and ecclesiastical meddling brought down thunders of applause, so that the entire performance was, in fact, one series of spontaneous demonstrations of feelings and opinions long compulsorily pent up. The interest of this noteworthy event was not diminished by the fact that the Arch Dukes Albrecht and Wilhelm were present and remained to the fall of the curtain, thus endorsing so to speak in advance the spirit which recently dictated the Emperor's reply to the Prelates of his Empire.

Mdlle. Renoie has appeared successfully at the Theater an der Wien as Eurydice in M. Offenbach's *Orpheus*. The same composer's *Schöne Helena* was performed there, the other evening for the 120th time. Among the novelties in preparation is Balfe's *Vier Haymonskinder*, which has not been heard in Vienna for some time.

The two gigantic basins on each side the principal façade of the new Operahouse are already in their places. Inside, Herr Engerth has completed the last picture in the "Kaisersaal" and is now busily engaged decorating the staircase which leads to it. It has been resolved to light the interior on what is termed the "Rampenbeleuchtung" system. The warming apparatus is completed and the ventilating experiments are to be commenced forthwith. The inventory handed over by Signor Salvi to his successor contains a long list of scenes for the new Operahouse, indeed all the exteriors and landscapes for *Wilhelm Tell*, *Don Juan*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Fidelio*, *Tannhäuser*, *Faust*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Der Nordstern*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Le Prophète*, *Norma*, *Der fliegende Holländer* and *Robert der Teufel*. The artists are Herren Brioschi, Jachimowicz, Hantzky, Grünfeld, Burghardt, and Hoffmann.

It will, probably, interest the readers of the *Musical World* to learn that the sexton of the Hundsthurmer churchyard, Joseph Renterer by name, has had a new grave-stone erected at his own expense over the last resting place of the immortal composer, Joseph Haydn, as the original stone was completely worn away by the weather. The Haydn Musical Society have written to thank the worthy man for his pious act, and undertaken to keep the grave in order at their own expense for the future.

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COLOGNE.

(*From our original Correspondent.*)

Our Concert Season began unexpectedly with an historical—Chronological *soirée musicale* given by the well known pianist Monsieur Mortier de Fontaine on the 15th instant. The programme, including compositions from William Bird and G. Frescobaldi (1543 and 1588) down to Ferdinand Hiller and Franz Liszt, (1811) being interesting for artists and real amateurs only but not for the public in general, the attendance was a very scanty one.

Monsieur de Fontaine acquitted himself in a satisfactory manner of his hard task and was very much applauded by the *petit monde* attending his performance. Indeed *toujours perdrix* during nearly three eternal hours is really exhausting for a simple mortal so called concert goer, and greater pianists than Monsieur de Fontaine, like Bulow and Tausig having met with the same indifference on the part of the public they have given up this kind of *historical lectures without words*.

The great popular Concert given by F. Hiller at the Gürzenich room on the 18th instant in aid of the found for the Cathedral of Francfort (Hillers birth place) was a great success in every respect. It was a political demonstration of sympathy on the part of the public of Cologne towards their new annexed brothers on the Main, and the prices being a schilling the first and 6 pences the second places, the concerts room was overcrowded, giving a *netto* receipt of more than £200.

The programme, although without orchestra, was extremely interesting. Out of Hiller the Herrn Gernsheim Rudorff, Seiss as pianists, Koenigslow violin and Rensburg violoncello undertook the instrumental part. The vocal one was represented by the Fraulein Scheuerlein and Radecke, both *prime donne* from our theatre, (pupils of our conservatoire,) the Gürzenich mixed chorus, the Städtisch Gesangverein, and the pupils of the Conservatoire (Mrs. Marchesi's classes).

A *Passacaglia* by J. S. Bach, a *March* by F. Schubert, and *Einladung à la Valse* by C. M. W. Weber, wonderfully played on two magnificent pianos of Erard by Hiller, Gernsheim, Rudorff, and Seiss met with a very warm reception on the part of the delighted audience. The Soprano Solo in Mendelssohn's Hymne *Höre, mein Gebeter* as well as two Lieder of R. Schumann were sung by fraulein Scheuerlein, who with her powerful voice, great sentiment, and perfect method reminds us of the great Titjens. Herr Sauccas in the Hymne of Mendelssohn was immense, and on singing the Lieder of Schumann, the second of them *an der Sonnenschein* received a rapturous encore.

Beautiful was the rendering of the *ave verum* of Mozart by the general chorus and a real treat was to hear two three-part songs for female voices, composed by Ferdinand Hiller, and sung by 22 pupils of the Conservatoire.

The precision of attack, as well as the purity of the voices more or less of the best quality, the delicacy of nuances and rythmical accuracy produced such a magic ensemble which I have never met with before. And in fact the public was so enthusiastically moved that the second piece *Volkslied* (a charming composition by the way) was vociferously redemanded. Ferdinand Hiller electrified the audience through an *extempore* on the pianoforte upon themes out of the different compositions which had been performed during the evening.

The first Gürzenich Concert under F. Hiller inaugurated the season 1867-68 on the 22d instant in the habitual grandious way. The first part of the programme begun with the magnificent ouverture from the *Abencerages* of Cherubini, and ended with Mendelssohns ouverture Die *Fingalshöhle* or *Die Hebriden*. The second part was filled up by the immortal Symphony No. v (*c* minor) of L. von Beethoven.

As soloist we had the charming violinist Fräulein F. Friese, (pupil of David) who played splendidly the Concerto No. 22 (*a* minor) of Viotti, and the andante and Rondo of Vieuxtemps, meeting with a genuine success. F. Hiller presented the public with two new and first rate compositions (manuscripts) for mixed chorus and orchestra, *Wallfahrtslied* by Hoffmann von Fallersleben and *Hochzeitslied* by Paul Jul. Immermann. Specially the first of these double chorus is a grandiose and genuine inspiration, masterly developped and instrumented and highly impressive. According to the meaning of the poem beginning with the words "*Nur ein Wandern ist das Leben*" and the mystical elevation of the music, I should call this composition a *meditation*.

The other vocal piece of the programme was the *Frühlings Botschaft*, *Concertstück für Chor und Orchester* by Niels W. Gade. This composer belonging to the best pupils of R. Schumann, is certainly endowed with elegance and facility of forme as well as with great musical skill, but lacking originality and invention in the melodical ideas, his best compositions are the purely instrumental one. All the vocal compositions of Gade are exceedingly monotonous. A real artistical treat was to hear the beautiful ensemble of this justly celebrated Gürzenich Concerts once more. The orchestra played the two ouvertures splendidly and the Symphony of Beethoven heavenly. The whole concert was highly successful and the public bestowed the due enthusiastical applauses upon the performers as well as upon the great leader Ferdinand Hiller.

Our conservatoire has lost a very first rate professor of the violoncello *Alexander Schmit* (born in Moscow from german parents) died of consumption on Wednesday last, aged only 27 years.

Oct. 28th. SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

ST ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.—The unusually good salary of £120 per annum (rising to £160) induced upwards of 150 candidates to come forward for the post of organist and choirmaster at this important church. Out of these twelve were finally chosen to compete before the umpires, Messrs. Goss and Turle, on the 4th instant. Previously to the trial the rector, the Rev. H. Blunt, addressed the candidates in the court-house, informing them that the elected organist would be expected on all occasions to perform his duty in person, to train the choir and school children and attend one choral evening service in the week. The eleven candidates (one having withdrawn) then competed in the following order:—Mr Higgs, Mr Barnes, Mr Gilbert, Mr Alwyn, Mr Cooper, Mr Archer, Mr Craddock, Mr Mottey, Mr Murby, Mr J. Robinson, Mr Hoyte, and Mr Naylor. The pieces selected were, first, a chant; secondly, a psalm tune (Dundee) with voluntary prelude; thirdly, a piece selected by the umpires to test the candidates' power of reading music; and fourthly, a piece selected by the candidate himself. The performances lasted four hours. The umpires were required to select three from the players, and the names so returned were Mr Archer, Mr Higgs and Mr Naylor. At a meeting of the vicar, churchwardens and other authorities of the parish, held on the following Monday, Mr James Higgs was appointed to the office.

REVIEWS.

"Hanover Square": A Magazine of Pianoforte and Vocal Music, edited by Lindsay Sloper. No. 1. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The first number of Messrs. Ashdown and Parry's new and in some respects novel journal is now before us. Its claims may be thus shortly and sufficiently stated:—Thirty-one pages of original music by Benedict, Sullivan, Sydney Smith, and Henry Smart, well printed on thick paper and stitched in a neat wrapper, for one shilling. Than this no more need be said to recommend the cheapest work which even this age of cheapness has yet seen. But our duty would be ill discharged if we failed to notice the contents. Mr. Benedict's contribution is a "Musical Sketch" for the pianoforte, called "Sorrow and Joy." Beside being successful as a description, it is written with all the facility and elegance for which the composer is famous. Mr. Sullivan, on his part, has sent a setting of Tennyson's "What does little Birdie say?" Of necessity it is but a trifle, yet even in trifles the skilful and practised hand can assert itself. Simple though this song be, both as regards melody and accompaniment, its simplicity is made an additional attraction by being joined to gracefulness. Mr. Sydney Smith's name is best known in connection with light and showy morceaux de salon. Accordingly he contributes a *caprice* called "Bright Hours," which is likely to endear "*Hanover Square*" to every young lady who may hear or play it. Mr. Henry Smart furnishes the last portion of this wonderful shillingsworth. "Bessie Bell" is not only called a "ballad," but actually is one, pure and simple. To those who love that form of composition "Bessie Bell" will be very acceptable, alike for the merit of the words and the melody. "*Hanover Square*" has only to go on as it has begun (that it will do so, the names of the publishers are a guarantee) in order to meet with the widely extended support it so richly deserves.

Letters of Distinguished Musicians: Gluck, Haydn, P. E. Bach, Weber, Mendelssohn. Translated from the German by Lady Wallace. [London: Longmans, Green & Co.]

Whatever may be the merits or demerits of Lady Wallace as a translator, there can be no doubt that she has done a good and acceptable work in presenting this additional volume of letters to the English reader. The musician into whose hands the book falls will probably be too interested in its contents to concern himself as to the exact degree in which that lady deserves praise or blame. Indeed the probability is that, after a glance at the preface, he will straightway forget all about the translator. This is just what it suits our purpose to do, in order that we may the sooner occupy the attention of our readers with a more profitable subject.

The first part of the volume consists of sixteen letters and the "last will and testament" of Christopher Willibald Gluck. Both the translator and the German editor, Ludwig Nohl, refer to these in their respective prefaces. Lady Wallace observes—"His letters tell the story of a man assured of the truth of his convictions, and not less sure that these convictions would in the sequel be received as undoubted principles of the art and science of music." Lady Wallace's remarks are in fact only an echo of those by Herr Nohl, who says—"Gluck's written allusions, expressions of his ideas and tendencies, are here given for the first time in as complete a form as possible, and it is surprising to see how true and striking the expressions of the great man are, nearly without exception, and that it is his still surviving spirit that animates the finest artists of the present day and aids in the production of new works of genius. Almost every word of his seems as if only recently uttered on subjects too which at this moment possess the most vital interest for us; the imperishable charm of truth still lives in Gluck." We may think the truth of some of these assertions to be as doubtful as the elegance of the English in which they are expressed. Should this be so, it is comfortable to know that the letters speak for themselves, and that the opinions of neither translator nor editor need affect their value in the smallest degree. To the letters, then, we turn at once.

The first three of the Gluck series will have to most readers a greater value than all the rest, because in them the composer explains and defends his innovations upon the long established forms of dramatic music. This he does with singular clearness and force, as well as with the straightforward earnestness of a man thoroughly convinced that he is right. What those innovations were it can hardly be necessary to explain, especially as they are epitomised in the very first letter (a dedicatory epistle addressed to the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany) with a succinctness which tempts us to make an extract.

"When I undertook to compose music for *Alceste*," says the musical reformer, "I proposed entirely to abolish all those abuses introduced by the injudicious vanity of singers, or by the excessive complaisance of masters, which have so long disfigured the Italian opera, and instead of the most splendid and beautiful of all entertainments, thus rendering it the most ridiculous and tiresome. My purpose was to restrict music to its true office—that of ministering to the expression of the poetry and to the situations of the plot, without interrupting the action or chilling it by superfluous and needless ornamentation. . . . I wished, therefore, to avoid arresting an actor in the most excited moment of his dialogue by causing him to wait for a tiresome *ritornello*, or in the midst of half uttered words, to detain him on a favourable note, either for the purpose of displaying his fine voice and flexibility in some long passage, or causing him to pause till the orchestra gave him time to take breath for a cadence. It did not appear to me that I ought to hurry rapidly over the second part of an aria, possibly the most impassioned and important of all, in order to have the opportunity of repeating regularly four times over the words of the first part, causing the aria to end where in all probability the sense did not end, merely for the convenience of the singer, and to enable him to vary a passage according to his caprice. In short, I have striven to banish the abuses against which reason and good sense have so long protested in vain.

"My idea was that the overture should prepare the spectators for the plot to be represented, and give some indication of its nature; that the concerted instruments ought to be regulated according to the interest and passion of the drama, and not leave a void in the dialogue between the air and the recitative, so that the meaning of a passage might not be perverted, nor the force and warmth of the action improperly interrupted.

"Further, I thought that my most strenuous efforts must be directed in search of a noble simplicity, thus avoiding a parade of difficulty at the expense of clearness. I did not consider a mere display of novelty valuable, unless naturally suggested by the situation and the expression, and on this point no rule in composition exists that I would not have gladly sacrificed in favour of the effect produced."

Those who are at all familiar with the absurdities which found unhesitating acceptance among opera-goers in Gluck's day will be able to form an idea as to the boldness which thus struck at their very root. It is not my intention here to discuss the merits of his innovations. As described above, we think they may be safely left to find their own acceptance; just as, in spite of the fierce opposition encountered in the first instance, they eventually shaped the working more or less of all the composers who came after. Like all other theories, that of Gluck can be carried too far. "Form is good," said William Penn, "but not formality." It was against formality that Gluck waged war, though with weapons which might in reckless hands destroy form.

The second letter (written in dedication of *Paride* to the Duke of Braganza) is mainly taken up by a defence of himself and his method against the attacks of hostile critics. One extract only is called for as showing in its first emphatic promulgation an idea which is now an article of faith:—

"I have striven to find some variety of colouring, seeking it in the diverse characters of the two nations, Phrygia and Sparta, contrasting the wild and rude nature of the one with the delicate and indolent nature of the other. I thought that singing in an opera, being only a substitute for declamation, ought to imitate in Paris the native ruggedness of his country, and that in order to preserve this character in the music it would not be thought a defect on my part to descend even to trivialities. When truth is sought, it must be varied in accordance with the subject we have to work out, and the greatest beauties of melody and harmony become defects and imperfections when out of place."

The next letter (addressed to the editor of the *Mercure de France*) is chiefly devoted to the same theme, but is more remarkable for the opinion it expresses with regard to the musical capacity of Rousseau. As the testimony of one eminent man to another, that opinion deserves to be quoted. Writes Gluck:—

"My studies of the works of this great man on music, and among others the letter in which he analyses the monologue in Lully's *Armide*, prove to me the sublimity of his knowledge and the accuracy of his taste, and fill me with admiration. The result is the most entire conviction on my part that if he had chosen to apply himself to the exercise of his art, he might have realised the prodigious effects that antiquity attributes to music."

The next two letters, addressed respectively to Padre Martini from Vienna and to Louis XVI. of France, are little more than expressions of politeness or homage. We pass them, therefore, to note that in which Gluck dedicated *Orphée et Eurydice* (his first French opera) to his illustrious patroness, Marie Antoinette. It is interesting to note in this the contempt for French art which the German master could never effectually conceal. After saying that he is not open to the charge of having come to Paris with the view of showing the French that "until now they have had no author worthy of their admiration or their gratitude," he goes on to condemn with faint praise, like this:—"Some pieces exist among them to which I award the praise they merit; several of their living authors are worthy of their reputation." And then, with the self-assertion which genius justifies, he concludes as follows:—"The style that I attempt to introduce means to me to restore to art its primitive dignity, and music will no longer be restricted to those cold conventional beauties to which authors were formerly forced to confine themselves."

Passing over a very interesting letter to M. Bailly du Rollet, in which allusion is made to Piccini, just then brought to Paris by the Dubarry faction, and in which Gluck contrasts his *Alceste* and *Armide*, we come to the composer's reply to M. La Harpe who had criticized the latter opera very unfavourably in the *Parisian Journal of Politics and Literature*. This shows Gluck's pen to have been by no means his least potent means of defence; but as a specimen of sarcastic letter-writing it is a masterpiece. The quotation of any one part spoils the whole, but we must give one short extract. La Harpe had said that in *Armide*, from first to last, there was "the same monotonous tiresome *criaillerie*" and that "the composer had made her a Medea, forgetting that Armide ought to be a syren;" to which Gluck replied, after saying that he would take the advice offered, banish all noisy instruments, and have the strings muted:—"I intend that in her despair she (Armide) shall sing an air so *regular* and *methodical*, and at the same time, so tender, that the most delicate *petite maîtresse* may listen to it without the smallest shock to her nerves. If some blockhead should say to me,—'Sir, pray remember that Armide in a state of fury should not express herself like Armide enamoured,' I should reply to him:—'Sir, I do not wish to offend the ear of M. de la Harpe. I do not wish to *adhere* to nature, but rather to *embellish* it; instead of making Armide utter cries of anguish, I wish her to *enchant* you.' If he were to ponder, and to declare that Sophocles, in the finest of all his tragedies, did not scruple to present to the Athenians, Œdipus with blood-shot eyes, and that the recitative or species of declamation introduced by which the eloquent complaints of that unhappy king were expressed, were, no doubt, uttered in the liveliest accents of grief, I would again reply that M. de la Harpe objects to hear the cry of a man who *suffers*."

So far as these letters of Gluck go, they show him to have been a man with clear and consistent views, united to unflinching boldness and determination. Such is the stuff out of which reformers of every class, and in every age, are made.

THADDEUS EGG.

(*To be continued.*)

BRIGHTON.—(*From our own Correspondent.*)—The season has commenced in earnest, and musical matters are in the ascendant. A series of entertainments, called "The Dome Popular Concerts," under the direction of Mr. Harry Fulford, was inaugurated on Monday evening at the new Dome Assembly Room at the Pavilion. Though the weather was anything but propitious—it rains hard at Brighton sometimes—there were present some ten or twelve hundred persons. The singers had little or no pretension to reputation. They included Madame Donti, Madame Lucia Guistiniani (from the Scala at Naples), Mr. Maynard Lacy, Mr. Thomas Brady and Mr. Fred. French. Madame Donti has been heard at the Crystal Palace and seemed to please. She was encored in both her songs. Madame Guistiniani has a strong, well-toned contralto voice. Mr. Maynard Lacy belonged to the Christy Minstrels troupe when last in Brighton and was leading tenor. He was encored in Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," for which he substituted "Norah the Pride of Kildare." Mr. French is a funny singer and of course was in superlative request. Also appeared Herr Pio Wenthal, juggler and balls-and-knives artist from the Crystal Palace, who divided the interval with Mr. Fred French. The united bands of the 1st Sussex Volunteer Artillery and the Rifles assisted and played manfully some popular ditties.—Herr Kuhe's Second Pianoforte Recital at the Royal Pavilion on Wednesday, was a great success. The professor played as solos, Henselt's "Frühlingslied," Op. 15, transcription of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," and Lacombe's "Le Torrent." With Brothers E. de Paris, he played Mozart's "Thema con Variazioni in G," and Mendelssohn's Military Duet. Herr Reichardt was the vocalist.—Last, not least, Miss Steele's concert was given at the Pavilion on Thursday evening the 24th ult. The concert was altogether a very agreeable one, and appeared to convey the most thorough satisfaction to a large and fashionable audience. Miss Steele sang "The Mermaid's Song" by Haydn, Linley's air, "O bid your faithful Ariel fly" (from the *Tempest*) and Claribel's ballad "Five o'Clock in the Morning." She also assisted Madame Talbot-Cherer and Mr. Wilford Morgan in Curschmann's trio, "Ti prego," Madame Cherer in the duet, "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, Madame Cherer and Mr. Lewis Thomas in Attwood's glee, "The Curfew," Mr. Thomas in the duet, "La ci darem," Mr. Wilford Morgan in Balfe's duet, "The Sailor Sighs," and Madame Cherer in the duet, "I know a bank." The musician-like style and undeniable feeling of the fair *bénéficiaire* recommended her strongly in all her performances. Mr. Kuhe presided at the pianoforte.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

No. 5.—MUSIC ON THE NILE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The stillness of early evening had thrown a deep spell over the river, nor was the strangeness dissolved by the music. The men crouched in a circle upon the deck, and the *reis*, or captain, thrummed the tarabuka, an Arab drum, made of a fish-skin stretched upon a gourd. Raising their hands, the crew clapped them above their heads in perfect tune, not ringingly, but with a dead dull thump of the palms, moving the whole arm to bring them together. They swung their heads from side to side, and one rattled a chain in unison. So did these people long before the Ibis nestled to the bank—long before there were English, Irish, or Scotch to listen.

For when Diana was divine, and thousands of men and women came floating down the Nile in barges to celebrate her festival, they sang and clapped, played the castanets and flute, stifling the voices of Arabian and Lybian echoes with a wild roar of revelry. They too sang a song that came to them from an unknown antiquity—Linus, their first and only song, the dirge of the son of the first king of Egypt.

This might have been that dirge that the crew sang in a mournful minor. Suddenly one rose and led the song in sharp jagged sounds, formless as lightning. "He fills me the glass full and gives me to drink," sang the leader, and the low measured chorus throbbed after him, "Hummeleager Malocshee." The sounds were not a tune, but a kind of measured recitative. It went on constantly faster and faster, exciting them, as the Shakers excite themselves, until a giant Nubian rose in the moonlight and danced in the centre of the circle, like a gay ghoul among his fellows.

Being a musical Howadji, I found a fearful void in my Eastern travels. The Asiatic has no ear and no soul for music. Like other savages and children, he loves a noise, and he plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabuka, on the tar or tambourine, and a sharp one-stringed fiddle, or rebab. Of course in your first oriental day, you will decline no invitation, but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties of friends or dragomen to sally forth and hear music. You will remind him that you did not come to the East to go to Bellars.

The want of music is not strange, for silence is natural to the East and the Tropics. When sitting quietly at home in midsummer, sweeping over sunward to the glowing heats, we at length reach the tropics in the fixed fervour of a July noon; the day is rapt, the birds are still, the wind swoons, and the burning glare silences the world.

The Orient is that primeval and perpetual noon, that very heat explains to you the voluptuous elaboration of its architecture, the brilliance of its costume, the picturesqueness of its life. But no Mozart was needed to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing love and beauty; no Beethoven to build Himalayas, nor Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. Those realities are there of which the composers are the poets to western imaginations. In the East you feel and see music, but hear it never. The Syriac songs of the Desert are very sad. They harmonise with the burning monotony of the landscape in their long recitative and shrill wail. The camel steps more willingly to that natural music; but the Howadji, swaying upon his back, is tranced in the sound, so naturally born of silence.

6.—THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. I have heard, when the last rays of the sun gilds the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains take his horn and cry with a loud voice, "Praise be the Lord!" As soon as the neighbouring shepherds hear him, they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains and grottoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains upon which the vault of Heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voice of the shepherd sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, fills the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

B. B.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

TENTH SEASON, 1867-8,

Director—Mr. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE DIRECTOR begs to announce that the TENTH SEASON of the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS will commence on Monday Evening, November 11th, and that the Performances will take place as follows:—

Monday, November 11, 1867
Monday, November 18, „
Monday, November 25, „
Monday, December 2, „
Monday, December 9, „
Monday, December 16, „
Monday, January 13, 1868.
Monday, January 20, „
Monday, January 27, 1868
Monday, February 3, „
Monday, February 10, „
Monday, February 17, „
Monday, February 24, „
Monday, March 2, „
Monday, March 9, „
Monday, March 16, „

Seven Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays—February 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th, March 7th 14th (1868).

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director will continue to issue Subscription Tickets at £5 (transferable), entitling the holders to Special Sofa Stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole Series of Twenty-three Concerts—viz., sixteen Monday Evenings and seven Saturday Mornings.

Subscription to the Sofa Stalls for the Seven Morning Concerts, £1 10s.

Madame Arabella Goddard will appear on Monday evenings, November 11th, 18th, and December 2nd; and Mr Charles Hallé on Mondays, November 25th, December 9th and 16th.

Herr Wilhelmj is engaged as principal violin for the opening concerts before Christmas.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of principal violoncello from the first concert till the end of the season.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in January and February; and Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Monday, February 17th, and remain till Easter. Herr Strauss and Herr Pauer will also appear in January.

Mr Benedict will occupy the post of conductor, as heretofore, on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Yes; the Princess Christian is as fond of music as the other members of the Royal Family. We do not know who are the instructors of Her Royal Highness in instrumental music, but Madame Ferrari is her vocal preceptor.

DEATH.

On the 17th ult., at Vienna, aged 79, HERR SIMON SECHTER, one of—if not altogether—the last of the Viennese theorists, who formed some of the best living artists in Europe.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

MUSICAL TRAVELLING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

By FERY KLETZER.[*]

(Continued from page [illegible].)

I AT length gave my concert in the Resident's house—Dyneja. All the public in the little place came, so that the return was 760 florins. The Resident forwarded the money after me to Solo, but from absence of mind, probably, forgot to send the 60 florins with the other 700, and thus paid himself for the trouble I had taken with his daughter.[*]

The Sultan came to the concert with three black daughters, his wife, and three concubines. He is said to be an educated, refined, and worthy man. The free and independent potentate, Prince Paquale, too, came with his beautiful wife. The Sultan's three daughters were dressed in blue silk, and were ablaze with brilliants on their breasts and arms, and in their ears. By the side of each of them there sat a female slave with a fan and a gold spittoon in her hands. The Sultana sat next the Sultan and wore dark clothes with brilliants. She conversed with the wife of the Resident, while the latter beat time, counting aloud, in every piece, like a conductor.

The Sultan's favourite wife was dressed in rose-coloured silk, and kept furbishing her teeth with tobacco. The female slaves, who carried fans, umbrellas and caskets, were all very pretty and decked out with brilliants.

The Sultan and Paquale invited me to go and see them the following day, but at an early hour I received information that the Sultan's sister had died of cholera. The Sultan sent me a handsome silver cuirass, and eight arrows, that he asserted he had worked himself, which means he had had them made in his workshop. Each of these Princes, the reader must know, has a manufactory of his own, where weapons, jewelry, and other objects of art, besides all kinds of stuffs are made. The arrows have cast gold tips, and are decorated at the top of the barb with garnets. Prince Paquale showed me his house, a great many books, with well painted vignettes, and his weapons. He made me a present of a lance with three tips. I was unfortunately obliged to have the handle cut off. I received, moreover, two theatrical figures, such as he had made himself, and his portrait. He then accompanied me home. These two Princes are fond of European music, and talk about it very sensibly. I noted down some few Javanese melodies, and played them before the Princes the same evening, though not very brilliantly, I must confess, for I am not intimately acquainted with this kind of music. On the following evening I played at the Resident's. Both Princes were present to hear me once more and bid me good bye. On this occasion, I made the acquaintance of a good pianist, Herr Feltkampf, and a still better one, Mdlle. Leon. My carriage was ordered for ten o'clock the next evening. I drove off, and was not a little surprised to behold on the last house a brilliant coloured inscription: "Farewell, and a prosperous journey!" An unusual ovation, I should say, on the part of the inhabitants of Dyneja. I returned to Solo where I was to play once more.

I arrived at Solo in the evening; my concert was arranged, and the Emperor very friendly. He heard that I was fond of arms, and had two "krises," old weapons, brought me in the concert-room. This time I gave the concert in the large room at the Resident's. There were as many people as at the first; the amateurs already named—reinforced by a Herr Haleyvin, who sang—took part in the proceedings. Herren Derx and Gerhum had got up the concert. Unfortunately I again did not secure the money at once. It was sent after me to Samarang, whither I was obliged to return, as the Governor General was going there, and I had to play at the concert which the Cecilia Association intended giving in his honour. It was not till I was at Samarang that I received the sum of 800 florins, being thus once more fleeced in the most charming and friendly manner for more than 1000 florins were taken.* While at Samarang I afterwards received a letter from Djocja, offering me 1000 florins if I would play there again. I did not feel inclined to do so, however, as I was too fatigued.

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[*] From the Berlin *Echo*.

[*] This is another specimen of Herr Fery Kletzer's kindly and grateful disposition. This allusion to the Resident's daughter is unintelligible at present, as a portion of Herr Kletzer's gentlemanly narrative has been accidentally mislaid.—TRANSLATOR.

Previously to setting out from Solo to go to Samarang, I received an invitation from Salatiga to play there. There are, it is true, only very few officers in the town, but they guaranteed me 650 florins, so I consented to play and passed through, if they would prepare everything beforehand. On my arrival everything was ready, all that was left for me to do being to call on the Colonel, and beg him to allow a young man, named Engelhardt, to come out of the hospital and aid me with his good pianoforte playing. The Colonel refused, however, to grant my request, so I saved the good town of Salatiga the expenditure of 650 florins, and proceeded that same night on my journey. I arrived safely at Samarang and took possession of the room which had been ordered and got ready for me at the Pavilion Hotel. The Governor was expected in three days, and the whole town was in a state of commotion in consequence. Every place was decorated with triumphal arches and bamboo canes; flags waved from every window, and the town was thronged with all the wealthy individuals and officials from the surrounding parts. My room looked out upon the street, and, what is more, upon the principal square, where great preparations were being made; bamboo huts were being erected, pyramids, lighted up at night, raised for the spectators, and arrangements made for the people's sports, such as running in sacks, riding upon painted horses and monsters, and making an uproarious noise—in a word, all sorts of absurdities.

The Governor was received in the town by a guard, consisting of mounted gentlemen clad in dress coats and white trousers, with the tri-coloured cockade, red, white, and blue, at their hips. He drove through all the streets and squares, followed by a dense crowd of natives, either on foot or riding, with their bare feet in the stirrups, on their little horses. Onward they all went, as though the whole town were in flames. The mighty hero of all this excitement assumed a most majestic exterior, and, I am sure, felt firmly convinced that he had rendered himself immortal in Java.

The Cecilia concert took place on the last day of his gracious visit. His high mightiness had, however, refused the invitation to be present, and so the wretched band who, for nearly six weeks, had been getting up Beethoven's second Symphony, had taken all their trouble for nothing. The singers, also, had to renounce the honour of singing Abt's well arranged choruses before the great man. To compensate for this, he had granted the mercantile community permission to hold a torch-light procession in his honour, another reason why our concert was very thinly attended. We changed the bill. I began; then came a vocal piece; and then I played again. But even after these three numbers, the public left with a fearful noise, hurrying off a mile and a half on foot, to admire the fifty torches, and listen to the toasts the Governor was to propose in honour of the mercantile community. All the troops, numbering two battalions, had been marched to the spot. After three cheers had been given, the ceremony was over, and the people dispersed very quietly.

The next morning the Governor left, having, after a great deal of solicitation, given the Musical Association permission to get up a lottery, by which they may gain twenty-four thousand florins in the year. The object of the lottery is the erection of a music hall. The first stone of the railway, which latter is to be thirty miles long,† was laid, and the railway itself, which is to be paid for by shares, will be completed in from fifteen to twenty years. After this most weighty event, the town relapsed into its former quiet.

Two days later, I gave my own concert. Mad. Skenderbeck from Batavia, sang songs by Abt, Proch, and Nicolai, justly pleasing the audience in an extraordinary degree. Herr Borret, formerly an officer in the navy, played very well; indeed, the whole concert went off very well.

On the 21th June I left Samarang for Batavia. The passage was very beautiful, and I derived benefit from again breathing the sea-air. My friends Haag and Fribelli came to meet me at the custom house, where the small passage boat lands its freight. I was once more in the old hotel where all my friends called to congratulate me on my good health. I heard here that Herr W., my countryman, travelling companion and colleague, had been speaking of me in a manner not exactly friendly; he had depreciated my skill and my acquirements, and denied my ability to play in an orchestra. Despite these calumnies I made friends here, and even W.'s greatest patron, Herr van Hemmert, sought me out and begged me to go and lodge at his house, which I at last did.

I wanted to proceed in a sailing vessel to Australia, but had delayed too long. I wanted, also, to wait for a letter from my brothers, which had been despatched after me into the interior. I received it unfortunately too late to carry out the wishes expressed in it.

I am now lying a prisoner in my bed, for I still suffer from the effects of my fearful dysentery, while among the Javanese the cholera rages, and demands from two to three hundred victims. I play, notwithstanding, at a concert once a week. Yesterday, the 2nd June, I played for the Aurora Society, with Herr Sipp, Beethoven's G minor Sonata, and, alone, two short solos. Sipp is one of those whose hobby it is to perform only their own compositions, and his, Heaven knows, are as bad as bad can be. We recollect, therefore, with pleasure Wehli's trifles, which could, at any rate, boast of little melodies and pleasing accompaniments. On the 4th, the day after to-morrow, we play, for the "Harmonie," Mendelssohn's Trio in C, and I hope that by my so doing I shall discharge all my obligation for their former co-operation. Sipp drinks, by the way, a glass of brandy before every piece he plays; he acquired the practice in the Brazils.*

For the Society of Music I played with Herren Sipp and Martin, Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, to which I added two solos. Sipp is a tolerable pianist, but, do what he may, will never be an artist, because he drinks to excess. Sometimes he can scarcely stand, and proudly asserts that the great Liszt himself was not averse to drink, and Sipp, being, as he says, one of his best scholars, would fain imitate him even in this respect. Martin, a French violinist, and director of the operetta company, is an elegant performer, possessing a great deal of talent. Once again, Herr von Hemmert had all the trouble in the world with the band; he performed Mozart's Jupiter Symphony. I expected every moment that Jupiter would launch one of his thunderbolts, for nearly all the performers were in a state of intoxication.

The singers suffered from stage fright and would not sing, and as amateurs cannot be compelled to appear, the vocal pieces were omitted. This was the last concert at which I performed, and the one in which I said farewell.

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Frederick George Anderson and Mrs Anderson, pianist to the Queen and Royal Family, have arrived in town for the season.

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* Exact, unsuspecting, honey-tongued, Herr Pery Kletzer.—Translator.

† German or English miles, Herr Pery Kletzer?—Translator.

* Of course it will strike every reader of the *Musical World* that, if this statement be correct, Herr Sipp is not unaptly named.—Translator.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The brief season of Italian opera, which commenced on Monday evening at Her Majesty's Theatre, and has already given four representations, may be safely insured as an eminent success. At no period of the year immediately preceding Christmas do we remember so powerful a company engaged, which indeed includes, with few exceptions, the *élite* of Mr Mapleson's executive force. The list of artists, that is of the *stelle maggiori*, comprises Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Sinico, Madame Trebelli Bettini, Madame Demeric Lablache, Mdlle. Baumeister, Signors Bettini, Gassier, Foli, Casaboni, Mr Tom Hohler and Mr Santley. Not content with this splendid array of talent, Mr Mapleson has secured the services of Mdlle Clara Louise Kellogg from the Academy of New York, who has enjoyed the very highest reputation in America for some years past as a dramatic singer. Mdlle. Kellogg was engaged for Her Majesty's Theatre in 1866, but could not keep her engagement in consequence of a severe illness. The new lady makes her first appearance to-night as Margherita in M. Gounod's *Faust*, and has already excited the greatest curiosity. Those who heard her yesterday at rehearsal speak in the most unqualified terms of praise of her vocal powers and training, and feel assured she will make a great "hit." Mr. Mapleson has also secured the services of Mdlle Clara Doria (Miss Barnett), of whom our provincial correspondents have spoken so favourably on several occasions. Mdlle Doria will probably make her London *début* in *La Sonnambula*. Also, Mr Mapleson has discovered two new singers, a tenor, Signor Tombesi, and a baritone, Signor Zoboli, both of whom promise to distinguish themselves from the common herd. The new baritone *débuted* on Thursday as Doctor Bartolo in the *Barbiere*, and the new tenor last night as Manrico in the *Trovatore*. Without affirming that one is Lablache and the other Mongini, a very fair measure of success may be claimed for both. Our readers must rest satisfied with this reserved judgment. We like to hear a singer two or three times, for many reasons, before forming a decided opinion as to his capabilities and powers.

The operas during the week have been as follows:—On Monday *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as the Duchess, Signor Bettini as Gennaro, and Signor Gassier as Duke Alfonso; on Tuesday, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Mdlle Tietjens as the Countess, Mdlle. Sinico as Susanna, Madame Demeric Lablache as Cherubino, Mr Santley as the Count, Signor Gassier as Figaro, Signor Foli as Doctor Bartolo, &c.; Thursday, the *Barbiere*, with Madame Trebelli as Rosina, Signor Bettini as Count Almaviva, Signor Gassier as Figaro, Signor Foli as Basilio, and Signor Zoboli as Doctor Bartolo; and last night *Il Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as Leonora, Madame Demeric-Lablache as Azucena, Signor Tombesi (the new tenor) as Manrico, and Mr Santley as Count di Luna. The performances were all most admirable, and the theatre has been crowded at every representation.

The band and chorus, under the able direction of Signor Arditi, whose name is a guarantee for excellence in the performance, were entitled to the highest praise.

To-night Mdlle. Kellogg, as we have hinted above, appears in *Faust*, with Madame Trebelli as Siebel, Signor Bettini as Faust, Mr Santley as Valentine, and Signor Gassier as Mephistopheles.

Mr. Ramsden, of Leeds, had the honour of selling one of his Harmoniums to Her Majesty, on his late visit to Balmoral.

Mr. Vernon Rigby, the tenor singer, is engaged for the next Liverpool Philharmonic Society's Concert, on Tuesday, the 19th instant. He will sing Beethoven's "Adelaida," Mr Benedict's new *romanza*, "Nella da te bell' angelo," and Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?"

St George's Hall.—The Bijou Operetta Company, under the management of Mr William Offord, has announced a series of performances to commence on Wednesday, the 13th instant. The company includes the following singers:—Miss Susanna Cole (her first appearance in opera in London), Miss Elena Angele, Miss Clary Lacey, Messrs. W. Offord, Pallisser and Ralph Wilkinson. The series will be inaugurated by a new operetta by Mr Chalmers Masters, entitled *The Forester's Daughters*, to be followed alternately by Miss Virginia Gabriel's operetta *The Widows Bewitched*, and Balfe's operetta, *The Sleeping Queen*. Mr. W. Chalmers Masters will be conductor.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The first of these entertainments for the season, under the direction of Mr John Boosey, came off on Wednesday evening at St James's Hall, and, although the weather was anything but propitiatory, there was a full and fashionable attendance. The selection was carefully made out, and the singers and players were of the first rank. The former comprised Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas; the latter, Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte) and M. Sainton (violin). The Saint Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, assisted with some glees, part-songs, &c. The concert was eminently successful throughout, and indeed we can hardly recall an entertainment of the same kind to which less exceptions could be taken. Where everything was good it may seem invidious to make a specification. Madame Sherrington sang three times, and each time created the greatest enthusiasm. In Horn's song, "Thro' the wood," she obtained an irresistible encore. It was a pity she should have thought it necessary to substitute another song. The audience wanted to hear Horn's song a second time, and the supplanter of the French *chanson*, "Le Jeune Clochette," though admirably sung, was hardly to their liking. Mdlle. Liebhart was also applauded to the skies, and had a great success in "Robin Adair," "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" and "The Lover and the Bird," the first of which was re-demanded with violent acclamations. Madame Sainton Dolby, too, was in great force, and did not spare her efforts. She sang Alexander Lee's ballad "The Soldier's Tear," Claribel's song "Strangers yet," a song by Miss Susan Pyne, "Give me back my Childhood's Truth," and a song by Louisa Gray, "He doesn't love me." All were excellently well sung, genuine pure ballad singing, and models of the plain style, which is the best style. Claribel's song touched the audience in the tenderest part and was furiously bissed. The gentlemen were not far in the rear of the ladies in point of public favour. Mr Cummings sang Bishop's melodious ballad "Be mine, dear Maid," "Good bye, Sweetheart," and Dr Arne's "Under the Greenwood Tree," and was warmly applauded in all; and Mr Lewis Thomas introduced the song "Now Phoebus sinketh in the West," from *Comus*, and a song by E. Philp, "'Tis Wine." The song from *Comus* was powerfully given, and made a great effect.

Each of the instrumental performances created a furor. Madame Goddard was rapturously encored in both her solos—Thalberg's *Masaniello* fantasia and Benedict's "Erin," replacing the former with "The Last Rose of Summer" fantasia, and the latter with "Home, sweet Home." How the great artist played these four *pieces de bravoure* needs no telling. The audience were excited beyond themselves, and applauded until they were fairly tired. M. Sainton's performance of his own solo on Scotch airs was another great success, which ended in a recall to the platform, and a vigorous and hearty cheer from all parts of the hall.

The performance of the St. Cecilia Choral Society included Elliott's glee, "Come, see what pleasure," Bishop's glee, "Sleep, gentle lady," Stevens's glee, "It was a Lover and his Lass," and Mr Macfarren's part song "The Miller." The four were perfectly sung, but the audience made no sign and seemed to care little for glees or part-songs.

The second concert is announced for Wednesday, November the 13th, when Madame Arabella Goddard is again engaged, and Mr Lazarus will perform. The singers will be Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, Mdme. Sainton Dolby, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Lewis Thomas.

Herr Emmanuel Liebich, the well-known pianist, has announced a concert to take place, on Friday next, at the Hanover Square Rooms, in which he will have the co-operation of Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Czerny, Madame Saumbrey, Mr. George Perren, and Mr Lewis Thomas as singers, Herr Fieldman (violoncello) and Master Frank Liebich (pianoforte) as instrumentalists.

Professor Sterndale Bennett, M.A.—On Monday last the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Professor Sterndale Bennett, by the University of Cambridge, *propter merita*. The public orator, in presenting the Professor for his degree, alluded in eulogistic terms to his numerous compositions, and to his diligent and effectual performances of his honorary duties in the University

FUNERAL OF THE LATE MR. WILLOUGHBY HUNTER WEISS.

The mortal remains of this talented and popular artist were consigned to their last resting place on Wednesday in Highgate Cemetery. The many friends and the great and genuine respect entertained by all classes of society for this worthy member of the musical profession was fully proved (notwithstanding the threatening state of the weather) by upwards of six or seven hundred ladies and gentlemen, connected chiefly with the musical art and the drama, &c. assembling to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. The Rev. Mr. Galloway, a friend of the deceased, officiated, and the noble and affecting musical burial service of Croft and Purcell was given on this melancholy occasion by a talented choir, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Walker of St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir consisted of close on sixty-five voices, selected from the choir of Westminster Abbey, Lincoln's-Inn Chapel, and the Temple choirs, &c. Some of the gentlemen of St. Paul's attended. The boys of the choir were refused to be allowed to attend, through the contumaciousness of their master, who exercised his little brief authority on an occasion when it would have been honour for himself to have shown his presence.

The following relations and personal friends of the lamented vocalist attended as chief mourners:—Messrs. Felix Weiss, J. Marguerie, C. Jarvis, H. C. Selous, J. J. M'Sweeney, A. C. Lewis, J. Howell, Prospere Sainton, Wellington Guernsey, J. L. Hatton, Charles Santley, W. Coward, W. Rainsford, John Elam, H. J. Neville, T. Banting, E. A. Harris, and the Rev. Mr. Galloway. Amongst the numerous artists and friends assembled to do honour to the memory of the deceased were—the Messrs. G. and J. Macfarren, Hopkins, J. F. Barnett, Frank Romer, W. H. Cummings, Lewis Thomas, Chaplin Henry, George Perren, Arthur Sullivan, Albert Randegger, Wm. Hunt, W. Dorrell, Dr. Steggall, Aguilar, Bebb, Chatterton, Henry Joachim, Lyall, J. Turle, S. Lucas, F. Cotti, Donald King, J. Lawler, Puttick, Peck, Sherrard, Haskert, Estel, Paquis, Hutchins, Lady Thompson (better known as Kate Loder, the eminent pianist and composer), together with a host of other leading professors and amateurs. Mr. Jules Benedict and Mr. Costa were unavoidably absent from indisposition. The whole arrangements of the funeral were under the superintendence of Messrs. Banting & Co., and were remarkable for their completeness throughout.

Mr. Weiss was in the prime of life when death overtook him. He was born in Liverpool, April 2d, 1820, where his father, a celebrated flute player and composer, carried on business as a music seller in an extensive manner. He received a thorough musical education, and was brought out as the pupil of Mr. Hallé on the stage in Dublin. His first engagement as a bass singer at a festival was at Gloucester in 1844, after which he sang with much credit to himself at all the festivals of the Three Choirs, and those of Birmingham, Bradford, Norwich, and Leeds, with the greatest success; also of the Handel Festivals, and all the best performances throughout the kingdom, besides singing as principal bass in operatic performances at the Princess's and Drury Lane Theatres, &c. &c. He amused himself in the interim with the composition of vocal music. He had a thorough knowledge of instrumentation and scoring for an orchestra. Most of the songs he sang at the festivals were from his own pen, and instrumented by himself. He sang in several tours with Adelaide Kemble, Jenny Lind, Thalberg, Alboni, Patti, &c. In fact, every provincial tour organized within the last few years was scarcely itself without the name of poor Willoughby Weiss. While at the Sacred Harmonic Society he stood almost alone in his special line for twenty years. Mr. Weiss had a bass voice of the most pure and sympathetic quality, and was a universal favourite. His singing of the music of *Elijah* in Mendelssohn's oratorio could hardly be surpassed. His genial, loving, and kind disposition—his upright, manly, and straightforward conduct will ever endear the memory of poor Willoughby Weiss to his many sorrowing friends.

BASIL BAZOOK.

MISS AMY COYNE, daughter of the well known dramatic author Mr. Stirling Coyne, has returned to London from Cologne, where, for the last twelve months, she has been studying diligently under the guidance of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. Report speaks highly of the young lady's great improvements as a pianist.

MDLLE. LAURA BAXTER, the talented vocalist, has returned to town for the winter season, after a long and most successful engagement in Manchester.

MR. BENEDICT AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—His Majesty the King of Prussia has bestowed on Mr. Benedict the Order of the Crown. This is the third decoration awarded by "crowned heads" to this distinguished composer.

RICHMOND.—The first of a series of four classical and popular concerts under the direction of Mr. John Willy took place at the Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening last, and was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience. The singers were Madame Charet and Mr. Wilford Morgan. Instrumentalists—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Messrs. Willy, Lazarus, Watson Burnett, and E. Howell. The programme included Haydn's quartet in D and Mozart's quartet in G minor for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello. This was most effectively rendered by Miss Zimmermann, Messrs. Willy, Burnett, and Howell. Mr. Lazarus played a solo on Scotch airs (which met with an encore), as well as the obbligato to M. Gounod's serenade. Madame Charet sang "The Nightingale's Trill" (encored), and Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in Molique's serenade, "When the Moon is brightly shining," and his own popular song, "My Sweetheart when a Boy." Dr. Selle accompanied the vocal music with ability.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. Sims Reeves's Ballad Concert, which has been anticipated with much interest, took place at the Theatre last evening. The house was crowded, and it is not easy to imagine how Mr. Reeves and his party would have been accommodated if the Theatre had not been placed at their disposal. It is doubtful whether even the large hall in the projected new Mechanics' Institution, spacious as it is to be, would hold anything like the vast numbers who obtained admittance at the Theatre last night, to say nothing of hundreds who were sent away. The gallery was densely packed, and consequently—for this sort of thing always follows—rather turbulent and occasionally boisterous, though excellent order was maintained during the singing. There were four rows of dress stalls in the pit, and all the private boxes, in addition to the dress circle, were fully occupied. Of course, Mr. Sims Reeves is no novelty in Nottingham, where he has often appeared to afford the same delight to the musical public of this town that he gives wherever he goes. But on this occasion his visit is coupled with a novelty in the character of a "Ballad Concert." Though ballads are plentiful enough to make up dozens of entertainments, the peculiarity of this was that its programme included some old favourite ditties of the last generation or two. There is a predilection in some minds for things antique, and there is no inconsiderable class of persons who sincerely believe that it is impossible to excel the Past in anything the Past attempted. Whether songs or singers, dramatists or actors, nothing modern will in their estimation compare with them. We cannot say we coincide with this theory, but we are glad that, by Mr. Sims Reeves's resuscitation of some of the compositions that enraptured the last generation, we are provided with the means of testing the judgment of our predecessors. To come to the business of last night, Mr. Sims Reeves was set down for Dibdin's humorous nautical song "Tom Bowling," and Davy's no less famous song "The Bay of Biscay." Mr. Reeves imparted to "Tom Bowling" all the pathos and delicacy of vocal inflexion of which it could possibly be made capable. "The Bay of Biscay," a vigorous picture of a wreck at sea, with its terrible incidents skilfully compressed into a few verses, is a national ballad deservedly still holding place in public estimation. Mr. Reeves is to be commended for reviving such compositions as specimens of their age. His singing, of course, elicited rapturous applause. Indeed we do not recollect to have heard such a furor as his re-appearance created. In the first part Mr. Reeves declined to repeat, but in the second, in which he sang "My Pretty Jane" with exquisite taste and perfect finish, he responded to the thunders of applause which greeted him, by singing "Good-bye, Sweetheart" in his most felicitous style; and in answer to a similarly enthusiastic and imperative demonstration after "Tom Bowling" he sang the "Jolly Young Waterman" with a very fine tone of humour. The programme was composed of songs, ballads, part-songs, and a piano fantasia, the artists, in addition to Mr. Sims Reeves, being Madame Patey Whytock, Miss Poole, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Land, who presided at the piano. Between the parts Mr. Coleman, the stage manager, announced that an arrangement had been made with Mr. Sims Reeves to give another performance to-day (Friday) evening, when the whole of the opera of *Guy Mannering* will be presented with Mr. Reeves as Henry Bertram, Patey Whytock as the Gipsy Girl, Miss Poole as Julia Mannering, and Mr. Patey as Gabriel. The leading artists of the dramatic company will also take part in the piece. We believe it is some time since Mr. Reeves appeared on any stage in a lyric character, and as he is so well supported by his companions on this visit, we may anticipate a rare treat in the programme for this evening.—*Nottingham Daily Express*, Oct. 25.

Herr Strauss and Madame Strauss (Jetty Treffz) leave London this day for Paris. They return to London in the Spring, when Herr Strauss will bring his celebrated band from Vienna.

Kensington.—A performance of the *Messiah* was given at the "Horns" Assembly Room on Monday last, by the members of the Metropolitan Tabernacle Choral Society, conducted by Mr S. J. Howe, assisted by a small band, with Mr S. Barrett as leader. The solo parts were taken by Miss Emily Dones, Miss L. Watkins, Messrs Walton Smith, W. T. Beare and Hillard. The last named gentleman sang the contralto part, in the absence, from some unexplained cause, of Mr S. W. O. Cooke, to whom it was put down in the programme. Miss Dones sang the soprano music very conscientiously, but some of the airs are hardly suited to her voice, which is of very inconsiderable compass, and, to say the least, of doubtful quality. She was most successful in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," which received the only encore of the evening. Mr Walton Smith is a tenor of considerable ability, and his voice and style are both pleasing. He sang the whole of the tenor music very creditably, though, as might be expected, his powers were not equal to doing justice to the great air "Thou shalt break them." Mr Beare is a good bass, and has evidently studied both carefully and diligently. His "Why do the nations" was perhaps his best effort, and was proportionally applauded. The choir, which numbered about eighty voices, was well up to the mark, and the choruses in the oratorio were, with few exceptions, done full justice to. Among the exceptions were "Unto us a child is born," which was somewhat deficient in force in the *forte* passages, and the "Glory to God," which might have been sung in better time than it was. Mr Sidney Hill, a harmonium player and pianist of no inconsiderable ability, presided at the harmonium. There was a good attendance.—W.

Bateman and the Duchess.—Bateman is the Cæsar of the week. He "came" to Paris one day and "saw" *The Duchess of Gerolstein*, who "conquered" him. In twenty four hours afterwards he began his great enterprise of giving her an operatic passport to America. Having determined to seize her, Cæsar Bateman (he derives the last name from being a good managerial bat man for catching good-humoured audiences), with an enterprise rarely known (Harry Palmer's is an exception) introduced the "Duchess" under the most favourable auspices last Tuesday night. In her hussar-jacket, with her smile floated by the breath of soft music, with her coquettish and graceful presentation of the sword, she received hearty homage. Then there was General Fil Pal Boum in his wiry hair and comical collar and marvellous *chapeau* and capacious belly, and galvanic spurs and funny top-boots, queer grimaces and original by-play. There was Baron Grog with his stilted legs, mechanical pig tail, serpentine cravat, and marvellous obeisance. There was Prince Paul with his lonely Baer and lugubrious ibis, to say nothing of his gesticulating nose. There was Fritz, whom all the women doted on from the time he fell into toils until he escaped its coils. There was Wanda, whose arch simplicity beat the artful Duchess, and whom all the men went home to dream about—all revelling in comic situations, bewitching music, grotesque orchestral effects, and surrounded by scenery and properties to which New York, in an operatic way, has long been a stranger. Viva *La Duchesse de Gerolstein*!—*New York Leader*, Sept. 28.

Newcastle.—On Saturday evening there was a crowded attendance at the New Town Hall, on the occasion of Mr William Rea's sixth concert. It is scarcely understood that these concerts are entirely unique out of the metropolis. Only in Manchester, under the direction of Mr Hallé, is there anything similar to Mr Rea's entertainments. In the case of Cottonopolis the season is more scattered, and the terms higher. Certainly better artists are not provided, for better cannot be got than those provided by Mr Rea for the Newcastle public. The orchestra has been selected at a time when a number of the best instrumentalists were at liberty, and the names of Messrs. Carrodus and Thaddeus Wells for the violins, W. Pettit, violoncello, A. M. K. Barret, oboe, J. R. Radcliffe, flute, Grist and Arthur Clinton, clarionets, M. Kelley, cornets, W. D. Healey, trombone, and Adolphus Lockwood, harp, are ample guarantees that the solos will be given in first-rate style. On Saturday night, the programme opened with the overture to *Zampa*, the finest of Herold's productions. Its performance by the orchestra was first-rate, but the piece was not so much to the taste of the audience as the next one, "Zephyr Lüfte" waltz, by Gung'l. This was heartily applauded, and Miss Louie Hann, who has (after a little lukewarmness at first) succeeded in establishing herself as a favourite with the audience, gave Hullah's song "The Storm," and received an enthusiastic encore. Mr Adolphus Lockwood made a great impression by his manipulation of the harp in his solo, "Sounds from the Emerald Isle," and in response to an encore gave another air with great taste and feeling. Miss Walker was suffering from a severe cold, and was not the same vocalist as she had been throughout the earlier nights of the week. The *andante* movement from Haydn's Surprise Symphony and the overture to *Oberon* brought the first part to a highly successful close. The *Faust* selection (for the fourth time during the week) inaugurated the *second* part, and as on previous occasions, Mr Barrett's oboe solo and the volume of sound in the concluding march "Gloire Immortelle," evoked great enthusiasm, an encore resulting. Miss Louie Hann was also encored in Claribel's ballad "Won't you tell me why, Robin?" and in response substituted the Irish song "Kate's Letter." Mr J. R. Radcliffe gave a solo on Scotch airs, in which he played some very difficult and striking variations with ease and freedom; he was recalled. "The Campbells are Coming" quadrilles, a ballad by Miss Walker, and the well known march from *Le Prophète* finished the programme, which occupied nearly three hours.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

Edinburgh.—Appropriate to the sacramental season, Mr M'Laren on Saturday night gave a performance of the *Messiah*, instead of his usual miscellaneous "Saturday Evening Concert." The singers were—Miss Hiles, soprano; Miss Newbound, contralto; Mr C. Stewart, tenor; Mr D. Smyth, bass; Mr Hewlitt, organist; Mr F. W. B. Bridgeman, piano; and Mr T. M. Hunter, conductor. The attendance was very large. A small stringed orchestra accompanied the choruses—the lowness of the price of admission preventing the employment of a full band. Miss Hiles made a deep impression by the religious feeling with which she imbued her singing of the air "I know that my Redeemer liveth," as well as that in the second part of "He shall feed His flock," which was, as usual, divided between the soprano and contralto, Miss Newbound giving the first part with genuine pathos. The air "He was despised" was also sung by the latter lady in a very touching manner. The opening recitative and air following, "Every valley," were given pleasingly by Mr C. Stewart, who also sang the "Passion Music" with much feeling. His delivery of the difficult air "Thou shalt break them," was characterized by vigour and spirit. Mr D. Smyth's best solo was "Why do the nations," but he rather failed in "The trumpet shall sound." The chorus numbered about one hundred, and, with the exception of a slight slip by the trebles in the opening of "The Lord gave the word," they sang the whole of their pieces with an effect scarcely to be expected from their number.

The Late Miss Sarah Glover.—This lady, who died at Malvern on the 20th inst., at an advanced age, was identified very honourably with the movement for the education of the poor which was actively promoted in the early part of this century, and has now from small commencement borne widespread fruit. She was inventor of the musical method known as the Tonic Sol-fa system, which she first applied teaching sacred music to poor children. At this period of her life Miss Glover was a resident of Norwich, where her powerful but unobtrusive beneficence among the poor won her a particular and enduring remembrance.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

T. Murby.—"Musical Development; or, Remarks on the Spirit of the principal Musical Forms," by Joseph Goddard.

L. Cock & Co.—"The Seasons," Four Marches, by W. Spark; "The Return of the Thrush" and "Autumn," songs by W. Spark.

[illegible] & Farrar.—"The Young Vocalist," by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew.

Ashdown & Parry.—"Hanover Square," No. 1, for November.

Advertisements.

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SONG FOR A BARITONE VOICE.
The Poetry by JOHN LATEY.
The Music by HENRY SMART.
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MR GEORGE PERREN will sing Mr H. T. [illegible] admired Ballad, "MY OWN DEAR HOME" (received with so much favour when sung by Mr Perren at the Agricultural Hall), at the Hanover Square Rooms (Herr Liebich's Concert), on Friday evening next November 8th.

SIGNORA LEALE and Mr VERNON RIGBY will sing the admired duet, "ONE WORD," composed by [illegible], at Signor [illegible] and Signora Leale's Matinée Musicale, Wednesday, November 6th.

HERR LOUIS ENGEL has REMOVED from [illegible] to 42, [illegible] Street, [illegible] Square, three doors from Park Lane, where letters of engagements for the Harmonium may be addressed.

ROBERT COCKS & CO.'S NEW MUSIC. [illegible] AT EVE. By Brinley Richards. For Piano, 3s. Song (poetry by [illegible]), 3s. Each free for 18 stamps. "[illegible] at Eve has become a national pet for the pianoforte."—*Brighton Gazette*, Oct. 31.

VIVE LA REINE. Galop de Concert, for Piano, by Brinley Richards. 4s.; free for 24 stamps. "Is almost as easy as it is brilliant."—*Sunday Times*, Oct. 20.

NYMPHS OF THE FOUNTAIN. Caprice à la Valse for Piano, by Brinley Richards. 4s.; free for 24 stamps. "Really a study; but its beauty is equal to its utility."—*Sunday Times.*

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WALTZ FOR THE PIANOFORTE,
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The following notice of Miss Glover's performance at the Grand Concert by the Italian Opera Company in the Hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, October 11th, appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*:—"The second encore was accorded to Mr. Santley's songs, [illegible] the Home, and 'The Bard's Legacy' was [illegible] performed on the harp by Miss Glover, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the [illegible] were [illegible] rewarded. Miss Glover also accompanied Mdlle. Titiens in 'Home sweet Home,' and her playing was in every respect worthy of the honourable position assigned to her, and if more could be said we would heartily say it, for it would be well deserved."

In the Press,

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The Music composed by Miss SMITH,
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SIGHT SEEING IN GERMANY

(Continued from p. 865.)

It was Fair time in Leipsic. The Michaelmas *Messe* was going on. The squares and large streets were crowded with booths which formed a village inside the town. The shops of the village belonged to tailors, booksellers, watchmakers, and retail dealers of every trade, who exposed their wares on the open counters of their temporary establishments. The ways and byways of the village were thronged with passengers. But the fun of the Fair was spoilt by the rain, which came down in torrents. It nearly swamped the booths as it ruined the articles displayed for sale. It ran off the bulky umbrellas of the passengers on to the counters, causing many a heartache to the village merchants. It penetrated into their back parlors, making them miserable when they retired from business to eat their meals. It lay in large puddles in the street, through which you had to wade—whether in the road or on the side of the road mattered not—there being the same passage for man and beast; you were certain of getting wet in the feet everywhere. It did not, strange to say, damp the ardour of the street bands, and that was lucky, for there was nothing else to enliven the town and divert attention from the melancholy weather. In defiance of the deluge, the cornets, trombones and trumpets blew away heartily in the open air, although the rain must have run down the pipes of the instruments, and greatly inconvenienced the [illegible] performers. Still they played on, and the melodies of the *Traviata*, *Robert the Devil* and the *Bocca* (*or [illegible]*) resounded through the streets of Leipsic with a running accompaniment, which did not at all contribute to their effect.

We were almost as unmindful of the rain as the musicians. For although well housed at the Hôtel de Russie, we chose to brave the elements and visit the battle field of Leipsic in spite of them. There was not much else to be seen—nothing of interest to two of our party, so to the battle field we went in a close carriage. We were driven out of the town at a weary pace, along a dreary road, through a dreary expanse of turnip fields and marshes—at least that was all I saw of the country from inside the hermetically closed-up vehicle. The cheerful country drive had lasted about half an hour when we came to a toll gate. The toll-keeper was at home, but objected to coming out in the rain. He thrust a long stick out of the window of his cottage into the driver's face. At the end of the stick was a small bag; the driver deposited the necessary fee in the bag; the toll keeper drew in his stick, shut the window, and on we went again. The *valet de place* who was on the box had a wet time of it. I offered him my umbrella, but with unaccountable obstinacy he declined to use it. He was of a Mark Tapley turn of mind; seemed to enjoy his misery, and would not be kept dry—a hard task certainly for any umbrella on such a day. He opened the carriage door to show us where Napoleon stood on the memorable 19th October 1813 (not that I much cared to see where he stood) and asked, in a drowning tone of voice, if we wanted to go any further. "We must see the iron obelisk which marks the place of Meeting of the Allied Monarchs," said one of the ladies, who was too well up in *Murray* to please the *valet de place*. On we went drearily to the obelisk, and having looked at it through the misty window panes and saw there was really "nothing in it," said we would go back to the hotel, whither we returned not very much wiser than we started.

"The last battle-field I visited was rather fresher than this," said I, as we were driving home.

"What was that?" enquired my companions.

"Magenta," I replied. "I was in Italy a few weeks after that encounter, and saw where it took place, while every trace of the fight was still fresh on the ground; the vineyards torn up, the houses riddled with shot—the graves where the slain were buried just covered over. The guide who rode with me over the field, pointed sorrowfully to where his countrymen and the French were interred, and 'there,' said he, showing me with glee a mound on the other side of the road, 'there are 500 of those *cani Tedeschi* buried in one hole.' On the platform of the Magenta Railway station I noticed a large mastiff limping about with a bandage round one of his hind legs. On inquiring to whom it belonged I was told it was General Espinasse's dog, and had been found near its master's body after the fight. The poor brute had been wounded by a bullet during the affray, and was seen rushing about in an excited state when the General fell. 'He was all through the Crimea,' said one of the railway officials, patting the canine hero. 'Who is the present owner?' I asked. 'He belongs to all of us,' said the man.

'And what will all of you take for him?' I asked.

'That's a hard question, sir. I don't think any money would buy him.'

'Come,' said I, anxious to possess the historical dog, 'won't a 100 francs tempt you?' The official stared. One hundred francs was a large sum, he said, and he would go and ask his chief. He shortly returned and said the station master was not in the way just then, but he would, on his own responsibility, sell me the dog for a hundred francs—that I might give him the money, and he would put my purchase into the train for me. I took the dog to Turin. It howled incessantly on the road, and when we arrived at the hotel, refused to eat or drink. This state of things lasted two days, during which time I received a dozen telegrams begging me to restore the sorrowing mastiff to its former owners; they would give any sum if they could only get their favourite back again. Thinking really the dog would die of grief, I replied they might have it if they would send some one to fetch it and return the money I had paid. The man who had made the bargain arrived next day, and it was remarkable how the dog, on seeing the uniform of the railway official, left off moaning and groaning and exhibited every sign of delight of which a dog is capable. It was almost worth the money I had given for him.

"Is the mastiff still alive?" asked the ladies.

"I should say not," I replied. "He was not a young dog when I had him. The last time I heard of the hero was on passing through Magenta, when one of the porters told me he had been taken to Milan. This was two or three years ago. I dare say he has died of old age since then."

By the time my dog-story was finished we had reached the Hotel de Russie.

"Where's the *valet de place*?" I inquired of the driver, not seeing the Leipsic Mark Tapley when we alighted.

"He's gone home to wring himself," said the driver facetiously. He seemed to require some such process himself, for the rain had wet him through, his heavy tarpaulin notwithstanding.

That evening I went to the theatre, but could not persuade my friends to do likewise—they preferred staying at home to encountering the wet weather again.

The performances at the *Stadt Theater in Leipsic*, as at nearly all other German theatres, begin at an early hour. The doors open at half past five, and the opera or play commences at half past six p.m. It is all over by nine p.m., and the good people go home to tea or supper. Rather opposed to our English notions of an evening's entertainment is such an arrangement. But then the usual hour for dining in Germany is one o'clock, with which the time for theatrical amusements is fairly consistent.

I got one of the best places in the house for three shillings of our money, and was vastly pleased with what I heard.

The opera given was *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (*A Night's Lodging in Granada*), music by Conradin Kreutzer—real good old German stuff, pleasing to the ear and satisfactory to the intelligence. The story is as simple as that of *La Sonnambula*, to which it bears some resemblance—the night-walking in the *Nachtlager* being done by a brace of ruffians instead of the interesting Amina—not that they are somnambulists, but go about their work much as though they were. The work in question is to murder one Count Otto, a benighted traveller, while he sleeps in a garret or turret—it does not matter which—whither they have conducted him. They are frustrated in their murderous design by Gabriele, with whom the Count has a flirtation in the first scene, and who warns him of his danger in the nick of time. The Count, on being saved from his assassins, rewards Gabriele by renouncing the evil intentions conceived with respect to her in the flirtation scene aforesaid, and gives her away to Gomez, the tenor, her betrothed, as a *finale* to the opera.

Can anything be more simple or more strictly proper? Nothing. Out of this plain, unvarnished tale, Braun, the poet, has made a very interesting libretto, to which Kreutzer has written music to match, if not more than to match. The overture is admirably constructed, and will well repay examination by any musical connoisseur. How well that subject for the horns, which begins the *allegro*, is introduced! How cleverly the subject, trivial in itself, is brought into the *stretto*, which has been "worked up" by the string instruments! What a brightness that trivial subject gives to the *coda* of the overture! It is a masterly hand that put such ideas together and worked them out so effectively.

The curtain rose, and discovered Fraulein Löwe, as Gabriela, seated on a garden chair, bewailing the death of a favourite pigeon. In sweet pastoral recitative, descriptive of the harrowing circumstance.

Fraulein Löwe is a splendid looking woman, with a commanding presence, almost too commanding for the primitive sentiments to which she had to give expression. She has a mezzo-soprano voice, of great purity and power. Gomez came next, and his representative, Herr Frankl, was hardly strong enough and tall enough to balance Fraulein Löwe, with whom he sang a love duet, expressing their hard fate, the pain of parting, &c. Exit Gomez. Enter Count Otto as a huntsman. Behold a giant! Herr Böhmke cuts out Herr Frankl, and tops Fraulein Löwe; he matches the lady well, and the two together fill the stage up. He has a ballad to sing, an *Aria d'Entrata* to ask Gabriela if she will *Denk' euch manchmal an den Jägersmann*, and after that a rattling duet with the lady, which both performed capitally. And so on through the piece, which it would perhaps be tiresome to follow in detail. There was hardly a weak point in the whole performance. The band and chorus were all that could be wished—the solo singers excellent if not first rate. I was sorry when it was over, and went home wondering the *Nachtlager in Granada* has not found its way to England, where every note of it would surely be appreciated. The part of the Count ought have been written for Santley. It would suit him so well.

It was a long while before *Faust* or *Martha*, and many other works popular on the Continent, were produced in London.

Kreutzer must bide his time, which will surely come, for such good music as he has written must make its way wherever good music is encouraged.

I heard no more music—good, bad, or indifferent—in Leipzig, for we left the deluged town next day for Dresden. The ladies, I think, lost patience with the weather, and not without reason, for it had been most depressing. It cleared up on the road, and we had a good view of the beautiful scenery of Saxe-Weimar as we went along. Agriculture seems to have attained greater perfection in that district than in any other part of the world. The varied colours of the produce of the soil are very remarkable. The fields divided into stripes of yellow, green, and brown, reminded one of those bottles of sand sold at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight.

"I never saw anything so perfect in the way of farming," said the owner of the gold ornament, who was still lamenting her loss. And she is a good authority, being well acquainted with such matters, not only in England but in very many other parts of the globe.

In Dresden we descended at the Hotel de Saxe, and afterwards went to the Palace, and stared until we nearly broke our necks at seeing how the Royal family is supplied with firewood for the winter. We saw it being hoisted in baskets by a rope and pulley to the top stories of the building, at the imminent risk of smashing the windows or knocking the heads off some of the statues on its way.

One show place not mentioned in any Guide-book to Dresden is the Akustisches Cabinet, in the Ostra Allée. From its name I made sure it was a dépôt for those instruments called syrens, which Professor Tyndal handled so dexterously in his Lectures on Sound. The *valet de place* assured me that the Cabinet was one of the wonders of Dresden and well worth a visit. This made me still more certain it was the abode of syrens, and I hastened to visit it. But, false hope, treacherous valet! I found, when I had paid my shilling and obtained admittance, that the Akustische Cabinet was nothing more nor less than the show-room of the Messrs. Kaufmann, manufacturers of harmoniums and *selbst spielende* pianofortes. There was a concert of the self-acting musical instruments going on, and I remained to have my shilling's worth of music. Although not syrens, the instruments exhibited were very remarkable. An automaton-trumpet made a tremendous row, and imitated the tones of a trumpet played in the usual manner exactly. There was a Grosses-Salon-Orchestrion, combining all the instruments of a full band, which seemed to have a will of it's own, for when it was announced to play "Casta Diva," it struck up the Market Chorus from *Masaniello*, and substituted a sprightly polka for Luther's Hymn—in fact, it went on "any how," not seeming to care what was set down in the programme for it to do. I remonstrated with the showman, and he shrugged his shoulders, saying, "those were the pieces printed, perhaps I was mistaken!" I said I thought not, but that the self-acting Orchestrion had probably changed its mind lately as well as its tunes. It recalled to me the story that is told of how a catalogue of pictures, being wrongly numbered, caused an old lady much confusion at "Dr. Johnson, when a little boy," being represented in a wig and gown addressing a Court of Justice.

The Akustisches Cabinet was evidently in favour with the valets of Dresden. There were many of them there, and all had brought their flock of tourists with them. Such concerts must pay well. The performers cost nothing, eat nothing, and the programmes can be repeated as soon as an audience can be assembled to listen to it. One shilling is rather much to pay for the privilege of going into a music shop, but if you are in search of syrens, and don't know but what you are going to hear them, what does it matter? I congratulate Messrs. Kaufmann on the novelty of their plan, but don't think it would answer without the connivance of the *valets de place*.

We passed some hours in the Dresden Galleries. I could have remained there until now, and not seen enough of the glorious pictures. Correggio's "Night" I was anxious to look at, it being the picture I had read most about, and heard most frequently discussed. It hardly realised my expectations. The composition, as Wilkie says, is perfect, and all the powers of the art are brought to bear to make a perfect work. The light streaming from the Child and illuminating all around, is a contrivance as poetic in its conception as any that ever occurred to the imagination of a painter. The beauty of the Virgin who bends over the Infant undazzled, while another female draws back, shading her eyes with her hand, as if unable to endure the supernatural radiance—the group of angels—the day break in the sky—in short, the whole construction and arrangement of the picture all combine to justify its reputation. But it has suffered much at the hands of the restorer, the lights have become chalky and thin. The flesh has lost that wondrous tone which is still preserved in the "Recumbent Magdalen" (hanging in another room), in all its pristine beauty. It is this tone in flesh painting which, so difficult to describe, is still more impossible to reproduce by a strange hand in copying, and to retain in the process of retouching. A copyist may make you the *fac simile* of an original picture, photographically correct in every detail, drawing and colouring faultless, but the tone of the flesh will betray his work, he cannot copy that; it is as much the inalienable property of the master hand, as invention is the property of genius.

In Correggio the flesh tones are more subtle than in any other painter. His pictures, when restored, run, therefore, all the greater risk of being damaged. The "Night" has unquestionably been injured. It must not be forgotten that the picture is upwards of 300 years old, and may have suffered from the lapse of time and the action of the atmosphere, but its history proves that it is not alone to those dangers which it has been exposed.

Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto" is called the gem of the Dresden Gallery. Where so many wonders of art are assembled it is difficult to give any one the preference. Here are Titians, Correggios, Rubens, Holbeins, in profusion. Who shall say which is the best where all are of such superlative excellence? The Raphael is a grand work and in splendid preservation.

Going through a Gallery so hurriedly as we were obliged to visit that at Dresden is more confusing than hearing many different melodies performed at the same time. As far as I am concerned I would rather remain in a room with half-a-dozen good pictures, had I time to study their beauties and become acquainted with them than see all the grandest paintings in the world in a hurry.

After dining at the Hotel de Saxe (in a room as large as the concert room in Hanover Square) at four o'clock, we went to the theatre at half past six. Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann* was performed—a very pretty, sparkling opera, another of those unknown in England, which is sure to become popular when played there. The libretto is founded on the well-known story of Peter the Great when, under the name of Peter Michaelov, he worked in the ship-yard at Saardam.

The star of the evening was Herr Schild. Not that he appeared in the principal *rôle* but possesses a delightful tenor voice, and sings well. He is a young good-looking fellow, and has a splendid career before him. Madame Jauner Krall, the soprano, is clever and attractive—prepossessing is the right word, I think. She was evidently not well on the evening in question, and it would therefore not be fair to judge her vocal abilities, but only to express a hope that when they are all at her command they are somewhat stronger than when I heard her. The next night I saw an extravaganza, *Flick und Flock*—not the ballet of the same name, but one of those pieces such as are given at the Strand. The Byron of Dresden had concocted a parody of the ballet which is known all over Germany, and introduced all sorts of popular tunes, dances, break-downs, and allusions to local affairs just as our gifted dramatist, painter, poet, and what not does in London. A Fraulein Weber distinguished herself greatly by the lively manner in which she represented the principal character, and astonished me not a little by singing the "Rapture dwelling" from Balfe's *Old Maid of Artois* with more effect than I ever heard it before. It was quite a sensation to hear the familiar tune so unexpectedly.

The third night I was at the theatre there was a "hash bill" consisting of a short comedy, and the melodious operetta, *Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, of course, in German. Fraulein Weber again appeared, and again sang charmingly.

WALTER MAYNARD.

MR. SIMS REEVES AT BIRMINGHAM.—An exceedingly large audience assembled in the Town Hall last night at the irresistible call of Mr. Sims Reeves. The roughness of the night made little or no difference, and it would appear that the great tenor can on these occasions, even defy the elements. Certainly no singer exercises such a potent spell over the minds of the British public as Mr. Sims Reeves. The little disappointments he occasionally and unavoidably subjects them to, only serve to whet their appetite, and if he will only appear they quite forget the past, and if he accept an encore they go into ecstasies. Last night's was called a "ballad concert," but in reality it was something more. Even at a concert of this description many like to hear a little music of a superior kind. Ballads are exceedingly pretty and very pleasant to listen to when sung well, but the ballad concert is a modern invention. Those who heard Mr. Reeves sing at the late festival will not believe that he is forced to take to ballad singing, but rather descends to it because it has a charm for a large section of the public. Indeed, he could not have given more satisfactory proof that he is still the great tenor, the English *par excellence*, than by the vigour, energy, and power with which he sang his songs last night. Mr. Sims Reeves was supported by Miss Anna Jewell, Madame Patey Whytock, and Mr. Patey, with Mr. Charles Hallé as pianist, and Madame Platti as accompanist. The only stranger was Miss Anna Jewell. She sings with ease, fluency, and finish. Madame Patey Whytock sang among other pieces, "The Meeting of the Waters," with true feeling and expression, eliciting a hearty encore. Mr. Patey improves every time we hear him. Mr. Reeves was in excellent voice, and sang what was set down for him in his own inimitable manner. His interpretation of the ballad, "The Pride of Kildare," was simply exquisite, and when, in response to a vociferous encore, he gave "Tom Bowling," the enthusiasm of the audience scarcely knew any bounds. Of course a vigorous effort was made to encore Mr. Reeves in everything he sang—an honour which he does not appear so proud of as some of our younger vocalists—and one which he wisely declined to accept in every case last night. The pianoforte performances of Mr. Charles Hallé were a rich treat to many present. His execution of Mendelssohn's *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* and also Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, and Heller's Tarantella, delighted those who could appreciate faultless execution and fine taste. Schumann's Duo, for two pianos, by Madame Platti and Mr. Chas. Hallé should, perhaps, be heard under other circumstances to be fully understood and enjoyed.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*, Dec. 12.

LEIPZIG.—Ninth Gewandhaus Concert: "Salvum fac Regem," Hauptmann; "Fest-Ouverture," Op. 124, Beethoven; the 98th Psalm, Mendelssohn; Violin Concerto, Viotti (Herr Walther, from Munich); French National Songs for Chorus; Variations on a theme by Mozart, for Violin, David (Herr Walther); and Symphony No. 8, F major, Beethoven.

HANDLE TURNERS

On the curtain rising slowly to soft music is discovered Almeira, "The Mourning Bride" in deep crape, vainly endeavouring to distil comfort from melody. Presently she advances to the orchestra and exclaims

> "Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
> To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

But she adds, her grief is so overwhelming, having lost her father, that an entire course of Monday Popular Concerts would neither afford cure nor relief.

The experiments made upon Mr. Babbage afford another startling proof that the intently occupied mind considers as no boon the intrusion of harmonies. After labouring for weeks, toiling at roots and surds and logarithms, the great calculator is within sight of his "new tottle" when a street organ strikes up its mechanic strain and sets the algebraic brain dancing to the "Hilda Waltz." Mr. Babbage loses patience, shows temper, upsets his stomach, and finishes work for that day. Mr. Babbage ought either to live in the country or in a padded room, or get deaf.

Our own experience of peace disturbed, and angry passions roused, through the wanging vibrations of music nuisance, is another confirmation that the compound householder when absorbed in mental work of the lowest character is still subject to the same distressing emotions as those which racked the Princess of Granada and exploded the mathematician of London.

We were lately engaged going over the butcher's book (it had no business to be so heavy) and we were bothered to death with checking the 5½ lb. of beef at 9½d. and the 8¾ lb. mutton at 9¾d., when a professor of the barrel organ planted himself—rude weed—in the front garden, and commenced his begging concert. We were hard at work over 3¾ lb. pork chops at 8½d. when the savage began to "paddle his own canoe." We rushed to the window and made signs of distress, but the handsome tormentor only smiled back at our wrath, showed his beautiful teeth, and, indeed, ground the harder at his barrels. When we frowned he nodded his head; when we cried "go away" he replied he was a "poor Italian." In despair we cast aside the butcher's book (full of shameful errors), and listened to eight tunes.

"Ah! che la morte" is a lovely thing, and it made us digest our mutton and beef fury. We began to think more kindly of the picturesque grinder of nerves. He might be some educated musician, some sensitive artist reduced by want to this turning of the mangling machine; he might be bending under the heavy weight of care as well as his musical box. He might be acquainted with a tune even more distressing than those he played—misfortune. Taking twopence from the mantelpiece, we hurried to an interview.

That he might enjoy our conversation the better we mixed up for him a linguistic salad, composed of English, Latin, French and Italian. He was a com[illegible] miniature man, warmly clad—half brigand, half railway porter—and decorated with a peacock's feather and earrings. He enjoyed his smile. When called upon for serious opinions he uttered them with an air of unanswerable wisdom which made discussion appear to be a startling matter.

We began: "Yes, venne la bella Italia, the classic superba, jolie, patria." He smiled twelve teeth all white as a sole's belly. "Il Signor me Naples, from Leather Lane."

As he could speak English, and seemed proud of his knowledge, we withdrew our polyglot salad and felt relieved. "Ah, Naples of the clear skies and blue waters. Don't you long to quit our soot-clouded London?" His eyes looked poems, but he only answered—"Saffron Hill war good town—plenty cabbage, plenty good fish—cheap."

The "cheap fish" was annoyingly unpoetical. We instantly dropped our romantic style of address. "Of course you are a thorough musician—all Italians are—born so. We need not ask if you are devoted to your art?"

"Oh, yaas," he replied, with a look of pathetic weariness. "Twelve years with organ—long time. Music var good thing! make de leetle childer dance."

This was not encouraging. "You misunderstand! Music—fine study—you it love—you it adore—for beauty it worship."

Even thus clearly explained he failed to catch our meaning. "Yaas, yaas"—nodding his classic head—"music good, bring money to poor Italiano, sometime two shilling, sometime one shilling—not much. Organ var heavy fifty pound, and make man tired. At first vas much. O, but now use to it, not tire so much as tire before use to it, you see."

We determined on trying another tack. "Goethe says (see the *Musical World*) 'The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject-matter, whose effect must be deducted. It is wholly form and power.' Now, do you agree with that opinion?"

After profound consideration, he replied, "Vaal, not when de rain fall; de wet nodder spoil de tunes, spoil de polish, spoil de clothes—music not good when rain come."

We began to suspect that our theory of the educated and sensitive artist was an absurdity, but we patiently pursued our inquiry. "Just now," we continued, "you were playing a *morceau* from *Figaro*. Of course it is useless to inquire if you know who Mozart was."

He shook his head. "He not live in our court—not know him. Dere is Muscardini have de monkey—non Mozart. Muscardini you mean?"

"No, no! Mo-zart—the di-vine Mo-zart," with great distinctness. "You have been playing his music from *Figaro*."

"Non, non," shaking his head slowly with the solemnity of wisdom, "your Mozart make no tune for my organ. Mr. Hicks, who live in Clerkenwell, he make de music wit a leetle hammer."

"We are speaking of the celebrated composer Mozart," we continued. "The great genius, who blessed the world with, alas! sadly too few of his noble works, for he died young. Mozart the author of *Figaro*."

"Den he cannot be Mr. Hicks," was the absurd answer. "Mr. Hicks live in Clerkenwell at the back of the prison on the oder side. He charge me ten shilling for de time. He take de hammer and de little nail of his and make de music—so, tap, tap. Dat Mozart not true."

He had seated himself on his organ the better to enjoy the chat. Scarcely believing what we had heard, preferring to think that the brown-skinned son of Naples misunderstood us—that conversing in a foreign language confused him—we shifted the subject of our discourse.

"There is another great composer, Handel—George Frederick Handel—the giant among composers. What think you of the man who was born at Halle in Germany?"

The Italian's features assumed a savage expression. "Italians not like de Germans. Dere plenty brass bands, Whitechapel. If dey come in Saffron Hill we say 'go awan.' We fight bottles. Dere is no Handel in our court."

"The Handel I refer to died in 1759, aged seventy-four years, and is now worshipped by musicians as one of the greatest in the calendar of sainted genius. You do not know his works?"

He endeavoured to explain to me his hatred for Germans. "De poor Italians play de organ—vast de German trompete come—vast two make not good. De people say 'Vat noise! Go away! Vat noise is dis?' So no penny poor Italiano. Germans!" He crunched his teeth together. "Your Handel come in Saffron hill—he see! Fight!"

When an Italian is angry he should be comforted, so we allowed him to grind his superb teeth over the thoughts of Handel—(he was used to abuse enough whilst he lived)—and gently coaxed the savage back to Italian memories.

"There once lived a famous Italian, named Donizetti. He was a writer of music. Have you ever heard of him?"

With sudden delight he cried out, "Dat good man! Dat good man? Yaas! You know him!"

"We were not personally acquainted," we replied modestly, yet charmed with the poor fellow's enthusiasm and delighted at having at last raked out of his dust-bin mind one great name he recognised. "His glorious works are thoroughly admired."

"Ah! ah! 'glorious works!'" Then he laughed and smacked his lips. "De sausage di Bologna—de maccaroni of Naples—dat good works, yaas." The wretch was talking of a provision merchant.

Disgusted, wearied, sorrowful, we only put one more question to the handsome idiot.

"Whom do you consider to be the greatest composer who ever lived?"

The answer was given to us confidentially, as though imparting a professional secret. "Dere is a man in Paris vat make de organ, but he charge too much money; you see," with fierce look. "Cristi! I give to him nine pound in one time! Oh! good organ!" sighed he.

So we gave him two pennies and he hoisted up his cargo and departed. This handle turner knew no more of the art that sanctified his noise than a telegraph wire knows of the message it conveys. It does not particularly matter, though annoying! There will always be handle-turners as long as the world lasts, and this one cost only twopence. King Beales is more expensive.

[illegible] (M.D.)

MADRID.—At the Teatro Real Mdlle. de Maesen has appeared as Margarita in M. Gounod's *Faust* with tolerable success.—The mortal remains of Madame Nantier Didiée, whose death has occasioned a feeling of the deepest regret here, were conveyed to their last resting-place, the Cemetery de la Patriarcal, on Thursday, the 5th inst. The hearse was followed by more than a hundred carriages, containing all the artistic and literary celebrities of the Spanish capital, as well as distinguished private individuals, anxious to pay a last tribute to the deceased.

NAPLES.—*La Contessa d'Amalfi* will be performed during the approaching carnival season at the San Carlo. It will also be produced at Savona, Alessandria, Vicenza, Verona, Rimini, and elsewhere.

Notes of a Singing Lesson

(By an amateur.)

Here beginneth chapter the first of a series,
To be followed by manifold notes and queries;
So novel the queries, so trying the notes
That I think I must have the queerest of throats
And most noteable dulness, or else long ago
The Signor had given up teaching, I trow
(I wonder if ever before he has taught
A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought!)

The voice has machinery (now to be serious),
Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.
A wonderful organ pipe firstly we trace,
Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass;
Below an Eolian harp is provided
Through whose fairy like fibres the air will be guided;
Above is an organ, larger or small,
As the singer desires to rise or to fall;
Expand and depress it to deepen your roar,
But raise and contract it when high you would soar.
  Alas! for the player, the pipes, and keys,
If the pipes go without an inadequate breeze!
So this is the method of getting up steam,
The one motive power for song or for scream.
Slowly and deeply, and just like a sigh,
Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply,
Through the mouth only and not through the nose;
And the lungs must condense it ere further it goes.
(*How* to condense it I really don't know
And very much hope the next lesson will show.)
Then, forced from each side through the larynx it comes,
And reaches the region of molars and gums;
And half of the sound will be ruined or lost
If by any impediment here it is crossed.
On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,
The effect would be such as your ear would not like;
And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note
Will straight way be driven back into your throat.
Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it;
Once hear the report, and you've done with your bullet.
  In the human voice there are registers three,
Which lower and middle, and upper must be;
And each has a sounding board all of its own,
The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone.
But no careless nasal beware lest it ring,
Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.
And if on this subject you waver in doubt,
By listening and feeling the truth will come out.
  The lips, by-the-bye, will have plenty to do,
In forming the vowels Italian and true,
Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,
With no O and no U that are simply amphibious.
In flexible freedom let both work together
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember.
Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

FANNY M. HAVERGAL.

DUBLIN.—The Amateur Musical Society gave its second concert this season on Wednesday week. The singers were Mdlle. Costanza and Mr. G. Perren. Mdlle. Costanza, who has a soprano voice of good quality, sang in the first part of the concert Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor" and Guglielmi's "Gratias Agimus"—the latter with orchestral accompaniment (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr. H. Snelling)—contributing to the second part a valse by Signor Arditi. Her success was in Guglielmi's air. Mr. Perren gave "Come into the Garden, Maud," "My own dear home" (Tillyard), and two songs of his own composition—"The old green lane" and "When first the Bells"—the last in reply to an encore. The overtures which commenced the first and second parts were Auber's *La Sirène* and Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*. The symphony was Haydn's in B flat, No. 8, all played fairly. The other orchestral pieces were a *Der Freischütz* selection (Jullien's arrangement), and J. A. Owen's march, "The Relief of Lucknow," which ended the concert. The pianoforte accompanist was Mr. J. Harrison; the conductor, Mr. C. Boose.—W. H. I.

FLORENCE.—The autumn season was brought to a close at the Pergola with *L'Italiana in Algeri*, and the ballet of *Gisella*.

THE FUGUE AS AN ART WORK.*

(*Continued from page 741.*)

We have endeavoured to show on what principles the rank of art-works is to be determined. The general result at which we have arrived is, that musical works are greater in proportion to the ideas of beauty and truth they communicate, rather than in proportion to any impression of masterly skill in counterpoint they may give us. In the discussion of the main question, therefore (namely, as to the rank of the Fugue), it becomes necessary in the first place to inquire—What are the traits of the *Fugue*? And then from a comparison of these traits with the general principles already deduced we shall be able to solve our problem, to our own satisfaction at least.

The grand question is—What is the true position of the Fugue in the world of musical art? Now this question is not one already determined (as some might hastily assume) as is evident from the fact that different composers—acknowledged masters too—have placed very different estimates upon the Fugue. Some have ignored it entirely. Others have cultivated it—Mendelssohn, for instance—only as a severe exercise in composition. Others again, have employed it more largely than any other style of composition, as, for instance, Bach.

2. And here I pause to remark that in any use of the term the Fugue is not a distinct musical *form*. For I use the word "*form*" to signify "any plan in accordance with which several successive periods of melody are associated so as to form one whole." The *form* is the plan of period-relation of the work. The Song-form, Rondo, Sonata or Fantasia are distinguishable musical *forms*. Fugue is a system of counterpoint; and a Fugue is a composition in which the counterpoint is managed in accordance with the laws of that system. It is not the plan in accordance with which the melodic periods follow one another that distinguishes the Fugue from other compositions, but the *manner of the counterpoint*, and this alone. Any work in which the voices bear strict fugal relations to each other, is a Fugue. Yet it is possible that a work be a Fugue and still be, as to its period relations, a veritable Sonata. Bach's organ fugue in E flat (the so-called St. Anne's, I believe) is almost a Sonatina.

3. And this leads us to a closer survey of the noteworthy traits of the Fugue. The one great feature of the Fugue is the counterpoint. It is this, as we have seen, that names the work. It is indeed the culmination of counterpoint. Cherubini says:—

"Such as it exists at the present time, Fugue is the perfection of counterpoint. It should comprise not only all the resources supplied by the different kinds of counterpoint, but many other devices peculiar to itself.

"All that a good composer ought to know, may be introduced into fugue. It is the type of all pieces of music; that is to say, whatever the piece composed, so that it be well conceived, regular, and conducted with good intention—it should, without bearing precisely the character and form of a fugue, at least possess its spirit."

The fugues of Bach do have well-marked individualities of emotional tone. But they do none of them suggest distinct emotional states, or impress us, and elevate or depress the emotional condition of the listener to consonance with themselves, so decidedly as do many other works—certain of Beethoven's Sonatas, for instance.

Fugues are grand. Even the easy ones awaken impressions of power. They are endless, and when they cease it is not from an apparent fitness of necessary conclusion reached, but rather of arbitrary pause. For a fugue when "played, is not *played out*." You are conscious of no reason why it might not go on indefinitely—or, at least, as long as the counterpoint "holds out." It has a determined purpose, which is to worthily magnify a given subject. In its extent and in the determination of its period-relations and paragraphs, it is strictly a *fantasy*.

4. Certain compositions do possess much of the fugue spirit, yet are not strictly fugues. For example, the *finale* of Beethoven's A flat Sonata, Op. 26, has much of this spirit. Now what impression does this *finale* make upon us, as compared with other movements of the same work? The first movement, the *andante* with variations, is full of soul. The *scherzo* is purposely of small spiritual weight, in order to relieve the mind from what precedes, and preparatory to what follows. The third movement is the solemn Funeral March—a composition which with perhaps two or three others stands first of its kind. Now steps in the lively *finale*, quick, impetuous, even mirthful. Two of the previous movements are full of spiritual meaning. While counterpoint has had a fair share of attention it has been employed only in strict subordination to the "inner sight." Impressions of Beauty and Truth have been foremost in the composer's intention. But now it is time to relieve the attention so severely tasked in this direction, and the resources of counterpoint are employed with a liberal hand to awaken impressions of delight more of the Intellect than of the Emotions. The melodic contents are significant, it is true, but they become infinitely more so in the manner of elaboration. This movement is needed to restore the spiritual equilibrium. From the whole Sonata, the soul awakens as from an Elysian dream.

5. To conclude. From good Fugues we receive great pleasure. But it is clear to me that between the Fugue and Sonata there is a fundamental and radical difference, other than of form or counterpoint. A Sonata is a grand soul picture. A Fugue is a grand *piece of work*. It may be a soul-picture too. But it is of a soul that is restless, striving after infinite development—a worthy strife, yet *strife* after all; a *Becoming*, a never *Is*. To hear a good Sonata, rests one; a Fugue invigorates, clears the head, but does not seem to afford rest. The grand task of the Sonata is, to convey "ideas of beauty;" of the Fugue, "ideas of power and relation." It follows, therefore, that the Fugue is truly "less noble than other forms of musical art, in so far as it expresses less" of soul "than they."

That the Fugue *does* express less of emotion but more of intellectual contrivance than some other varieties of music, is a matter of consciousness among the majority of thoughtful musicians. In any case the number of those who do not coincide with this decision, may almost be counted on one's fingers. Now we can receive great pleasure in contemplating a neat problem in mathematics; but when one would seek to convince us of the wonderful amount of emotional expression and spirituality that is latent therein, we are reminded of the just remark of the poet, that

Optics sharp 'twould take, I ween,
To see a thing that can't be seen.

That such optics are possessed by any, is to the "eleven obstinate men on the jury," a matter of profound admiration!

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Salisbury.—The *Messiah* has been given by the members of the Sarum Choral Society at the Assembly Rooms, with decided success. The audience was very numerous and exceedingly attentive. The principal singers were Misses Edmonds and Poole, Messrs. Briggs and Charles Lyall. Miss Edmonds especially distinguished herself in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and Miss Poole in "He was despised." Mr Briggs sang the bass solos carefully and Mr Lyall the tenor music according to the *Salisbury Journal* "with plenty of taste and no lack of proper feeling." The chorus acquitted themselves in a praiseworthy manner and the whole performance gave satisfaction.

Nice.—The Imperial Theatre opened with *Saffo*, which was very warmly applauded. The principal characters were sustained by the Signore Demi and Ferardi, Signori Oliva-Pavani and Betti.

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* *Dwight's Journal of Music*

SINGING BIRDS THE MOST ANCIENT MUSICIANS.

In behalf of that beautiful and interesting portion of creation, the aërial songsters! I have for some years observed the diminishing of our indigenous singing birds. I can remember when goldfinches, linnets, and other small singing birds were caught in nets in Stepney and Ben-Johnson's fields,* and other fields not farther remote from the metropolis, and the persons who made it their business to catch birds for sale, ensnared them in such large numbers that any of the ordinary kinds might be purchased for a mere trifle. The practice of catching birds in traps and gins of all sorts used by boys so operated against the regular dealers that a common remark made, when a person was seen passing through any of the streets in London with call birds at his back, was "Two sticks no beef." The epithet applied to those whose calling it was to catch birds, either from the poverty of the trade then or the contempt in which it was held by a part of society who think it cruel to confine birds, or it may be imputed to both causes. But it is not my purpose to argue the righteousness or unrighteousness of confining them, but to preserve and increase them. I do not object to catching birds in traps, &c.; the calling may be legitimate, and, as respects the confinement of some of our British singing birds, it does not much affect them, for by proper attention they live and warble merrily for some years in cages. But to the point: the great decrease in our indigenous singing birds may be accounted for in a measure by the increase of buildings of all sorts. This circumstance occasions the cutting down of trees, bushes, and hedges, and destroys the food growing naturally for their support and multiplication; but the building of houses, &c., would not kill the birds at once—they would forage further away. Now the painful part of the story, or the cause of the great diminution, is to be related. They are shot for sport—our rural songsters of the groves are killed by the gun for fun. Bets of £10 are staked to catch a certain number of them in a set time, and, from overcrowding the birds in the cages, many of them are suffocated. Such accidents have occurred.

That beautiful part of creation given to man by a gracious God for change and variety in the fields and forests, and to cheer and comfort men's hearts, is being daily and hourly destroyed. These musicians of the remotest antiquity, which gave to Father Jubal the instincts of music, are now sacrificed for sport. How angry would the inventor of the organ and harp be to witness such pitiless and barbarous treatment to those sweet creatures, which, in the Spring, make the woods and the vales resound with their singing. Who had been at the pains of contriving and making musical instruments which could be played when the diurnal songsters of the woods and forests were mute, the which had inspired him through the day time so often with their harmonious sounds? What man, woman or child, may it be assumed, is insensible to the charms of music? It sets the aged's head a nodding, and the infant a-trotting. And shall that ancient order of musicians be exterminated, whose authority to make the fields and the orchards, the shrubberies, and the plantations, &c., echo with their singing is unquestionable? Those loyal subjects—ever true and faithful. I was taking a walk in the month of May or June in a bye walk, and I observed at a short distance two fashionably dressed youths; and at the same instant I noticed a small bird flying, and that it presently perched. It was also seen by the youths, who walked towards the tree where it was perched, and one of the lads fired. I saw the bird fall, when one of the youths exclaimed, with an air of glee, "That numbers twenty-one we have shot this morning." I had perceived by the undulatory flight of the bird it was not a sparrow. Looking at the lads intently, they inquired if I should like to see the bird just shot? I reproved them by saying it was too bad to destroy God's creatures. The singing birds are a gracious gift bestowed upon man; they were intended as a lasting blessing, and I had as much a right to them as anyone else of the community, and that I should not yield my claim in permitting them being exterminated without opposition on my part. The youths owned they had killed over a score, and how many more besides they had shot I will not venture to guess. It is no uncommon occurrence to meet persons with guns in the lanes and bye roads, and to hear the unwelcome report from a gun, at any season of the year. It may be you are desirous of taking a quiet walk through the fields, when you are suddenly startled by these loud sounds. Whether the feathered warblers are breeding, or have a brood, they fall victims to the caprice of men and lads. So if the public will permit these sweet songsters to be shot by scores, ere long the fields and woods will, in a great degree, lose their charms.

Alack-a-day for the aged tradesmen and other individuals who have played their parts, also the blind, the [illegible], melancholy and paralysed too, who come into the country to be benefited by the change, when the song of the skylark, the thrush and blackbird—are not to be heard in the Spring and Summer. And this is pretty much the case some five or six miles distant from the metropolis—east, west, north, and south of it. Fifty years ago indigenous singing birds abounded in the parish in which I reside, some six or seven miles distant from London, and those whose occupation it was to catch birds might be seen in all parts of the neighbourhood occasionally netting them. Now there are but very few singing birds in the parish, and the few are being shot or trapped, so that the number diminishes. The last hard frosts in the early part of this year (1867), during the time it lasted, gave opportunity to those persons who take delight in the sport of shooting our British singing birds, for the poor creatures, the blackbird, thrush, and other songsters, would venture to forage on the hedgerows, to feed on the haws, for but few persons care to feed them, and so became a mark for those who were out in the fields with their guns. Some of the kinds of birds that lived in the parish and neighbourhood forty years ago have wholly disappeared. The magpie, daw, jay and sparrow-hawk are never seen wild. A regular bird-catcher that passeth through the parish frequently, having call birds at his back, said he was obliged to go to a distance of nineteen miles to catch birds sufficiently to pay him. The country has its peculiar pleasures—the rural lanes and walks, the pure and invigorating air, the rivulets and lakes, the flowers, meadows, and woods, and the aërial songsters, &c. And it is to the interest of the public to preserve and protect these. Much has been written on the subject against destroying our feathered warblers, and much good may be done by persons who have large gardens, or orchards, shrubberies, plantations, or fields enclosed. These may in a measure, I would kindly suggest, be preserves for the singing birds, for if the labourers and gardeners who are employed on these grounds were commanded not to take or pillage the birds' nests, or trap or shoot the birds that breed or lounge in these enclosures, they would quickly multiply. The thistlefinches, or goldfinches, and linnets forage on thistle seed; the [illegible], or blackbirds, thrushes, skylarks, larks, &c., feed on slugs, grubs, worms, snails, and other destructive insects. A blackbird that was confined in a cage has consumed twenty slugs in the course of the day; chaffinches and other finches and small birds feed on the small caterpillar, earwig, and other small insects. And is it not desirable to have the feathered warblers in our gardens and grounds, which, although consuming the insects gratuitously, charm us with their music? And if they do plunder a little fruit, as gooseberries, currants, and cherries, they amply compensate by their efficient and voluntary labour. Where there is an abundant crop of fruit, gooseberries may be bought for one penny or even a half penny a quart, cherries one penny and two pence per pound. But if the fruit are scared in the Summer and Autumn to prevent their participating in some of the fruit, by frightening and shooting at them they will be shy of visiting such places at any other time, though their services there would be welcomed. Market gardeners and fruit growers for the market, speculating on their crops of fruit, have concluded that half a crop has paid better than a heavy or full crop, and yet the birds are fired at and scared that venture to partake of a little of it. It appears that the British birds were more cared for generally a century ago than of late years. The Rev. William Hanbury, in his voluminous book on gardening, culture of forests, evergreens, fruit trees, &c. &c. &c., in recommending the wilding cherry tree, the black and the little red, writes—"When these trees are properly disposed, either for avenues leading to houses, for parks, for clumps, or for woods, &c., they strike the imagination in the Spring by their flowers. The flowers afford great relief to the industrious bee; and whoever is delighted with the music of the feathered choir can devise no method so proper to invite them as to tempt them with the fruit of the black cherry tree, on which the blackbird regales and the thrush feasts." Neither, he observes, are these sweet singing birds the only part of the feathered creation who are fond of this fruit, for swarms of jackdaws, magpies, jays, &c., will carefully watch the season, and contend for their share. A word on the rooks, martens, and swallows will conclude my observations on the birds. The rook is a voluntary labourer, and generous assistant to farmers, graziers, and other persons letting much land. It forages on bad pasturage, and fresh ploughed ground, consuming slugs, grubs, worms, and field mice. The rook should be fed on corn or potatoes, the refuse of any of the sorts would suffice, if plentiful, in seasons when the land is frozen, by those persons so benefited by their services, and not suffered to famish. The martens and swallows, those interesting birds, whose voluble action and sprightly agility is unsurpassed, secure the air of [illegible] and flies, and so befriends the butcher, the greengrocer, fruiterer and confectioner, and every person who has a provision larder. And animals, the horse, mule, ass, cow, &c. &c., would be glad to be relieved in any degree when tormented by the flies; they, therefore, should be esteemed by the public generally, and let quietly perform their useful avocations.

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[*] Stepney and Ben-Johnson's fields, distant from Whitechapel 1½ to 2 miles.

A Musical Convention at the South.—The Shenandoah Musical Association proposes holding a convention or musical festival in Woodstock, Va., to commence on the 24th and end on the 27th of this month. This is not only the first assemblage of the sort which has ever met in this far-famed valley, but is the first of the kind, we understand, ever assembled in Virginia. Sad have been the ravages and desolations of martial strife in this lovely region of the Shenandoah, so that one must be cold indeed who can contemplate such an assemblage—full of peace and enthusiasm—without joy and deep thanksgiving. [illegible] "A festal season." We are expecting a good time for the Valley. Dr. Everett we learn has been invited to be present on the occasion and deliver an address, but don't know as he will accept. [illegible] he will [illegible] such a charming locality. Since the above was written, we understand the Doctor has accepted the invitation, and will take for his subject "The History, Utility and Influence of Sacred Music." The leader of the convention is Professor R. M. McIntosh, author of *Tabor*.—*Musical Pioneer* (New York).

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLLICET.—Good Friday, although it was observed with the usual solemnities in many quarters, was in others devoted to certain sports which have for as many years as one can well remember been associated in the public mind with the great Fast-day of the Church. In former times the men of Westmoreland and Cumberland were accustomed to try their skill and strength by wrestling in Lord's cricket ground on Good Friday, and very cruel sport it not uncommonly was, as many could testify who received severe blows or hard kicks in their struggles for victory. Thousands of persons were in the habit of witnessing these periodical conflicts, and the two counties specially concerned took a deep interest in the success of their representatives. During the last few years these annual trials have taken place, not at Lord's, but at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

DILETTANTE.—The article (we quote from memory and the *Post*) was as subjoined:—"The first appearance of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca on Thursday last was one of the most important, and certainly one of the most agreeable, events of the season. If art is long and life short, it is equally certain that youth and beauty are charming. In a philosopher a prepossessing appearance is not looked for, and that a sage should have lost his youth before finding wisdom is not, after all, a matter for deep regret, except of course to himself. But among singers, who that has had the least experience does not constantly lament that the young ones have, in an artistic point of view, much to gain, while the accomplished veterans have, in a personal point of view, nothing to lose. Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has everything to recommend her—a young and fresh voice, a thorough mastery of the vocal art, great dramatic talent, and, what may certainly be counted as elements in Mdlle. Lucca's popularity, a face and figure far superior to those of the Margaret imagined by Ary Scheffer. Mario, who always sings particularly well when the heroine with whom he has to sing is particularly well worth singing to, was on Thursday evening in excellent voice, and thoroughly disposed to do his best, which he accordingly did. Mdlle. Morensi appeared in the insipid part of Siebel, and sang Siebel's insipid ballads without giving to them any expression of her own. Mdlle. Morensi has an agreeable voice, and is a clever singer; but the part of Siebel is an out of place in the drama, and Siebel himself is such a poor personage—a good deal worse than Don Ottavio, in *Don Giovanni*, and not much better than Arturo, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*—that it is difficult to have a thorough admiration for any of Siebel's representatives considered only as such."

DRAMATICUS.—No; the article (we again cite from memory) was as subjoined:—"Mdlle. Beatrice Lucchesini still remains the principal attraction at the Haymarket, conferring on the drama, *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, a popularity which is not its own. By way of contrast to this semi-serious work Mr J. Stirling Coyne's hilarious comedy of *Presented at Court*, in which Mr Buckstone plays one of his best characters, has been revived. Although the plot of this piece is founded on the difficulties encountered by Madame du Barri at the Court of Louis XV., as particularly recorded in M. Dumas' *Memoirs of a Physician*, not only are the incidents transferred from Versailles to St. James's, but the play in its dramatic form is entirely original."

ADAM BEDE.—On the contrary. The plot of the opera of *Il Seraglio* is simple, and, as might almost be guessed from the title, consists of the depiction of the woes of a Christian lady and her female servant, Blonda, who are confined in the harem of one Selim, a Turkish Bashaw. Selim is desperately in love with his fair captive, Constanza, and hopes to obtain possession of her love in future by fair means; but to all his protestations Constanza turns a deaf ear, having already a lover in the person of Belmont. Pedrillo, Belmont's servant, is in love with Blonda, and, in conjunction with his master, arranges a scheme by which the two ladies are to be carried off from the Bashaw's Palace during the night. Osmin, the Bashaw's head gardener, and to whom the Bashaw has given Blonda as a slave, is made tipsy by Pedrillo, and in that state is led to bed, Pedrillo hoping by this means to get rid of him all the night; but nevertheless, while the elopement is taking place, Osmin comes forward, and his presence ultimately leads to the arrest of the whole four, who are taken before Selim. Belmont implores pardon, and mentions his father's name, upon which Selim thanks his good fortune that chance has thrown into his power the son of his greatest enemy, and thereupon orders the four captives to be led away to the torture; but shortly afterwards he relents, and grants the whole four unconditional freedom and passports to their own countries.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF ORATORIO.

By EMIL NAUMANN.*

(*Continued from page 808.*)

HOW different is it with Handel, with whom we may conclude our sketch, since he stands before us as the real founder of the musical Epic, and, at the same time—like Homer—as the model, which never has been, and, probably never will be, surpassed, of this whole branch of art.

The profound and characteristic difference between Bach and Handel is this: Bach represents the highest pitch to which the development of oratorio can attain under purely *Christian* influences only; Handel, on the other hand, is the very highest master of the style that of necessity resulted from the alliance of Christian civilisation and humanity with the traditions of *classical* culture and views as handed down through the period of the Renaissance. If, consequently, Bach excels Handel in Evangelical enthusiasm, as well as in fervour of expression, if in a far more subjective and more passionate manner he gives himself up to Christ as the ideally Beloved One of his soul, that is to say, if he deserves to be called the first in every instance where the composer steps into the foreground with his own personal feeling; in Handel, on the other hand, we are first struck with that objectivity and varied power of exposition which, while seizing on the most opposite subjects with equally inexhaustible plastic capability, marks the epic poet, whom we forget in his work; in Handel we are first struck with that greatness and boldness, that glowing heroism, distinguishing alike the hero and him who sings the hero's deeds. It was, therefore, Handel who first showed us in music, as in other arts, the epic tone poem in all the purity of its kind, that is, freed from everything tending to restrict the work of art. This fact is the more significant, because, though, as we have already remarked, Oratorio was more favourable to transcendental subjects than the Epic, the Oratorio was not destined to gain the genuine epic type, before the *national* and *heroic* element took the place of sentimental, more particularly subjective, as the essence of the whole composition. As a matter of course, a great national deed or a hero in all his sublimity, is not conceivable without a God, without moral precepts, and ideal grandeur, to which, in the case of Handel, must be added the fact that the class of subjects previously prevailing in oratorio, as well as his own feeling, caused him to find the most lofty theme, and the source of all that is great, in the one primitive God of the Old and New Testament. But in the very fact that he did not treat that God merely according to the *New Testament*, or *evangelically*, not, in a word, merely *canonically* and *subjectively*, like Sebastian Bach, lies Handel's many-sidedness. For him the God of Joshua, Jephtha, Samson, and Solomon, though in his essence the same, is not, according to the period and nation portrayed by Handel, the

New Testament God of *The Messiah*, but the national God of *Israel*, conceived entirely in the spirit of the Old Testament; a jealous God, who, by his miracles, though still more by the arms of the heroes aroused by him, shatters the Heathen like potsherds; a God who takes vengeance even unto the third and fourth generation, leading His chosen people from punishment and repentance to victory and triumph. While, however, in the composer's soul the humanity resulting from his Christian culture is wedded to the Heroic principle, he raises the story of the Jewish heroes, as Homer raises the *Iliad*, to the Universally Human, or the absolutely Beautiful and Sublime. In the morally elevated and pure enthusiasm of such choruses as "O mach' uns frei von unserer Feinde Tyrannei!" in *Judas Maccabæus*, or the nobly moderated delight of victory in the triumphal song, "See the conquering Hero comes," from *Joshua*, the most civilised people of the present day, thinking of the struggle for their freedom, or surrounding their hero after a well won battle, might take part.

Were it allowable to compare two poets of such different periods of civilisation, we should call Handel the Homer of Music, but certainly not place him, as Gervinus does, with Shakspere. It is true that, up to his fiftieth year, we find Handel devoting himself to dramatic as well as other compositions. But all his operas cannot do more than convince us very plainly that his genius had not yet found its proper sphere. While his operas have disappeared entirely from the stage, and sunk so low in the memory of the public that it is only now and then that one or other of the airs contained in them—however plainly many of them give evidence of genius—is performed as a musical rarity, his Oratorios have preserved all their freshness, and still remain the central points of the performances given by the Singing Academies of Germany and of the national musical festivals celebrated every year both in Germany and England. Lately they have forced their way even to America, Sweden, Russia—and Paris itself. We may, therefore, assert that Handel's popularity as a composer of *Oratorios* is still on the increase, just as much as we feel certain that it will continue for all time. That which misled Gervinus into comparing Handel with Shakspere was, probably, on the one hand, the profuse abundance of the poetical creative power, with which Handel, in the same elastic and invariably objective manner as Shakspere, treated subjects so different as were his oratorios of *Deborah*, *Esther*, *Athalia*, *Susannah*, *Theodora*, *Semele*, *Samson*, *Solomon*, *Saul*, *Joseph*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Joshua*, *Jephtha*, *Belshazzar*, *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Acis and Galatea*, *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, etc.; and, on the other, the fact that he is the only man who in artistic genius surpassed all his English contemporaries, as, a century and a half previously, Shakspere had surpassed his. Lastly, perhaps, Gervinus was misled by the dramatic force of expression in many of the airs, and, more especially, of the choruses of the above Oratorios, as well as the partiality evinced in an equal degree by Handel and by Shakspere, to glorify great national deeds and heroic individuals. This partiality we have already explained in Handel by the nature of the epic poet, but the *dramatic* element in Handel's Oratorios never goes beyond the limits of the musical *Epos*; nay, we might almost say that even the way in which it is introduced and treated is characteristic of that entire class of production. How dramatically effective, for instance, is the chorus in *Israel*: "Das Ross und den Reiter hat er in das Meer gestürzt." The continuous heightening of the movement and feeling pourtrayed causes the tremendous event to become truth to our inward eyes; we are actually spectators shuddering though of good courage, but spectators thanks to the power of a picture, which by its very boundlessness and freedom inflamed our fancy to the pitch of illusion. Were we to place this chorus on the stage it would drag; it would be heavy and undramatic from the very breadth, mode of execution and climax which we now admire in it. When Homer makes Achilles and Agamemnon work each other up, in the midst of the Achaians, till they begin clutching at their swords, this, too, is dramatic, but how undramatic would the respective speeches and answers of the two heroes be, if placed unaltered on the stage. Even *The Messiah*, the only really religious oratorio by Handel, is treated *epically*. While Bach restricts himself to the Passion, Handel shows us the Redeemer, from the announcement of his coming by St. John the Baptist, and the heralding of his birth by the Angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem, until the time of His sufferings and the Resurrection. Nevertheless, in this instance, where he undertook to treat a purely *Christian* subject, Handel is surpassed by Bach not simply on the whole, but even in a certain plasticity of exposition and dramatic weight of expression. This simply proves once more where the full power of each of the two great masters really lay with regard to Oratorio. We must not forget, moreover, that Handel was prevented by English notions from introducing Christ, Pilate, the Disciples and the Jews, personally, and speaking according to the Scripture text, by which Bach, who could venture on so doing, enjoyed a far more favourable opportunity for the development of dramatic expression, and that, too, in a sphere which was the permanent home of his soul. The central point of Handel's productions was, on the contrary, the history of the struggles of the Jewish people for their freedom, intellectual and material, though in saying thus much we would not disparage the undoubtedly unique beauties of *The Messiah*. The struggles in question became for Handel heroic poems, just as the struggles of the Greeks and Trojans did for Homer. Still more evidently does Handel approach the classical Epopee in *Hercules*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Theodora*, *Semele* and *Acis and Galatea*. We have here to do with the classical traditions directly furnished him by the period of the Renaissance, as is shown by the titles of his operas, among which we will mention only *Daphne*, *Admetus*, *Theseus*, *Alcestes*, *Alexander Severus*, *Agrippina*, *Nero*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Mucius Scævola*, *Parthenope*, *Xerxes*, *Porus*, *Titus*, *Pharamond*, *Atalanta* and *Berenice*.

Just as in plastic art, the Renaissance merged into the tie-wig time, after Handel Oratorio sank from the height it had attained through him and his brother Dioscurus, Bach. Only the process did not take place in music, as the youngest of the arts, for a century after it had taken place in architecture, sculpture, and painting.* Handel's time (1685-1759), therefore, was called by us the Renaissance period only as regards music, since plastic art at this epoch was beginning to lose itself in the Rococo period. In the second half of the 18th century, that is, strange to say, immediately before Mozart and Beethoven, a similar decadence set in for music, and especially for oratorio. As the leading masters of the tie-wig time in music we may mention Hasse, called by the Italians "the divine Saxon" (born 1699, near Hamburgh, died 1783 in Dresden), and Graun (born 1701 in Saxony, died in Berlin 1759), the favourite of Frederick the Great. The oratorios of both these masters go back again, as regards their purport and subject, to the specifically *Christian* cyclus, to the Passion, Interment, Resurrection, etc., and hence in this respect follow Bach, who, as we have seen, was the hero of Christian Oratorio, though from an *artistic* point of view they cannot be compared to him in the remotest degree. In the path opened up by Handel we find, on the other hand, our great Joseph Haydn, who, by *The Creation* and *The Seasons*, once more enriched and extended the range of subjects for Oratorio. These works, which a light and airy style of instrumentation, together with a charming treatment of the landscape and *genre* elements in nature, invested with new and epoch-making effect, hold the same position with regard to Handel's masterpieces that oil paintings occupy to the pediments, filled in with marble groups, of ancient temples, or that the romance which as a child of modern times sprang from the Epos, holds to this self-same Epos. In the present century the high and pure style of Oratorio bore an after-crop of blossom, though only Epigonian, thanks to Bernhard Klein and Felix Mendelssohn, but they have been followed by no composer fit to be compared to them.

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* Proof of this is furnished by Christopher Gluck (1714-1787), inasmuch as he became the father of the classical musical drama which sprang from the Antique, and freed Opera from the old beaten path.

The comparison attempted by us of all the known composers of oratorios, numbering over 250, from the 15th century up to the present time, establishes the fact that *Germany* was always the principal country for the development and cultivation of this class of work. Next came Italy, though as we are aware with quite another tendency. Oratorio appears to have progressed most slowly in France, a country which, in other branches of music, could be honourably mentioned with Germany and Italy. In Germany again, we find the majority of oratorio composers in the *North*, that is to say, in the native-land of *Protestantism*. Of such composers as became known in Germany in the 17th century, two-thirds are from North Germany, while, in the 18th century, we find there even as many as four fifths, among them being the coryphæi, Bach and Handel, from Eisenach and Halle. Even the remaining ones in South Germany belong mostly to the *Protestant* provinces, namely, Franconia, Suabia, Baden, and the Middle Rhine, while Bavaria and the *Austriaco*-German provinces appear almost entirely destitute. Haydn is, therefore, a striking and isolated exception. The oratorio-composers born in the 15th and 16th centuries were nearly all natives of Saxony and Thuringia. It is, therefore, in the centre of Germany, the cradle of *Protestantism*, that we perceive the cradle of *Oratorio*. If we recollect, moreover, how evidently all our literature is a result of the deliverance of men's minds achieved by the Reformation, we shall again perceive the closely related development of poetry and music, as well as the endless importance, not merely in a specifically *Christian* sense, of Luther's art for our own nation and the whole civilised world.

Death of Mr. Georges Kastner.—On Thursday, the 19th inst., Georges Kastner, one of our oldest and most esteemed contributors, died after an illness of two months, which, however, it had never been anticipated would terminate fatally. We cannot adequately express at the moment all the grief that his unexpected death has caused us, and which will be acutely felt by all the members of the musical world, among whom our friend occupied so distinguished a position, acquired by his scientific knowledge and by his indefatigable zeal in the cause of his art. A more able pen than the writer's will shortly chronicle the worth of Georges Kastner; we can now only express our heartfelt regret at his loss, in which all who knew him will sincerely join.—*La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

Richmond.—Miss Milly Palmer was engaged to assist some amateurs who gave a performance at the Richmond Theatre on Monday, in aid of the West India Hurricane Fund. Miss Palmer was to play in the *First Day* and assume the part of old Dufarde's daughter, Rose Antoinette, in the comic drama of *The First Night*.

Mr. C. G. Verrinder, Mus. Bac., Oxon., secretary to "The Ancient Concerts," &c., has accepted the post of Organist at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.

Herr Schachner has received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen to arrange his oratorio, *Israel's return from Babylon*, for the harmonium for Her Majesty's own use.

Carlsruhe.—Schumann's *Genoveva* has been successfully revived.

Walworth Institution.—An attractive concert was given in the lecture hall of this Institution by the members of the Walworth Choral Union, assisted by the Walworth Glee Union, on Tuesday evening. Mr. Gadsby conducted, and the pianist was Mr. F. W. Cozens. The first part consisted of Romberg's "Transient and Eternal," the solo parts well sustained by Misses Dix and Cozens, Messrs. Hinchman and Pollock. This was prefaced by Mr. Gadsby reading a literal translation of the ode from the German. The second part comprised a well arranged selection of songs, glees, and choruses. The gem was the "Gipsy Chorus" from *Preciosa*, well rendered. "A Midsummer Day's Dream," sung by Miss Dix; Lover's, "That rogue Riley," sung by Miss Cozens; and "The Bailiff's Daughter," by Mrs. Bishop, were all encored, though the encore was accepted in the first two instances only, Miss Dix substituting a song composed by Mr. Cozens, and Miss Cozens "In the wild Mountain Valley." The best glees were Lord Mornington's "Here, in cool grot;" Webbe's, "When winds breathe soft;" and Stevens's, "Sigh no more, ladies," all sung well. The concert terminated with Mr. Leslie's arrangement of "Rule Britannia."—W. H. P.

Madame de Pompadour.—Of feeble health—her visage was pale and thin, and she had expectoration of blood in her youth—the charms of person which had first enslaved the king vanished in the course of three or four years, and she speedily became a mistress of more form and ceremony. A succession of younger beauties gratified the passions of the monarch, while Madame de Pompadour had to rely for the maintenance of her ascendency on the power of habit, which was all-engrossing over so feeble a nature, and to the inexhaustible devices which intrigue and her accomplishments in the arts of pleasure and amusement afforded her. To sustain herself on that slippery summit she had need of daily and hourly anxiety and care. The secret pangs and fears of such a life were incalculable. She was obliged to be on the watch for every change of the king's humour, to keep up strict watch on all his actions, to divine all his thoughts and wishes, and to be ever on her guard against both male and female conspirators and their jealous contrivances. Envied by all the light women of the court, disgraced and set at nought by the ministers in the early part of her reign, hated by the whole nation, and vilified day by day in countless lampoons and pasquinades, which passed from mouth to mouth, her life was exhausted in a continual struggle to maintain her position. And the smiling sultana, the mistress of a dozen *châteaux*, the insatiable channel of the king's prodigality, would retire from public view exhausted with the efforts which her histrionic position required, to the privacy of her apartment, throw herself down on her seat before her waiting maid, and let loose a torrent of complaints as to the bitterness of her destiny. Her strength failed her under the severity of the discipline which was the necessity of her position; and when her life had thus been expended as a slave of royal caprice, it was, as D'Argenson says, as much forgotten by the king and all Versailles a few days after her death as though she had never existed.—*Pall Mall.*

Steyning (Brighton).—Mdlle. Christina Martorelli's concert at the Assembly Rooms was interesting. The concert-giver (a sister of Madame Lina Martorelli-Garcia) treated her patrons to some characteristic Spanish songs and duets, which they unanimously called upon her to repeat. She was assisted by her clever sister, Mdlle. Marcella Martorelli, in some Spanish duets, and by Mrs. W. Devin, Miss Kate Smithers, Messrs. Broadbridge, L. Montgomery, and W. Devin, in the other parts of the programme. Mrs. Devin was encored in a song by Mr. New; Mr. Broadbridge met with the same favour from the audience in a serenade; and Mr. Montgomery in a *brindisi* by Signor Mattei. Mr. W. Devin conducted.

Milan.—Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* has been performed at the Scala. It was not especially successful on the first night, but went very well at subsequent performances. M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, also, has been brought out at the same theatre and well received. It was not too carefully got up, the chorus especially displaying great want of precision, due to an insufficient number of rehearsals. The *mise-en-scène*, however, was splendid. The following was the cast of the principal characters: Signora Reboux, Giulietta; Signora Bellini, the Page; Signor Tiberini, Romeo; Signor Collini, Capuleto; Signor Spalazzi, Mercuzio; and Signor Ronconi, Tibaldo. On the principle, or in conformity, rather, with the natural law promulgated in the apothegm, "It never rains but it pours," no sooner is *Romeo e Giulietta* announced at the Scala than the same title appears on the bills of the Teatro Carcano. In the latter instance, however, the composer is not M. Gounod, but Signor F. Marchetti, a young musician who now courts public favour with his second work, which went off extremely well. Signor Marchetti was called on several times, both with the singers and alone, to receive the plaudits of the audience. The libretto, written by Signor M. Marcello for Signor Marchetti, is generally considered much superior to that with which MM. Barbier and Carré have furnished M. Gounod.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated.*)

Extraordinary efforts have this year been made to celebrate Christmas at the Crystal Palace. Although in former years the building has been decorated in an extremely gay manner, the decorations of the present Christmas may safely be said never to have been surpassed. Flags, streamers, banners, garlands, holly, laurel, shields, and baskets of flowers hang from every girder and rib, and artistically arranged amid groups of statuary, &c. The centre transept has been converted, by judicious decorations, into a room—a large one truly—but the vastness of the *locale* is forgotten in the warmth of the decorations, and in the air of comfort which pervades the building.

The great stage is now complete in every respect, and in the present pantomime, *Little Red Riding Hood*, which has been written and produced under the superintendence of Mr. Nelson Lee, every advantage has been taken of the scope thus afforded for the most brilliant effects. The great Handel Orchestra, immediately facing the stage, offers capabilities for seating large numbers of visitors, who can thence witness these effects in ease and comfort.

The great Christmas tree—nearly 100 feet high—has been erected in the north nave, and is decked gaily with every imaginable ornament. The fancy fair and bazaar—replete with Christmas presents suitable to all—is in full vigour, the entire Palace exhibiting an activity and bustle most unusual at this season.

Besides the pantomime the *troupe* of Beni Zoug Zoug Arabs, who performed at the Palace in October, have been re-engaged, and have appeared twice daily in their marvellous feats of strength, activity, and daring. In order to give increased effect to this performance, a desert scene has been specially painted by Messrs. Danson & Sons. Some clever clowns and the champion skaters complete the list of miscellaneous entertainers. Moreover, in addition, there is an endless variety of games and sports, both in the Palace and outside.

The Palace will also be open on New Year's Day, and it is with many a favourite stroll before dinner, and in its present highly decorated form the building looks more brilliant than ever.

CREFELD.—Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, with full orchestra and the connecting declamation, was produced for the first time in this town at the benefit concert of Herr Alexander Dorn. The programme included moreover the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, Three-Part Choruses for Female voices by Ferdinand Hiller, and a grand Sonata for Piano, composed and executed by Herr A. Dorn.

MR. SANTLEY will sing Félicien David's popular romance "Oh! gentle spirit," for the first time at Mr Hallé's grand concert on the 28th inst., at Manchester.

MADAME WEISS.—We perceive that this lady has resumed her teaching and professional duties as a vocalist. One so thoroughly grounded in the art and such a favourite with all classes of the musical world, could ill be spared now-a-days either as a singer or an instructor.

MR. R. S. PRATTEN.—We are glad to inform our readers that this gentleman, the eminent flute-player, is recovering from his recent illness under the successful treatment of homœopathy, and that there is every prospect of his being able to resume his professional duties in a few days.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mrs. J. C. Beuthin gave a *soirée musicale* on Thursday evening week, which was attended by her friends and pupils. She was assisted by Miss Banks, Mesdames Emmeline Cole and Armytage Cooper, Messrs. A. Hemming, Chaplin Henry, and Stepan, vocalists, Signor Tito Mattei and Herr Oberthür, instrumentalists. The *bénéficiaire* sang Sterndale Bennett's "May dew," in which she was loudly applauded, and with Madame Armytage Cooper Mercadante's duet "[illegible]," which received every justice. The latter lady received much applause for her interpretation of Vincent Wallace's ballad of "Sweet Spirit" and Meyerbeer's "Robert," artistically accompanied by Herr Oberthür on the harp. Miss Banks gave a new ballad by Clara Gottschalk, and was encored. Madame Emmeline Cole sang "Nobil Signor" and an Irish ballad "O Come to Glengariff," a high delight to the audience. This young artist bids fair to become one of our most popular vocalists. Herr Stepan sang "Non è ver" with great effect, and Mr. Alfred Hemming in "Adelaida" and "Alice, where art thou?" created a favourable impression, as did Mr. Chaplin Henry with Herr Formes' lied, "In Sheltered Vale," as also "The Magic-wove Scarf," "Ecco quel fiero," &c. Signor Tito Mattei played his new *romance* and by desire, his Grand Valse, which was encored. Herr Oberthür gave his harp solo, "Souvenir de Londres," with brilliant effect; and Madame Emmeline Cole with Mr Alfred Hemming sang Offenbach's duet, "I'm an Alsatian." Herr Lehmeyer and Mr. J. C. Beuthin were the conductors.—D. B.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS IN SCOTLAND.

(*Abridged from the "Edinburgh Evening Courant," Dec. 24.*)

Last night, Mr. Arthur Chappell, the originator and director of the Monday Popular Concerts, which have now become one of the permanent institutions of the metropolis, gave the first of a short series of concerts in the Music Hall. It might have been expected, from the admirable selection of the music, as well as the celebrity of the performers, that there would be a large attendance. * * * * The artists were Miss Cecilia Westbrook and Mr. Santley (vocalists), Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Herr Straus (violin), Mr. Zerbini, who also officiated as accompanist (viola), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The following was the programme:—

PART I.

Serenade Trio, in D major, Op. 8	Beethoven.
Song, "Swedish Winter Song"	Mendelssohn.
Romance, "[illegible]"	Meyerbeer.
Abendlied, for violoncello	Schumann.
Song, "The mighty trees bend"	Schubert.
Song, "The Valley"	Gounod.
"Lieder ohne Worte," Book 8	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Andante and Variations	Mozart.
Song, "Where the bee sucks"	Sullivan.
Songs, { "The Appeal" "As o'er the Alps he ranges" }	Schubert.
Trio, in G major	Haydn.

The opening trio for violin, viola, and violoncello was played by MM. Straus, Zerbini and Piatti. It was written in 1798, when Beethoven was in his 28th year, and is in what is technically termed his first style. He subsequently arranged it as a *notturno* for pianoforte and alto, forming his forty-second *opus*. As a composition, it is distinguished by great perspicuity and variety, and is, moreover, very melodious, the *andante* with its variations, and the *polonaise* being especially beautiful. As a performance, it was all that could be desired. Miss Westbrook sang the "Winter-lied" very expressively, but in Schubert's song she was rather overweighted, her voice, though sweet in quality, being hardly powerful enough to do it full justice. By far the most successful of her efforts was the clever setting of "Where the bee sucks," by Arthur Sullivan. It drew down an encore too persistent to be withstood, and well deserved the compliment. * * * * Mr. Santley was greeted with a round of applause that lasted some time. Both his songs in the first part were re-demanded, but he complied in the first instance only. The two airs by Schubert met with a like reception. Instead, however, of repeating either, he gave Arne's "Stirrup Cup," as no other vocalist of the day can. * * *

One of the most interesting features of the programme was the eighth book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, only recently published, and which Madame Arabella Goddard was the first to play in public. It consists of *andante* in F minor, *andante* in C major, *allegro vivace* in A major, *adagio* in D major, an *agitato* movement in G minor, and a *presto* in C major. Of these, to our taste the finest were the first and the last two numbers. The penultimate one is in Mendelssohn's best manner—melodious and devotional. Of the superb style in which all were played by Madame Goddard it would be impossible to speak too highly. The beauty of her phrasing and the firmness and elasticity of her touch, as well as the brilliancy of her legitimate execution, were admirable. The *presto* was taken at a prodigious pace, but every note, even in the most rapid passages, fell clear and articulate on the ear. Signor Piatti's solo had no fault but its brevity. He was recalled, and played in answer something by Bach without accompaniment. He is * * * * the greatest living violoncellist. The andante and variations from Mozart's sonata in F was beautifully rendered by Madame Goddard and Herr Straus. Each is worthy of the other; and they fairly divided the applause which followed the conclusion of this graceful work. The trio by Haydn for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, proved a great treat. The two movements were in fine contrast—the first smooth, clear, and graceful, the latter full of sparkle and vivacity. How well it was played by Madame Goddard, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti, may easily be imagined. The concert was of the highest excellence, and must have been thoroughly enjoyed by all present. For the credit of our city, where the opportunity of hearing such artists does not too frequently occur, it is to be hoped that the next will be crowded.

The Five Hundredth Concert

The concert given last night in presence of an enormous audience was rendered further interesting by the reproduction, after a considerable interval, of Mr Costa's *Naaman*—his second and best effort in the highest branch of musical composition. Into the history of this admirable composition—a composition which records not only the author's intimate familiarity with Handel and Mendelssohn, which is as much as to say with the masterpieces of the last and the present century—we have more than once entered in detail, and it is enough to say that repeated hearings of the oratorio only tend to confirm the very favourable impression derived from its earliest performance at the Birmingham Festival of 1864, when it was given under the direction of its composer with the most brilliant success achieved by any work of its kind since the *Elijah* of Mendelssohn. That the performance on the occasion under notice was one of uniform excellence will be readily understood when it is stated that Mr Costa, who was precluded by indisposition from directing the concert held by the Sacred Harmonic Society a fortnight since, once more resumed the conductor's stick, in the use of which he is unrivalled. Perhaps the choruses of *Naaman*—from the picturesque introduction describing the translation of Elijah and the succession of Elisha, to the grand fugue "Hallelujah," which terminates the hymn of praise sung by the people in glorification of the miraculous cure of the leprous hero—were never sung with greater precision or with a closer observation of those delicate gradations which impart the necessary colouring to a musical performance of this particular kind. The principal solo singers were not less happy. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington took the soprano part of Adah, composed for and originally sung by Mdlle Adelina Patti; Mdlle Drasdil, a contralto (with a highly capable voice) who is rapidly advancing in public estimation, sang the music first allotted to Madame Sainton Dolby. Mr Cummings, in the absence of Mr Sims Reeves, was principal tenor, and Mr Montem Smith second; the inferior soprano was Mdlle. Rudersdorff; the bass—there is but one—Mr Santley, both of whom were included in the original distribution at the great festival to which reference has been made. How these well-known artists acquitted themselves it is hardly necessary to say. All, however, sang their very best, and thus contributed an important share to one of the very finest oratorio performances we can remember. Three pieces were asked for again with such unanimity that the singers could not well in respect to the audience do otherwise than comply. These were the touching and melodious air, "Lament not thus," sung in all perfection by Mr Santley; the air of the youth miraculously restored to life by Elisha ("I dreamt I was in Heaven"), to which Mdlle Drasdil imparted even more than the necessary expression; and the quartet, "Honour and glory, Almighty, be Thine," one of the most stirring and effective *morceaux d'ensemble* for voices that modern art can show. The last named piece, delivered with wonderful spirit by Madame Sherrington, Mdlle Drasdil, Messrs Cummings and Santley, roused the audience to a genuine display of enthusiasm. At the end of the oratorio, after a splendid delivery of the jubilant final chorus (interspersed with solos), "Great God of gods," Mr Costa for the second time in the evening (his reception on entering the orchestra having been of the warmest) was honoured by a tribute of applause as hearty and general as it was amply merited.

No more significant token of the esteem and respect in which Mr Costa is held by the great society, the interests of which he has done so much now for nearly twenty years (he was appointed conductor in 1848) to promote, could have been offered than this performance of his last oratorio on the occasion of their 500th concert.—*Morning Post*, Dec. 14.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I have received a letter, of which the enclosed is a copy, and having satisfied myself of the correctness of Mr May's statements, I think I cannot better serve the sufferer than by calling your attention to it.—I am, &c., MARK LEMON.

Punch Office, 27, Bouverie Street, Dec. 17.

DEAR SIR,—Mr —— has advised me to write to you, explaining my great loss at Her Majesty's Theatre, by which the labour of my life was at once destroyed. The entire dresses for thirty-four operas—principals, chorus, ballet, and band, extra supers, &c.—all gone; nearly 20,000 complete dresses, 200 suits of armour, swords, helmets, boots, shoes, sandals, to the extent of nearly 10,000*l*. Now this is not known to the public—in fact not seen in the press. If you could ventilate my misfortune I shall be obliged. If I cannot replace my property I may hope for the sympathy of the public. I strove to insure it, not being allowed to remove my property during the season, but the 20*l*. per 1,000*l*. would have swallowed up my profits, so that I not only lose my wardrobe, but my income of some 40*l*. per week, for I shall not have it in my power to retain the contract.—Hoping you will excuse my thrusting my affairs on your notice, believe me your humble servant, H. MAY.

35, Bow Street.

SIR,—Another change—saddest change of all—has, within a few days, come over the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre. The destruction by fire of that magnificent temple of the Muses has evoked one universal feeling of sympathy and regret throughout the land. No theatre was ever more closely associated with all that is great and glorious in the history of the musical drama and the choreographic art. Here was heard and *fêted* and made an idol of every renowned interpreter of song since the earliest days of the Italian opera, from Banti to Tietjens—from Pacchierotti to Mario. Here Catalani displayed the magic of her voice, and Pasta declaimed with Siddonian grandeur. Here Taglioni—most brilliant and most fascinating of Terpsichore's daughters—enthralled all eyes with her poetic enchantment. Here too Rachel—dark browed Queen of Tragedy—spoke in words of fire, and filled all hearts with the wonders of her genius; and, last not least—here Malibran, the greatest singer the world has seen, found the cradle of her fame. The loss of such a theatre, irrespective of all associations, is deplorable, but not, it is to be hoped, irretrievable. "Let us trust," with a contemporary, "that purposes of utility and a meagre spirit of commerce may not interfere with exalted notions of art. Not to replace Her Majesty's Theatre on its old situation would be a disgrace to the country which professes so profound a veneration for established institutions."

I perceive by the advertisements in the leading journals that there are good grounds for entertaining a hope that Her Majesty's Theatre will be rebuilt on its former site—a piece of information which cannot fail to afford the highest gratification to the lovers of Italian opera in general and the friends of the "old house" in particular.

DILETTANTE.

TO DR A. S. SILENT.

SIR,—The Tonic Sol-Fa method of teaching singing is a modification and improvement of a system originated some fifty years since by Miss Glover of Norwich, and consists in the use of the initial letters of the ordinary sol-fa syllables, in lieu of the usual musical notation, with some few modifications and interpolations to render them clearer and more comprehensive. The indications of time and other necessary directions are expressed by very simple signs, all which occupy much less space than the ordinary musical characters, so that a very few pages printed on this system will contain music of much greater length than in the old musical notation. There is no distinction of key, all pieces being sung as if written in the same key, the pitch being varied as required according to the direction given at the commencement of the composition. Of course such a system is chiefly applicable to vocal music, singers not being necessarily conscious of the difference of key, and the method is available rather for the instruction of numbers than of individual solo singers. It is more than twenty years since Mr Curwen began to devote his attention to the system originated by Miss Glover, which he has gradually improved and promoted in its application until it has now become most extensively used by schools and congregations in almost all parts of the kingdom, including Scotland. The system has even its own special advocate in the *Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*, a small journal published thrice a month, with records of proceedings, and music printed in the characters of the system.—Yours respectfully, GEORGE ROGERS.

[All right. Nothing was ever said in these columns to the contrary, or will be said should occasion not offer. Mr Rogers need not tremble.—A. S. S.]

TO DR. SILENT.

DEAR SILENT,—After leaving you last night it struck me that I misunderstood a question you proposed touching old melodies. If you asked about *Tartuffe*, the overture is that to *Blaise et Babet*, by one Dezedes; the *entr'actes* are by Corelli. I don't know whether the selection was made in Paris or London.—Yours faithfully, J. W. THIRLWALL.

T. R. Adelphi, Thursday Night.

TO ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT, Esq.

SIR,—I send you this day the *brochure* on Wagner by that remarkable poet, Baudelaire; read it, and after doing so tell me if you are not ashamed of your Philistinism in attacking Wagner in the manner you did. Submit the matter to Arnold. Will you write an article on Wagner's system, and make some reparation for your abuse?—Yours obediently, JONATHAN B. SIDE (M.D.)

[Dr Side seems to labour under some misapprehension, or side-wind.—A. S. S.]

[illegible] [illegible] on Offenbach Sullivan Scribe Burnand

The conversion of St. George's Hall into an opera house will not quite compensate us for the burning down of Her Majesty's Theatre. But the new little theatre may serve a useful purpose, and it is, in any case, the only one now existing which offers English composers such hospitality as happens to be within its means. The company at St George's Hall consists of a soprano (Miss Arabella Smythe), a contralto (Miss Lucy Franklein), a tenor (Mr Edgar Hargreave), and a baritone or bass (Mr Aynsley Cook), neither gentleman, we presume, possessing the right of being indisposed. There is a sufficiently numerous chorus, there is a fair orchestra, and—tell it not in Clapham!—there is even a *corps de ballet*. St. George's Opera-house then is not a mere copy of the Gallery of Illustration. It is something like an opera-house; and native composers who wish to try their hands at dramatic writing, and who are not too proud to confine their genius within the limits of an operetta, have now a chance. The bill of the first night was made up of two little pieces by Offenbach and an operetta in two acts by the author of the immortal *Cox and Box*. *Puss in Petticoats*, the opening piece, is an English version of M. Offenbach's operatic arrangement of the ingenious little *vaudeville* entitled *La Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme*. The piece is founded on, or rather has been suggested by, the old fable of the girl who had once been a cat and who became a cat again as soon as she sees a mouse. The idea might well be treated in a comedy or a drama. Those who have read Lamb's curious literary fantasy *De la Mangue des Bohémiens, &c.*, will remember how the gipsy servant whom he thought he had civilised (by dressing him in a black coat) ran away from him on hearing the songs of his tribe—ran after his mouse, in fact—and joining his old companions, resumed the savage life of his infancy. The only gipsy woman who, according to Mr Borrow, ever became civilised used, I have heard, in her [illegible] moments, to run about the streets of Moscow (to the annoyance of the Count her husband) without shoes or stockings: she, also, had seen her mouse. Dumas the younger has studied this sort of metamorphosis in his *Affaire Clémenceau*, in which the vicious cat of the story shows herself a vicious cat whenever her true nature is appealed to.

M. Scribe in his *Chatte Métamorphosée en Femme* has not thought of treating the subject philosophically. The hero of his piece is a student who having read those incomprehensible works *Faust* and *Werther*, becomes partially insane, falls in love with his cat, and wonders whether he shall ever see her in human form. Why a man or boy should, as the result of reading *Werther*, fall in love with his cat is a much greater mystery than any that is to be found in the first or even in the second part of *Faust*. Perhaps it was not the simple story of Werther and Charlotte, but the incident in *Faust* of the poodle who turns into Mephistopheles that first gave M. Scribe's student the notion of the convertibility of cats into women. If a black poodle produces Mephistopheles, what ought a white Angora cat to produce? That, no doubt, was the problem with which the student had been racking his brain. Only M. Scribe should have said so.

The cat in the operetta, like a few other cats in France, is known as "Minette" (at the St. George's Opera house they call her "Minnit," and "Madamazel Minnit," which is painful to the ear), and she continues to bear this caress-inviting name after her metamorphosis into a woman. The actress who plays the part ought to be very lithe, very graceful, and to have as much as possible of the soft confiding manner of the true Angora. Mdlle. Nilsson would look it to perfection, and could do all that is required in it except the scratching. The representation of Minette at the St. George's Hall gives too much prominence to the sharp side of the character, and seems to forget that Minette was not the ordinary cat—the "harmless necessary cat" of our English hearths and homes—but an Angora of the noblest breed. At the end of the piece, when the student has discovered that the Minette in human form is his cousin, who has behaved to him in a cat-like manner (and, let me add, with a marked exaggeration of the bad points in the feline character) in order to cure him of his passion for the quadrupedal Minette, then a real unimpeachable white Angora of marvellous beauty is exhibited as the identical being that first turned the young man's head. Instead of yelling at the music, as a dog would do, the well-bred, calm, collected Angora preserves a decorous silence and gracefully beats time with her long sweeping tail. This charming member of the new opera company, who the other night made her first appearance on any stage, should have been called for on the fall of the curtain. Perhaps, however, the audience were thinking of the old nursery rhyme:—"The dog will come when he is called, the cat will run away."

How pleased M. Offenbach must have been to write a part for a cat. In *Barkouf*, of unhappy memory, he had already written a part for a dog, and as in *Barkouf* the dog barked, so there is a trio in *La Chatte*, in which the cat, or cat-girl, mews. Fancy a so-called musical piece with a refrain of "Miaou, miaou, miaou!"

Puss in Petticoats is followed by Mr. Sullivan's new operetta, *The Contrabandista*, for which Mr. F. C. Burnand has supplied the libretto. And a capital libretto it is. The main idea is very humorous. The story is simple, and so intelligible that it might be told in pantomime. The verse scattered through it is lively, rhythmical, and well adapted for musical setting. What more could a composer of opera buffa want? Mr. Sullivan, to judge from the result of his work, must have been quite satisfied. His score contains two graceful airs of a sentimental cast, a comic air which is simply a masterpiece, some clever concerted music, some spirited dance music appropriately Spanish in character, and two animated, well worked up *finales*. The piece is, we are told, founded on a farce by Messrs. Burnand and Montagu Williams. This farce I have had the disadvantage (perhaps on this occasion it was an advantage) of not seeing. It consists of the history of a photographer who, travelling in Spain, falls among thieves—otherwise *ladrones*—and is appointed to the vacant post of chief, being at the same time required to marry the widow of his deceased predecessor in command. The photographer is a Mr Grigg; and Grigg, coming down from the mountains, sings, like the celebrated "vacuus viator," in presence of the thieves. And a wonderful song he sings, his theme being the pleasures of home, the delights of domesticity, and the happiness that he will enjoy when he gets back to England and finds himself once more in the congenial society of "his spouse, his cows, and his sows." The thieves, who unperceived have listened to him and watched him, at last come forward and seize him while his head is buried beneath the curtain of his camera. Then what I have already indicated takes place. Grigg—represented to perfection by Mr Shaw, who makes of him a living caricature in the style of Leech—has to marry the late captain's widow (Miss Franklein) and to assume the leadership of the band. Moreover his betrothed, who is a woman of spirit, requires him to murder the lieutenant, after which it has been arranged that the sub-lieutenant (we are not quite sure about the grades) shall kill him. From these difficulties and dangers Grigg and the lieutenant escape by bringing the Queen's troops down upon the robbers, who are pardoned on condition of enlisting.

Without going further into details let me briefly say that the music of the piece is charming and that the dialogue is full of humour. Grigg, by the way, ought not, when in peril of his life, to make a pun (which we fancy we must have heard before) on crown the top of a hat, and crown the emblem of royalty. Here Mr. Burnand must allow us to say that he runs after his puns as the interesting Minette in the previous piece runs after her mouse. If I were marking Mr Burnand's points for him, I should put this one against him. Further on, however, occurs as good a joke, in the form of an *equivoque*, as was ever heard. "I will go and alarm the soldiers," says the lieutenant. To which, after a moment's reflection, poor Grigg replies, "But don't alarm them too much, or they won't come."

Mr. Gaskin's Complimentary Concert.—Last evening Mr Gaskin's complimentary concert came off in the Round Room of the Rotundo, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The orchestra was covered with crimson cloth and adorned by statues, evergreens, and flowering plants, and above the place set apart for the vocalists the words, "A Happy Christmas to you All," were printed in large variegated letters. The audience in the reserved seats was numerous and distinguished, and the balconies and promenade were well attended. The concert opened with the chorus from the *Messiah*, "For unto us," which was given with much care, evenness, and precision. "The Christmas Carol," by Brinley Richards, went off extremely well. A sacred song composed by a young lady expressly for this concert, "All things bright and fair are Thine," possesses high merit, and was rendered gracefully. Selections from Barnett's music of *The Ancient Mariner* were performed in a manner which showed the care bestowed by Mr Gaskin on his pupils. The harp solo, with which the third part of the concert opened, introduced Mr Frederick Chatterton in "The Nymphs' Revel." In selections from *La Figlia* he was loudly and frequently applauded. A witty address was delivered by our facetious friend "Scribble," in which he displayed his characteristic humour. The "squib," which admirably hit off the foibles and fancies of the hour, was much relished and proved highly acceptable. Passing over some excellent vocal performances, we must, in justice, allude to the exquisite taste and execution of the fair possessor of the charming soprano who gave the ballad "When [illegible] scenes we met." She sang it so well that she had to repeat it. Mr Fletcher Baker in a recitative and aria from *Sonnambula*, and in Mr Gaskin's song of "Unchanged is my heart," fully sustained the high reputation which he enjoys. The gem of the concert was Wellington Guernsey's Irish ballad "Oh, come to Glengariff." It is full of native melody and natural feeling, and in our opinion is one of the very best songs of the season.—*Dublin Freeman's Journal*, Dec. 23.

Stockholm.—Signora Angelina Moro has been well received in *La Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Linda*, and *Il Barbiere*.

FROM SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

DUSSELDORF.—At the farewell-concert given by Mr. De Swert our first violoncello Signor Marchesi and Mlle. Schmitz (pupil of Mme. Marchesi) were the singers engaged. Signor on being encored in a Lieder of Schubert gave the "Largo al factotum" which met with a frenetical enthusiasm on the part of the public. Mlle. Schmitz possessing a first rate soprano and a capital method was immensely applauded on delivering an air of Hayden and the duet from the Barbiere with the Signor.

CASSEL.—At our last Philarmonic Concert we had as soloists Professor Marchesi from Cologne, and the Concertmeister Jakobsohn from Bremen. Both artists were highly successful, the first being obliged to sing dacapo the aria from the Barbiere, and the second one being encored in the Elegie of Ernst.

COLOGNE.—Our last Gürzenich Concert taking place on Beethoven's birthday was exclusively dedicated to works of the immortal composer. Two eminent artists were engaged on the occasion Mme. Schumann as a pianiste and Stockhausen as a singer. The program included the ouverture of "Leonore (No. 3)" the concerto for piano and orchestra in *G major* different "Lieder," the "Elegie" for corus and String-quartette, the "Fantasia" for piano, orchestra, solos, and corus, and the "Pastorale" Symphony. The execution with respect to the solos as well as to the ensemble was a capital one.

MEININGEN.—The Chamber Singer of Saxe-Weimar Signor Marchesi was engaged at our last historical Concert and as usually gave us the opportunity of making the acquaintance with the beautiful gems of the old italian masters, an air of "*Arcangelo del Leuto*" (1645) and an air of *Carissimi* 1655). As third number Signor Marchesi gave an air of Mozart which was vociferously encored. On the following evening there was a Concert at Court when as usually Signor Marchesi alone filled the programme.

LEIPZIG.—At our last Gewandhaus Concert Mme. Bürde-Ney once well known in London gave us once more the dull example of a celebrity insisting on singing in public until she meets with some disagreeable demonstrations on the part of the public. Happily Herr Tausig one of the most eminent pianists of the day compensated us on the occasion with his wonderfull playing. The Symphony No 3 of Rietz and the overture to "Genoveva" of Schumann were the two instrumental pieces of the programme on the occasion which were capitally performed by the celebrated orchestra under Reinecke's direction.

S. S. BALDASSARE.

ALTRINCHAM.—The Literary Institution have given their eleventh entertainment for this season. The attendance was very large owing to the attraction of the Manchester Glee and Madrigal Union. The programme was varied and attractive. The audience were evidently delighted with all they heard, and insisted on many of the pieces being repeated. Mr R. Andrews' new song "The Welcome Home," was given by Mr Blair in excellent style, and Miss M. G. Cooper deserves the same encomiums for the various pieces she sang. Mr Andrews and Mr Banning were conductors. The National Anthem was sung at the conclusion of the concert.

NEW STANDARD THEATRE.—We noticed last week the *début* of Miss Rose Hersee in the *Sonnambula*. The favourable impression she then made was increased on her second performance, when the young and clever vocalist had overcome the timidity natural to a first appearance. Miss Hersee was obliged to repeat two pieces, and was called, with Mr George Perren, before the curtain, at the conclusion, with much applause. On Friday evening the *Trovatore* was given with Madame Rudersdorff as Azucena and Mr. Wilford Morgan as Manrico. This was Mr Morgan's first appearance on the stage since his return from Italy, and the reception he met with will, we doubt not, urge him on to study hard for the lyric drama. The favourite songs obtained the usual applause, and Mr Morgan was compelled to repeat "Ah! che la morte," and recalled after "Ah si ben mio." Mr Douglass may be congratulated on the successful opening of his new and handsome theatre.

ETON COLLEGE CHOIR.—The long united choirs of St George's Chapel are about to separate. An arrangement has been effected between the two Chapters, by which the present members of the choir are to receive £50 annually in lieu of their salaries at Eton College. A choir for Eton College will *pro tempore* attend the chapel from the amateur choir of Trinity Church, Windsor. Meanwhile the Rev Mr Hayne will organise a new choir entirely for the service of the college. The present choir had the honour of a farewell dinner at the Provost's.—*Windsor and Eton Express.*

CHESTER.—Mr. George Russell's concert in the Public Hall was eminently and deservedly successful. Mr Russell had provided a programme rich in good music and artists in every way capable of doing justice to it. When we mention as instrumentalists Messrs. Carrodus and Zerbini (violin), Mr. Hann (tenor), and M. Paque (violoncello), with Miss Banks, Miss Julia Elton, and Mr. Wilford Morgan as vocalists, our readers will at once be of our opinion. Mozart's Quartet in G minor, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (the *andante* and *rondo* movements), splendidly executed by Mr Carrodus; the new book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, played by Mr Russell in that thoroughly musicianly style for which he is noted; and a string quartet composed by Mr Russell, a thoughtful, cleverly written, and original work, were the instrumental pieces of importance. The vocal pieces consisted of a new sacred song by Mr Russell, "He hath remembered His mercy," sung by Mr Wilford Morgan; Signor Randegger's "Peacefully Slumber" (violoncello, M. Paque), sung by Miss Banks; Mr Wrighton's ballad "Bright Star of Eve," entrusted to Miss Julia Elton; and Mr Wilford Morgan's setting of "Trust her not," sung by the composer. These were among the most attractive pieces in the programme. Mr Russell also played Schulhoff's "Bohemian Airs," in brilliant style, and the concert concluded with the trio, "Vadasi, via di qua."

HASTINGS.—Miss Florence Braye's concert at the Music Hall attracted a full audience. The concert began with one of Beethoven's sonatas, for piano and violin, admirably played by Miss Braye and M. Sainton, and listened to with marked attention. The *Hastings Chronicle* says:—"Ascher's arrangement of the 'Chant des Naïdes' showed Miss Braye's brilliancy of execution to the greatest advantage. 'Adelaida,' that sweetest of love songs, was sung by Mr Hemming with an expression which none but artists can give. We cannot speak in too high terms of this rising young tenor, or of the fair accompanist Miss Braye. In Mozart's sonata Miss Braye showed herself quite equal to her task. Finally she gave 'Home, sweet Home' with a feeling that must have brought it home to every English heart." The singers, besides Mr Hemming, were Madame Sainton-Dolby and Miss Banks. Mr Sullivan's graceful "Will he come?" was so finely given by Madame Sainton that she was compelled to repeat it, and Miss Banks charmed the audience by her voice and artistic style of singing. Mr Hemming in Signor Gugliemo's new song "The Three Roses" was warmly and deservedly applauded. M. Sainton in one of Beethoven's Romances for Violin (in F) and his own "Fantasia on Scotch Airs" delighted every one, while Herr Lehmeyer was an efficient accompanist. The concert was eminently successful.

LIVERPOOL.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Societa Armonica has given a performance of the *Messiah* at the Institute in Mount Street, in aid of the funds of the Dental Hospital, and, judging from the large attendance the charity seems likely to reap substantial benefit. Mr Armstrong, the conductor of the society, deserves praise for the efficiency of his choir. The principal singers were the Misses Armstrong (soprano and contralto), Mr Foulkes (tenor), and Mr Hughes (bass). The ladies got through their tasks in a praiseworthy manner, and when they have acquired confidence will do even greater justice to their talents. Both the tenor and bass, the latter evidently labouring under a cold, were efficient. The choir—an occasional uncertainty of intonation excepted—may be commended, and the band as well, especially for their performance of the "Pastoral Symphony." The organ, skilfully handled by Mr Best, was sadly out of tune.—Lord Byron's *Manfred*, modified by the pen of Mr Calvert, has been produced at the Alexandra Theatre with decided success. The scenery throughout is marked by that liberality which has characterised Mr Byron's management. Mr Calvert has already shown intelligence and taste in his production of the *Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Manchester and Mr Byron has done well in making a similar experiment here. The part of the gloomy misanthrope is played by Mr Calvert, who has been highly eulogised by the local press. Miss Dyas is spoken of as an intelligent elocutionist, and her recitation of the verses was extremely effective. The musical arrangements were complete. Madame Emma Heywood, especially engaged for the occasion, sustained the part of Astarte, and gave the several solos admirably. It is a pleasure to record the fact that in the provinces the poetic drama meets with appreciation.

EDINBURGH.—Last night was for the benefit of Miss Louisa Pyne, and one of the pieces she selected was *Poor as a Rat*, the libretto by Mr T. Knight Summers, the music by Herr Kloss. The *dramatis personæ* are limited to three—Mr Vaughan (Mr Connell), Reginald Vaughan, his son (Mr Whiffin), and Catherine, his niece (Miss Louisa Pyne). Of the manner in which Miss Louisa Pyne personated the heroine there can be but one opinion. Her acting was natural and piquant, and her singing irreproachable. Mr Whiffin, too, acquitted himself well, both vocally and dramatically, and Mr Connell made a very good old father. The house was well filled and the performance was greeted with hearty applause.—*Scotsman*, Dec. 26.

GOUNOD'S "IRENE" ("REINE DE SABA")

With the story of this opera are interwoven certain legends and traditions of freemasonry. The hero, Muriel, a mysterious personage from the far east, is supposed to be the descendant of the founder of the order, and the depository of its secrets. The action of the piece moreover takes place at a time when freemasons—although a secret association—really were skilled artisans, and travelled throughout the civilised world, building and founding churches, palaces, and monuments—such as are to this day wonders of architecture.

The opera opens with a band of this nature. A host of these wandering architects, under their chief Muriel, are engaged at Istamboul in the re-edification of the Grand Mosque, by the orders of the Sultan Suliman. Muriel is shown to us in his character of a visionary—sombre and mysterious—delighting to recall the old legends of his race and calling. Upon his reveries break in, first, a youth of his band, Pascal, who is devoted to him, and who brings glowing tidings of the advent of a certain beautiful Greek princess. She is vassal to the Sultan, and yearly comes to pay him homage, but, overcome by her loveliness, Suliman (it was said) was about to make her his bride. To this intelligence Muriel pays little heed, and presently his solitude is again interrupted by the arrival of three collaborateurs or workmen who demand of the master to be advanced in their masonic rank. He tells them that they are unworthy, and refuses haughtily, whereupon the workmen—Zoreat, Raf[illegible], and Phenosh, to wit—become conspirators, and vow revenge. This scene has taken place in the *atelier* or workshop of Muriel. The next exhibits the unfinished mosque, and a perspective of Istamboul *en fête*—for the fair Greek, accompanied by Suliman and his court, is coming to see the wonderful results accomplished by Muriel and his men. The rest of the first act is devoted to a description of this visit—of the glory of Suliman—the mysterious power of Muriel as displayed in a freemasonry scene with the multitude—and the fascination, which rapidly ripens into love, reciprocally exerted by Muriel and Irene over the other.

The second act gives us a grandly gloomy scene, in which Muriel and his founders are preparing, in a huge furnace, the metal for a great casting. Suliman and his Greek princess are to be amongst the spectators, and the opportunity has been taken by the conspirators either to effect the death of Muriel, or, at all events, cause his utter disgrace. They have weakened the mould into which the fiery stream is to flow; and accordingly a terrible catastrophe results. The lava sea overwhelms the place, sweeping everything before it, and a rain of fire threatens Sultan, princess, and all with death. Muriel, however, saves Irene; and on the ruin of his work the act drop descends.

In the third act we are transported to the Vale of Sweet Waters, on the pleasant shores of which, near the palace of the Sultan, the handmaids of Irene and a train of girls from the palace are gossiping daily about the royal marriage then afoot. The gossip ends with a dance, and then Irene wanders on, distraite and asks the light-hearted girls to leave her alone. This brings in her grand air, in which she avows her love for the mysterious stranger. Subsequently Muriel, also gloomily sad and silent, and a duo ensues in which, although he knows that her love is fraught with peril to him, he yet tells her how he worships and adores her. Presently Pascal, followed by a number of Muriel's devoted people, enters with the astounding intelligence that the casting, instead of being a *failure*, has, through some almost miraculous interposition, turned out successful, and that all Istamboul resounds with the fame of the great master. On this follows a *pièce-finale* with chorus, in which the mercy of Heaven is acknowledged, and its aid invoked in the hour of peril.

The scene of the fourth act is laid in a gorgeous banqueting hall of the Sultan's palace; and the curtain rises on a gay assemblage of courtiers, odalisques, &c., who sing and dance a measure in the praise of the Sultan and his bride Irene. Things are not going so smoothly, however, with Suliman, who now appears dejectedly, orders his guests to leave him, and describes the perfidious conduct of his Greek maid in a *scena*—conduct for which he is at a loss to account. Sounds of a triumphal march now arrest his attention, and Muriel enters, attended by an admiring populace. The Sultan with regal magnanimity receives him graciously and decrees him royal honours. Muriel, however, brooding under the double misfortune of secret foes and a king for a rival, rejects this [illegible], and tells the Sultan he is going to his own country. Suliman gets angry with Muriel for his stubborn refusal of his patronage, and threatens him. Muriel retorts that with one wave of his hand he could destroy Istamboul. This situation gives rise to a highly dramatic chorus, after which Muriel retires and the populace disperses. Irene then enters—resolved to regain the ring of betrothal from Suliman. This she does by lulling Suliman to sleep, like Delilah of old, with forbidden wine; the while the guests without sing the greatness and infallibility of their monarch, the Sultan Suliman. This concludes the act.

Act V. shows us a woodland glade—gloomy with a passing storm. Thither Muriel wanders in the hope of seeing Irene, and, awaiting her coming, sings of his mingled hopes and fears, his joy and sorrow. Footsteps are heard, but it is not Irene. The three conspirators have determined on his death, and after having again fruitlessly demanded the secrets of the Order, they fall on him, kill him, and flee. At this moment Irene appears only to find her lover dead. Her companions and Muriel's workmen now enter and Irene sings a passionate elegy of the Master, now no more. As the sings, a strange, mystic rosy light is revealed—the dark trees—the sombre clouds grow impalpable—and the scene changes to the Realms of the Spirits of Fire, who are supposed to be the tutelar deities of Muriel. His apotheosis then follows—by which he is again animated by a life immortal; and amid the triumphant chorus of the Spirits of Fire the curtain descends.

AMPHIMACER MOCENATIS.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* took place on Tuesday night, being the thirty-sixth year of its performance at the same season. The performance was in most respects a fine one. The soprano solos were given by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington with much refinement and vocal finish—the air, "Rejoice greatly," being a striking example of florid execution, and the solemn "I know that my Redeemer," a specimen of earnest expression. Madame Sainton Dolby, still under the influence of indisposition, gave with much feeling the airs, "But who may abide," "O Thou that tellest," "He shall feed His flock," and "He was despised." Mr. G. Perren's best efforts were in the air, "Behold and see," and the declamatory song, "Thou shalt break them." Signor Foli sang in a most impressive manner, and with vocal refinement rarely combined by bass singers, in the song, "Why do the nations," and the air "The trumpet shall sound" (Mr. T. Harper trumpet *obbligato*). The choruses, especially the well-known "For unto us," and "Hallelujah," created the usual profound impression. The performance of the *Messiah* is to be repeated by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday next.

Madame Volpini has quitted Paris for St. Petersburgh, where she is engaged for the forthcoming season of the Grand Opera.

Mr. Charles Kean.—It gives us much pleasure to announce that this eminent actor is so far advanced towards convalescence as to lead to the hope that he will be able to resume his professional duties in the Spring.

National Choral Society.—The Christmas performance of Handel's *Messiah*, on Tuesday evening, may be justly estimated as one of the most satisfactory hitherto afforded by the National Choral Society. The hall was quite full, presenting unmistakable evidence of the great interest felt by the public in this Christmas performance. The principal vocalists were Miss Banks and Miss Palmer, Mr. Leigh Wilson and Mr. Santley. Mr. G. W. Martin officiated as conductor, Mr. John G. Boardman presiding at the organ. The overture was taken in excellent time, and Mr. Martin's ideas with regard to the different *tempi* were scrupulously correct throughout. In the accompanied recitative, "Comfort ye," and the succeeding aria, "Every valley," we noticed a marked improvement in Mr. Leigh Wilson's style of singing. Both were sung most creditably by the young tenor, as indeed was all the music, if we except an unnecessary simplification of the last phrase of the recitative. The grand chorus immediately following, with its noble *canto fermo*, was given with the utmost steadiness and precision by the chorus. "For unto us a Child is born" met with a well-deserved and enthusiastic encore from the entire auditory. We are happy in thus awarding a just tribute to the excellence with which the choral portions of the oratorio were rendered on Tuesday evening. It was gratifying also to observe the hearty co-operation so generally manifested in the performance of the sublime and massive choruses, between the instrumental and vocal masses. Mr. Santley sang the aria, "But who may abide," with unsurpassed artistic feeling and just appreciation of the grand peculiarities of the composer. He sang equally well the great song, "Why do the nations," and enchanted the audience by his splendid singing. Miss Palmer sang the aria "O Thou that tellest," exceedingly well, as she did also the pathetic air, "He was despised." Miss Banks was the soprano. The opening recitative "There were shepherds," was prophetic of the manner in which all the rest of the music was performed. Great effect was imparted to the succeeding recitative at the words, "and they were sore afraid," produced a great effect on the audience. The joyous aria "Rejoice greatly" was sung by Miss Banks with much purity of tone and no lack of expression. Her song, "He shall feed His flock," and the aria "How beautiful are the feet," produced the most happy effect. Her remaining solos, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "If God be for us," were, perhaps, Miss Banks's best efforts. It will suffice to say the orchestral accompaniments were given with more than average precision and force. The use of the organ in the stronger movements added much to the *tout ensemble*. This terminated the most successful performance of the *Messiah* ever given by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin.—[illegible]

WIGAN.—A concert in aid of the Infirmary funds, and the most successful that ever took place in Wigan, came off in the Public Hall on Tuesday evening. It was given under the most distinguished patronage by the officials of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company assisted by professionals and a few friends. The officials sang effectively four choruses, assisted by a quartet of brass instruments, accompanied by Mr Smith organist of St George's Church. Mr George Ellis conducted. Mrs Shaw and Miss Monkhouse, with Messrs. Foulkes and Hughes were the solo vocalists. Mr McGowan played two solos on the flute. Mr Fech De Beriot's seventh air on the violin and Osborne and De Beriot's *duo concertante* with Miss Roper for violin and pianoforte most brilliantly. The latter young lady gave on the pianoforte Liszt's arrangement of *Preciosa*, Thalberg's "*Last Rose*" and by particular desire Vincent Wallace's brilliant and effective *bravura* galop, "The Czar;" her execution of which caused the most enthusiastic applause; this popular effusion played by Miss Roper was received by the crowded assembly with great favour. A very handsome sum will be handed to the treasurer of the Infirmary fund.—B. B.

MR. W. BOLLEN HARRISON'S CONCERT.—This professor of the pianoforte gave an evening concert in the new hall recently built on the site of the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. Mr Harrison performed the *Adagio* in C from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 29; Tito Mattei's popular grand valse; with Mdlle. Marie Cornelli a duet from *Linda* for two pianofortes, with Miss Frank Elmore—who, we believe, on this occasion made her *début*—Herz's duet from *La Donna del Lago* with Herr Oberthur the harpist, his duet from *Lucrezia Borgia* for harp and pianoforte; a duet of Kuhlau's, for flute and pianoforte, with Mr J. C. Arkridge and in another by Kummer for violoncello and pianoforte with Mr J. Harrison. Miss Fass Armytage, Miss Adelaide Newton, Miss *Fanny* Armytage, Miss Jessy Reid, Mr Alfred Hemming, Mr G. Saunders, Miss Palmer, Miss Pennington, Mr Denbigh Newton, and Herr Stepan, all sang and were more or less applauded. Mr W. Ganz conducted.—D. B.

EDINBURGH.—The second Classical Chamber Concert of the season took place last night in the Hopetoun Rooms, which were filled by a brilliant and appreciative audience. Schubert's Trio in E flat, Op. 100, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello played by Messrs. W. Hately, A. C. Mackenzie, and Daubert, formed a fitting prelude to the other numbers of the programme. The whole trio went with delicacy and precision. Beethoven's string Trio in G major the first of a set of three forming his Op. 9, was played by Messrs. A. Köhler, Mackenzie, and H. Daubert. The other concerted instrumental piece was Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Quartet in B minor, Op. 3, which affords the pianist abundant opportunity for display. Mr W. Hately by his execution of this great work proved himself a player of no ordinary ability. He was ably assisted by Mr A. C. Mackenzie (violin), Mr Köhler (viola) and Mr Daubert (violoncello). To Mr Daubert the first encore was awarded for his refined and expressive playing in the *aria* by J. S. Bach from an orchestral *suite* in D, and an *aria* by Lotti. The latter he repeated. Mr Hately played, as solo, J. Field's nocturne in A, No. 4, and Weber's *rondo*, "La Gaité." Madame Dowland was the vocalist, her contributions being Haydn's canzonet "My Mother bids me bind my Hair," Mendelssohn's "Winterlied" and "Of all the pretty darlings," both of which she sang chastely and effectively. The latter was re-demanded and repeated. Mr A. C. Mackenzie played the accompaniments to these with taste and ability. The concert, both as regards selection and performance, was a decided success.—*Abridged from "The Scotsman,"* Dec. 24th, 1867.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.—"Hanover Square," Magazine of New Copyright Music Edited by Lindsay Sloper. January (1868).

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The following notice of Miss Emilie Glover's performance at the Grand Concert by the Italian Opera Company, in the Hall of the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, October 8th, appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*:—"The accompaniment to Mr Bentley's songs, 'Has Sent to Me the Rose,' and 'The Bard's Legacy,' was exquisitely performed on the harp by Miss Glover, and it is scarcely necessary to add that the songs were unanimously redemanded. Miss Glover also accompanied Mdlle. Tietjens in 'Home, sweet Home,' and her playing was in every respect worthy of the honourable position assigned to her; and if more could be said we would gladly say it, for it would be all deserved."

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